



0 2007 1214916 6
California State Library

ARY.

Accession No. 35622

Call No. qc051 T7
V. 35
1919







TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1412

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 5, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Vacation

The Grove Play

Success---A Story

German Diplomacy

Alas! Poor League

Russia and the Jews

A Woman Supervisor

Stage, Social, Finance

A Hero Ship in Harbor

Enter, the Crown Prince

Tribute to Morse Stephens

The Coming of De Valera

A Social Misunderstanding

Another South Sea Bubble

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

AMERICAN
PRINTING

TOWN TALK

35622 THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, July 5, 1919

No. 1412

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Another "Scrap of Paper"

If the German press reflects the sentiment of the accredited signatories to the peace treaty, then that document is nothing more nor less than a sort of stop gap between a humiliating present into which they have been beaten, and a future into which—with true German heaviness—they believe they can eventually carve out a return to glory. It is to be presumed that the sentiment between the government and at least a majority of the press is cut out of the same piece of cloth, and that both of these elements are in complete concordance with the notion that the peace treaty is, as expressed by one of the "Blatts," merely another "scrap of paper" which, with true German regard for what they sign, can be subjected to whatever uses or disuses they may see fit to make of it. And between the lines of these journalistic tirades there is nothing to be read that will in the slightest degree alter or modify this impression of German integrity as we have learned it from bitter experience, and as it is threatened to continue in the future. "We have yielded to superior force," these papers declare with more than their usual exploitation of wrathful spleen—"but the German people must be patient, and brave, and energetic, against the time when we shall be able again to assert our power, for a return to war is inevitable." In the past it has been customary to commend German diplomacy as being the best in the world, but such a showing as their journalistic outburst has made, shows it to be heavy, illogical, insincere and foolish.

* * *

Sure to Come

Of course there will be those who will say that the tone of the press does not necessarily reflect the policies of a government, which is more or less true. But

while the most venomous supporters of the scrap of paper idea are government organs which no doubt print what the government directs them to write, it is worthy of note that many of the most radically anti-government papers are screaming out in the same tone, which makes for patient waiting and bloody retaliation. The old very commendable principles of fair play, which condemn the kicking of an antagonist when he is down, can not apply in the present instance, for this principle assumes that the man must also know when he is licked and be wise enough to make the best of it. This Germany evidently refuses to do, and her present attitude as reflected by her press, has despoiled her of the occasional qualms of commiseration which now and then creep into natures disposed to be friendly to those they have fought with. These will now take an entirely different tack. They will feel sure that Germany has not been sufficiently beaten, glad that all of their teeth that can bite have been extracted, and that she must be faced always by a military force ready to crush her again at the first warlike move. German diplomacy! Verily, it is to laugh!

* * *

And Now the Crown Prince

It is not at all difficult to foreshadow something doing of a most reactionary nature in the evidently faked rumor of the escape of Crown Prince Freiderich Wilhelm from Holland and his return to "der lieber Vaterland." From all accounts this had been effected quietly, with no unseemly publicity, and there were no enthusiastic outpourings of a sympathetic populace to acclaim the elevation of another Unser Fritz. But, despite the silly hoax, the sentiment is there none the less, although, having said that he prefers England to his own country, and English customs to German customs, it is not at all probable that he would have crossed the border unaided or without preliminary knowledge of precisely what he was going to do. German republicanism has proved a sorry failure as ludicrous as it has been complete. Early in the game the bandit visaged Franz Ebert began to show that he knew much more about making saddles and bridles for horses than fashioning the reins of government for those who could handle them, and consequently he was compelled to call to his cabinet more competent drivers from among the very tyrants of militarism he had pushed himself into power to crush.

Theory and Practice

It was not to be believed that these de-throned tyrants of despotism could be expected to be sincere in their support of the simple democracy aimed at by the revolutionists, but they were needed and their assurances of allegiance to the new government were swallowed whole because there was nothing left for the Ebert ministry to do. There were many wise doctors from the universities, full of those theories of government that so seldom can be successfully applied, and some forceful editorial writers whose vaporings had inspired the untutored minds that they knew how to govern. They failed, however, as they usually fail, and those educated by experience had to be called from the ranks of autocracy that democracy might continue to exist. But will it continue to so exist? Will not these sometime loyal supporters of military domination struggle for a return to the old regime as being the only form of government possible to a people that has had its theories beaten into them for centuries? Is it not only possible but altogether probable, if not certain, that the crown prince has been recalled to head another governmental octopus, in which the lowly can be fooled into the notion that they are the antennae, while the propelling power will come from him and his militarist supporters? It is probable that at the first he will be President Hohenzollern just as Napoleon was first consul, and then who knows that there will not be another kaiser? The ex-kaiser? A dead one and not to be considered under any circumstances whatever.

* * *

Alas, Poor League!

Obviously it is to have no rest, this beautiful idea of a president, whom some swayable minds have fashioned into a monumental personality labelled "The greatest since Washington." Since its premature birth it has been battledored and shuttlecocked from pillar to post, and blown hither and thither by baffling winds, with no sure indication that either side could win or any breeze blow it into a haven of rest from which it could promulgate its dictums of peace under the forceful watchword, "Stop fighting or fight us." It had begun to assume an atmosphere of confidence in its approaching success which radiated an air of hope in the minds of those who have been for so long watching its long struggle for existence; nearly all of the democrats who have been opposing

A Social Misunderstanding

By Lionel Josaphare

Capital and labor are and must be friends. Who originated that memorable sentiment? Surely neither a capitalist nor a laborer. Likely as not, some experimental sociologist bent on knowing how many votes the assertion would bring him on election day. Newspapers have given the words full swing in their editorial columns, but have never picked up a corroborating news story. Society reporters bring in no accounts of laborious and capitalistic families fanning each other in an opera box or nibbling dainties in a Louis XIV dining room. Labor and capital seldom get so amicably close as to light their cigars from the one match. Now and then some political Casabianca has beheld visions of such amity from the burning deck of his patriotism; but when we interview him on the facts we might as well ask for the winds that far away with fragments strew the sea—fragments of the vision, for the statesman himself survives. Declamations of this nature make him well nigh invulnerable to fate and criticism. One reason why the railroad president and the flagman at the crossing do not hobnob is that they have not the same education. In the school of life they did not learn the same facts about mathematics, tobacco, neckties and dinner checks. Moreover, labor has become so introspective as to speak of itself as capital's meal ticket; and there the dream of banquet ends. Their ideas of a railroad track are about the same; but they would disagree on the value of the other's service to it. Hence, a mutual scorn. So the amateur philosopher might as well recognize the only interest these two have in common—keeping the Bolshevik from the door.

Some years ago, when kings were kings, and royal pomp called for the rarest silks and the finest reputations, and the subjects of his highness imitated him as their rank permitted, everybody enjoyed life; that is: everybody who was anybody. The others were nobody. In the course of time, somebody advanced the theory that the nobodies were entitled to a little more respect: an idea which the nobodies gradually summoned up courage to believe. It was a fearful innovation, though. Then the nobodies held a few mass meetings—with pikes; applauded friend somebody, defied everybody, and declared themselves as good as anybody. They were even better than their word. They were so persistent, now and then beheading an opponent in the argument, that they prevailed upon governments to abide by the decision of the multitude instead of a prime minister's whim. And thus it was that the controlling interest in the world passed from a small and supercilious minority to a large and superabundant majority. It was wonderful how a few palaces had held sway as long as they did. Either the occupants were exceedingly clever or else they had on their side some native working principle that nullified for a time all encroachments. Then the people arose to sovereignty, but did not get into high society.

The main difference between a republic and a monarchy is that the former has done away with hereditary titles, a few salutes and a number of ceremonies. The distinction is more imaginary than real; more a matter of epithets than emoluments. For what grievance would a carpenter have to carp against J. Pierpont Morgan being addressed as your grace? Morgan is wealthier and more potent than most "graces" and most "highnesses," and his friendship is as difficult to acquire. If the dignified gentleman

in the anteroom of Mayor Rolph's office were known as Sir Edward Rainey, and the mayor as the right honorable, who would find local politics less accessible? What is the misleading difference between his honor and the right honorable?

Be that as it may, we now have in this country, for example, a republic, in which the voting majority possesses a clear title to the commonwealth, separating the flour of the majority from the minority's chaff, through thousands of little mills known as ballot boxes. The minority, outvoted if not outargued, has consoled itself with the largest fortunes, the most magnificent households, newest and most resplendent attire, the best food, and, as the Bolshevik wittily remark, the most beautiful specimens of the fair sex. Since these are the same conditions that existed when Louis XIV was the state as well as a sofa pattern, it is obvious that the mutual contempt of society's extremes has changed little. Tradition is a flunkey that stands at every door and says, You shall not pass. The copiously flattered and sovereign common people may not enter the reception halls of the despised minority. The multitude has captured everything except the pleasures of the few. The masses have found that the titles of governments and the sumptuous benefits thereof are separable—have been separated. The aristocrats lost their titles but held on to the treasures. The masses own everything but can not touch the best of anything. Why is it?

Even a republic is a myriad-seated theatre where only a few can wear the crown jewels. The tiaras of peerdom have been woven into new designs, designs that are less vexatious emblematically yet containing gems that are just as enviable socially. When the world was created, not enough of these glittering stones were stowed away in the earth to make a necklace for every woman; nor are there enough simple souls to wear the imitation with serenity. Aristocracy will always be in the best places, because the best places are what establishes an aristocracy. And whether these aristocrats are hereditary with smooth complexions and a courteous form of speech or leap from the masses in freckles and slang (as they usually do) the result is the same so far as the majority is concerned: the further seats and the storms of disapproval are as necessary as the waves to a ship.

•If the rich and the poor have not changed considerably, except that both have more money than formerly, neither have their misunderstandings changed; for modern methods give to each an augmented machinery for criticizing the other. The press of the country, approximately speaking, is divided into two classes: those that appeal to capital and those that apply to the so-called common people. The latter publications are now the more numerous, circulation being the predominant factor in journalism. It is frequently intimated by these publications that honesty dwells almost exclusively in the breasts of the poor. The poor man is the hero of melodram and politics. Lack of wealth goes for honesty; likewise lack of wisdom. It is never hinted that ignorance and honesty are incompatible. Yet honesty as much as geometry is a matter of intellect. Some clever thought is necessary to rationcinate a man honorably through the complexities of life, many of which the ignorant man is unprepared for. The untutored mind has no notion how mendacious all human minds are, nor what the relation of its own to the mendacity of all, and possesses no more means of knowing how dishonest it is than how ungrammatical.

An equally fallacious idea on the part of the wealthy is that the poor are cheerful, careless and optimistic, being without the worries and responsibilities of conducting a nation. Whoever has associated with various classes of men must have observed that the poor are even more addicted than the wealthy to economic and political discussion, presumably because the effects thereof are ever before their eyes. The man who sees his home touched by an act of congress is likely to become more voluble than the one who must economize on the entertainments of his summer residence. Even tramps and hoboes are up to date on legislative matters, reading as full accounts of speeches as the newspaper cares to print; and this is more than many of the middle class do—more than some of the middle class are intellectually able to do.

A remarkable phase of American workingmen is that they do not mingle for the most part with free and convivial friendship among themselves. Neither the bounties of Nature nor the boons of unrestricted friendship are the poor man's hobby. It is as if, sustaining more keenly

(Continued on Page 15)

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

**A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.**

Success

By Arthur Eckersley

The railway station was an inspiring place this fine morning. There was so much noise and movement, such a glitter of sunshine up in the glass of the high room—above all, such a sense of great and joyous happenings pervading everything—that it made one feel at times almost riotously glad to form part of such a delightful world.

This at least was its effect upon the man who was the central figure of the scene; but then he had his own special and private reasons for gladness. Not that they were wholly private. In one way this was the best of it all; the sense he had that all these people shared, in their lesser degree, the joy that possessed him. He could feel his own exhilaration reflected back to him from the eager faces, the smiles and congratulatory looks that formed the background of it.

He stood, as was right and proper, a little apart from the throng in a cleared space that had apparently been kept for him. Behind, at a respectful distance, were the two gentlemen, who had been deputed to attend his pleasure. Beyond them he was only vaguely conscious of a confused blur of crowding figures, policemen, officials, some uniforms perhaps that would account for the gleams of sharper color, and at the back of all the shifting mass of the common people, the people whom his efforts had saved, who loved him in return with such intensity of devotion as made them partners in the happiness of which this day was to be the climax.

His heart was beating furiously. He caught his breath, and, with an enormous effort, endeavored to school his face to that look of impersonal austerity that was, he knew, proper to one who was the center of so much regard. The attempt was not very successful. His eyes were still shining, and only by biting his lips could he suppress the smile of boyish delight that threatened every moment to overspread them. At all events, however, one point was settled. He had sometimes wondered, away back in his former drab and unsuccessful life, whether a man on the pinnacle of some great and conspicuous triumph would have leisure to enjoy it. Now he knew.

To help his self-control, he forced his mind to consider the events that had brought him to his present position. Not the deed by which he had turned a whole nation from mourning to victory. That was ancient history by this time, already a little blurred as to its details even to himself who was responsible for it. But later, the rewards; wealth, fame, and honors beyond counting, culminating today in this state progress to the home that was the nation's gift to him, which he was to share with Alice.

Alice—that was the word that supplied the last touch, focussing everything into sharper reality. It was for her arrival that he and this multitude of eager onlookers were now waiting. She who had sympathized so long was to exult today, to drive beside him through the tumultuous streets, to taste their homage. . . . He glanced back into the long perspective of the lean years and laughed aloud.

As though this momentary lapse on his part had been a signal, he was aware in the same instant of a ripple of added excitement through the crowd. The two gentlemen behind him took each a discreet step nearer. There was a vibration in the air; then, with dignified smoothness, a blaze of light and color, the train that

was bringing Alice to join him drew into the station. She had arrived.

He stood motionless, only confusedly aware of a hurry of deferential officials. Perhaps there was a crimson cloth under his feet, but it might have been only a bath of sunlight down which the next instant he saw her advancing towards him. . . . Alice. . . . The face that he remembered as always a little pale and worn-looking was now lit with a smile of welcome as her eyes met and rested upon his. How utterly unaltered she was by all these tremendous happenings.

Even as he took her in his arms, however, he saw that this familiar appearance was partly due to the fact that she still wore the same rather shabby clothes that he remembered in the days of his obscurity. The sight raised in him one of those swift gusts of anger to which he was subject. It seemed monstrous that Alice, of all people, should thus affront his new dignity. But next moment the rage had passed, and he saw, even in this conservatism of hers, an added zest to that which lay before him. Very gently and smilingly he released himself from the arms that clung with such almost fierce pressure about his neck; and turned to give the signal for departure.

Soon, through the lines of excited faces, pressing one behind the other, all eager for a glimpse at him, they had gained the courtyard of the station and the waiting carriage. Then the progress began. As they turned out of the gates, the first impression of his real welcome broke upon him in a confusion of sound and brilliance. There was the flutter of innumerable flags, filling the air with a dazzle of bright color. At many points of the route bands had been stationed, which on their approach crashed out some inspiring martial music, the tune of which was, however, drowned in the continuous, almost deafening, roar of applause that kept pace with them. On both sides of the road, as far as his eyes could reach, stretched this tumult of waving hats and handkerchiefs; all the inhabitants of the city seemed to have turned out to cheer him. This was a triumph, indeed, beyond anything that even he had anticipated. He longed more than ever to be able to laugh and shout back his greetings to all these friendly people. But he knew that this would not be correct. Even his surely excusable impulse to bow and smile an acknowledgment had been checked by the hand that for a moment Alice had laid upon his arm. He glanced at her then, and saw her sitting beside him, so grave and controlled that the sight sobered him. No doubt she was right. Impassive reception of this honor as only his due, that was the fitting attitude. But the heart within him sang all the more merrily for his outward calm, keeping time to the rhythm of the music that he could never quite catch. . . .

He thought of many things during that wonderful drive. His mind seemed to be working with such increased energy that he could savor the past and present simultaneously. Detached pictures from his former life floated before him, adding each by contrast to the sum of his present happiness. How hard he had worked in those days, and with seemingly such an entire absence of result (yet in reality it had all been leading to this)! All his life till now he had been considered a failure. Even Alice, though she had believed in him, or pre-

tended to, had suffered from what appeared the futility of all his efforts. Indeed, her trials had been sharper than his, because of the sneers, or, worse still, the sympathy, of those others, her relatives, the Malevolent Ones. . . .

But today, as he knew, it was precisely from them that he was to extract the sweetest drop in his cup of triumph. He looked about him as he remembered this. The drive seemed now to have lasted for a long time, and he saw that they were nearing the end of it. Already before him towered the magnificent building that was the concrete sign and reward of his achievement, to which he was bringing Alice to live henceforth in luxury. Had ever wife such a homecoming? He glanced towards her again at the thought. Somehow she seemed—or was it his fancy?—as though all this splendor was beginning to oppress her. There was surely fear in her eyes. . . . But perhaps, after all, it was only natural. Women were like that.

For a moment, in this passing anxiety, he had forgotten the thought that had caused him such added exultation a moment before. Then he recovered it—the relations. Always they had sneered, pitied. . . . Well, today they should see. This had been all carefully arranged at his orders, though in what manner he had not troubled to ask. (It was indeed one of the pleasantest attributes of this new greatness, that detail had entirely lost its old power to hinder. One wished that a thing should be thus and thus, and it was so without further bother—a vast improvement!) If he had requested that the relations should be given places close to the door of the palace, from which they might watch and be duly impressed by his arrival.

It was no surprise to him, therefore, to recognize them as the carriage drew up at the foot of the flight of steps that led to the great entrance. He saw that they had been stationed so that he must almost touch them—delicious thought!—as he passed. The whole tribe was there, uncles and cousins; and in the most conspicuous place that one whom he had hated beyond all the others, the brother-in-law who for so long had goaded him with taunts. This fellow had in his own utterly unimportant way attained some success (success!), and had used this to excuse a tone of gallant superiority. "Ambition," he had once said contemptuously. "My dear George, of what use are ambitions without efficiency? Dreams, we practical people call them." The words had stung. Well, he and these others were now to witness the result of dreaming. Was there triumph in this? The man at whom they had sneered lowered his eyes to veil the fierce exultation that he knew must be glowing in them.

The sunshine was brighter than ever here, glittering on the many-colored flags, the uni-

(Continued on Page 15)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Cafe,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, except
Sunday, beginning at Dinner and continuing through-
out the entire evening, at which time costly favors
are presented to our patrons, without competition
of any kind.

VOCAL AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
BY ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED MERIT
Afternoons between 3:30 and 5:00 P. M.

Russia and the Jews

By Stephen Graham

(English Review, 1915)

Russia's great instinctive struggle is against westernism. She has a great treasure in her national life, but she does not know how she came by it and does not know how to keep it. But she continually notices how she is losing that treasure, how it tends to slip away from her, and she makes great clumsy efforts to save herself and it. Hence much that is unnecessarily barbarous, much that is unjust and even stupid in the régime of Russia. Hence, for instance, the great ritual murder trial at Kief. Nothing could have been more clumsy and unpolitic than this trial, and from a western point of view nothing more unjust than its intention. The prosecution was an act of hostility against the Jews in Russia, an attempt to hasten the exodus of the Jews to America, and to put in a worse position those who remained behind. For the Russian patriot can not tolerate the Jew—he sees in him the whole instinct of materialism and westernism and commercialism.

The Jews, especially in their new awakening, are a western nation. They find their natural home in America. Zionism, despite the sincerity of Jewish Zionists, is a sentimentalism with many Jews, a bluff with others. The Jews can never settle in great numbers in Palestine. But in America they already tend to be a dominant factor in the population of that country. Our British blood relationship with the Americans, it may be said in passing, is something decidedly on the wane. The Jews today are on the upgrade. They are not being persecuted so much as of yore, indeed on the contrary as employers of labor they begin themselves to persecute others. Be that as it may, they are availing themselves of all the opportunities of civilization, and going forward to be masters. They are not so earnest in their religious rites, nor so exclusive of the Gentile, inclined to marry into Christian families—even in Russia they are accepting baptism in considerable numbers. All good Russians must wish the Jews God-speed when they see them embarking for America at Libau, not because they are an evil people or accursed, but because with their genius and their assumed humility they have ever been a great danger to the Russians. It is a truism to say that if the revolution succeeded, or if freedom were granted to all the peoples, the Jews would over-run Russia and all the secular power would fall into their hands.

As Christians denying the world it is difficult to see on what ground Russians trouble themselves so much about worldly conditions. They are positively afraid of the Jews.

One said to me: "How your country is falling into the hands of the Jews; your lord chief justice is a Jew."

"Isn't it splendid," said I; "the head of the law is a Jew? Now if a Jew had been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury we might have had cause to complain."

What has a true Christian got to do with law? When he goes to law he ceases for the time being to be a Christian from the eastern or Byzantine point of view. Now the Jews understand law and the judgment by a code, and law is one of the professions best suited to their temperament. The Jews are good lawyers, good bankers, brokers, commercial travellers, shipping agents, chess-players, mathematicians, and also good musicians. The weak spot in their materialistic armor is music.

Through music they find access sometimes to the things of the spirit. We should not feel their success at law—like goes to like.

"A scandal, however," said my friend. "What justice can there be between Jews and Christians? Their Talmud tells them than any means against the Christian are justifiable"—and so on, the whole anti-Semitic diatribe now stale by repetition.

But to revert to the case of the ritual murder trial. A Christian boy had been found done to death in a horrible fashion: his veins cut in a special way with knives, forty wounds in his body—the position of the wounds having evidently some sort of mystic significance. Beiliss was innocent—though he was certainly involved in the murder. Some one was guilty, a madman or a Jew; and, indeed, the probability is that a Jew did actually commit the crime. Whether it was for ritual purposes or not is another matter. Most people would agree that it was a great mistake on the part of the Russian government to fight the Jews on the count of the murder of a Christian child. If among the illiterate and savage Jews that dwell in the remoter parts of the Pale there should exist dark sects in whose rites child sacrifice, Moloch worship, and the like, are practised, it is merely a curiosity among religions of contemporary Europe. But the great quarrel of Russians with Jews is not on that ground. They would willingly spare an accidental Christian child now and then. No; it is with the Jewish business spirit, and in his enmity towards Christianity and the "unprofitable" Christian life that the Russian has his quarrel.

The main result of the trial was that it brought the question of anti-Semitism to the touchstone of common sense. Up till now Jews have been hated or protected emotionally, but throughout the world there has naturally set in an intellectual inquiry into the merits or demerits of the anti-Semitic case. The most significant thing about the Beiliss trial was that the Jewish people had the power to obtain from a court set on injustice the verdict of "not guilty." It proved that for the time being the argument of physical force was not available against the Jews. It turned the question into the channels of the press, the pamphlet, the ordinary conversation. Henceforth there was much less chance of pogroms.

Russia has got to decide why she hates the Jews. Obviously, she does not hate them because they occasionally murder a Christian child—that is an absurdly western reason, even if the fact were true—that is only the red flag of the massacre, the pretext, the inevitable lie in whose name murder is committed. There is something much deeper in this great national animosity, something which logic and common sense can not get over.

There are two parties in Russia: an enormous one that distrusts the Jew and believes evil of him; a small one that protects him. But as regards "ritual murder" it is, of course, a comparatively small number that believes that the Jews are guilty of the practice.

One of the most interesting phenomena of the time has been the persecution of the brilliant anti-Semitic pamphleteer Rozanof, one of the contributors of the *Novoe Vremya* and a writer recognized by everyone as being in the

foremost rank in Russia. His primary feeling about the Jews may be summarized from a book on his confessions, *Fallen Leaves*:

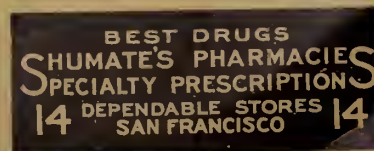
"The Jew always begins with service and serviceableness and ends with power and mastery. In the first stage he is difficult to grapple with. What are you to do with a man who simply stands and puts himself at your service? But in the second stage no one can get equal with him. Countries and nations perish—"

"The services of the Jews are like nails in my hands, the 'caressingness' of the Jews burns me like a flame. For profiting by the one my nation perishes, and blown upon by the other my nation rots and dies. We are all running to the Jews for help. And in a hundred years all will be with the Jews."

This was written long before the Beiliss case. During the trial Rozanof came forward and contributed to the *Novoe Vremya* and other papers a most substantial account of the ritual practices of the Jews. Credit must be given him for extraordinary research. He had gone into the depths of black magic as propounded in almost inaccessible volumes on occultism, and had come back with a circumstantial case against secret sects of the Jews. He explained the hieroglyphics of the wounds of Yushinsky. He insisted that the great agitation made by the Jews was due to their great fear that their secrets were about to be unveiled; and bringing a wide culture and an incisive journalistic wit to bear on the subject he certainly convinced many who wished to be convinced, and, on the other hand, set a most influential band of Russian writers and thinkers against him.

Merezhkovsky and Struvé, and several other members of the Religious and Philosophical Society of Petrograd, one of the most important literary societies in Russia, protested against the membership of Rozanof, making a motion to expel him, enforcing the motion by threatening to withdraw themselves if he were still allowed to be a member. They could not continue to work with a man who held such opinions. The motion was defeated, but Rozanof on his own account resigned. Jew-lovers are ready to persecute also, pro-Semitism has its victims as well as anti-Semitism. Rozanof has lately collected his articles into a book, *The Relation of the Jews to Blood*, and several liberal newspapers have refused advertisements of it. It is a very powerful, interesting, and curious volume. It is rather difficult for a Russian to read it without being shaken. But then the practice of drinking blood and the existence of secret rites is a commonplace to the Russian, and his mind is prepared for a serious consideration of ideas which in the west have no countenance. The Jews have never been found sacrificing Christian children in England or America, and that necessarily binds the Anglo-Saxon race in a belief that ritual murder is a myth.

(Continued on Page 14)



The Spectator

The Week in Europe

Whoever in all the world can read the European dispatches of last week and not find himself plunged into a state of pessimistic foreboding? Who can see in any of them the slightest indication that any of the nations outside of England and the United States shows the slightest indication that it is satisfied with its internal conditions or hopeful that it is going to get anything whatever out of the League of Nations. As a matter of fact the signing of that blessed covenant would even seem to have called forth greater dissatisfaction, deeper jealousies and keener alarm, which causes it to appear more like a league of war than one of peace. Moreover, in spite of the happy tidings that the peace pact is signed, we learn that it is only partly so. China has positively refused to sign it because of the conference's decision with reference to the rights of Japan in the Shan-Tung mix up, and she claims an intention not to fulfill the promises exacted, which is a very well grounded suspicion. Italy, although one of the Big Four, shows herself to be in a bad way, with a people that after all we have heard is not a unit of approval for the government, for a revolution seems to have been organized, with the assistance of Germany and Austria, and the uprising set for some time in July. Bulgaria has been notified by Paris to get out of Bohemia, and the Czecho-Slovaks are warned to keep their hands off of Poland, but whether or no this mandate comes from the League of Nations or the Allies' conference is not clear. The most hopeful item of news in the dispatches is the suggestion of Sir Thomas Plunkett, who has a new idea in respect to the Irish question, which is altogether the best solution of the problem yet advanced. The plan on the face of it really seems to mean that Ireland

will have everything to say with reference to her own government, except that she would still be considered to be part of the British Empire, so why not accept the suggestion and give it a trial anyway, if the British government will agree to keep Ulster under subjection?

Firecrackers and Victory

The signing of the peace treaty within the week preceding our own special Independence Day surely did, in the ordinary course of things, call for an extraordinary outburst of feeling. The Fourth of July is customarily one of the two days in the year (the other, December 31st) when the lid is off. Both are days when public officials considerably and gently lift the lid that otherwise would be blown off by force of interior explosions. Something demoniacal in the blood brings about this condition at the end of the year; but the powder-and-shot emotions on the nation's birthday are thoroughly virtuous and logical. Any lack of rip-roaring enthusiasm on this Fourth may have been partly due to the nearness of those months when powder of the death-dealing variety reverberated around the world: the imitative bomb of firecrackers would have been weak, even for purposes of celebration, by comparison with the still echoing thunders of war. Fourth of July noise is usually an equation between the small boy, the police department and the pyrotechnic works. The lad of today is not allowed to endanger himself and his neighbor's dwelling to the extent enjoyed by the Yanks of yesterday. There are children today who have a little fun with snappers and sparklers but who never had possession of a bunch of firecrackers; never marched off to battle with a punk and a roll of 100 red-heads. The pyrotechnical inhibition placed on the child of this age may have reflected in some degree upon the ardor of the man, making him less of a boy at this time. Perhaps, too, the hurrah feelings of the man were dampened by the dryness of things. Not that the patriotic citizen would have the sulks against Uncle Sam for the sake of a liquor law; but events of the last few years have taught the average citizen that victory and liberty are matters more for solemn contemplation than firecrackers or snapping bombs. And so the average citizen celebrated the Fourth in his own introspective way. Moreover, the sight of guns and heroes fresh from the war arouse emotions quite different from former exhibits of artillery, and the rejoicing at martial magnificence is more profound, if less noisy, than the revelry of previous years.

Yankee Doodle Now an Honor Tune in Britain

The British during the Revolution were fond of adapting to the air of "Yankee Doodle" certain words in ridicule of the Americans. As a reply to these taunts, the latter played the tune at the Battle of Lexington, and again at the Battle of Burgoyne. In connection with the surrender of the British at Yorktown, it is related that while the two lines, the British and the Americans were drawn up to witness the formal surrender by Cornwallis, the royalist officers, in mortification and pique, pretended to ignore the presence of the Americans by looking at the French commanders only. At this juncture, La Fayette, who commanded the gallant French allies, ordered one of the bands

to play Yankee Doodle—a pleasantry that was rather bitter to the conquered troops.

A Hero Ship

The U. S. S. Houston (named for Houston, Texas) now in S. F. harbor, is a hero ship, and wears a decoration. She was formerly the German steamship "Liebenfelds" (built at Bremen, Germany, 1903), sunk by design in Charleston harbor, S. C., at start of war. She was raised and commissioned as an American vessel July 3rd, 1917. In August she entered the war zone, where she has since steamed 43000 mile. She was the first ex-German ship overseas; she landed the first naval sea-plane in France; she has carried safely through the war zone, five thousand passengers; she has had two enemy submarine contacts; she rescued fourteen castaways from an English torpedoed steamer; she has never had an accident; her percentage of foreign service from commissioning to armistice is 100 per cent. Her compliment of officers is fourteen and men one hundred and eighty. There are at present three officers aboard who saw her go into commission, including her captain, Commander Lee. He is greatly admired and loved by his staff and crew, one of whom wrote the following lines:

THE SHORES OF HELL

The good ship "Houston" sailed one day,

For the "Shores of Hell" as the sailors say;
For the "Shores of Hell," where the streams run red,

And the fields are heaped with mangled dead;
Where the War Lord stamps on the crimson sod
And swears he slays by the will of God.

The good ship "Houston" crossed the sea,

And on her bridge was Captain Lee:
"Hard-a-port, a wreck in sight,"

A submarine in sight to left and right,
"Damn the torpedoes—boats, anyway."

The rescued seamen kneel and pray.

Land in sight—the shores of France,

The sun shines down on a gleaming lance;
The roar of guns is heard afar;

The threatening cry of the god of war.

But naught of hell can make him stay,
He flies the flag of the U. S. A.!

And into port he sailed serene,

Who cares a damn for a submarine?

For days and nights on watch stood he,

But that is the way of Captain Lee.

Honor to him—for honor is due,

And three long cheers for his noble crew.

Only a type of the men who go

From the land of peace to the land of woe,

Only a type of the men who give

Their lives that France may live;

With a laugh and a joke they sail away,

For the "Shores of Hell," as the sailors say.

—W. B. C. (Yeoman, 1st class, U. S. N.)

Why Not?

A woman has been queen of England—then why the big argument over making one a supervisor of San Francisco? England's most glorious period was under Elizabeth; Victoria toned things down a little; yet the British proudly maintained their allegiance to her for more than a half century. Can not a woman

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management

JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

do proportionately well in our body politic? From all practical standpoints, we'll tell the world she can. The only objection to a Madame Supervisor is a technical one, not so much in the technic of law as journalism. With a woman on the board, what becomes of that noble epithet, "the city fathers"? Evidently some change would have to be made. Seventeen city fathers and one municipal mother could get along fairly well, assuming that J. Emmett Hayden succeeded in moderating his love for information, likewise some of the breezy ideas that play across his municipal conscience. They would all get along tolerably well; but the phrase "municipal parents" faces a hard fight for existence. Now and then the supervisors pay official compliments to the fair sex. With a member thereof catching them on points of order and interrupting some of their poetical flights, municipal parents would undoubtedly have novel features never dreamed of by the fathers. The experiment could not fail to be a deucedly good advertisement for San Francisco. Upon the death of supervisor Brandon, the idea rapidly spread that this is a good year for appointing women to office, seeing that the states are falling all over themselves to ratify the national suffrage amendment. It was thought that Mayor Rolph would see the point without ado. Women in the suffrage states have been delicate about claiming political office. Perhaps they do not wish to assert their full glory before the complete franchise is theirs. It is predicted that a great rush will accompany the first national election in which women participate. It is not a political impossibility now that a woman occupy the presidential chair; and who can say that with a training on the board, a San Francisco supervisor would not be the first woman to pull out her hatpins as first lady of the land by her own and not her husband's right, in the White House. A lady president might jar the sensibilities of the old-timer. But which is worse: to have a suffragette execute your laws in Washington or be

arrested in San Francisco by a coppette? That is a dilemma to which not everybody is subject; yes as a political possibility it is omnipresent.

Another South Sea Bubble

Now comes the story, vouched for by Rear Admiral Joseph L. Jayne, that there are no castaways on Flint Island. This is terrible. We were led to believe that two white men were starving, enduring all manner of hardships, making every endeavor to get away from the South Pacific isle. Another tale of the seas has gone aglimmering, to the great disappointment of the whole world, for romance is not dead, and everybody would have been tickled to death had the starvation of the two heroes on the coral reef been a proven fact. We were led to believe that the schooner Alta had exchanged signals with the castaways last April but was unable to effect a rescue through storms raging in that part of the ocean. The captain of the schooner bade the marooned ones be of good cheer and not to starve too quickly, as he would notify the world of their plight and the best efforts of civilization would be at their disposal. The schooner then went its way. Upon being officially notified, civilization immediately went into action, and, states governor general Terhune of American Samoa, a trade schooner on May 30th visited Flint Island, but found no trace of white men. The fires which the Alta had taken for signals were not signals at all, but fires of a general nature such as ordinary South Sea natives might have built. That is to say that the charred remnants of wood gave no evidence of the art of fire-building such as is practiced by the Caucasian race. But how does this jibe with the previous information? Did the captain of the Alta think that there were two white men because there were two fires? That would have been an excusable error. But what deductions did he make to convince himself that the fire-builders were not only white but castaways? The geographics say that

only dark brown men live on Flint island, and they are not known to signal for assistance. Therefore, if anybody signals on the island he is not brown or black or yellow, but white, and if white he would not have stayed their intentionally but was marooned. This looks like pretty good reasoning, and one can very well credit the original story. But the crew of the trading schooner searched the island and found no white men. Maybe the natives are cannibals.

Vacation

We are approaching the lazy months of the year, the soft, golden-glowing days when the acquisition of money is a secondary consideration to lying on one's back at the root of a tree and watching the clouds go by. These are the magic days when Father Time slaps a straw hat on the side of his head, reads the excursion posters, and exclaims, "By heck! I'll go." Of course, if Father Time should actually take a vacation, we should find that our rent did not accumulate while we dawdled at the seashore, and other things too numerous to mention would come to a standstill for about two weeks. Still, it is good to think for a fortnight that a cessation of hostilities takes place in the business of the world while we are on furlough. Mellow, drifting, perfumed hours, when the young man's fancy turns to the fancier prices of neckwear. Poor kid! He falls asleep over his work, dreaming of bathing beauties; so the cartoonists tell us. And the middle-aged man's fancy and the old man's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of their youth, and they wonder if the game can be played at least once more. Even the old boy is willing to carve the lady's initials with his own on the apple tree or dally with the soubrette on the sands, whereon she engraves hearts and initials with her parasol. Now is the season when many a sheet of letter paper in the stationer's stock is doomed to figure subsequently in a breach of promise or a divorce case; and all on account of those vacation fancies which electrify the atmosphere from beach to mountain top. Some people visit the summer resorts to become engaged, married or divorced; others, to forget the same subject matter. Usually both have a good time, and bring back snap-shots to prove it; though sometimes the wrong party returns with the best and most remunerative proof.

Bohemia's Tribute to Morse Stephens

On Thursday last, for one brief hour only, the members of the Bohemian Club interrupted the frivolities and gayeties of their summer encampment and gathered in Stow Circle to pay tribute to the memory of Henry Morse Stephens, who last year was prominent in the friendly functions of Grove Play week. The meeting was called to order by John W. Britton, who stated its purpose in his usual graceful way, and then introduced Joseph W. Redding, an old coadjutor of Stephens in the grove ceremonies of the past, who recalled them with touching eloquence. Mr. Redding was followed by Nicholas Murray Butler, an old friend of Stephens' in other educational centers, who, speaking for the cause of education, deplored the sudden taking off of one of its most cultured and energetic disciples. Between the speeches the favorite songs of the departed historian were sung, and in closing the meeting, Mr. Britton announced that, by a unanimous vote of the board of directors, the beautiful Westover canyon, the most imposing one of all in Bohemia's vast domain, had been dedicated for all time to the memory of Henry Morse Stephens and in the future would bear

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

his name. Professor Stephens had long held that Westover canyon was one of the most beautiful spots in the world, and one day he hoped to build a camp there, so it is fitting that his name will be attached to it for all time and his spirit there always.

The Week at Bohemian Grove

It is said that the attendance for this year's encampment has never been excelled, either in attendance, hospitality or the excellence of the entertainments furnished. Being probably the last one in which the flow of the bowl may leaven the feast of reason, this internationally famous organization devoted all of its energies toward the making of it the banner week in all of its history and its success was beyond all question. There were entertainments given nightly about the camp fire in Stow Circle, which mingled the best music with stunt and story, in all the completeness of carefully rehearsed programs. By Friday night there were nearly nine hundred Bohemians present, and these gathered after dinner in Field Circle, which was filled to overflowing with expectant Bohemians, who were in no sense disappointed in the long but excellent program furnished by the Friday Night Jinks Sire William H. Smith. This included an allegory touching upon the lament of Bacchus, by Harold Binner, vocal and instrumental music by well known Bohemians, and an exceedingly amusing and well written farcical skit, written by Thomas Thompson and named "Sherman Said a Mouthful." This was exceptionally well acted by Bohemians Hotaling, Denicke and Weeks, and might easily have been pronounced "the best stunt on the bill" but for the glorious singing of Captain Harry Robertson, who sang with equal sweetness in Italian, French and English. Captain Robertson hurried from the Mexican border, where he is stationed, especially to visit his father, Alexander Robinson, and incidentally to attend the festivities of Grove Play Week.

Before the war he had begun a career as a singer which promised to become a famous one, but the life of the soldier appeals to him more strongly and he has announced his intention of remaining in it permanently, or at least so long as his services as instructor in aviation may be required. The special train of Saturday afternoon brought many more Bohemians and it was announced that the cuisine under the personal management of Grove captain E. H. Benjamin, was compelled to satisfy the appetites of over fourteen hundred men, who after coffee crowded the great forest auditorium to witness the Grove Play of 1919.

The Grove Play

The subject of "Life" as this year's Bohemian contribution to artistic memory is called, was one dangerous to approach by any one who is not an experienced craftsman, with a complete knowledge of what to say and what not to say. Beginning as it does in the camp of a wild and untutored race of cave men, who have never known woman, and who are plunged into a condition of conflict, jealousy and bitter envy, when she first appears through the influence of a magic fruit eaten through curiosity, it was easy to incite laughter or ridicule rather than the serious attention and dignified approval which tradition has always demanded of the Grove Play. This was most deftly done by Harry Leon Wilson, who carried his characters over the dangerous ground of his story with the wisdom of a master workman, and in language full of red blood and strong manhood inspired to passion's many phases with the appearance of the first woman. This exacting role was very artistically presented by David Eisenbach, whom the author had wisely provided with no speaking lines, but his pantomime was gracefully done and most consistently carried out. This was particularly the fact in the scene showing the dawn of the first maternity. Dion Holme was singularly forceful and effective as the youth who first tasted the magic fruit and brought him his other self, sometimes rising to heights of true dramatic power. William S. Rainey has never before been so effective as he was in this performance as the envious one who kills the first lover after he too has tasted the magic fruit. Judge Henry A. Melvin exceeded all of his previous efforts in Grove Plays as the self-satisfied old Cave Man who sees no necessity for any other life than one where there is ever food and sleep, and the smaller roles were exceptionally well rendered. The exacting character of The Sower, a kind of chorus who sowed the seeds of discord, and described their fantastic fruition, was admirably rendered by Samuel Hume, whose splendid voice and forceful elocution reached the furthestmost limits of the great auditorium. Opinions differ in bringing "Life" into comparison with other grove plays, but those who have seen many of them, and can master the psychology behind Harry Leon Wilson's motive in writing "Life," have said that it is the best given in many years. The music by Domenico Brescia was singularly beautiful, charmingly rendered by a full chorus and large orchestra, and San Francisco's most noted organization of the allied arts may easily record another great success.

Adieu, "Here's to Happy Days"

With the last shouts at the obsequies of John Barleycorn, came the telegram from Washington that brought confusion to the wartime prohibition law. The brain of the populace was already somewhat confused by the social events

between Saturday and Monday nights. A careful reading of Attorney General Palmer's manifesto is that the United States goes dry, as per schedule. The one gleam of hope for the wets is that the test case in New York will result in 2 3/4 per cent alcoholic content being declared non-intoxicating. A reverse ruling would subject to arrest all those dealers who took chances on a favorable decision and went on selling beyond the danger mark of alcohol. Last Monday, some enthusiasts had advertised that daisies would be worn by the wets. The supply fell short, but a few of the flowers, some natural, some rosettes of ribbon, made their appearance. The idea may be taken as indicating the form of contention that is to combat the anti-liquor laws. No doubt the Daisy Day will appear on the calendar when the wearers are better organized. "The Daisies" is a better name than "The Wets," as the word "wet" does not lend itself to any picturesque symbol. Prune days and raisin days we have had aplenty; but these bucolic celebrations were not exactly like unto Daisy Day, meant to be a silent protest, an alcoholic referendum, seemingly favored by a rousing majority of citizens. Some members of the daisy chain were indignant because their good old pal, that white-clad optimist, the bar-keeper, had his occupation turned into a felony. Others resented the smash to personal liberty; among these being mere theorists who were non-drinkers but believed in the non-interference with customs of the dinner table. "After June 30th," said the law, "drink up what you have, and then buy more at your peril." The gutter drunkard, the Kentucky colonel, the grandmother warming her aged blood with a glass of wine, are all put in the same class. There are more varieties of drinking than daisies. In the language of flowers, a white daisy means "innocence." This should not be confused with the expression, "He has a daisy," or "He has a peach." These phrases might refer more aptly to the variegated daisy, which signifies "beauty," and would be synonymous with "He has a beaut." In olden times, men who collected two many beauts wore daisies on their noses. There were quite a number of beauts on the streets last Monday night. They did their Christmas shopping early, and on July 1st, the Good Roads voting day, many voters and road enthusiasts kept their beds during the forenoon. Many of them emerged to vote at twi-

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

J. P. PON J. BERGEZ C. MAILHEBAU
C. LALANNE L. COUTARD

Bergez-Frank's
OLD
POODLE DOG
CO.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
Music and Entertainment Every Evening

415-421 BUSH STREET SAN FRANCISCO
(Above Kearny)
Exchange, Douglas 2411

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open
entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual
instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all depart-
ments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday,
2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class
(Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

light. It was a day of rest all over the country. On the Saturday night previous, there was a general jollification, if that be the right word. It was the last Saturday night before the new order of things, and our board of Supervisors had invited the whole Pacific coast to be with us in the nearest thing to a New Year's frolic.

A Remarkable Remark

When District Attorney Swart made his closing argument to the celebrated seven-women-five-men jury that convicted Dr. Ephraim Northcott at Redwood City, he made use of words that must have found particular mark in San Mateo sentiment. His idea seemed to be that a verdict of "guilty" in this case would remain forever a matter of pride in the memory of San Mateo County. Now that the physician has been convicted, it behooves nobody to consider the case as open for argument. We take it that Northcott is the murderer of Elizabeth Reed. At the same time, a murder trial, even one that exposes the most sordid details, should be conducted with some amount of good taste; for our natural sense of justice toward the lowest criminal forbids the use of any save the purest logic against him. We have an abhorrence for declamation that would take the case beyond a simple display of facts and appeal to some collateral issue. It is therefore that such oratorical fudge as the following leaves an impartial critic with regret that the conviction could not have been established without it: "We ask you [the jury] by your verdict to say to the woman-slayers of San Francisco that they shall not desecrate the fair ravines of San Mateo with the blood of their victims." Northcott practiced in San Francisco, and is therefore charged as belonging to the (we trust not numerous) class of "the woman-slayers of San Francisco." The intimation of the district attorney is that a man contemplating murder in one county should not commit the further indiscretion of secreting his victim in another county, especially when that latter county is San Mateo, thereby staining with blood the most beautiful ravines of the Pacific coast. By voting "guilty," tell them to take their corpus delicti somewhere else, where the righteous wrath against the desecration of scenery is less formidable. It is lamentable but true that virtuous and well conducted towns near a wicked city rejoice at the opportunity of shouting "Babylon." The lesson to "woman-slayers" is plain. Truth to tell, the trial at Redwood City proceeded with unexpected, almost alarming swiftness. Assuming the prisoner's guilt, justice traveled more speedily than would have been possible had a ravine of San Francisco County been desecrated. Let us trust that the blindfolded goddess, in rendering her verdict, was not influenced by any blot on the scenery.

Theories of Gerald Dillon, Bachelor

Gerald Dillon, the widely-known and popular press agent of the Orpheum, is supposed to know a lot about the stage and stage people, and he does as any one interested can learn by chatting with him; that is, if one knows what to ask him about. But who would suspect that he has theories—very pronounced ones—about how to bring up children? Not stage children but those in real life. We happened upon the subject quite by chance one day recently. He said, "There is no such thing as a bad boy, or if one springs into existence it is the parents' fault, especially the mother's. A boy is nine-tenths what his mother makes him—the father's influence is almost nil. He believes that parents

can't be too strict about a boy's associates as absorption of "evil communication" has a very pernicious influence, ridiculous as such communication more than often is. He said when he was a little chap out in Australia that if a new family moved into their neighborhood all its individuals had to be "on trial" as it were, before he and his brother were allowed to mingle with its boy members. Not that my people thought us more saintly or corruptible than other lads, but that was their rule. He said he kept his own counsel in the days of his youth about intimate revelations with which an imaginative kid had filled him up about queen Victoria (of all people, virtuous soul!). He was amazed when I told him that little boys all play in the streets now even in the most exclusive neighborhoods—that "back-yards" as play domains are obsolete.

Fighting

As for the proverbial scrap, presupposing black eyes and bleeding noses, he expressed incredulity when I told him such encounters and disfiguring results are now sufficiently rare as to be remarkable even in neighborhoods which can not truthfully be said to be permeated by "the elegant atmosphere." For Jerry (as the master in his first boarding-school insisted he should be called) has a theory handed down from his father that you must let a boy get out and have "fights" in order to make a man of him. Unfortunately, Jerry did not care for scraps—was rather a gentle boy, who on account of an early acute attack of eye trouble had to be taught for some time by his mother and later by a private tutor. This lack of belligerency annoyed Pa Dillon, who thought that fights would "do him good." But Jerry's brother revelled in them. Hubert was a harum scarum, never studied, couldn't even hold down a job when he grew old enough to try. Now Hubert is a chief justice in Australia. One day father rewarded him with a shilling for achieving a bloody nose with victory over an opponent. That gave him an idea. "Jerry, I'll smash you on the nose and Pa will give you a shilling," he proposed. Jerry was willing and the deed was soon done. Pa approved and Jerry acted his part well. "I licked the kid, didn't I, Hubert?" he boasted—dramatically visualizing himself become a hero. "Bet yer life he did, Pa," corroborated Hubert. It was a beautiful scheme to acquire shillings—for several months, the unsuspecting pater gave the boys prize shillings for imaginary fistie encounters, each brother standing his turn weekly to acquire the sanguinary nose as evidence.

Belgium in Diplomatic History

The author of that famous phrase, "a scrap of paper," has made a stagey appearance requesting that he be tried for his life—or the kaiser's life, or for whatever purpose the Allies have in mind. The early history of this document is not as well known as the later days when, with Austria bombarding Belgrade, Germany invaded the bravest little country in the world. On April 19, 1839, Holland and Belgium signed a treaty in which the latter pledged herself to "perpetual neutrality." On the same day, France, Great Britain, Austria, Russia and Prussia signed a treaty by which they became guarantors of the Holland-Belgium pact. In the succeeding years, there was nothing more revered in European diplomaey than this very agreement of 1839. Napoleon III accepted a disastrous defeat rather than allow his half-beaten army to retreat from Sedan through Belgian soil. Bismarck repeatedly acknowledged the wisdom of the inviolability of Belgium's neutrality. And

so did von Jagow, the German secretary of state for foreign affairs at the beginning of the war. In the year 1911, von Bethmann-Hollweg, through the German ambassador, assured the government at Brussels that everything was well with the 1839 treaty. We now come to the critical period, when Europe was tingling with the news from Serbia, and hardly considering a general war possible. On July 31st, 1914, the Belgian minister of foreign affairs had a conversation with von Below, the German minister at Brussels, and asked him if he knew of the assurance given by von Bethmann-Hollweg in 1911. The minister said that he knew, and that the assurance given at that time would be respected. On the same day, Sir Edward Grey, the British foreign secretary, considerably wrought up by the various statements of Germany, directed his ambassadors at Berlin and Paris to inquire about Belgium's rights. Viviani replied satisfactorily for France. The German secretary of state said that he must consult the emperor and the chancellor before making reply. This was the first intimation of the forthcoming scrap-of-paper idea. On August 2nd, 1914, the German minister at Brussels claimed to have "reliable information" that the French intended to march on the Meuse and in all probability could not be stopped by the smaller country. The next day, at 1:30 a. m., the secretary general of the Belgian minister for foreign affairs was aroused from sleep by the kaiser's ambassador, who demanded to see Baron von der Elst. The midnight visitor had been instructed to inform the Belgians that Frenchmen had bombed German towns from dirigibles and that a patrol of French cavalry had crossed the German frontier. He further claimed to have knowledge that other acts in defiance of international law were about to be perpetrated by the French. Von der Elst did not see his way clear to act in the matter. The Germans then delivered their ultimatum demanding the right of passage across Belgium for the purpose of attacking France. Upon this, the French government offered Belgium the use of five army corps to repel the invader, but so strict was Belgium's resolve in maintenance of neutrality that the offer was refused for a time so that the Germans might show themselves at their worst before aid was accepted from another nation. On August 4th, Sir Edward Grey advised the British ambassador at Berlin to ask for a satisfactory reply by midnight and, failing to obtain it, to ask for his passports. The ambassador was further advised to state that Britain was prepared to second King Albert's stand. No intelligible reply being obtained from von Jagow, the passports were demanded. Before leaving Berlin, the British ambassador, Sir Arthur Goschen, called upon Bethmann-Hollweg. The chancellor was violently excited, paced up and down the floor, kept repeating that the troops must pass and that it was a terrible state of affairs that England should raise objection. Then he added: "Why should England do this—just for a word, 'neutrality'—just for a scrap of paper England would be waging war upon a kindred nation, a nation that considered nothing better than to be friends. And all my friendly work is tumbled like a pack of cards." Goschen then withdrew. A state of war had been decreed throughout Germany; Great Britain had served notice that if German ships should enter the North Sea to attack the French coast, the British fleet would clear for action. The German ships never accepted this challenge, though they made a few dashes to open water. On the 4th of August, Great Britain declared war on Germany.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson have returned from a two months' trip north and are now occupying their home in Ross Valley for the summer. * * Mrs. Frederick Perry, wife of the late Capt. F. L. Perry, U. S. A., who has been doing Red Cross work abroad for the past two years, has arrived in Waterbury, Conn., accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John H. Joulett, wife of Major Joulett, U. S. A. They will be the guests of Judge and Mrs. Frederick Kellogg (parents of Mrs. Joulett) for a few weeks. * * Mrs. Alexander Hamilton gave an elaborate luncheon last Wednesday at the St. Francis Hotel in the Fable Room. Among the guests were Mrs. Lillie Spreckels Holbrook, Mrs. Claus Spreckels, Mrs. Ernest Folger, Mrs. Gerald Rathborne, Misses Maud O'Connor, Jennie Blair. * * Mrs. Williard Drown has returned from a lengthy visit to Oregon, where she was the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston. * * Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow have gone to Feather River Inn. * * Mrs. Leonard Cheney, her sister, Mrs. Jessie Patton Berry, Miss Cheney and Miss Doris Daniels are there also. * * Jack Morrow entertained in Rainbow Lane last Tuesday evening. He is a recent arrival from Medford, Oregon. Among those in his party were Miss Coralie Mejia, Miss Julia Van Fleet and Gerald Herrmann. * * Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe have issued invitations for a tennis tournament at their beautiful country home in Menlo Park to begin on July 4th. Among some of the young girls who will take part are Miss Roberta Hellman, who recently won the championship tennis trophy for Harker's School at Palo Alto, Miss Elena Eyre, Miss Mary Elena Macondray, Miss Hannah Hobart, Miss Ruth Hobart, Miss Barbara Donohoe, Miss Christine Donohoe and Miss Helen Pierce of San Jose, with an equal number of men. Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe will present the winner with a handsome silver cup. * * The Marin Golf and Country Club was the scene of a dinner dance recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Langton (Flora Miller). An unusual feature of the evening was when the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocqueraz, proposed a swimming tournament in which all the younger guests participated, going back later to the club house to conclude the evening in dancing. * * Mr. and Mrs. Folger and daughters, the Misses Betty and Elena, have opened their country home, Haselwood Hills, Woodside, where they will spend the summer. The Folgers have issued invitations for a dinner dance at their home on July 5th in honor of Miss Aileen

McIntosh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh. * * One of the largest luncheons of the past week took place at the Woman's Athletic Club when Mrs. Eugene Northingham (wife of Colonel Northingham of Letterman Hospital) presided. * * Mrs. H. Clay Miller was hostess on Thursday at an enjoyable tea at her beautiful new home in Palo Alto. Many guests from the city and down the peninsula motored to the function. * * Mr. Robert Huie is spending the summer with his aunt, Mrs. M. Thompson, at Palo Alto. * * Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Moore have opened their beautiful country home at Santa Cruz for the summer. Miss Josephine Moore will entertain a large house party over the 4th. * * Miss Doris Kellogg, who recently announced her engagement to Herbert Adam Miller of Long Beach, was the motif of an elaborate tea given by Miss Elizabeth Wilson during the week at her home on Twelfth avenue. Those who assisted the hostess in receiving were Misses Herman Wilson, Wells Newlands, George Hughson, James Reisenger and Benjamin Kellogg, the Misses Frances Mathieu, Viola Nordman and Susette Chadbourne. About one hundred guests were entertained. * * Mrs. Frank P. Deering was a luncheon hostess on Wednesday at her home in honor of Mrs. Harry Webb of New York and Mrs. I. B. Noonan of Honolulu. * * Mrs. George T. Marye left a few days ago for Santa Barbara, where she will spend a month the guest of Mrs. John Eduard Beal. * * Mr. and Mrs. James K. Prior and Miss Ruth Prior leave today for Santa Barbara. * * Miss Martha Sutton is receiving the good wishes of her friends owing to her recently announced engagement to Felix Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith. Miss Sutton is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sutton. * * A surprise in navy circles is the announced engagement of Miss Ethel Schneider and Lieut. Edgard Quency. Miss Schneider is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Franklin Schneider of Washington. Miss Ethel Schneider and her sister Florence are the guests of their uncle, Capt. Edward L. Beach, Mare Island commanding officer. The wedding will take place in the fall at the bride's eastern home. Lieut. Beach is at present in London. * * Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hobart and family are among those at Del Monte. * * Miss Marie Brewer has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Macondray Moore for several weeks. * * Mr. and Mrs. William Weir (nee Whittier) are spending the summer at their country home in Menlo Park. * * Mr. Gordon Davis, the young playwright, has gone to Carmel, where he is assisting in the production of Robin Hood. * * Mrs. Horace Van Sicklin was luncheon hostess on Tuesday at her home on Pacific ave. in honor of Mrs. Francis Langton (Flora Miller), who returned last week from her honeymoon. The guests included Misses Elizabeth Adams, Janet Knox, Elena Eyre, Katherine Hoyt, Cornelia Clappett and Helen St. Goar. * * Frank Madison was host during the week at an elaborate dinner dance over at Pastor's. * * Mrs. Downey Harvey has given up her home on Gough st. and will soon leave for N. Y., where she will be the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Oscar Cooper.

* * Miss Josephine Dunne of San Jose will return to California this summer from France, when she went last year to do R. C. work. She has been very ill and is at present visiting her aunt, Mrs. Pedro Wessell, in England, the former Fredericka Masten, one of the attractive daughters of the late Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten of this city. * * Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, who has been the guest for several days in Napa at the country home of the Watts', has returned to her home on Pacific ave. which was occupied during her absence by Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore. * * Miss Eulalie Jessup has rented her home at Redwood City to Mr. and Mrs. Guerrini (née Rossi) and taken an apartment at Palo Alto for the summer. Miss Jessup is a sister of Mrs. J. B. Coryell. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Ghirardelli are in Los Gatos for a few weeks. Others in that resort are Col. and Mrs. W. S. Bendell, Mrs. Sam. Hopkins, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Musto.

J. Chaplin-Bayley Off to London

Mr. Alfred J. Chaplin-Bayley, the talented organist of Grace Cathedral, whose weekly organ recitals for the past six years have attracted much attention, will leave shortly for England and the continent, where he will spend the time in study and filling engagements with his cousins, "The Chaplin Trio," of London, who are famed for their revival of the ancient court dances with music of those periods. The "Trio" besides are noted performers on the harpsichord, gamba and violin. In composition Mr. Bayley has written many excellent works, among which the "Canticle to the Sun," text St. Francis Assisi, at Grace Cathedral three years ago under Mr. Bayley's direction. An opera and organ works are included in Mr. Bayley's compositions; one of his latest was the "Alleluia," which was played for the first time Easter Sunday and has attracted considerable attention in the musical world. Mr. Bayley will be missed in musical circles on both sides of the bay as he is the director of several choirs.

Rosamonde Joyzelle

The throngs who witnessed last winter's Mission Play at San Gabriel as well as California society in general, will be interested in next week's Alcazar debut of a beautiful and gifted young woman who has adopted the nom-du-theatre of Rosamonde Joyzelle. She is the daughter of the late G. Alexander Wright, of San Francisco, ex-army officer, clubman and of

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

FINANCIAL

My big opportunity is here; will you help me? Require lady or gentleman as silent partner with \$5,000. All replies strictly confidential. Address: Capt. Delamare, Los Gatos, Calif.

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco

international reputé as an architect, who designed many public buildings in this city and was a leader in civil development. He was the owner of the beautiful estate called "Knollwood" in Napa county. In the recent eighth annual season of the sacred drama at the San Gabriel Mission playhouse Miss Joyzelle appeared in support of the distinguished tragedian Frederick Warde and received praise for her personation of the radiantly lovely Senora Josefa Yorba, of the blood of Castile, a character suited to her charm, distinction and magnolia type of southern beauty. In the Alcazar's first presentation of the Hattons' smart society satire next week, Miss Joyzelle is cast as a delightfully poised New York sculptress Mary Carter, whose studio the sensation craving Bohemian crowd turn into an open house.

Dancing at Techau Tavern

Have you ever danced at Techau Tavern? Do you know that the floor is perfection itself and that the jazz orchestra has a reputation for excellence second to none on the coast? These facts alone are enough to account for the nightly crowds, but in addition to this there are the dance favors, presented without competition, to both ladies and gentlemen, magnificent kewpie dolls for the former and large boxes of Melarchrino cigarettes for the latter. And over and above all this is the show girl review corps which sings during the dance intervals that there may not be a dull moment from opening to closing time.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Charles Linzee dispensed her charming hospitality at luncheon. The pretty affair was given in one of the private dining rooms and Mrs. Emma Herbert was the honor guest, Mrs. M. B. Kellogg has returned to the Cecil after a sojourn in the east. Accompanied by their children, Mr. and Mrs. King Dakin ar-

rived Monday from Detroit. Their stay will be indefinite. Capt. and Mrs. J. G. McKee, U. S. A., are among the numerous service folks registered. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Miller and children are enjoying their stay. Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Barnum, prominent residents of Chicago, are spending the summer at the hotel. Mrs. Edward Lafitte and Miss Dorothy Lafitte are pleasant acquisitions. The recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Sanders and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Alexander of Sacramento, Mrs. M. L. Miller, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Santa Cruz, Mr. W. H. Evans, Chico, Mr. T. R. Berry, Bakersfield, Mr. and Mrs. George Hay, Mrs. R. S. Pollister, Seattle.

Midsummer Music at Tivoli

The annual concert given by members of the Bohemian Club for their ladies and other friends will take place at the Tivoli Opera House, which has been especially procured for the occasion, next Thursday afternoon, July 10, at half past two, when selections from "Life," music by Domenico Brescia and book by Harry Leon Wilson, will be the principal feature of the program. Those who were privileged to hear the work of composer Brescia at the Bohemian Grove last Saturday night are ardent in its praise, the numbers being written in a particularly happy vein. The Symphony Orchestra which will interpret the selections will number seventy picked musicians and the Bohemian chorus of sixty voices will be heard in several numbers from the work. Four selections from "The Twilight of the Kings," the grove play of last year, book by Richard M. Hotaling and music by Wallace A. Sabin, will be played under the baton of the composer, and excerpts from other grove plays of former years will be given under the direction of their composers. Several compositions of Ulderico Marcelli will also be played, including his "Burning Arrow Dance," which created a sensation at the grove. The soloists will include Lowell Redfield, Charles F. Bulotti and Easton Kent and Richard M. Hotaling will read a synopsis of "Life." The committee in charge of the concert is composed of W. H. Leahy, chairman, J. S. Thompson, secretary, and Wallace A. Sabin, Richard M. Hotaling, Bush Finnell, Joseph D. Redding, F. A. Denicke and R. C. Newell. Seats will be ready at Sherman, Clay and Company's Monday morning at nine o'clock.

The Fairmont

With King Batchus deposed and Queen Terpsichore reigning in his stead, Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel continues to be one of the most popular places in this city of many attractions. Every evening since Monday, when an unusually merry carnival prevailed, the tables have been crowded both at dinner time and later in the evening, and the dance music of Henry Busse and his famous jazz orchestra continues to be most alluring. The entertainment offered in Rainbow Lane is of a high order of excellence and Vanda Hoff is still the reigning dance sensation of the city. Pearl Lowerie, a newcomer at the hotel on top of the town, has already made a host of friends and she is aptly named the "American Chanteuse." The afternoon teas in the beautiful Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel always find cosy groups of congenial friends listening to the sweet strains of Rudy Seiger's orchestra and the Sunday evening Lobby Concerts always attract a large and discriminating audience of music lovers. This Sunday evening the soloist will be Norman Smith, a pianistic prodigy of nine years who created a furore

recently by his remarkable playing at the Greek Theatre, and whose repertoire includes works by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Raff, MacDowell, Friml, Jensen and other composers.

Dempsey-Willard Fight Returns at Curran

This year the telegraphic returns of the great championship contest, between "Jack" Dempsey and Jess Willard at Toledo, will be heard at the Curran Theatre. This is the only downtown playhouse where the dispatches will be received and read off to the expectant sport fans. It will be possible on Friday, July 4th, for the Dempsey devotee to lunch downtown and then sojourn to the Curran Theatre, where the fight will be detailed round by round. In addition to the wire returns a fine variety show is being put on, too. The whole affair is under the auspices of the Hawthorne Club, for its mem-



REA HARKNESS,
Director Dempsey-Willard
Sports Show, Curran
Theatre, July 4th,
at Noon.

bers and the public generally. Judge J. C. D. Extrand, chairman of entertainment, invites the ladies to attend. President "Jack" Wolff and Secretary Jesse Friedman are entertaining Mrs. Charles L. McCarthy, sister of "Jack" Dempsey, during the afternoon. She will hear the fateful telegrams indicative of the progress of her brother's battle with a party of friends in Box B. She lives at Richmond, Cal. Walch, the Pacific Caruso, will sing two numbers while the famous California Trio, Wolff, Harkness and Walch, will render "By the Camp Fire," "Chong" and "Jerry" during the interludes. "Laughing Tom" Marrin's troubadores, the gymnasts from the Shipbuilders' Union, and the boxing bouts will make up a unique noon-time variety bill. As nearly as can be determined, the first bulletins from Toledo will reach the Curran Theatre at about 12:10 o'clock noon, and thereafter in continuity until about 2:15 o'clock. Patrons of the Hawthorne Club's show at the Curran Theatre will therefore enjoy an opportunity of taking in something else during the holiday afternoon.

THE MOST COMFORTABLE
THE MOST HOME LIKE
HOTEL CECIL
POST and TAYLOR STREETS

Strictly First Class

DEMPEY-WILLARD WIRE RETURNS

Direct telegraphic dispatches from Toledo. Also Sports Show. From 12 Noon to 2:15 o'clock. Admission 25c, 50c, 75c. The only spot downtown where you can hear the returns in comfort. CURRAN THEATRE, Ellis and Market.

TIVOLI—Special

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 10, at 2:30

MIDSUMMER MUSIC OF BOHEMIA

Selections from

"LIFE"

Music by Domenico Brescia—Book by Harry Leon Wilson

Selections from "The Twilight of the Kings" and Grove Plays of Former Years.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF 70.

Prominent Soloists and Chorus of 60.

Reserved Seats, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Box Seats, \$2.50.
On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday Morning.

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
San FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE CALIFORNIA HAIR STORE

967 MARKET STREET

The popular Beauty Parlors, where you get the best Service. We specialize in all branches of Hair, Face and Scalp Treatments. Hair Dying and Henna Tinting our big specialty.

The Frederics Lasting Wave does not hurt the Hair. It's the only perfect process.

Phone Kearny 5368

If you want a Transformation or Switch,
give us a call.

The Stage

A California Star

Marjorie Rambeau is "Eyes of Youth" at the Curran almost nightly. Her host of admirers who predicted Broadway success for her from the time she stripped actresses in historical Oakland playhouses, then progressed to Los Angeles, where named "Miss" for her, stirred at our Orpheum with such distinction as to arouse within the bosoms of all our local playwrights the ambition that she might create the leading roles in their dramas, crowded the Alcazar with old and new patrons to cheer her in roles which she created or invested with startling winning originality—all these wended their way to the Curran to say "I told you so!" Her face is as handsome as when she was with us last, her voice as intoxicating, though with a hint of newly acquired Mrs. Patrick Campbell vigor, which spoils it a bit for those who recall its former strange subtlety. Her form, before typical of the hardy west, has grown perceptibly in proportions, but it is to be hoped that the strenuous summer season which she has mapped out for herself will chip off all superfluous pearle and bring out the real California young Marjorie. The case of a long Broadway run too often is responsible for a loss of line. A woman who revels in acting as does Miss Rambeau may be depended upon to eliminate any conditions detrimental to her beauty of person.

The vehicle which brings her back to us, while original and gripping, is one which does not give full play to her gift of feminine charm and grace, but allows her great scope in depicting elements of character which few other great actresses could make convincing. It would be difficult to fancy two characters as opposite as her old-maid school-teacher, martyr to duty (of the first act) and the vulgar prima donna degraded by drink (of the second act); nor that of the modest young lady, the pride of her adoring family and that of the morphine snail of a great city. If the scenes she played as the drunkard and the "dope-fiend" had been written as prohibition propaganda, they could not have sounded a stronger note of warning. I saw the play on Monday night and when I went out afterwards and passed through a few blocks of our streets filled with wild and maudlin crowds of intoxicated people, I was ashamed that San Francisco's board of supervisors were responsible for a sort of official orgy. Were there any other cities whose city fathers held out a temptation to our young soldiers, sailors and civilians to glorify Bacchus in celebrating the carnival? Could it not have been left to individual indiscretion? Our supervisors put one more weapon in the hands of anti-liquor iconoclasts with which to beat into atoms the proud figure of dead Liberty. This digression comes of having witnessed the dressing room scene in "Eyes of Youth" so vividly portrayed by Miss Rambeau.

Crane Wilbur is another actor marked for national celebrity. His Yogi peddler is a classic. In gesture, tone and spirit he is the essence of Brahminism. Mary Reynolds is an attractive, intelligent ingénue. Ben Erway is a great "boy" actor, lovable, of the youth will have-it's-thing type. Burt Wesner's "improvisario" is a cameo as is James McDuff's "father." Corbett Morris and John Elliot are absolutely true to type. As for the twelve children in the school-room scene, they are a dozen of the best mummers I can remember having seen. Wherever did the man-

agement collect so many clever kiddies and who trained them? I'll wager Burt Wesner was, one of the most brilliant character actors on the American stage. As he is stage manager of the company, the excellence of the production is not a matter of surprise to San Franciscans who are familiar with his long list of artistic triumphs at the Alcazar.

—H. M. B.

Orpheum Beauties

The Orpheum has favored us with another musical comedy trimmed to vaudeville length. This time Frank Dolson and his Thirteen Sirens, every one of them a particular type of beauty, dazzle the eye and exhibit song, dance, comedy in the swiftest possible guise. It is evident that the up-to-date theme of vaudeville including musical comedy, which is nothing more than vaudeville in an extended form) is speed. Even a beautiful aria from the prima donna has the effect of being an interpolation and not a part of the true theme. Dolson and his sirens leave nothing unfulfilled, not a shoulder or a joke unturned, to keep their act up to the velocity demanded by the vaudeville audiences. An attraction of equal beauty is the musical romance of "Three's a Crowd," hold-over, yet thoroughly enjoyed by those who witnessed it a second time. The beauty in this instance is supplied by the exquisite personality of Sheila Terry, somewhat reminiscent of Muriel Worth and bidding fair to share Muriel's popularity. Her support, Harry Peters and Gattison Jones, give a fine exhibition, a contrast of the old and the new methods of song, the competition between classic and jazz music. Lew Williams and Ada Mitchell have a delightful skit on the comedies of married life, their scenic properties, twin cottages having almost the effect of twin beds at the finale of their act. The laugh-producing qualities of Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford have lost nothing. Barnes is one of the best dry comedians that we have. Few but himself could relate such charming tales as that of the lady who saw a big tree for the first time in astonishment that the leaves were not larger. Brahm Van den Berg has a repertory of classical music that wins a satisfactory amount of applause from all sides, a true tribute in vaudeville. Madge Maitland is with us again. Her character songs are always a hit, and her intoning of an old Irish come-all-ye can never be squared from her efforts. The "Two Boys from Dixie," (colored a la cork) will not doubt be among the stars of the first magnitude when a few years of experience have warmed them up to that pitch of brilliance. Even now, their comedy is, for the most part, of first-rate kind. Emile and John Nathane offer some novel stunts in parlor acrobatics, including the use of the human ear as part of a step ladder. Altogether, a well received program, although, at the beginning of the week, some of the spectators, owing to the festivity of June 30th, were inclined to sleepiness.

—L. J.

A Temperance Town

It was more or less adding insult to injury for the Alcazar management to produce a play of this title on the very eve of San Francisco's becoming a temperance town itself, but the audience liked the innovation nevertheless, accepted its amusing satires with peals of laugh-

ter, and sometimes cheered them. The old play of Charlie Hoyt—by many considered his best—seems to have lost nothing in the lapses of the years, and after all, who is there of the present day who can write a similar one half as well? George Hobart, perhaps, but he is about the only one, and is far enough up the ladder of fame to think only of bigger things. The only blemish on this performance was one which only concerned the admirers of Belle Bennett, but it was a blemish nevertheless, for the author did not give her half enough to do. Some of the old casts of this favorite old play may have been a little better than that of the Alcazar as to individuals, but this audience had no knowledge of that, and received what was set before it as though it were a feast of absolute perfection. Walter Richardson again emerged from the dignity of the leading man and played a village "Hick" with a fine comedy touch, going so far as to score in a song and dance with a somersault in it. Henry Shumer was as good a village "souse" as the play ever knew in its palmiest days; Tom Chatterton was a good lover, of course, and the rest of the cast was quite up to the usual Alcazar standard, especially in the cases of Jean Oliver and Rafael Brunetto, who has already made himself a favorite, and, unless his rivals mind their p's and q's, he will be a leading one.

—C. M. G.

Alcazar

"The Walk-Offs," most recent of the slashing social satires by the Hattons, has first San Francisco disclosure by the new Alcazar company, next week, commencing at Sunday's matinee. Like their "Upstairs and Down," and "Lombardi Ltd.," this audacious comedy skates over thin ice in depicting the erotic flirtations and diversions of so-called Bohemia and a sensation craving society fast set possessed of more dollars than sense. The scenes are laid in the studio of a sculptress and on an artist's roof garden, where a costume ball is given. There is a very notable cast including Belle Bennett, Walter P. Richardson, Jean Oliver, Thomas Chatterton, Vaughan Morgan and Emily Pinter and Rosabelle Joyzelle. To follow, comes the first stock presentation anywhere of "Polly With a Past," made possible through David Belasco's brotherly interest in the Alcazar and his admiration for the fine quality of its productions.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline attraction Nellie V. Nichols, who needs no introduction to San Francisco audiences. As a singing comedienne and impersonator of types, particularly that of the Italian woman, she is unrivaled. Dave Ferguson, a comedian of fine reputation in musical comedy, will, with the assistance of his own company, present a sketch called "The Rounder of Old Broadway." Percy Bronson and Winne Baldwin will introduce their entirely new act, "An Egyptian Frolic." They will sing, dance and chatter in their refreshingly original, amusing manner. Miss Baldwin wears stunning costumes and the two furnish twenty minutes of delightful entertainment. Espee and Dutton will appear in an entertaining act which enables them to display their great versatility. The remaining acts in this exceptionally fine bill will be Emile and John Nathane in novel and sensational gymnastic feats; Lew Williams and Ada Mitchell

in "June Time" and Frank Dobson and His Thirteen Sirens. The latest series of the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will serve as a finale to one of the best bills ever presented at the Orpheum.

Eyes of Youth Another Week

Marjorie Rambeau came back to her native city last Sunday night, and showed, through the medium of a dramatic masterpiece, "Eyes of Youth," at the Curran theatre, why she is regarded in the east as America's greatest emotional actress. This was Miss Rambeau's first appearance here in years and the actress was enthusiastically greeted. With her personality, her appealing charm and the exquisite mastery of her art, Miss Rambeau created a veritable triumph, and it was not difficult to see why "Eyes of Youth" with Miss Rambeau as Gina Ashling, held the boards for over a year at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York. "Eyes of Youth," a distinctive dramatic novelty, was written by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon. It consists of three acts and four episodes, the episodes being visualizations of Gina Ashling's insight into her future through the medium of a crystal and under the guidance of a Hindu mystic. The result is that the audience, standing with the young heroine on the threshold of several possible careers, is enabled to go with her into the future and see what is revealed behind each door of her choice.

Letters

"Our House"

Henry Seidel Canby's novel, "Our House," is a timely book, coming just now in the thick of the commencement season, for its hero, Robert Roberts, is a type of the college graduate with literary leanings and no very definite ideas as to how he is to mount his ladder of fame. He comes from a small town in Pennsylvania, is more or less related to the people, long established and of Quaker origin, and he has been so shielded from harsh realities that it has never once occurred to him that he can not prolong his comfortable existence on the same terms and look about him indefinitely. Of course Millington is must too small a place for his ambitions. In fact, he is much like a child at a fair, for he wants at once and all at once, an irresponsible good time and a career, the close ties of family affection, and his full freedom, with love thrown in, success and not too much in achieving it. And Robert discovers, as all of his kind do, that to get one thing in this world we must give up another of equal value and success, if not bought at the expense of integrity, means small compromises and steady if short steps forward rather than spectacular leaps and bounds and great heights scaled by some phenomenal luck. Of course he does succeed, but not all at once, nor in all directions and not without readjustments, least of all without the inherited traditions and backing of his family. There is a wide world of truth in the old Jesuit saying: "Give us the children for the first ten years and we care not what may come afterward." The traditions and environment and associations of the first decade, especially if they be of long establishment in the family, send their roots deep down. Just as surely as birds migrate, the mind turns back and the things that were will have their influence in all things that are to be. Of the other characters there is Johnny Bolt, a classmate of Robert's, who has an income sufficient to live upon, no ambitions, plans, schemes or ideas except, as he puts it, "to live," and Johnny becomes a tragic figure, a chip on the tide until he drifts out, where? Nobody knows. Quaker Cousin Jenny, well into her seventies, is a wise and philosophic councillor who never says too much, and Mary, well, Mary is the girl Robert Roberts married. "Our House" is all the better book because it does not attempt too much. There are no supermen and women, no miracles and no devastating tragedies, though there are sorrows, as there must be in all lives. —From the Macmillan company.

"The Undying Fire"

One is never greatly surprised by anything that H. G. Wells does. One can only "consider the source," follow his flights of fancy, absorb what of his philosophizing we may, and trust to fortune that we may land sane and somewhere on our feet. So, when we take up his latest, "The Undying Fire," we are neither shocked nor horrified to discover that the prologue is a discussion carried on in heaven between God and Satan. Both are cool and calm, and the gist of it is that Satan considers himself a necessary accessory to God, that without him and his activities the universe would stagnate and the archangels become monotonously bored. And as Satan is as convinced now as he ever was that mankind will succumb if sufficiently persecuted while God believes in the ultimate courage and endurance of the race created in His own image, Satan is given full permission to do his worst. "The Undying Fire" is simply the old Book of Job reproduced in a modern setting. Job Huss,

who is chosen as the victim or the hero of the experiment, has inherited his name through so many generations that he might well be the lineal descendant of the man of Uz. When misfortune descends upon him he is the manager of a school which is destroyed by fire, two of the pupils being burned to death. This coming on the heels of an epidemic in which two other children have died, makes Huss in a way, a marked man. His trusted man of business loses his invested money, his only son is killed in the great war, and his wife, a fussy, small-minded creature, adds nothing to the comfort of the situation by her whining complaints. Huss next finds himself afflicted with a cancer, obliged to undergo an operation, and left with doubts as to the outcome when there descend upon him three of his directors or trustees, who enact the part of the original Job's comforters. Though the patient is then waiting the advent of the surgeon who is to perform the operation, they manage to carry on an extended discussion in which the attending physician joins, but neither blind faith, agnosticism nor scientific materialism have any effect whatever on Huss, who still clings to his point, that there is some God-given essence in mankind which impells him to struggle onward and upward in spite of discouragements. If one were to regard "The Undying Fire" in any other light than that of an allegory, the conclusion would prove as cloyingly sweet as that of any of the old-time Sunday-school books in which virtue was always rewarded beyond its wildest dream, for, though the dead children are not restored to life, Mr. Huss's own and only son, believed to have been killed in the great war, is, after all, only a prisoner in a German camp; an almost forgotten and easily spared distant relative leaves him a fortune; old pupils write spontaneously to give credit for the best in their lives to the Huss methods of teaching, the presumed cancer turns out to be a non-malignant growth, and Mrs. Huss, likewise the three "comforters," impressed by the reversal of fortune, change their tactics and fall into line as cheerful companions and all is well once more. As Mr. Wells has recently discovered a panacea for all the social sins in the proper teaching of history, we may assume that Job Huss, minus the afflictions, represents Mr. Wells himself and his own opinions.—From the Macmillan company.

Sure Symptoms

Doctor—And what sort of night did Colonel Mopper spend?

Mrs. Mopper—He seemed a little feverish, doctor. He asked for water several times.

Doctor—H'm, still delirious, apparently.

The late Archbishop Farley prohibited the priests of his diocese from attending horse races and theatres. This is a strong collocation, for anything more unlike a theatre than a horse race can not be imagined. It is to be hoped that the clergy did not take the archbishop literally and devote themselves to pool rooms and movies.

"Where in thunder is my razor?" yelled the man of the house. "Just a minute, dear," said a silvery voice from the kitchen; "I'm using it to slice potato chips."

An Important Cablegram

Wilson, Paris:

Please hurry home and do something to our rotten postal service.

The American People.
—Life.

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

NELLIE V. NICHOLS, the Famous Character Singing Comedienne; DAVE FERGUSON & CO. in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; PERCY BRONSON & WINNIE BALDWIN in "An Egyptian Frolic"; ESPEE & DUTTON, Topnotchers of Versatility; EMILE AND JOHN NATHANE, Feats of Daring Artistically Executed; LEW WILLIAMS AND ADA MITCHELL in "June Time"; HEARST WEEKLY; FRANK DOBSON and his THIRTEEN SIRENS.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"A TEMPERANCE TOWN"

No Prohibition Yet Against Laughter

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN., JULY 6

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

The Hattons' Slashing Society Satire

"THE WALK-OFFS"

By the Authors of "Lombardi Limited" and "Upstairs and Down"

SUN., JULY 13—The Great Comedy, "POLLY WITIN A PAST," by Arrangement with David Belasco.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

SECOND WEEK STARTS SUNDAY, JULY 6

Thomas Wilkes Presents

(By Arrangement with A. H. Woods)

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

In Her Greatest Dramatic Triumph,

"EYES OF YOUTH"

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 AT WED. MAT.

RUSSIA AND THE JEWS

(Continued from Page 5)

The question remains: Why are the Russians so antagonistic to the Jews? All Russians know a Jew at once by his face and manners, so intense is the dislike of the type. There is something more in it than the arguments of this curious cause célèbre. I think it is due to the fundamental opposition of the Jewish character to that which is most precious in the Slav. The Tartar in the Russian is a similar type to the Jew—and, indeed, many hold that the Russian Jews are not Hebraic, but simply the descendants of Tartar converts to Judaism. The Tartar gets on happily with the Jew; but the fundamentally Slavonic, the mystical, the careless, that part of the soul of the Russians which makes them like the Celts in temperament, can not agree with the Jew. To him the Jew is poison. Russia considers its Tartar nature the lower nature. All love of Russia and pride in Russia is love of the other and pride in the other. All that is precious in Russian is a similar type to the Jew—and, indeed, many the other—the gay carelessness, the despising of material possessions, the love of the neighbor, the mystical.

The Jews with their grasp of trade, their sympathy with westernism and contempt of easternism, endanger the Russian ideal. They have an immense power in the press; the Russian government, therefore, keeps a strict censorship over the press, flinging editors into prison right and left, confiscating numbers of journals, inflicting huge fines. The Jews are strongly entrenched in the legal profession, and make immense fortunes by dubious means—and Russians revenge themselves weakly by exacting heavy blackmail when they can. The Jews in the Secret Police bought and sold the revolution; witness the cases of Azef and Bogrof. The Jews are the main manipulators of emigration to America and elsewhere, having a regular business of procuring passengers for the trans-Atlantic shipping companies, conducting the passportless across the Russian frontier, obtaining premiums from South American trust companies for the providing of gangs, getting the most infamous of contemporary gains by the selling of women. They are too clever for the Russians, or Russians are too easily corrupted. The consequence is that no broad legal measure is ever carried out in such a way as to stop the traffic. The result of this Russian impotency is irritation and and petulance on the part of the clean-handed, and inflamed malice on the part of the bribe-takers. Because of this which can not be tracked down and settled between the Jew and the Russian, the latter has recourse to wanton massacre, to trial for ritual murder, and the like. The proscription of Rozanof marked an interesting development in this hostility. Liberal Russia will perhaps make up her mind to protect the Hebrews, and the Duma of the future will perhaps free them and put in their hands what is their due, business and the law. But how will the church and the aristocracy and the poor religious mystical peasant put a bridle on the power than money and the law would eventually give the Jew in idle Russia?

The war raises the question of the rights of Jewry in another form. It has come about that the Russian and British governments are in alliance. The Jews have been working against the possibility of an alliance for many years. They have used every opportunity to cultivate the British and American peoples in the abhorrence of Russian government. But behold! thanks to Germany's hate of England and the

maturing of that hate to war—we are all friendly towards Russia. The campaign of the Jews and those whom they had converted to hatred of Russia is badly left. If it could have been possible for England to remain neutral in this conflict there would undoubtedly have been a great campaign of defamation of Russia.

England has, however, great sympathy with the Jews. If the Russian authorities allow massacres, or if such mistaken prosecutions are insisted on as that of Beiliss, England will be cold toward Russia, and Russia will feel her coldness. Russia should know this.

The great question is: Is Russia going to do anything for the Jews when the war is over? Many think that Russia has promised emancipation; but, of course, she has not. The Jews are conducting a very effective propaganda in the press, watching, criticizing, correcting all the statements made about the Jews by journalists and authors. Unfortunately, of those who write about Russia very few have any clear idea either of Russia herself or of the Jewish Pale; they either depict unrelieved horror or they talk of their personal dislike of the Jewish type, Jewish ways, Jewish clothes, and so on. Consequently, the correcting of journalism is a very useful way of propagandizing.

The Jewish difficulty is that the Poles have been promised something as Poles, but the Jews have been promised nothing. The Belgians and the French and the British promise themselves certain rewards on the day of victory; but the Jews as Jews have been promised nothing at all, and can not promise themselves anything. Jewry has made up its mind that though it has not been promised anything it intends to get something out of it all.

With that end in view the Jews lay emphasis on the loyalty of Jews and on the exploits of Jewish soldiers. They are entitled to do so. There are thousands of Jews fighting in the English and French and Belgian armies; not, of course, as Jews, but as British, French and Belgian subjects respectively. There are tens of thousands serving in the Russian army. There they are serving as Jews rather than as Russians—for a Jew is denied many privileges of Russian nationality. And, of course, the Jew is compelled to serve—he has no say in the matter.

An English correspondent writes to me that we must remember that the Russian Jews could have remained neutral if they had chosen. This shows the sort of notion that gets abroad through partisan propaganda. The Jews had no choice in the matter. They might have rebelled, and so been shot down under martial law—in that sense only had their a choice.

The pro-Jewish propaganda insists on the heroism of Osnas, whom the Czar decorated, and on the valorous deeds of the Jews serving in the Russian army. They point to the suffering and death of many Jewish soldiers, and also to the privations of Jewish families in the districts ravaged by the Germans, and they say: Does all this go for nought? Every true Englishman's answer is, It ought not to go for nought; the Jews should be shown exceptional kindness when the war is over.

But there is another side of the argument which is not indicated in the propaganda. It is that there are also thousands of German Jews fighting in the German army, and fighting as well, suffering as much. There is also a great number of Jews in England and America who in season and out of season pursue a propaganda against Russia, chilling the friendly spirit which at present exists between Russia and the other Allies. The Russians have been staunch and loyal friends of the English and

French, and have withstood all manner of seductive proposals made to them by the Germans with the object of detaching them. The Jews can not at present claim that they are helping our cause very much. Still, that is no reason why they should be done injustice or rendered liable to further persecution in Poland. It is to be hoped that within the Jewish Pale they will be granted certain privileges of education and emigration, and that they will be better safeguarded from the individual malice of Jew-baiters.

The question of what Russia is going to do for the Jews was put to me lately by one of our most distinguished British Jews, the lord chief justice. I give the conversation. Imagine the glittering, clear-cut features of one who has been eminent in law, politics, and finance. I find myself sitting next to him at dinner. We talked of Russia, of the optimism which prevails in Russia, of the poor state of Russian finances. We talked of the prospects of Poland's autonomy, and then at last. . . . "There is one question I should like to ask you especially," said my neighbor; that is, what do you think is likely to be the position of the Jews at the end of the war? Do you think anything will be done for them?"

"Not very much," I answered. "They will not obtain freedom to go where they wish in the Russian Empire. The Russian Church without wavering is against the Jews; and, as you know, the court itself, not only has no tolerance for the Jews, but is ready to believe anything against them; anything like the ritual murder, for instance. One thing I gather from a conversation I had with M. Sazonof: they are likely to be excused military service."

"As a privilege?" he asked.

"Yes, of course, as a privilege; not as a new deprivation. The Jews are strongly against military service."

Then the conversation dropped for a few minutes, to be taken up later. I turned to my neighbor and asked:

"Is the government likely to ask for special clauses in the treaty of peace safeguarding Russia's treatment of the Jews?"

"We shall not have to conclude peace with Russia who is our ally, but with Germany," was the answer.

"But the Jews are making a great deal of propaganda just now. They are sowing a great deal of distrust of Russia, and they evidently intend raising the question in a very formidable fashion when once peace is in sight."

"I think, perhaps, America may put forward some proposition."

"What do you think can be done?" I asked. "The Jews can not realize themselves as a nation in Christian Russia; they don't seem very much pleased with what I wrote in the Times about their realizing themselves as a nation in America. Have you any personal belief in Zionism?"

He did not seem to think it likely that the Children would return to Palestine.

Nevertheless, the air just now is full of prophecy about the return of the Jews. The Jews themselves are whispering much about the fulfilment of the old prophecies, and though it is not likely that the Rothschilds and the great financiers will go to Jerusalem, I believe there may be something in the possibility of the re-establishment of the Jews in Palestine as a nation.

One of the possibilities of the war is the fall of the Turkish Empire and the liberation of Syria from the Mahomedan yoke. Palestine becomes vacant—or at least eligible for a new government. It seems to me that something

might be done for the establishment of the Jews in Palestine.

The Jews won't go there all at once. That is evident. But a Jewish government might be formed there, of financiers and representative Jews. Once a government has been formed it could be made optional for the Jews to give up their various European national papers and become Jewish subjects. Russian Jews could then cease to be Russian subjects and become Jewish subjects; German Jews could become Jewish subjects, and so on. They would have the financial and moral protection of their own government. They could in time form a democracy in Palestine if they wished it; they could have their own army and navy if necessary.

This would be a great blessing to the world. Already the chief reason that the Russian peasant has for calling the Jew accursed is that he has no land of his own. The Jews ought to have a place of their own and a government of their own. They ought not to be always fighting for their separate interests in the life of foreign nations. They are a great people, and are now, as never before, on the upgrade in civilization; they ought to be united. The world of Gentiles also is interested to see them them as a nation, and would welcome any steps the Jews would take towards the realization of themselves as such.

The brevities of the Jewish situation may be stated thus:

(1) Russia has promised little to the Jews, and will give little.

(2) England has sympathy with the Jews.

(3) America will help the Jews if she can.

(4) The Jews are working hard for themselves.

(5) It is suggested that if the Turkish Empire falls a Jewish government should be established in Palestine, and Jews all the world over should have the option of becoming Jewish subjects.

A SOCIAL MISUNDERSTANDING

(Continued from Page 3)

the slight which society in an undemocratic democracy puts upon him, he refuses to be as democratic as he can with the human material that is at his disposal. That American spirit of liberty, which accords every one the path to wealth and position, exalts the prophetic workingman to an imaginary triumph where he disdains his fellows as inferiors. This is most conspicuously true among women, who give themselves a mental rank beyond friends who would normally and financially be regarded as equals. The working girl esteems herself as only temporarily one of the workers. A state of coolness and lack of sociability thus characterizes the working classes. In Europe, less traditional with rise from caste to caste, men and women are more frankly workers, and make less attempt to conceal their status by imitating the styles of the rich. That is not so much the case there now as formerly.

In a country where any boy may become president, surely any little girl may become a social leader, although politics may be set down as being more hospitable to self-made men than society to self-made women. Howbeit, wherever such free-for-all conditions exist, political and social climbing is instinctive. It is only they who refuse to climb and they who have climbed highest that realize what vanity constitutes the ascent. But as he at the apex never yields his place until a more powerful assailant or death overtakes him, there is al-

ways a long waiting list at the top. High society does not advertise itself with circus-like posters; yet something of the same exaggerated, flamboyant effect warms the mind of the casual observer when he imagines the lives of the wealthy. He measures their happiness in terms of silver and gold, in halls of sultry pleasure, seething with artistic personalities, bursting with crystal bubbles of wealth and wit. He is correct in his conjecture of superficial splendor, but he errs on the existence of something mentally adequate to the gorgeous flesh and raiment. To the readers of Sticky Stories, Tacky Tales and Peppy Plots, the speech of the smart set is gemlike as the family jewels.

Wealth and social position do not improve the intellect. Dining in luxurious cafes, wearing noble costumes and knocking about Europe do not make people epigrammatic. Humorists are usually provincial types. The satirist, the epigrammatist, is the one who notes the effects of dining, costuming and traveling in others; and, strange to say, they who have most opportunity to observe these traits in their friends are the least apt to make intellectual use of them. The smart set is by no means a sophisticated set. Society leaders are not humorous; financiers are not witty. Wit is generated mainly by the sight of things we can not have and by the incongruity between wealth and its possessors. The poor are witty and flippant at the expense of the rich. It is bad form for the rich to make the absurdities of their servants conversational subject matter for a tea party; and a debutante ridiculing her rivals would be quickly undebutanted from her set. Once in a while the smart set will tolerate a smart Aleck; yet he soon learns that it is wiser for him to make a buffoon of himself than a lampoon of his friends. Few men have been so great that they dared criticize their immediate environment. We would not expect from Postmaster General Burleson the hilarious letter which Bill Nye wrote upon resigning from the village post office. Nor do we ask Mayor Rolph to comment in the manner of Larry Harris upon his municipal exploits, although the mayor must have the greatest opportunity for observing the laughable side of local history. As a rule the diplomatic and the capitalistic class do not laugh; for life to them is a success, and success, as viewed from within, is nothing to laugh at.

SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 4)

forms, the white radiance of the steps that seemed to stretch up and up indefinitely. The carriage stopped, and the two gentlemen-in-waiting, who had been seated opposite to him, sprang out. One of them assisted Alice to alight. . . . Last of all he himself stood up. His manner was perfect. Absolute and dignified calm to all outward seeming, though every nerve in his body was tingling with the rapture of such a moment as surely few mortals had experienced.

As he set foot upon the steps, the enthusiasm of the people, stilled momentarily by curiosity, broke out afresh. From somewhere near by, guns thundered a salute, shaking the air with their vibrations. Again the martial music rose, clearer now, so that it sounded even above the cheering, and he could keep pace with it as he climbed. Light and sound seemed to mingle and become interchangeable; dazzle of gold, tumult of many noises, through it all the pean of his own exultant thoughts; so he mounted higher and higher. . . .

On the topmost step he lifted his eyes and

found them, as he had known would be the case, staring into those of his enemy. Alice was still beside him, but for the moment he had forgotten her. There was no one in the world but himself and this contemptuous one who must witness his glory. It was the climax. In that look he touched the zenith.

Then, just as he was passing on through the doors, beyond which he could now see the magnificent, half-recognized figures of those great persons who were waiting to receive him, something happened. . . . For an instant he was conscious of a change upon the face of his enemy. He saw the fury of hate and humiliation in it grow to a swift resolve; the hand that had been hidden was lifted; there was a glint of steel, and then . . . a sudden shattering blow . . . the light split into a thousand dazzling stars, the music roared in his ears like falling water . . . then both faded into nothing.

His own two attendants had carried him through the hall, and into a little room that opened out of it. There the young doctor of the asylum had for a while busied himself with an examination that from the first held no possibilities of doubt. He rose from kneeling beside the body, and confronted the woman who stood, pale but dry-eyed, looking down upon it.

"Instantaneous," he said gently. "Most of them go like that at the end." Then he added, "It sounds brutal to speak of it at this moment, but it may help you to know that your husband could never have recovered his reason, though he might have lingered here waiting for his release for years. It is surely better for it to have come quickly."

"Much better," she said; then, almost with an air of apology, "He had a hard life, full of disappointments. It was that which drove him insane. He was always very ambitious in his own mind."

The young doctor followed her gaze to the worn face upon which rested now the smile of one who was beyond the need of dreams.

"In his own mind," he said, "he triumphed. What more could any one wish?"

DEMPSEY-WILLARD WIRE RETURNS

Direct telegraphic dispatches from Toledo. Also Sports Show. From 12 Noon to 2:15 o'clock. Admission 25c, 50c, 75c. The only spot Downtown where you can hear the returns in comfort. CURRAN THEATRE, Ellis and Market.

"Caltex"

Scientifically Correct Bifocals

The placing of these newly invented and improved double vision glasses before the eyeglass wearing public created a popular demand for them almost instantaneously, particularly by those who have been wearing with difficulty the old style bifocals. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are ground from one piece of glass combining reading and distance glasses in one. The superiority of "Caltex" over other double vision glasses is easily recognized—so invisible that no one knows you are wearing bifocals.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was some selling of stocks at the close of the week by the professional element, just before and at the time of the actual signing of peace. Wall Street generally discounts any favorable news long before it actually becomes public property, and this news was no exception to the rule. The signing of the treaty has been the goal of all buyers for a rise. Now that it has eventuated, the spur to further speculative buying is removed. It would appear to be in order for the market to rest for a while in order that the fruits of peace, which have been so generously discounted, may develop to a point where peace time commerce may catch up to the forecast of the stock ticker. While some of the speculative issues appeared to be tired out and were sagging, the rails came to the front, but only for a short period. Traders tried to start an upward swing in this group, and argued that the carriers' securities have shared but slightly in the steady climb of prices, and this should offer better speculative possibilities than the industrial leaders on the long upgrade. The demand for these issues soon flattened out, and they dropped back into their old rut, although some of the better class of rails, like Southern Pacific, held their advance. The money rates again came into the market as a bearish factor, with rates advancing to as high as 15 per cent. However, these daily ascents of the money rate do not represent as important a factor as the figures indicate. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the accommodations are being placed at lower rates, and the higher figures represent only urgent needs of late comers. While money is undoubtedly in narrow supply from a variety of causes, Wall Street does not look for any such flurry as that which forced general liquidation some time ago. On the whole, the market gave a good account of itself the past week, and the undertone was conspicuously strong. This was apparent in the case with which such active issues as the tobaccos, some of the food stocks, and the rubbers, were halted in their decline, and pushed back to or above their previous high levels. Sharp dips in nearly all cases attracted buying from bargain hunters. There was no evidence at any time of any widespread liquidation, the bulk of the selling apparently originating in the short account. Altogether sentiment was pretty finely balanced, and small factors too on disproportionate weight. There was no important news outside of the signing of the treaty, and trading was comparatively narrow. The point of encouragement for the bullishly inclined was in the ability of the market to absorb offerings on the way down, and to support prices on material recessions, all of which is in line with the belief that for the immediate future, the ten-

dency should be toward movements within a narrow range, with a possible orderly easing off. The market has had a big advance, and while we look for much higher prices later on, it is just possible that the market will be a two sided scalping affair during the summer months, as it usually is during July and August.

Cotton—The actual signing of the peace treaty with a signal for profit taking by the professional bull element, which argued that the market had already discounted the actual signing up, and that it was technically in a weaker position. Prices had already advanced to new high levels for this year's crop, and the market was in a way overbought. Profit taking and a little short selling brought about a reaction, but the undertone was strong. The weather news was again of a bullish nature; in fact, the weather has been anything but favorable since the crop was planted, and it will take more than a few days of clear weather to bring about any change in the general run of crop reports. The condition is now estimated around 70 per cent, and the crop has the most trying months to go through. Peace, of course, ultimately is a big bull card. Europe is now expected to buy cotton freely, and Germany will now be allowed to enter the market. The estimates placed on the probable extent of the German demand have varied so widely that it is difficult to select a satisfactory average. The Germans will unquestionably take a large supply of cotton, and in the event that they are forced to enter the market in competition with other buys, prices may yet reach the highest point since the war began. England manufactured cotton goods for a long time when the price of the raw material was well above the 40-cent level, and it is contended by the bulls that what has been done over there can be done here. American manufacturers can pay 40 cents per pound if necessary, and make a profit. The demand for cotton goods is such that prices can easily be raised to a level that will not look high, taking into consideration the high cost of everything else, and the short crop that is bound to be a certainty, considering the small acreage and the poor prospects at this season of the year. We feel very friendly to cotton, and suggest its purchase on all setbacks for ultimately higher prices.

The Right Bait

A minister, accompanied by two pretty girls, stood entranced by the beauties of a flowing stream. A fisherman happening to pass, and mistaking the minister's occupation, said, "Ketchin' many, sir?" "I am a fisher of men," answered the preacher, with dignity. "Well," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls, "you've got the right bait."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial
526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco
MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets
JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK, General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE EXCHANGE DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

Never Knew Its Name

Two weary tramps met after a lengthy separation, and sat down to compare experiences. "Have yer bin to the front?" asked one; "ain't seen yer about lately."

"I've been laid up with the influenzy."

"Influenzy! What's that?"

"Well, I don't know how I can exactly explain it, but it takes all the fight out of yer. Yer feels sort of tired like. Don't seem ter want ter do anything only lie down and sleep."

"Why, I've had that disease for the last twenty years!" exclaimed the first speaker; "but this is the first time I have ever heard its name."

Steering for the Rocks

A clergyman, who was totally devoid of seamanship, once preached to a congregation of sailors. Thinking to impress his lesson upon his hearers more distinctly, he pictured a ship trying to enter a harbor against a head wind.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Unfortunately for the success of his metaphor, his ignorance of seamanship placed the ship in several singular positions. "What shall we do next?" "Come down off the bridge," cried an old tar in disgust, "an' lemme take command, or ye'll 'ave us all on the rocks in another 'alf a second!"

How Thoughtless

"I suppose your son broke himself down at college football."

"No; the doctor said what gave him nervous prostration was trying to get his lessons between the games."—Boston Transcript.

A French Disaster

Charles and his bride were doing Paris. Charley had acquired a small stock of bill-of-fare French and was mighty proud of it.

They entertained at dinner one night. Charley didn't have a chance to say much, for one of the party was a fluent French speaker, and ordered the dinner. This worried Charley and his bride.

After the coffee the bride leaned over and whispered: "Charley, you must ask for the bill. Ask for it in French and show them how well you can speak it. Be sure, now."

Charley puffed up. He beckoned to the waiter. Everybody paid respectful attention. "Garcon," said he, "Garcon, déjeuner."

Dividend Notice

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK.

316 Montgomery St.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 2, 1919.

S. L. ABBOTT, Vice-President.

Dividend Notice

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK

783 Market Street, near Fourth

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, July 2, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919.

H. C. KLEVESAILL, Cashier.

Dividend Notice

BANK OF ITALY

Southeast Corner Montgomery and Clay Streets
(Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Streets)

For the half-year ending June 30, 1919, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all Savings Deposits, payable on and after July 1, 1919. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1919. Deposits made on or before July 10, 1919, will earn interest from July 1, 1919.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the Application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THOMAS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thomas, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 12th day of August, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open Court this 12th day of June, 1919.

GEO. E. CROTHERS,

Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,

Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18628; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person.

SAVINGS UNION BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, a corporation, as guardian of the estate of FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE B. CAVANO, also known as MRS. FLORENCE BARNES CAVANO, an incompetent person, having on this day presented to this court and filed herein its duly verified petition praying for an order authorizing, empowering and directing it to sell all the interest of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, in certain real property set forth and described in said petition, on the ground that it will be beneficial to said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and her said estate that the said real property be sold;

NOW THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, and all persons interested in the estate of said FLORENCE SUSAN CAVANO, alias, appear before this court, Department No. 10 thereof, on Thursday, the 10th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in the court room of said Superior Court, in the City Hall, in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to the said Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, as guardian, for the sale of said real estate as in said petition prayed for.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 7th day of June, 1919.

TILOS F. GRAHAM,

Judge.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Petitioner,
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-4

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



NAMES BY STREETS

OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

100% Pure
Turkish Tobacco -
The World's most Famous
tobacco for Cigarettes.



Smargyros

Makers of the Most Famous Turkish
Cigarettes in the World



20¢

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1413

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 12, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Morals in Wartime
The Fourth in Paris
The Tie That Binds
Raising the Blue Flag
Stage, Society, Finance
Give the League a Trial
A Californian's Lucky Strike
Japanese Ruthlessness in Korea
William Hohenzollern to the Bar
Dr. Stocking and Agnew Cleared
Our News-Boys and the Drug Evil
Cousin Anthony's Address to the Trained Nurses

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, July 12, 1919

No. 1413

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Give the League a Trial

The pro-leaguers and the anti-leaguers are now arrayed against each other in a wordy war that means the life or death of the altruistic covenant which has absorbed all of president Wilson's mentality, vigor and pertinacity since long before the armistice was signed. What the result may be is still a matter of doubt, and if the experts on betting odds were to be called into conference, it is quite likely that they would advise wagers of even money. The republicans are arrayed in a closely massed front against him, and the few antis in Mr. Wilson's own party are more than overbalanced by his presence in the front of the fray, full of preparedness and the ability to voice the convictions that have been the result of long experience with his subject. So far, Senator Poindexter of Washington has advanced the most potent argument against the League of Nations, and Mr. William McAdoo the strongest in its favor. The gist of Poindexter's contention is that to surrender to a League of Nations, with its own distinct government, there could be no such thing as the free co-operation of nations to enforce peace, since the nations would have divested themselves of this power and conferred it upon the league. Mr. McAdoo asks whether we should dispose of it as narrow and heartless politicians would have us do, so that human slaughter through war must still be the arbiter of the destinies of nations? These, however, are the obvious presentations of able attorneys for proponent and defendant, and, quite unexpectedly too, the best suggestion for extrication out of the present mess has come from the other side of the water. Premier Lloyd George of England has appealed to the house of commons in a most convincing speech which in effects admits that no one knows what may come out of the

administration of the league, but that its purpose is the most glorious that diplomacy has yet devised, and that it should be given a fair trial. It is to be hoped, if for no other reason than that the wheels of government shall not be further clogged, the contending forces may lay down their arms and sign a treaty of peace with the length of a string tied to it.

* * *

An Entangling Alliance

Of infinitely more importance than the League of Nations, at least in so far as the future of the United States is concerned, is the signing by its president and secretary of state, of an absolute defensive alliance with France, which binds us to hurry an army to the aid of that country in case of future aggression on the part of Germany. A similar alliance has already been made and signed by the representatives of England and France and it is to be submitted to the house of commons for approval or rejection as will the Wilson alliance be to the congress at Washington. In case of the acceptance of such a pact by the two governments, all that would then remain to complete the entanglement would be the signing of a similar document by England and the United States, when there would exist a triple alliance, offensive and defensive, between these three nations as against all other nations, in absolute defiance of the most earnest warnings of both Washington and Jefferson. Then, too, it will be difficult indeed for Messrs. Wilson, Lansing, Clemenceau and Lloyd George to explain why such a tri-partite agreement is not in direct conflict with the provisions of that blessed covenant which makes for the enforcement of peace between all nations except those that are unfriendly. Here is exposed the milk in the cocoanut that has been so carefully nutured since January and longer. If there are any unfriendly nations—and it is a simple enough matter to count them on a three-fingered hand—then the covenant for the League of Nations is not worth the paper it is written on, and the next world's war will be between this new triple alliance and a possible equally powerful one, composed, let us say, of Germany, Russia and Japan. Congress will of course be asked to approve this document; doubtless it will be tacked on to the other covenant, already in danger, and the combined weight will sink both measures into the mire of oblivion. Some time ago this paper published an editorial

under the heading "All or None," which insisted that if there was going to be a league of some nations against inimical ones, there could never again be peace for generation upon generation. Surely enough, the finger of destiny appears to be pointing that way already. It would really seem as though the English and French diplomacies had been "putting one over" on Mr. Wilson, for his latest achievement is not only unconstitutional, but the people of the United States would not stand for it anyway.

* * *

One Peaceful City

Among all the cities of Europe there is only one that is not in the throes of revolution or disturbed by strikes. This enviable distinction has been achieved by the city of Danzig, once a fortified German burg, and now about to pass under some sort of control by submersion in the new Polish republic. It is pleasing to be able to read that the good business-like people of Danzig do not care a tinker's ladle which flag flies over them, so long as they are to be permitted to attend to their own business, in their own way and in a free port. They are said to be watching with rare unconcern the doings of other lands, and having gotten along very well as a free port under the German standard, they see no very good reason to fear that they will not do quite as well under the control of Poland. Their only two serious concerns are, to continue to be known as the "Venice of the North" and to be permitted, without the interference of revenue officials, to send and receive argosies to and from other lands to their own commercial profit, and any ruler that will guarantee this will surely satisfy them. The German army is in the trenches not far away, but they are expected to be withdrawn soon after peace is signed. They will be glad of this, for they are ever complaining that the Germans are absorbing their carefully nurtured crops and herds which they might sell elsewhere with greater profit. There were, it is true, some street demonstrations a short time ago, and speeches were made to the effect that—to quote correspondent Richard Henry Little—"the Poles would enter Danzig over their dead bodies." But it was afterwards confessed that these demonstrations were manufactured by the government to bluff the peace conference at Versailles. At all events, Mr. Little declares that there is no longer any talk of war or fighting, and

if the rumor were true, that 2,000 American troops are on the way to Danzig, they would be perfectly happy.

* * *

The Fourth in Paris

From all accounts, Independence Day was celebrated with much more eclat and patriotism in Paris than in the land of which it is presumed to be the most inspiring holiday. Returning soldiers have been almost a unit in declaring that "the French hate us good and plenty," but the dispatches certainly give the lie to the impressions of those who probably have had unfortunate personal experience, for which no doubt they were themselves partly to blame. "With French public offices closed," say the wires, "there was every sign that the great French people had cheerfully adopted the glorious fourth as an extra holiday of their own." Anyway, there was a great military parade of American and French troops; a tremendous public meeting at which General Foch toasted General Pershing and the American armies, and then Andre Tardieu announced that Bartholdi, the sculptor who designed the Liberty statue in New York harbor, had been entrusted with the work of creating a great monument to the American dead, to be erected next year beside the tomb of Lafayette. It is learned, however, that the great feature of the celebration, as far as the Parisian masses were concerned, was the great Wild West parade, given by an American army circus, now performing in Paris, and the cowboys, cowgirls and Indians in gorgeous costume, parading down the Champs Elysées, proved a far greater attraction for the glitter-loving French than the splendid military spectacle. A suggestion is made that this graceful and evidently sincere compliment be returned by a celebration of equal fervor and scope in American cities to commemorate the beginning of French democracy on the fourteenth of this month, and Raphael Weill, who is now in the city after a long ab-

sence, should be the chairman of San Francisco's celebration of the French Independence Day.

* * *

William Hohenzollern to the Bar!

It now appears to be definitely settled that the late kaiser, and probably his once-on-a-time heir apparent will be tried. The one impediment to this much-to-be-desired arraignment, namely, the disposition of Holland to surrender him, has been removed by assurances from that country that it will respond to the proper extradition proceedings. Lord Sumner, otherwise John A. Hamilton, has been appointed to preside over the court of five other judges, to be selected by the governments of Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy and Japan. Sir Gordon Hewart, solicitor general of England, will lead the prosecution, and Hohenzollern will probably be defended by German counsel, assisted by English ones, if any can be secured who will accept a retainer in such a case. At all events, such is the "dope" as outlined by the prosecution, but the defense is yet to be heard from. That he will be found guilty there seems to be but little ground for doubt, and it also seems probable that no punishment so grave as shooting or hanging will be at all considered, irrespective of the public sentiment to the effect that such should be his fate. England once found a most excellent way of disposing of another menace to the peace of the world, but, as was remarked in a club the other night, "it would be a shame to send him to St. Helena where a real fellow once mourned his life away." Devil's Island, somewhere in the tropics, where France so unjustly exiled poor Captain Dreyfus, would appear to be a much more fitting future abode for a person who was once supposed to be a "real fellow," too, but disappointed his most passionate admirers. General Hindenburg, after flirting with the Ebert government, now turns toward his former master, with the assurance that he alone was responsible for the war, and the five young Hohenzollerns have offered

themselves as substitutes for father. But those half dozen wise and upright judges should have heard enough of German blundering bluster by this time to order such feeble assurances and offers expunged from the records. This trial is sure to be long and tedious, and a much more expeditious and effective one could be secured by a military court martial composed of officers who have been immured in German prison pens. "No such luck!" says an already disappointed world.

* * *

The Toledo Hippodrome

As was expected, and no doubt prearranged, Jesse Willard received \$100,000 to make some sort of a showing in Tex Rickard's arena built to hold 80,000 people, and surrender the pugilistic championship to Jack Dempsey. This showing was not made, however, for with the first clip on the jaw he showed the white feather and laid down almost for the entire count of ten. But no doubt he thought of the moving picture privileges and decided to stay for a few more rounds, doubtless in ignorance of the fact that there are few cities in the country where the pictures could be shown if made. But Dempsey's blows were too fast and furious for him and it was all over after the first few seconds of the third round. The new champion received about \$27,000, and one-third of the worthless picture rights, instead of the bulk of the purse, but, after he has had a career of a year or two on the stage, he will no doubt receive the lion's share of a similar hippodrome. If Mr. Rickard is as good a cattleman as he is a hippodrome manager, he is justly entitled to every dollar he has earned. He fooled the city of Toledo, the sporting public, the speculators and a large coterie of sporting editors, many of whom seem to have jollied themselves into the notion that the contest was "on the level." It is a somewhat pleasant reflection to add that charity received some of the net profits, but it is most difficult to be charitable toward the projectors of contests of this nature.

Frangipanni

Anonymous

Untwine those ringlets! Every dainty clasp
That shines like twisted sunlight in my eye
Is but the coiling of a jeweled asp
That smiles to see men die.

Oh, cobra-curved! Fierce-fanged fair one! Draw
Night's curtain o'er the landscape of thy hair.
I yield. I kneel. I own, I bless thy law
That dooms me to despair.

I mark the crimson sweetness of thy lips;
I feel the witching power of thy breath.
I droop. I sink into my soul's eclipse;
I fall in love with death.

And yet, vouchsafe a moment. I would gaze
Once more into those sweetly murderous eyes,
Soft glimmering athwart the pearly haze
That smites to dusk the skies.

Hast thou no pity? Must I darkly tread
The unknown paths that lead me wide from thee?
Hast thou no garland for this maddened head
That soon so low must be?

No sound. No sigh. No smile. Is all forgot?
Then spin my shroud of that same golden skein
Thou call'st thy tresses. I shall stay thee not:
My struggles were but vain.

But shall I see thee far beyond the sun,
When the new dawn lights old empyrean isles?
What matters now? Thy heart, when mine is done,
Another love beguiles.

Raising the Blue Flag

By Lionel Josaphare

"Bobbie, you are a club man."

"Yes, Petunia: Olympic, Bohemian, Pacific Union."

"Have you three lockers?"

"Tut, tut!" (A pause.) "Before answering your question, I'll have to remark that you are the only woman who ever inquired about the number of my lockers."

"And you are the only man whose lockers I ever asked about."

"That is important." He adjusted his fingertips hand to hand, frowning over them in a lawyer-like way. "That is important, and I feel that at last I have interested you. Yet would it not be better to wait and judge for yourself? Wouldn't you rather do that?"

"It's like this, Bobbie: if you have three lockers, you have more chances than your friends to lead an uninterrupted life as club man, raconteur and bon vivant. Besides, you have a home and a country seat, and who knows what other preparations for an eventful career."

"Do you insinuate—"

"No. Five is enough. Five ports in a storm, for a man about town, wending his way from locker to locker."

"In imagination tortured by that final fair weather when the few remaining good fellows lugubriously drink together."

"That is important, too. When will it be? About a year from now, perhaps. After that it will be old-fashioned to speak of good fellows."

"I was always proud to belong to the old school—in everything."

"And only think, when other men, with only one locker, shall have consumed all their—what do they call it?—booze—" She smiled brilliantly, as befits a woman graciously feigning a word of slang. "You will still raise your glass valiantly for the honor of the family. You will acquire a theatrical manner, a grand pose, I know."

"I thank you, madam. I would do anything for the honor of my family. Grandfather had a pompous walk and a red nose. I am getting to an age when I should be more careful of my gestures. 'Gentlemen, to your good health.' I shall practice that."

"Weren't you once called upon to make a few good resolutions in the interests of the family honor?"

"Yes, yes. What a wonderful epoch! 'Twas the custom of my sires for many generations; and I trust that I shall never be without the material to make them. Good resolutions never hurt anybody yet; not even the liquor trade."

"You were never earnest about them, of course."

"No; I was never sorry in earnest."

"Regret is commendable, though. It proves that you have some good in you, even if not sufficient."

"Maybe. But if you have too much good in you, you have too many regrets."

"No, no, no, no." (With rapidity.) "No regret at all."

"And if I have not enough good in me, I have likewise no regret at all. Good and evil have the same satisfying effect upon the mind."

"But when you bring sorrow to others?"

"Now you have it. Why not devote one's life to making other people merry? Virtue's own reward? Oh, no! It is the other fellow's

reward. By doing what others wish me to do, I live in a sort of mental jail, and heaven only knows what my jailers are doing."

"But a little psychological prison life is good for you, Bobbie. Too much freedom is not good for your pretty little soul."

"I agree with you. I always despised the man who makes free again the moment his head ceases aching. I believe in contemplation when the brow is weary. And then may come, I'll now admit, a faint, perfumed regret, like a will o' the wisp of chateaux, an after-dinner drink of a too, too happy day—a cordial—"

"After a too, too cordial moment."

"Proving that we have lived and dined. Yes; I'll have it that way. A life without regret, Petunia, must be a regretted life."

"At least it would train one for the exalted position of grandparent; and that is the great end of existence, is it not?"

"Oh, of course! And it is a great end. We couldn't hold up our heads in society without a few grandchildren to ridicule us and upset all our theories. If I only could have had grandchildren when I was twenty-one, I would be quite up-to-date today; but I had no one to teach me, other than parents and grandparents, and they were behind the times. I upset most of their theories, but I never became a perfectly hilarious child of the age. If I should marry (and I consider marriage the duty of all liberty-loving citizens of today, so that the fanatics will not propagate faster than we do) I should teach my grandchildren to shun prohibitionists and Bolsheviks—never to have mercy on the blue flag or the red."

"You yourself were taught the evils of drink."

"I was; and I avoided them for many years. Later, I had a good system for avoiding the evils. At the first danger signal, I would caution myself to think only beautiful thoughts, entertain only pleasant fancies. Therefore, drink had no evils for me. In point of fact, with a modicum of wine in my blood, I at once became a nobler animal. At the present moment, I can't say that I am so very noble."

"Do be."

"Thanks, you are very kind. But what I can not understand, if this is a religious movement, as they say, what in the world was in the minds of the religious folk when they stopped the traffic in liquor. Drink either exalts your soul or gives you a penchant for sinning. Now, exaltation is religion itself; and as for sin, it is the necessary state of man, upon which the very idea of the church is founded. No sin, no human race. No human race, no church. The church depends upon sin for its philosophy, its exhortations, its proselytes."

"But, dear boy, there will be enough sin left in the world—"

"I beg pardon—in this country."

"All right; there will be sin left in this country when not a cocktail remains, dry or sweet. You think, I know"—she laughed—"with your fine distinctions that there is a difference between the sinners of the sweet and dry cocktail. A dash of vermouth or gin, a matter of cherry or olive, and the soul undergoes a different adventure. That is it, as far as your theology is concerned."

"But think of a purgatory seething with souls brought there under the damnation of cream fizz, Petunia. With whom would you rather chat in this world or the next: a sinner produced

by vermouth or vanilla or buckwheat cakes? You can be witty on vermouth. Sin without wit is awful—awful. The vanilla sinner (and he does exist; don't forget that) is just one delectable degree above the buckwheat sinner. Believe me, Petunia, they're all alike, except in their choice of words and a few other frills."

"Um! We have learned to judge mankind by the frills. Yes, I can imagine a world—our country, I mean, if you please—becoming intoxicated at the soda fountain. I can imagine people going wrong under sheer desperation for something to do. That is it, Bobbie; there will be a plentitude of sin, but not a sort that might appeal to your sense of the picturesque. It will be a revival of the red necktie, maple sugar and giggly sort of immortality that they had down on the farm in old Massachusetts days. But most of us are very good, are we not? You have always been very good, as far as I could see. Not that you inclined that way, but circumstances have made you willing to be a saint for all practical purposes. When your three lockers are empty, you will not wish to be bad. You love temptation more than sin; and there is no urgent necessity for either."

"Dear lady, go back to Sunday school. We are all poor sinners. What has a drink more or less to do with it? We can't get away from original sin. The custard-pie gentlemen who cast prohibition upon us may not be clever, not very original sinners; yet sinners they are, just the same. At the pearly gate, I would not, drunk or sober, trade chances with any of them. Sobriety will not get anybody into heaven—not as I have been taught. I have been defrauded of worldly goods by teetotalers—when I was off my guard and trusted them."

"Perhaps when your three lockers are empty, you won't be so much off your guard."

"Hark, ye! Anger, pride, avarice, greed, sloth, gluttony and lust. Who is there without one of the deadly sins? You can be sober and have them all. But what I meant to say is that religion is indebted largely to both liquor and sin, and the policy of religion, I should think, is to let everybody get to heaven on his own merits; to give him free scope and then send him to judgment. Of course, while I am not a crowd man, I am willing to go with the

(Continued on Page 15)

WEAR THE NEWEST DOUBLE VISION GLASSES

When once you wear "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals you'll need no argument as to why they are superior to all old style double vision glasses. "Caltex" are the newest and most improved type of double vision glasses combining reading and distance corrections in one pair of glasses. Practically invisible—do not blur and are the only scientifically correct bifocals ground from a single piece of glass. A large reading portion is a distinct advantage over other double vision glasses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis, Inc.
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St., San Francisco.
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Cousin Anthony's Address to the Trained Nurses

By Edward Sanford Martin

Would you care to read what Cousin Anthony said to the trained nurses? How he came to be permitted to address them I do not know, nor yet how he ventured to undertake such an office; but he did do it, for a newspaper said so, and reported his deliverance at such length and with such an appearance of accuracy, that I cut the report out. Everybody is interested in trained nurses, and everybody likes them, and there may be some readers who have followed Cousin Anthony's meditations on other subjects, who will care to trace the divagations of his intellectuals under the stimulus of an unusual inspiration. So here is his address as the newspaper gave it:

"One of the managers of St. Hippocrates Hospital, to whom I divulged my intention of speaking to you tonight, tried hard to turn me from that purpose, reminding me of what, of course, I knew, that there was no information or instruction which it was in my power to give; which could be edifying to so accomplished a band of women as a class of trained nurses about to graduate, or in any way useful to them in their business. But that, while of course it is indisputably obvious, seemed to me to have only this bearing upon the case, that it was a particularly graceful compliment to pay to the class of trained nurses whom I have the honor to address, that a person totally unequipped with technical information should have been permitted to address them. In other years, if I have been rightly informed, it has been the custom to provide such valedictory remarks to the graduating nurses as should tend to impress upon their memories the lessons which they had been taught, and perhaps add some valuable new ideas to their professional equipment. But with this class it seems to be different. It is conceded that they have learned the business of nursing the sick so thoroughly that no useful last words about it are necessary. No one needs to remind them for the last time not to set the baby on the stove while they are heating the milk, not to confuse quinine with morphine, and not to hold the cork between their teeth while they are pouring the medicine out of the bottle. Very little remains to be done here for the members of this class. To felicitate them upon their calling, to convey to them the expression of a sympathetic admiration for their fortitude and their accomplishments—that is all, except finally to wish them good luck.

"Such last messages as these almost speak themselves. The approval of trained nurses is emphatic, spontaneous, and unanimous. Eli Whitney—I believe it was Eli Whitney—invented the cotton gin, and society thinks well of him. Watt invented the steam locomotive, and Fulton the steamboat, and Morse the telegraph, and Bell the telephone, and society is grateful to them all. Who invented the trained nurse I have never heard, but society's gratitude to that person is intensified by an enthusiasm which none of those other inventors could excite. Doctors have their merits, but you know how it is about doctors. In the first place there are doctors and doctors, and the conditions of doctoring are such that implicit faith in any one of them necessarily implies profound distrust of ninety per cent of the others. There are different schools of doctors, the primary tenet of each of which is that all the doctors of all the other schools are no good and ought to be abolished by law. It is impossible to

secure any unanimity of opinion about doctors even among themselves. A good many people who happen to be enjoying good health go so far as to adopt it as a general principle that it is safest not to have dealings with doctors at all, but to use on occasion such medicines as can be bought ready-made and are recommended in the columns of some unbiassed and reliable newspaper. Indeed, there is such diversity of opinion about doctors, that if there is any ground upon which trained nurses would seem to most people to be best entitled to respectful commiseration, it is because more than half the time they are directly under some doctor's orders, and constrained by the most peremptory obligations to do exactly what he tells them. It used to be the patient who had to do as the doctor said, but nowadays it is the trained nurse, and I am not sure that there is any particular service of hers which is more gratefully esteemed than that which she renders in her capacity of buffer between the doctor and his patient.

"Yes, the doctor is oftentimes disappointing. The community is not quite satisfied with him, and I do not know that it ever will be, for it expects him to know very nearly as much as God, and to exercise very much the same sort of unerring omnipotence; and, after all, that is a good deal to expect of even a carefully educated physician.

But about the trained nurse there is really no difference of opinion at all. If a family nowadays has something the matter with it, it sends for the doctor, for doctors will do for an ordinary case. But if its difficulties really become serious it sends for a trained nurse, and then if they don't mend, for another, and if the case is desperate it often gets as many as three; so that it is common practice to measure the dimensions of the pickle which a modern family may happen to be in by the number of trained nurses it takes to get them out of it.

"I wish there was anything about nursing I could hope to tell you, that you do not know already, though that, as I have explained, is the particular thing that I was selected not to do. There is one point that is best gathered from the outside, which it is just possible may have escaped you. When you are walking along the street if you happen to notice a glass jar of milk and a tin cup on a second story window-sill of a house, you need not be surprised to learn, if you inquire, that a new citizen has come to live in that street and that that is the particular house where he is putting up. But inferences based upon such observations as this are not even measurably reliable unless the house looks as if it had one family in it, and a cellar under it; for if it is an apartment house or a lodging house, such an appearance as I have noted may signify nothing more than some bachelor's housekeeping.

"I think I should neglect an obvious duty if I omitted to improve such an occasion as this by making a few deprecativ suggestions to you relative to the matter of marriage. Of course a good many of you, most of you, no doubt (for all that you know better), will marry sooner or later, and the choice being limited, will marry a man. Now, it is so well understood and so practically recognized in these times that women are the superior beings and know a lot more than men about everything, that for any man to marry any woman

has come to be a serious business for him, and one that he undertakes with misgivings and immense trepidation. But if it is fit to scare a man out of all conceit with himself to marry a woman of ordinary accomplishments, just think what it must be to marry a woman with the education of a trained nurse! You must contrive somehow that your exceptional knowledge and experience shall give you exceptional forbearance. Of course you have seen the folly of men in general. Your daily experience with doctors alone, both heretofore and in prospect, will have taught you to appreciate the inevitable disparity between what men think they know and what they really do know. You can not reasonably expect that the particular men whom you may marry will be materially different from the great mass of their brethren. You must consider, therefore, what it will be for them to spend their lives in daily companionship with an intelligence superior to theirs not only by the accident of sex, but by long discipline and cultivation besides. Be very patient with those men. Their doom is enviable in all the important particulars, and their felicity is almost sure to be great, but while I do not counsel you to make really important concessions to their ignorance, their lot will be all the sunnier if you deal gently with their errors and humor their mistakes. If you make the most of your superiority you may be more instructive, but if you make the least of it they and you both will probably have more fun.

"Among tolerably wise and decent people everywhere I hear one very common complaint. It is that they are too much taken up with their own concerns and do not do enough for other people. The complaint is not merely sentimental, but is the expression of their conviction, that they are missing something that they ought to have. Human happiness is geared to such conditions that if we are to have any considerable share of it we have got to get it at second hand. We can not often reach out ourselves and grab a hunk of it. We have to get it through some one else. We may get ready ever so costly and elaborate apparatus, and expect it to make to order for us all the happiness we can use, but the odds are that the machine won't work. There is no royal road to happiness, any more than there is to learning. The conditions are pretty much alike for all applicants, and each of us must lay in his own store by what means he can. But the

(Continued on Page 13)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Cafe,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, except
Sunday, beginning at Dinner and continuing through-
out the entire evening, at which time costly favors
are presented to our patrons, without competition
of any kind.

VOCAL AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
BY ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED MERIT
Afternoons between 3:30 and 5:00 P. M.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Our News-Boys and the Drug Evil

By Helen M. Bonnet

A small portion of the large sum of money to be spent in prohibition enforcement might be used with beneficent results in S. F. for the execution of the drug law. Shocking revelations are coming to light that our little news-boys are employed and dominated by graduate "newsies," many of whom are drug fiends. Some of these little chaps have been initiated into the vice of drug taking and all are in grave danger. Recently a tailor shop on Webster street near Turk was raided by the police and the drugs confiscated. This place was patronized by news-boys among others. One of them who was released, no drug being found upon his person, had to be sent to an institution for drug cure a few days later. He threatened to kill his mother because she would not give him money to buy morphine. When a physician arrived, he found the youth in a horribly unkempt and debilitated physical condition. This boy owns a whole-sale Fillmore street news-paper route of one of the big dailies and there are others of his ilk in control of the little fellows who are

thrown in their pestilential path at all hours of the night and day. Is it right that the news-paper powers for whom they gather in shekels should not be held responsible for the blighting influence of these degraded wretches, many of whom are rightfully called yegg-men? Should not the proprietors of newspapers which are sold upon the streets by minors of tender years be held accountable by law for the moral characters of the men who come in immediate contact with the child news-venders? If not, are not the little children of our city who, because of poverty or ambition to get a start in life, cry with their shrill young voices the news of the day, enticing the nickels and pennies out of the public's pockets, entitled to police protection? In what greater cause could police power be exercised? Are not the police supposed to know the hall marks of a morphine fiend? Is there not a way of educating them if they do not? Are not most of the confirmed "dope" fiends known to the police? At any rate, strenuous effort could be

made immediately to up-root this poisonous influence. There is no question of the authority of the police to exercise strictest espionage over persons in public charge of unprotected children. Surely the powers that be do not stand in awe of the editors and proprietors of the big dailies? Did you ever notice that in vaudeville theatres when an occasional drug addict impersonator goes through the pantomime of snuffing up heroin or cocaine that there is spontaneous applause from the gallery boys? Many of the applauders up there are news-boys who through familiarity in real life quickly respond to the action of the performer. Poor children! How can they be held responsible if they fall victims to temptation held out to them for experiment or reward? They are the medium between the publishers and the public. Instead of growing fat upon the proceeds of the boys' sales, the publishers should grow lean because eaten by the canker of remorse, if but one child succumb to the temptation from which their negligence has not protected him.

The Spectator

Morals in War Time

The wild, wild women have certainly made a wild man of Justice Darling, an Englishman who dared criticize the conduct of English women during and after the war. Incidentally, the women have retorted, and there is an argument in London. From what we know of feminine sensitiveness over there, as well as over here, it is likely that both sides of the controversy will be wilder before a decision is reached. Justice Darling went so far as to say that women experienced a moral deterioration during the war, and have not yet recovered; furthermore, that they evince little desire to recover their psychological equilibrium: not as he sees equilibrium in its relation to family life. Most of his retorters are advocates of the single standard in morals. They point out that a moral slump requires both male and female slumbers; therefore, they ask, why rebuke one sex more than the other? Make a single standard in your criticism, sir. In other words, why pick on the fair sex when men are equally to blame? That is the sentiment expressed by Lady Muir-Mackenzie and many others. Mrs. Will Crooks admits that even the aristocratic women are not as punctilious in their goings and comings as they were before the war; that they had to doff their modesty on certain occasions, but that it was all in the cause of patriotism, and finally that criticism now is ingratitude. There were duties to mankind, duties that could not have been performed according to the existing codes of etiquette. An enlightening statement comes from Dr. Ethel Bentham; to wit: "It always happens in war time." This is the most philosophical view of all. Explosions in the social firmament are always accompanied by more or less moral consternation and laxity. Whether the excitement be caused by war, carnival, earthquake or a comet, that breaks the routine of the people, they become less particular in matters that previously restrained them. It is as if the moral machinery, accustomed to a certain moral gauge, is not dependable at a crisis. A catastrophe on one

side causes a cataclysm on the other. There is a storm, and human nature overflows its banks. The daily tasks are loosened; the moral senses become confused, and the general order of things is replaced by some amount of impropriety. While this is going on, certain unperturbed individuals observe the situation with a glowing eye; that is, they are not drawn into the melee but are shocked to the extent of making a public statement. Only one answer can be given them—Dr. Ethel's cute little answer—"It always happens in war time." This is as much as to say that morals, like armies, are put upon a war footing. In war, the business of morality does not go on as usual. When the shock has subsided, and the disturbed nerve centers are restored to normal conditions, the moral principles will return like Bo Peep's sheep, carrying their tails behind them; none the worse for a little outing. And if any sterner moralist persists in telling tales of what actually happened, the only thing to do is to squelch him. In most parts of the world, and in most times, the telling is worse than the doing. Doubtless the equal-rights women of England (some of those militant ones) are quite able to squelch a judge; for they have frightened prime ministers.

Bootlegging and Speak-Easies

It is not difficult, if one wishes to do a little sleuthing on his own account, to nose out opportunities for the purchase of real booze in place of the thirst allaying but woefully insipid soft drink. If he has the appearance of a "dead game sport" he is liable to be approached by a quiet individual, looking very like the man who asks you if you have any old clothes to sell, or whether you don't want to buy a lottery ticket. This fellow will glance furtively up and down the street, and, tapping his pocket, ask you if you don't want to buy a flask. If you consent, the exchange of three or four times what the flask is worth, for your money, will be effected in some quiet doorway or in the shadow of a building where there is no one

passing. It is told that a man who is known may get what he wants in many of the smaller bar rooms, but the larger ones seem to have decided to obey the mandate of the law strictly.

The Road House

A long motor ride last week developed the fact that liquor is to be had at many of the road houses if the applicant be known, or can prove to the satisfaction of the proprietor that

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

he is truly a good fellow athirst instead of a detective. On a drive of a hundred miles the effort to secure a glass of hard liquor was successful on three occasions, and no doubt if the desire for more had been present the same success might have been achieved in other places. This laughing at the law is sure to be short lived, for some one who has gotten what he wants when he wants it, will confide his secret to some one who, unknown to him, is employed to nose out just such refractions and arrests will be as frequent as the changes of the hours. The scope of the prohibition amendment to the constitution is too severe, too far-reaching and too difficult to carry out immediately. It is safe to say that if a general election were to be held to vote on the liquor question fully eighty per cent would be in favor of closing the saloons, while more than sixty per cent would surely vote, either for light wines and beer, or the limited use of intoxicants at home. This, however, is not the time to cry over spilt milk. The law has been made, it will be strictly enforced sooner or later, and he is unwise and mentally unbalanced who has any idea that he can get around it.

The Lambs of New York

The published account of the great annual gambol at the New York Manhattan Opera House, which netted over \$33,000, recalls the history of the country's most justly noted theatrical organization. This is most interesting, proving as it does that nothing is impossible when a fixed purpose is fought to a successful conclusion by a group of determined men, mostly actors, taking as their inspiration the immortal line of Cardinal Richelieu in Bulwer Lytton's one great play: "In the bright lexicon of youth which fate reserves for a brighter manhood, there's no such word as fail." The Lambs grew out of a dinner at Delmonico's famous restaurant, which was then (1874) located far down town near Union Square. The occasion was a complimentary affair, given to

Arthur Wallack (son of Lester Wallack, New York's most noted manager and actor) by Harry McLean, a noted man about town and a great patron of the theatre. The guests were principally from the Wallack company, and during the progress of the dinner, Harry J. Montague, the much-loved leading man, suggested the formation of a dining club, fashioned after the Lambs of London, which took its name from that noted entertainer, Charles Lamb, who became popular as the provider of gastronomic feasts combined with literary eloquence, that it became the fashion among the elect to say, "Let's go to the Lamb's tonight." The suggestion was adopted and the Lambs duly organized, with Harry J. Montague as shepherd, Harry Beckett (Wallack's comedian) as boy, and a council composed mostly of members of the Wallack company with the addition of one or two laymen, as non-professional Lambs are called.

Rise and Progress

At first the club held monthly meetings in restaurants, and then by rapid stages advanced to the dignity of being tenants of an entire house, which was managed in a most prodigal way, after the true Bohemian fashion, until it fell deeply into debt. But the policy of the then government lay in the direction of added expense and more lavish entertainments, to attract the rich, rather than retrenchment and friendly companionships between stage comrades and their admirers. The fame of the Lambs became international as the home of lavish dinners, where the best after-dinner speakers in the world were to be heard, but after ten years the accumulation of debts had almost swamped it, and the sheriff was about to levy on the furniture, when the younger element came into power with Clay M. Greene as shepherd, Augustus Thomas as boy, and the other officers and council made up of such well-known actors, art patrons and raconteurs as Sydney Rosenfeld, Thomas B. Clarke, John

Drew, Thomas Manning, Fritz Williams, Norman Cross, Paul Arthur, John A. Stow, Clarence L. Collins, and John Gilsey. The first calamity that visited the new government was the appearance at the front door of the sheriff of New York with a writ of attachment, and to avoid immediate service the new shepherd, in the absence at the time of any man of means, was compelled to write a check for \$1,000. This act spurred the club to action and a subscription was made to repay him and pay the more immediate debts. Then it was decided to abandon the idea of expensive banquets and give those original theatrical entertainments which have since made the club famous all over the world. The first gambol proved so successful that a public one was given, which netted \$2,500 and made it possible to settle with the creditors on the basis of thirty-three and a third per cent; but in two years a most Utopian principle was adopted, in that the earnings of the club had been so great as to make it feel bound to pay the other sixty-six and two-thirds per cent.

Its Own Club House

After occupying two houses as tenants, the more progressive Lambs became really ambitious and decided that the club must own its own home. Conservative business members demonstrated with great financial wisdom that such a thing was not only beyond the bounds of all reason, but financially impossible. But the progressives, full of the watchword taken from the words of Richelieu, bought and equipped a club house, paying a respectable amount out of the treasury, with the balance of the purchase money covered by mortgage. One of the conservative members of the council resigned, but, full of the notion that there is no such word as fail, the council decided upon a traveling tour in which the greatest variety program ever known up to that time was offered to the public. This netted over \$46,000 and now the Lambs had their own club house free from debt. Soon the fold became too small to accommodate the rapidly increasing membership, and again the advice of widely experienced men was disregarded. A lot further up town was furnished, and a building erected which included a fully equipped theatre and banquet hall, large enough, it was believed, to serve all purposes for many years to come. But in a few years there were over 1,500 members, theatre and banquet hall were overcrowded on gambol nights, and the capacity of the club house was more than doubled by the purchase of adjoining property, and the improvements included a banquet hall large enough for four hundred revellers, and a theatre holding six hundred. The Lambs is now an established institution, thanks to the Utopian characteristics of its membership, and no actor or wealthy man about town feels that he is at all in the swim, social or theatrical, unless he be a Lamb.

War Activities

Immediately upon the entry of the United States into the war, the Lambs were the first club in New York to organize into a veritable enlistment bureau. The theatre was cleared and became a drill hall, where infantry drills were held every day, with Lambs Barlow and Harri-gan as instructors. When the first camp of instruction was opened at Plattsburg, fifteen Lambs were accepted and all passed the examinations for official rank, among whom was a well-known San Franciscan, Captain Robert I. Aitken, the sculptor. During the loan drives the Lambs were most prominent, and when at the close of the fourth drive they reported subscriptions amounting to \$1,300,000, Chairman

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Hurley of the shipping board became himself a member, and named the next ship launched "The Lambs." When the wounded soldiers began to return home, on the suggestion of Lamb Gene Buck, a fund was raised and entertainments given on Wednesday and Saturdays to maimed and sick heroes, at which the best actors and singers appeared, and supper was served by noted Lambs acting as waiters. Over nine thousand of the country's wounded have been so entertained and shall continue to be guests so long as there is one of them who needs the solace of hospitality, and music and story in his hours of helplessness and affliction. The history of this merry fold is full of charitable deeds and achievements of great note, but this opening of its hearts and its stately home to the legless, armless and sightless unfortunates from the battlefields of France, is a page to which every Lamb of the future must point with pride.

Dr. Stocking and Agnew Cleared

The investigation of Agnew state hospital proved a blessing in disguise. It awakened the general public to an interest in the unhappy mortals among us who are afflicted with mental sickness and to the methods applied for their care. It also revealed the comforting fact that the hospital is considered by noted alienists to have no superior in the U. S.: Dr. Reid, instructor in psychiatry, U. C., testified that the name of Dr. Stocking is synonymous for everything that is progressive, humane and kindly in the treatment of the insane; that Agnew asylum is recognized by medical men as one of the finest in the world; and that Dr. Stocking's ideas are quoted without question in conventions. Dr. Glen E. Meyers, captain of the army medical corps now in charge of treatment of mental illnesses at Letterman was formerly of Dr. Stocking's staff and gave testimony at the inquiry in high praise of his superior. Drs. Theo. Rethers, Milton Lennon, H. C. McClenahan, P. H. Bodstata, George W. Mack, T. J. Crowley, J. D. Ball and A. A. Beardslee were mental specialists who voluntarily commended the administration of the institution. Superior Judge Van Nostrand; Police Judge Oppenheim of S. F.; Chief Vollmer (Berkeley); Judge W. H. Donohue (Alameda); Inspector W. F. Kyle (Oakland) and Father A. V. Raggio (Catholic priest of Santa Clara) who had access at any hour of the day or night to the hospital; attendants, and former patients (in all sixty witnesses) praised Dr. Stocking and the conduct of the hospital; while seven patients, paranoiacs or agitators, gave unfriendly testimony. In such a large institution, where the intelligence of the attendants must necessarily be not of the highest owing to the inadequate remuneration, cases of severity, even cruelty, unhappily are bound to occur; but the testimony in the investigation showed that at Agnew, these cases were the rare exception and that wherever discovered, the attendants responsible had been discharged. If there are not laws for the extremely severe punishment for such wanton wretches who dare to abuse or neglect the mentally sick, there should be. Dr. Stocking does not favor civil service as a means to supply the patients with caretakers. His theory is that persons qualified to nurse the insane must have a natural ability, a sympathy to recognize that "Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins." He believes that the best results are obtained when he builds up his staff about him according to his own theories and practices. Prominent medical men of S. F. are deeply in sympathy with Dr. Leonard Stock-

ing and unstintingly express their sympathy for him and unbounded confidence in him. For instance, Dr. W. B. Coffey, famous surgeon and one of the organizers of the St. Francis Hospital, when asked what is his opinion, said: "That of all medical men who know of Dr. Stocking and his work. His kindly face is an index of the humane, noble nature of the man. There is no physician in the country whose professional reputation ranks higher. I unhesitatingly recommend patients to place themselves under his care. I have frequently heard his methods highly praised by the doctors of the lunacy commission and by judges of the courts."

The First Dry Week

The first week of prohibition, in general atmosphere, looks as though there had come a fulfillment of the prophecy in the old plantation song to the effect that, "Every day'll be Sunday, bye and bye." There is an ominous quiet everywhere, as though portentive of some sort of an upheaval to come later on, under the principle that it is always the darkest hour just before the dawn. What this dawn is going to be no one seems to be able to predict, but those who really want, and think they must have, alcoholic beverages, still cling to a faint hope that something is going to turn up for their especial benefit. A great many have placed themselves in the position of being in a sort of interregnum until the first of October, when the lid will be off for three glorious months, and something may be done to interrupt this wanton interference with the personal liberties of American citizens beyond the first of January. The clubs now-a-days have taken on the appearance of quiet and rectitude to be found heretofore only in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. In one of them a way was found by which members could shake the dice for drinks and still be within the law. There is a rule in this club to the effect that a member may be served at the bar with liquor from his own private stock, provided he brings it into the room himself, and a charge of ten cents a glass is made for service. So that, in order that there may be something like the appearance of the old club life, the dice boxes are used to decide who shall pay for this service. This, however, is regarded by those members who have not been able to maintain a well-stored locker, as being an impertinent flaunting of wealth, and many complaints have been made on this score. The innate selfishness of most men has been most often visualized in the hotel cafes, where guests may bring their own wine to be served at meals, and those who have not taken similar precautions, generally complain that class distinction has been made against them. It is truly a strange state of affairs, and one which will take a long time to right itself.

A Peroxide Sizzle

The man who dashed into the Oakland Emergency Hospital and asked to be treated for peroxide taken internally deserves greater fame than he will get. He is one of those pioneer spirits whose inquiring mind and dauntless breast are not held in check by conservatism. What though failure and chagrin were the outcome of his experiments, his radical soul no doubt remains unblemished, and will probably lead him to make other experiments for the benefit of the human race. Our hero, recognizing the fact that alcoholic beverages were taboo on the boulevards, had a longing to discover some other potation that would have the same stimulating effect. He tried several without notable results. Then he came upon that

chemical formula which is nothing more than plain drinking water with two atoms of hydrogen instead of one, and is commonly known as peroxide. He drank some to see if there was a kick in it. There was. It kicked him to the sod, and he foamed at the mouth. Dean Swift once wrote that he was a brave man who first ate an oyster. Brave he may have been, but we do not know that his act was disinterested. Our hero stated that he intended to give his discovery to the world in case it should prove efficacious. Consider what a boon to humanity would be a pint bottle with the label: "Heals bruises, disinfects cuts, bleaches hair and imparts a glorious feeling sufficient to beat your wife, sing a song or insult a policeman." The experimenter drank a certain amount, and then awaited results. He began to sizzle at the mouth instead of the brain. What he desired was an imaginary froth and not a visible one. The effect was too realistic. Evidently there was something wrong. In this emergency he plunged toward the hospital, where his enterprise was not accorded full respect. The attendants merely told him not to do it again. But who knows the result of his next experiment?

The Tripartite Treaty

Everything that our Washington administration does nowadays is subject to that searching and sincere criticism which precedes the work of a nominating convention. Every citizen's committee with a fair-sized candidate that yearns to challenge Wilson's clutch on the presidential chair, comes to the front with an argument that America is being buncoed by the world at large, owing to the gross carelessness and stupidity of the college professor who is taking a post-graduate course as president of the United States. Preparing to discredit the pact by which Great Britain and the United States agree to defend France against any future German invasion, Washington, D. C., has already registered astonishment. To be more accurate—a few friends of Hiram (Warren) Johnson hunted up the news correspondents and avouched astonishment before the emotion could subside. One point of astonishing value is that our country is bound in stronger terms than Britain to defend the French border. This is comprehensible, as the United States was the only one to be bound, France and Great Britain still having their entente cordiale, and the Britons having proven their cordiality at the tap of the gong on August 4th, 1914. Our country did not see fit to enter the war until animated by a casus belli of its own. In the event of another dash from the Rhine, Britannia would again mobilize immediately, for the war demonstrated that the strategic points of defense are identical between France and England. German capture of the channel ports would mean long-range bombardment of the English coast. That is why Great Britain "consents" to come to France's aid; upon which event, vital also to the welfare of this country, the United States has engaged to perform the rescue act again.

When Self-Government Fails

A few days ago, at a moving picture theatre, some boy scouts averted a panic, or what is sometimes known as a holocaust. A celluloid film exploded in the reel. It appears that the large and intelligent assemblage, unprepared for a flash and a loud noise, arose from their seats and evinced symptoms of running amuck. One of the boy scouts, who was on the stage soliciting memberships, snuffed his oration and made a glad sally into the strains of "The Star-Spangled

Banner." Whereupon his audience hesitated in their frenzy, while a half dozen scouts did scout around, hushing the fears of the multitude. One woman fainted, and the khaki-clad kids rendered first aid. The secretary of the Boy Scouts National Association afterwards stated that all in all it was the finest bit of juvenile action he had ever seen; but he made no comment on the adult behavior. The panic of the crowd was a good opportunity for the youngsters. Evidently discipline is a good thing for anybody. We trust that the new adult members of the scouts will not merely give their dollar a year but take advantage of the scout training, so as not to run into a pandemonium at the first alarm. The untrained citizen, flattered by politicians and supposedly equal to the task of self-government, seems to have no moral defense against an exploding film. Fortunately among these citizens was an organization of boys instructed in self-possession, and the lads used the event as an exercise of their lessons. There is only one excuse for the dismay of the grown folk. They might have thought that the explosion was some new-fangled advertisement. Movie patrons have been made nervous by various devices, including screen pictures, whereby attention is called to certain manufactured articles, anything from a can of condensed milk to an automobile. Sometimes one can not tell whether he is witnessing a "funny comedy" or an ad for a dentist. The federal government has taken note of this distressing situation, but can not interfere in all cases that cause the spectators to gnash their teeth. Some film advertisers have circulated their pictures under the guise of government propaganda, and, worse than that, have inveigled the government into paying the bills. Here is where the law will take a hand. The proper medium of advertising is printer's ink. Frankness in advertising is the only kind that the people will tolerate. Ill temper and stony-hearted attention result when you go out for amusement and find yourself turned into an object lesson for summer resort or a patent egg-opener. So it is to be hoped that the government campaign will have a good effect upon improper advertising in the movies generally.

Japanese Ruthlessness in Korea

The Korean colony in this city was yesterday horrified at the latest intelligence from their native land concerning the barbarities being inflicted upon their countrymen by the Japanese forces of occupation. The Korean revolution is being carried on by the insurgents without recourse to arms or overt act of whatsoever character. It is described as the "greatest passive resistance movement" the world has ever seen. Despite this aspect of the effort toward Korean independence, the Japanese are inflicting the most cruel punishment upon the native population. In Syun Chun scores of Koreans have perished through drinking water from poisoned wells and from eating poisoned fish. Revolutionists on being released from prison have been found to lack mental equilibrium entirely through the maltreatment administered by the Japanese prison wardens. The native Korean Christians are especially the object of Japanese reprisals. Day by day the anguishing cry for succor coming across the ocean from Korea is heard in louder acclaim.

An Omniscient Reporter

The author of a novel hovers over his characters wherever they go. He assumes the privilege of hiding in their brain cells. He

writes that the facial expression and the private thoughts of the hero in a moment of danger are not the same; and we take his word for it. But a newspaper reporter is not presumed to go that far intellectually. Without pretending to see everything, the daily newsgatherer tells what he sees, and lets it go at that. Nevertheless, we have on one of the morning papers a scribe who rejoices in an all-seeing eye. On the evening of July 4th, when fireworks were displayed at the Civic Center, this remarkable journalist took note of every individual in the crowds and remembered each and all: not a one escaped him. According to his statement of the case, "A high fog hung over the Civic Center, but not a person left the vicinity during the show." This was an extraordinarily loyal assemblage. If the casual observer hangs on the edge of holiday crowds, he sees people coming and going, no matter what the attraction is. But this reporter must have seen at a glance that this crowd was different, and so in the interests of the mob spirit, he studied it carefully. For about three-quarters of an hour he ranged along McAllister street, scooted into Fulton, scurried up and down City Hall avenue, swept into Larkin street and covered all the roundabout thoroughfares. At the end of forty-five minutes, the length of the fireworks demonstration, he found that not one member of the crowd was missing. Every face that gazed into the sky at 9:04 p. m., when the first shot boomed, was there at the finale. Wonderful crowd and thrice wonderful reporter.

Fireman, Save My Flea

Twenty educated fleas lost their lives in a fire at Long Beach. The noble insects are said to have carried life insurance in favor of their owner. While he receives \$6,000 for the loss of his pets, which no more will delight amusement seekers on the "Pike" at the beach, his tears continue to flow. He also paid the premiums, which were in good standing at the time of the disaster. We always thought that a flea was trained by the amputation of one leg so as to make it walk in a circle toward a toy cannot, which it fired by crawling near a fuse at a moment when the trainer's foot stepped on an electric switch. On that theory twenty fleas, with military training of that sort, would hardly be worth \$6,000. In fact, there is a suspicion that the trainer seldom takes the trouble to bring the genus pulex back to camp after the show, but uses a fresh supply of the acrobats every day from their training quarters on the back of a fox terrier. On the other hand, we meet globe-trotters who claim to have gazed upon clever vaudeville fleas, genuine artistes in their line, mites of animal life that went about their stunts with all the solemnity and caution of an elephant. As a jumper par excellence, the flea has great claim to distinction. But it is doubtful that he knows where he is jumping; and as for his ability to hoist a flag to the top of a toothpick, the world at large will always be skeptical.

COMBINED STATEMENT OF CONDITION HEAD OFFICE AND BRANCHES

BANK OF ITALY

SAVINGS

COMMERCIAL

TRUST

HEAD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

JUNE 30, 1919

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate.....	\$ 31,241,868.49
Other Loans and Discounts.....	32,673,891.87
Bankers' Acceptances.....	105,530.42
United States, State, County, Municipal and Other Bonds; United States Certificates of Indebtedness and Notes of U. S. War Finance Corporation.....	21,093,290.94
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults.....	3,987,326.04
Other Real Estate.....	394,867.47
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....	1,174,265.92
Customers' Liability on Acceptances.....	200,000.00
Interest Earned but not Collected.....	556,783.54
Other Resources.....	76,901.58
CASH and Due from Banks.....	15,991,656.48
Total Resources.....	\$107,506,382.75

LIABILITIES

*Capital Fully Paid.....	\$ 5,000,000.00
Surplus.....	\$1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	1,087,018.86
Discount Collected but not Earned.....	45,897.14
Reserved for Taxes and Interest Accrued.....	96,663.80
Letters of Credit.....	1,174,265.92
Acceptances.....	200,000.00
Dividends Unpaid.....	201,458.49
DEPOSITS.....	98,451,078.54
Total Liabilities.....	\$107,506,382.75

* Paid-up Capital will be increased to \$6,000,000.00 on July 2, 1919.

A. P. Giannini and W. R. Williams, being separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said W. R. Williams is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained herein is true of his own knowledge and belief.

A. P. GIANNINI,
W. R. WILLIAMS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1919.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904.....	\$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906.....	\$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908.....	\$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910.....	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912.....	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914.....	\$18,030,401.59
December 31, 1916.....	\$39,805,995.24
DECEMBER 31, 1918.....	\$93,546,161.50
JUNE 30, 1919.....	\$107,506,382.75

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS: JUNE 30, 1918, 144,509
JUNE 30, 1919, 170,679

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Mrs. W. S. Porter accompanied by Miss Maud O'Connor spent a few days at Del Monte, later going to Pebble Beach, where they remained over the week-end. * * Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserley are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Nikolai Sokoloff of New York at their country home in San Mateo. * * Count and Countess Joaquin de Pereyra have arrived in France. The countess is a daughter of Mrs. Catherwood Darling of this city and was a recent guest of her mother, when much entertaining took place in honor of the couple. * * Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels spent a few days last week at Aptos the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Ferris. Mrs. Ferris was formerly Miss Emma Spreckels, whose romantic marriage took place several years ago to Thomas Watson, an Englishman, old enough to be her father. The couple went abroad to live. After the death of Watson, his widow married John Ferris. This is her first visit to her old home in many years. * * Miss Sylvia Grinnell Van Rensselaer, daughter of Mrs. Robert Stewart Smith of New York, has arrived in California, where she will visit relatives for a few weeks. Miss Van Rensselaer recently graduated from Miss Spence's school. Philip Schuyler is a relative who married Elizabeth Shreve. * * Mr. and Mrs. Philip Van Rensselaer Schuyler of New York (former Elizabeth Shreve of this city) arrived last week and are guests of Mrs. Schuyler's mother at her home in San Mateo. * * Mrs. George Harding of Philadelphia arrived a few days ago on a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Ward Keeney. They left on Wednesday for Santa Barbara, where they will spend the next three weeks with Mrs. Keeney's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Walker. Mrs. Harding was formerly Miss Lillie Jones, step-daughter of the late Judge Orville C. Pratt and step-sister of Orville C. Pratt, who married Miss Emily Wilson. * * Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart spent the fourth of July week at their Lake Tahoe home, Sand Harbor. Mrs. Hobart, who has been visiting the Dean ranch in Nevada for two months, joined Mr. Hobart over the holidays. * * Miss Gertrude Bosworth, who recently graduated from Miss Ransom's school in Piedmont, left a few days ago for Yosemite, where she will visit her brother, Carl Bosworth. * * Mr. and Mrs.

Monroe Eyre Pinckard are settled in their country home at Ross Valley for the summer. * * Miss Barbara Donohoe will leave this week for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of Miss Josephine Ross. * * Mr. and Mrs. John M. Kilgariff and family are passing the summer at Mill Valley. Miss Lorna Kilgariff recently entertained a house party including Misses Carroll Cambron, Agnes and Marry Harrison, Messrs. John Wright, Harold Dohrmann, Pischel and Russell Kern. Miss Cambron recently returned from Vassar College on a vacation. * * Mr. and Mrs. T. Danforth Boardman and Miss Kate Boardman are at Salmon Lake. * * Rev. Edward Morgan was host at a dinner at the Hotel Richelieu during the past week. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Hallett, who are visiting here from Denver, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Findley Montague. * * When last heard from Mr. and Mrs. George de Long were traveling in the orient. They will arrive in San Francisco late in the autumn. * * Mrs. Andrew Rowan was a recent hostess at the Town and Country Club in honor of Mrs. Frank P. Deering. Those present at the luncheon were Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Clarence Smith, Mrs. James Edwards, Mrs. Joseph Marks, Mrs. Robert A. Dean and Miss Marian Froelich. * * Admiral and Mrs. Charles Gonce, U. S. N., have taken apartments at the Hillcrest, on California street. * * Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was a luncheon hostess during the week in the fable room of the St. Francis, entertaining Mes. Charles Gove, George Howard Sr., and Horace Blanchard Chase. * * Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard have taken an apartment at Stanford Court. * * Mr. and Mrs. Walter Deane have closed their town house and have gone to San Rafael, where they have taken the B. M. Gunn house for the summer. * * Mrs. Kate Greenleaf Locke, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Shorb for the past month, has returned to her home in the south. * * Miss Inez Macondray left on Monday for Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Macondry Moore, for a month. * * Mr. and Mrs. James A. Beckett of Portland have arrived in this city on a visit with Sir Popham Young and Lady Young. James Beckett is a brother of Lady Young, the former Lillian Beckett of Oakland. * * Miss Sue Alston McDonald, daughter of Col. and Mrs. John B. McDonald, has arrived from Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, where she has been attending school. Miss McDonald will be one of the winter debutantes. Col. McDonald has recently been ordered out west. * * Miss Nancy Lane, daughter of secretary and Mrs. Frank Lane of Washington, D. C., arrived from the east on Tuesday. She will be the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Lane of Morgan Hill and of her aunts, Mrs. Frederick Lane in Piedmont and Mrs. Magnus Anderson. Miss Lane accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Caswell Miller from the east. Stuart Lane, who married Florence Kirchen, is a cousin of Miss Lane. Many entertainments have been planned in her honor. * * Miss Mary Elena Macondray has gone to Santa Barbara, where she will be the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Alvah Kaime. * * Mr. and Mrs. Fentress Hill are in Santa Barbara visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cheseborough and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall Sr. * * Capt.

Frederick Horne, U. S. N., will arrive in New York July 17th, captain of the transport bringing soldiers home from overseas. Mrs. Horne (Alma McClung) has gone to Jamestown, R. I., to meet her husband. * * Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace and Bradley Wallace have gone to Los Altos, where they will spend the summer. Mrs. Wallace recently purchased the handsome summer home of the late Judge Fairall. * * Miss Nannie Wright has returned to her home on Lombard street from a visit with Judge and Mrs. Samuel F. Lieb at their beautiful country home, San Jose. * * Miss Hannah Du Bois has gone to Wawona for a few weeks' outing. * * Mr. and Mrs. B. N. Gunn are now occupying their old home on Scott street, which has been rented to the Steinhardts for the past thirteen years. Dudley and Kenneth Gunn are on duty overseas, the former with the Red Cross, the latter a lieutenant with the 1st infantry, U. S. A. * * Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Hellmann have arrived in this city from New York on a visit to relatives. Mrs. John D. Tallant of this city will occupy their residence in New York during their absence. * * Mrs. William Mayo Newhall Sr. is a guest at Miramar, where she will remain several weeks. She is slowly recovering from a severe illness. * * Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have taken apartments at El Encanto, Santa Barbara.

Bobbie Hellman, Tennis Champion

Miss Roberta Hellman, who won all the tennis matches (even the mixed doubles) at the Joseph Donohoe tournament in Menlo, was the recipient of all the honors to which victory in games entitles one. At the finish the men enthusiastically carried her around the court upon their shoulders, the spectators applauding her wildly. Mrs. Donohoe wagered one hundred dollars on her winning and others bet cigarettes and candy. Miss Hellman is tall, slender and very pretty and was the belle of the picnic dinner which Mrs. James Flood gave to the tennis players on Sunday evening.

A Californian's Lucky Strike

Marshall Giselman is expected shortly for a visit to his mother, Mrs. Henry Giselman of

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

A. W. BEST

ALICE BEST

BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

THE MOST COMFORTABLE

THE MOST HOME LIKE

HOTEL CECIL

POST and TAYLOR STREETS

Strictly First Class

Presidio Terrace. His last visit was in May. One of the inventions which the war has speeded is that of the callephone, which he was instrumental in promoting. The inventor is a Californian. A few years ago Mr. Giselman organized here and principally capitalized the "Callephone Corporation," expecting to introduce the instrument in commercial enterprises. The navy, during the war, accepted it after it had been perfected to become vibration-proof and waterproof; now Mr. Giselman and his associates are literally "raking in" profits. The invention makes it possible to issue commands to men collectively in assembly, or individually in seclusion. Its possibilities for commercial and domestic purposes are advantageous. Mr. Giselman was one of our foremost pianists and organists. He played at one of our local synagogues and at St. Mary's cathedral and also taught piano to advanced pupils. He was six years a student at the London Royal Academy and later played in concert at Albert Hall. His only sister is Mrs. Grace Giselman Lange, who, with her mother, expects to give some musical affairs during his visit.

At the Fairmont

Rainbow Lane in the Fairmont Hotel is proud in the possession of Pearl Loweree, announced on the program as the "American Chanteuse," a San Francisco girl who is bound to create a sensation in wider fields in the near future. Pearl has an able partner in Henry Busse, who is a sensational cornet player. These entertainers, besides Vanda Hoff, in her nature dances, and other clever people, make Rainbow Lane a delightful place to spend the evening. Tables for the dinner de luxe are in demand every night except Sunday. Director Rudy Seiger announces Senora Luisa Silva, a grand operatic contralto, as the soloist of this Sunday evening lobby concert, when his orchestra will

present a peculiarly pleasing program of popular and classical selections.

At the Cecil

A number of informal luncheons were given at the Cecil Tuesday. Mrs. Alfred Alol entertained in honor of Mrs. Harry Lewis of Honolulu. Mrs. Alol and her son Robert Alol are stopping at the hotel during Col. Alol's sojourn in France. Other service folk stopping at the Cecil include Lieut. Col. and Mrs. W. Tredendall, Commander and Mrs. C. M. Stevens and Ensign and Mrs. Carden. Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Bryant gave a large dinner recently. The party was composed mostly of old friends whom the hosts had entertained in their beautiful home in Cincinnati. Mrs. James Dunbar of New Orleans and her two attractive daughters, Miss Adele and Miss Helen, are guests. Mrs. Worrall presided over a handsomely appointed luncheon Tuesday. The table was adorned with a basket filled with sweet peas, larkspur and gladioli. Among the guests were Mrs. Walter Wright, Mrs. Dyer, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. William Buchanan, Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. S. S. Buchanan. Dr. I. S. Ceart motored down from Colville, Wash. Mrs. R. F. Gross and Miss Alice Hicks of Los Angeles are sojourning.

Desirable Dance Favors at Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern's dance favors for men take the form of large boxes of Melachrin cigar-ettes, the gentlemen's smoke, and they are distributed, without competition, at two periods every evening—during the dinner hour and after the theatre. The ladies' favors are large, handsome Kewpie dolls, dressed in silk and fur, with hair elaborately dressed. These favors add much to the enjoyment of an evening spent in dancing to the music of the Tavern's famous jazz orchestra.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Major General Leonard Wood: American soldiers will not fight at the command of a European potentate.

U. S. District Attorney Annette Adams: Please obey the prohibition laws.

Police Commissioner Roche: If cafes serve liquor owned by patrons, the waiters might become confused among the various bottles and not know who owns which.

Bacon: A civil war is like the heat of a fever; but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise and serveth to keep the body in health.

Captain William Simpson, British army: The diplomatic victory of the Japanese at Versailles has gone to their heads, and the Japs think they can go as far as they like in China. If Japan does not change her methods, the combined American and British fleets will force her to be good.

General Candido Aguilar: Americans entering Mexico to buy liquor will be welcome, but maybe not for long, as I think Mexico will soon go dry.

Shakespeare (Iago): Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.

Eamonn de Valera: Ireland is a separate nation with inalienable rights which a League of Nations founded on justice is bound to respect.

The wife of Sir Thomas More, relates Lord Bacon, had only daughters during the first years of marriage, and did continually pray for a boy. At last she gave birth to a boy, who, as his age increased, proved to be simple-minded. Said Sir Thomas to his wife, "Thou prayedst so long for a boy that he will be a boy as long as he lives."

J. P. PON J. BERGEZ C. MAILHEBAU
C. LALANNE L. COUTARD

Bergez-Frank's OLD POODLE DOG CO.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
Music and Entertainment Every Evening

415-421 BUSH STREET SAN FRANCISCO
(Above Kearny)
Exchange, Douglas 2411

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC. AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 42,068,637.15
United States Bonds to Secure Circulation.....	3,600,000.00
Other United States Bonds and Certificates.....	9,774,800.00
Other Bonds.....	7,676,405.46
Other Assets.....	1,383,853.60
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	9,982,184.86
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	30,865,483.75
	\$105,351,364.82

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,521,360.96
Circulation.....	3,600,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign Acceptances.....	9,982,184.86
Bonds Borrowed.....	3,140,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank.....	8,648,500.00
Deposits.....	73,459,319.00
	\$105,351,364.82

OFFICERS

HERBERT FLEISHHACKER.....President
MORTIMER FLEISHHACKER.....Vice-President
J. FRIEDLANDER.....Vice-President
C. F. HUNT.....Vice-President
E. W. WILSON.....Vice-President
HARRY COE.....Vice-President
W. E. WILCOX.....Vice-President and Cashier

J. W. LILIENTHAL, JR.....Vice-President
FRED F. OUER.....Assistant Cashier
GEO. A. VAN SMITH.....Assistant Cashier
V. KLINKER.....Assistant Cashier
J. S. CURRAN.....Assistant Cashier
EUGENE PLUNKETT.....Assistant Cashier
F. R. ALEXANDER.....Assistant Cashier

JOHN GAYLE ANDERTON.....Secretary

The Stage

"Kickinit" at the Orpheum

The first complete week of vaudeville under the prohibition law finds the Orpheum with a performance that still has the kick in it. Truth to tell, the bill this week is intoxicating. This may be due to the fact that the numbers were all written, staged and costumed in the good old days when skit-writers did not perform their labors under the influence of raspberry flavor, nor that mysterious thing advertised nowadays as "kickinit," whatever that can be. However, kick in it there is aplenty, and, pleasant to relate, much of that kick and jazz festivity is executed by beautiful women. Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin have "An Egyptian Frolic," in which Winnie, from the habiliments of a mummy, comes to life as a regular jazz baby. The wonder of it, too, from the standpoint of an old-timer, is that Winnie Baldwin is more beautiful than ever, besides having more gorgeous costumes than she ever had in her life. Perhaps listening to Bronson's patter keeps her young and charming. Nellie V. Nichols is with us again with character and classic songs. There is something in her physiognomy and acting, something that makes one fancy she just fell short of becoming a great actress on the legitimate stage. Now and then we get a glimpse that reminds us of the big ones. Dave Ferguson and company, a cast of four, including a doubler-up, present "The Rounder of Old Broadway," wherein we meet the old actor, the dope fiend, the cop, the midnight lady, and the rounder himself—a romantic picture of night life in the metropolis, and well done by all concerned. An attractive act is that of Espe & Dutton, who enter with comedians' banters and gradually work into feats of strength that earn their title, "Top Notchers of Versatility." Holding over are Emile and John Nathane in their artistic strong man's act; Lew Williams and Ada Mitchell in their exploitation of such pécadilloes as may be incident to married life; and that rapid musical comedy, consisting of Frank Dobson and his Thirteen Sirens, an extravaganza that goes across the amusement sky like a whirlwind of color, farce and beauty.

—L. J.

Alcazar

"Polly With a Past" is one of David Belasco's most cherished properties and its touring value is still undiminished, but as a special dispensation, in which brotherly regard is doubtless a strong factor, he has consented to its presentation by the admirable new Alcazar company, commencing next Sunday afternoon. This wizard of stagecraft is keenly responsive to Alcazar aim, purpose and achievement and loses no opportunity to manifest it in a practical way. His special release of "Polly With a Past" is significant of Belasco's faith in Alcazar class and quality. There is no more delightful comedy on the stage than this romance of the self-reliant, well-poised American girl, who merrily masquerades as a demure maid in the apartment of a trio of reckless young New York bachelors and shocks a fashionable seaside resort by pretending to be a vampiric French adventuress of hectic hue. To follow comes Bayard Veiller's tremendous emotional drama, "Within the Law," which has never been acted before at the Alcazar. It could not be more timely than just now—and it has already earned a million dollars for its producers.

Orpheum

Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont, two gifted and popular legitimate stars appearing in vaudeville, will head the new show at Orpheum next week in the big patriotic melodrama, "An American Ace," which has been adapted for vaudeville by Mr. Granville from Lincoln J. Carter's four-act play. An entire baggage car is required for the transportation of the scenic effects and outside of the players in the cast, a stage full of electricians and mechanics are necessary for its presentations. "The American Ace" has proved the greatest sensation of the past vaudeville season in the east, where the critics were unanimous in declaring it the most perfect, pretentious and absorbingly interesting drama ever witnessed in vaudeville and one which makes an appeal no loyal American can resist. Eddie Janis and Rene Chaplow will introduce their new oddity, "Music Hath Charms." Mr. Janis argues for the classical in music and Miss Chaplow for rag, and both demonstrate their work—Mr. Janis with a violin; Miss Chaplow is a capital delineator of character types. Clever and delightful are her song impersonations of movie stars. Harry Hines, a San Francisco boy who some years ago left this city to try his fortune in the east, returns home bringing with him the reputation of being one of the funniest, cleverest and most amusing monologists in vaudeville. The Three Jahns are expert equilibrists who bring to this country a splendid reputation gained in the European music halls for sensational daring, novelty and ability. Dave Ferguson and company in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; Espe and Dutton; Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin in "An Egyptian Frolic"; Nellie V. Nichols and the Hearst Weekly Motion Pictures will be the other acts.

"The Fortune Teller" at the Curran

Great interest is being evinced in the farewell attraction of Marjorie Rambeau's season at the Curran Theatre, "The Fortune Teller," which is announced to hold forth for the week beginning next Sunday night, July 13th. In this new play, which was Miss Rambeau's last New York production before coming to San Francisco, the star has the role of Madame Renee, a fake fortune teller in a small circus sideshow, a part which perhaps calls for as fine a display of versatility on the part of the great emotional actress as any role in her extensive repertoire. "Eyes of Youth," the current bill, is attracting large audience to the Curran. Miss Rambeau has won high praise for her enactment of Gina Ashling, the crystal-gazing heroine, who seeks to read the future through the medium of a crystal given her by a Hindu Yogi. Her possible careers, as seen in the crystal, are visualized on the stage in realistic fashion, and Miss Rambeau's characterizations, in turn, of a duty-bound school teacher, a flabbouyant and dissipated opera star, and a devoted wife who becomes a human wreck are absolutely remarkable.

"Tea for Three"

"Tea for Three," the new Roi Cooper Megrue comedy, which Selwyn and company will present at the Curran Theatre, beginning Sunday, July 20th, comes here with a record of one entire year at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York. It was one of the most successful plays in New York in years. "Tea for Three" is heralded as

has chosen to stand to one side and view the triangle as a whole, seeking, not so much the seriousness concealed in such stories, but the humor of it all. The New York cast is announced for the Curran, headed by Arthur Byron, Frederick Parry and Elsa Ryan.

Honor for Elsie Janis

A life membership in the Actors' Equity Association was recently conferred upon Elsie Janis for her wonderful patriotic work at the front. The officers are Francis Wilson, Bruce McRae, Richard Purdy, Grant Stewart, Howard Kyle, Paul Turner and Frank Gillmore.

It is related of Michael Angelo that when he had executed a picture of hell and lost souls, everybody recognized one of the damned souls as resembling the pope's master of ceremonies. The picture occupied a place in Pope Clement's chapel, and the master of ceremonies, between whom and the painter was a long-standing enmity, besought the pope to have the likeness effaced. Clement said to him, "Why, you know very well that I have power to deliver a soul from purgatory, but not out of hell."

Orpheum Safest and Most Magnificent in America Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL and STOKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY
TAYLOR GRANVILLE & LAURA PIERPONT
in the Big Patriotic Melodrama
"AN AMERICAN ACE"
EDDIE JANIS & RENE CHAPLOW in their new Oddity, "Music Hath Charms"; HARRY HINES, "The 58th Variety"; THREE JAHNS, European Equilibrists; DAVE FERGUSON & CO. in "The Rounder of Old Broadway"; PERCY BRONSON & WINNIE BALDWIN in "An Egyptian Frolic"; ESPE & DUTTON, Topnotchers of Versatility; HEARST WEEKLY; NELLIE V. NICHOLS, the Famous Character Singing Comedienne.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Sat. Night—Miss Rambeau in "Eyes of Youth"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 13
FAREWELL WEEK OF

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

In Another of Her Wonderful Creations

"THE FORTUNE TELLER"

Nights, 50c to \$2; Best Seats \$1 Wed. and Sat. Mats.

NEXT—Com. SUN., JULY 20—"TEA FOR THREE."

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE WALK-OFFS"

The Hattons Snappy, Sparkling Society Satire.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY, JULY 13

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

David Belasco Releases for Alcazar

Use Only the Famous Comedy Success

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

By George Middleton and Guy Bolton
Two Entire Seasons at the Belasco, New York.

SUN., JULY 20—The Great Emotional Drama,

"WITHIN THE LAW"

Its First Alcazar Presentation.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Letters

"The Iron Hunter"

It was Israel Zangwill who said long ago that all the personal records fell readily into three classes, biographies, ought-to-biographies, and ought-not-to-biographies. "The Iron Hunter," by Chase S. Osborn, belongs well up in the second list. If it were merely a presentation of purely imaginary incidents it would be eminently readable, and as it is it contains materials enough for half a dozen novels of adventure. Born in 1860, it would seem as if the boy came into the world too late for a romantic career. The gold discovery and the emigration to the Pacific coast was an old story; the Civil war was over while he was an infant. A boy born in Indiana would seem to have nothing before him but a prosaic existence of school and play and work. It all depends on the boy, and the Osborns were evidently of the kind of boys to be depended upon, as they had, early in their lives, to depend on themselves. Chase Osborn was very much of a boy, no Little Lord Fauntleroy, and yet as far from the other extreme, an American boy with his way to make and a determination to make a good job of it. How good we may know when we learn that he is the Governor Osborn of Michigan, 1910-1912. Oddly enough, though Chase Osborn, in his early years, took a hand at any job that would give him a livelihood, he was never a miner nor an ironworker, yet he has become an iron expert, and more than half of his too brief biography tells of his researches and investigations into the iron-resources of the earth, from the arctics to the tropics, east and west. There is much to be learned of the various kinds of iron ore, the methods of working both the ore and the extracted metal, as well as the romance and mystery of the mines and their discovery. Statesmen and students of politics will find much to interest them in the study of political conditions in the old northwest and the most casual reader can not fail to find food for reflection in the social conditions as late as the eighties. This is American biography of the very best kind, far more inspiring and uplifting than the made-to-order puffery so often put forth. It is a first-rate book for boys of any age, from ten to sixty, and for girls, too, and more entertaining than nine-tenths of the fiction, more informing than most of the dry treatises that are palmed off as popular science. The best of it is that which may still be emulated. We need more of this kind.—From the Macmillan company.

"The Joyous Travelers"

"An unusual and charming book," will be the instant comment on "The Joyous Travelers," by Maud Lindsay and Emilie Poulsson, and closer examination will confirm the impression. How interesting these joyous travelers are, the squire's little son, the young lord, the chapman or peddler, the farmer, the elder and the younger sister, and all the rest! And what captivating stories and ballads they tell! Comical, quaintly wise, poetic, heroic, magical—each has its own charm. The book is a treasure trove for story tellers, for Miss Lindsay is one of the most skilled in that art, and Miss Poulsson's ballads have true literary quality. The profuse and always excellent illustrations of Mr. Berger are in perfect keeping with the text. An extra feature is the good and appropriate music furnished for two old-fashioned songs by Miss Eleanor Smith. Boys and girls from eight to fifteen will follow these travelers eagerly, but they will not be the only ones to enjoy this

really fine volume.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

"Dave Porter's War Honors"

Another great war story for boys, by Edward Stratemeyer. It tells of the doings of the fighting engineers—those brave fellows who worked under fire constantly. It gives the particulars of the last heroic advance of the Americans, of ground that was fought for inch by inch under terrific shell fire. It tells how Dave, after winning the distinguished service medal, was captured by the enemy, taken to a German prison camp, and how he afterwards made a thrilling dash for liberty by leaping from a swiftly moving train. It gives true-to-life pictures of our gallant soldiers as they really were in this epoch-making war. A tale for all boys from eight to eighty years of age—boys of the real, red-blooded kind.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

"Rainbow Island"

How Oliver, who longed to be patriotic, found an opportunity to serve his country, is the story of "Rainbow Island," by Edna A. Brown. The service rendered was not what he expected, but that makes no difference in its value. The book, with its scene laid on the Maine sea coast, brings a whiff of salt air as wholesome as itself. The plot is ingenious, the incidents are unusual, and we meet interesting people: Cousin Angelica, who believes in votes for women; Maria Joe, who disciplines her husband by starching his flannel shirts; Cap't Mitch, who owns the "Shark." The narrative is simply and charmingly told, and both boys and girls will enjoy it. There is not a dull moment, from the first chapter, where Rosamond steps on the sculpin, to the last page, where Mr. Armes tells us something we must always remember.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

COUSIN ANTHONY'S ADDRESS TO THE TRAINED NURSES

(Continued from Page 5)

nearest thing to a general rule for getting happiness is to help other people. I suppose the reason is that the most important of the things which are at the bottom of happiness is love, and that when we help our fellows we give them, for the time at least, a certain measure of love out of our hearts. I take it to be a great felicity of your vocation that the practice of it is one long exercise of helpfulness, direct, immediate, efficacious. Good works form good characters just as evil deeds form bad. Good works grow on the doer of them, and become habitual just as bad ones do. It seems to me impossible that men or women should do for suffering human creatures what you have learned to do and will do daily, without learning to love humanity and without tasting the happiness that springs from such love and forming the sort of character that grows on such food. There is a great charm to me about the human arm, straight, strong, flexible, ridged with ready muscles and with that wonderfully shifty contrivance, the human hand, at the end of it. And I think the human arm is never so handsome and so admirable as when it comes between the sufferer and the blow, or reaches down, bare and competent, to drag up some downcast creature out of the mire into which he has fallen. The trained nurse is one of the strong arms of our modern society. The very properties of her calling are to sustain the helpless, to draw up the suffering out of their mire of disease. There is no calling more honorable, and there are very few more honored. "The trained nurse is a brick. We are all her friends, all her admirers, all her debtors. All of us, as we see her here tonight, say God bless her and send her every happiness and success."

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$22,831,172.40
U. S. Bonds.....	3,573,318.75
Other Bonds and Securities.....	1,352,012.92
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	6,722,865.51
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	13,371,101.16
	\$48,000,470.74

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,461,358.13
Circulation.....	1,962,700.00
Letters of Credit.....	6,757,880.66
Deposits.....	32,818,531.93
	\$48,000,470.74

OFFICERS

WM. H. CROCKER.....	President	J. M. MASTEN.....	Assistant Cashier
JAS. J. FAGAN.....	Vice-President	D. J. MURPHY.....	Assistant Cashier
W. GREGG.....	Vice-President and Cashier	F. G. WILLIS.....	Assistant Cashier
J. B. McCARGAR.....	Vice-President	H. C. SIMPSON.....	Mgr. Foreign Dept.
G. W. EBNER.....	Assistant Cashier	S. N. SMILEY.....	Asst. Mgr. Foreign Dept.
B. D. DEAN.....	Assistant Cashier	G. FERIS BALDWIN.....	Auditor

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. H. CROCKER	CHAS. E. GREEN
CHARLES T. CROCKER	W. GREGG
JAS. J. FAGAN	A. F. MORRISON
GEORGE W. SCOTT	S. F. B. MORSE
WILLIAM W. CROCKER	

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market continued its upward trend at the opening of the week, and prices were, at times, a secondary consideration, so eager was the public to buy. Professional traders tried to break the market from time to time, but they were forced to buy back their stocks at higher prices, in competition with the buying public. The market became so big and broad that fluctuations of from one to three points were hardly noticed. However, the money rates were again brought to the front as a factor, and when call money rose to 20 per cent, the general list turned weak, and a fair sized reaction took place. The market at no time could be called weak, and while the break was rather unexpected, the decline did not get very far, as the undertone is still extremely bullish, and prices hardened again. The more important element, which includes interests identified with bullish operations in many stocks, continues confident that prices of numerous issues will make material advances, and they alluded to the situation as that of a bullish market, with the general tendency of an advancing character, with the exceptions, only to be expected, to reach lower levels. The rails were in better demand for the first time in months, prices of all rails showing an improvement. There was good buying of Southern Pacific, Reading, Missouri Pacific, which were the leaders. However the steels were really the leaders in the market when prices were at their best. The most significant feature was the ease with which advances were made in stocks like Crucible, Republic and Lackawanna Steel, without any bullish development or special development. All the steel issues were at times buoyant, with Crucible making the highest price on record. The copper shares were also in demand and higher, the general belief prevailing that the copper metal price will soon be up to the 20-cent mark. Now that the peace treaty is out of the way, there was a good deal of conjecture about what the effect will be on business in general. In many circles it is believed that our producers will be called upon to produce basic materials for the reconstruction of industrial affairs in Europe, and in placing industries there back in a condition which prevailed prior to the war. The needs for material for this purpose are so imperative that little consideration can be given by buyers as to prices which must be paid, but it is essential that arrangements for European credit must be made, in order to permit exports from this country. This may be a harder task than the public generally understands, and may be an influence in causing a halt in trading activities for a time at least. The market, while showing pronounced strength at times, by recovering quickly from what is termed forced reactions,

nevertheless is getting to a point where it would be just as well to exercise caution, and accept profits on strong days. With money rates so high, and every prospect of tight money for a while, at least, it is hardly to be expected that banking interests will furnish money freely for such wild speculation as we have witnessed in the past. We are not bearish on the situation, but would not care to buy stocks at present prices, and would await fair sized reactions, or until money conditions show some signs of becoming normal again.

Cotton—Trading in cotton futures was on a large scale the past week, and fluctuations of over one cent per pound daily were the rule. At times the market was buoyant, only to fall back again on heavy profit taking, but the undertone at all times was strong, and as a result, prices averaged higher throughout the week. The government figures showing a condition of 70, were just about as expected, as private statisticians had previously given the trade an estimate of around these figures. The surprise was in the acreage figures, which showed a reduction of only 8 per cent, where between 10 and 15 per cent was expected. This report caused some scattered selling by the local element, which brought about a small reaction, but the decline was short lived, and when spot houses made their appearance as heavy buyers, the market turned, and prices advanced to a new high level for this year's crop. Traders are beginning to express more concern over the crop prospects. They were first inclined to consider the reports of poor outlook of the growing crop to the normal bull propaganda, but the persistent rains and the continued development of a grassy condition in the fields has induced some of the traders to revise their views of the crop prospects. These views are reflected in the narrow difference between the quotations for the current month and those of the distant months of the next crop. This feeling is reflected to some extent in the goods market, where, according to reports, contracts have been made for next year deliveries, at prices considerably above present basis. There were no developments outside of the crop news. The Liverpool market responded quickly to the advance from this side, and there was a better export inquiry. We feel very bullish on cotton, and look for much higher prices.

Stopping the Rush

The vessel was aground, and the women passengers were being put into the boats. There was danger of overcrowding. But the captain was wise.

"The oldest women get into the boat," he cried. The rush was stopped and all were saved.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

What Struck Him Most

An Irishman invalided home from the war was asked by one of his relatives what struck him most about the battles he took part in.

"What struck me most?" asked Pat. "Sure, it was the large number of bullets flying around that didn't hit me."

Inferential

Modest Young Lieutenant (reporting to C. O. after a thrilling raid in No Man's Land)—Captain, I wish to report Private Hick's conduct in the highest terms of praise. He is the bravest man in the world. He followed me every place I went.

RAISING THE BLUE FLAG

(Continued from Page 4)

crowds to a banquet or to heaven. And in about a year from now, when we are all perfectly good—

"Except yourself with three lockers."

"All right; except myself. Make that a point. I foresee a distinction for myself. It is the wicked people for whose sake the good ones go to church. So there will be a great need for

me. As the only wicked man left, I shall save the country and religion, by giving them something to work on."

"Until that day, Bobbie, that great day when—" (Her voice was profound.)

"Don't try to frighten me."

"That solemn, golden-hazy day, when you shall sit at your table in the club, and the waiter shall hand you the key to your last locker and tell you that all is gone, all empty, all is lost, when you lift the last glass of—"

"Fine old port; I am sure it will be fine old port. Ah me!"

"What will become of us?"

"Do you think I shall care?"

"You will salute the inane world with a toast."

"I think, Petunia, that I shall hoist the last glass (and I hope there will be nothing wrong with it, no mistake about it) and I shall drink, shall quaff, if you will be good enough, or shall I say wicked enough, to allow me—I shall quaff to your happiness. Have I your permission?"

"No. Ridiculous!"

"On second thought, I shall toast you in the next to the last drink. The last one I shall seal up and save with a faded rose and a loop of ribbon."

"Oh! Sentimental again."

"That is the way I feel about it. They are taking all the sentiment out of the world—country—but it will not last forever, Petunia. The spirit of Bobbie Burns—all the Bobbies were good men—the spirit of Bobbie Burns will prevail over that of Oliver Cromwell, in any country. Of that, I am sure."

"If you are sure of it, I won't worry."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the Application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THOMAS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thomas, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 12th day of August, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open Court this 12th day of June, 1919.

GEO. E. CROTHERS,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 30, 1919

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$10,795,852.50), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$11,493,500.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,000,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,162,000.00), of the County of Bergen, New Jersey (\$200,000.00), of the County of Cuyahoga, Ohio (\$90,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), the actual value of which is.....\$29,096,122.47

2—Miscellaneous Bonds comprising Steam Railway Bonds (\$1,768,000.00), Street Railway Bonds (\$1,486,594.51), and Quasi-Public Corporation Bonds (\$2,242,000.00), the actual value of which is 5,022,981.00

3—Cash in Vault and in banks..... 3,263,179.38

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 30,802,117.65

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State, and the States of Oregon, Nevada and Washington.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is..... 229,500.00

Said Promissory Notes are all existing Contracts owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge of Bonds and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,188,322.96), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), Alameda (\$43,339.72), San Mateo (\$21,806.26), and Los Angeles (\$76,680.06),

in this State, the actual value of which is..... 1,330,150.00

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 965,623.90

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds..... 300,962.65

TOTAL ASSETS.....\$71,010,637.05

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....\$68,093,556.06

Number of Depositors..... 83,560

Average Deposit.....\$804.98

2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds 300,962.65

3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value..... 2,616,118.34

TOTAL LIABILITIES.....\$71,010,637.05

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

By E. J. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

By R. M. Tobin, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

E. J. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said E. J. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

E. J. TOBIN, President.

R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2nd day of July, 1919.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,
State of California.

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1414

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 19, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Six Cent Fares
The Battle Is On
The Royal Visitor
A Badly Used Girl
The Tie That Binds
Over Nuts and Coffee
Stage, Society, Finance
How to Capture a Hero
A Memory of Julius Kahn
The Broken Looking-Glass
Red Cross Luncheon Room
Sir Walter and Lady de Frece

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, July 19, 1919

No. 1414

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Battle Is On

The great diplomatic contest, whose result has evoked as many prophecies as there are radiating avenues from the capitol at Washington, has begun at last in solemn earnest. There have been a few sighting shots from afar which have been hits or misses according to the private opinions of the spectators, the most important of these being the opening volley of Mr. Wilson at Carnegie Hall, New York, on the day of his return from France. This seemed conciliatory rather than aggressive and was in the nature of a plea rather than a demand. A great deal of his usual graceful diction was employed in telling his palpably interested hearers what the League of Nations was going to do to bring about the permanent peace of the world, by force if necessary, but nothing whatever was said about the many things it can never hope to do in a thousand years, if its motives are purely in the direction of peace. Nothing was said with reference to how Bolshevism was to be dealt with, nor what was to be done with the internal revolutions of countries, or the disputes of countries that still persist in rushing at each other's throats for no other reason, apparently, than that they have grown used to fighting and will do so in spite of instruction or advice from the league mandates. No reference was made to the arbitrary handing over of Shantung to Japan, in spite of the wishes of its people or the earnest pleas of the Chinese government. But it was a good speech, nevertheless, and apparently did what Mr. Wilson expected it to do, namely, to secure ratification of the league by an audience that went there for that especial purpose. The opening address before the senate was equally tactful, a little more carefully prepared, equally evasive on those points which his opponents expected him to explain. Although

he was greeted with tremendous cheers as he entered the senate chamber, from both republicans and democrats, and cheered with equal fervor as he finished and retired, the speech itself was listened to in solemn silence, with the grim dignity of jurors listening to the arguments of a counsel for the defense, for he always seemed to be on the defensive.

* * *

What Was Thought of It

There was no manifestation on either side of the house to indicate just how the speech went with the two-sided congregation of solons, but the correspondent got it out of most of them on the following day and their impressions (except those of the discretely silent) duly appeared in the newspapers. Senators Lodge of Massachusetts and Knox of Pennsylvania, both republicans, and in favor of some kind of a League of Nations, had formed their opinions but sagely declined to confide them to the most alluring correspondents. Senator Borah of Idaho, republican, who, it would seem, is willing to talk whenever "you press the button," said that Mr. Wilson had answered his own argument that the League of Nations is a league of peace formed as an alliance of war. Republican Brandegee of Connecticut declared the speech to be "soap bubbles of oratory and a soufflé of phrases." On the other hand, Republican McCumber of North Dakota, who, by the way, is a supporter of the league, declared that it was "most impressive." Democrat Swanson of Virginia, as was of course to have been expected, believed that it was "magnificent, able, eloquent, inspiring, including arguments that were strong, cogent and unanswerable." The other democratic members were equally eloquent, after the usual spread-eagle southern fashion, and then along came Joe Cannon, republican of course, who, with characteristic sarcasm, spoiled everything by declaring that "Isaiah had predicted the end of war in vain and Mr. Wilson's prophecies may not be any more substantial in results." So have the varying impressions been reported, with the republicans almost a solid front against Mr. Wilson, while the democrats are even more strongly arrayed in his support. It is deeply to be deplored that a matter of so much importance to the future of the world and the destinies of its many conflicting nations, should have become one which can only be considered according to

sentiments that are purely political. It is difficult indeed to foreshadow the outcome. A compromise of some kind is likely but not strongly so, and, failing that, the peace with Germany will be ratified and congress will pull the present covenant to pieces and construct another one for itself.

* * *

Over Nuts and Coffee

At a dinner last week there were gathered a party of men, nearly all of them of the kind who would naturally be expected to be well posted on the more important matters of politics and diplomacy. There were lawyers and business men of distinction, supposedly in the know of things, and yet, if their many assertions be true, then the press has been sadly misled in its deductions, and public sentiment is not what popular clamor would appear to have made it. It was declared that Hiram Johnson had not a "chance on earth" in his aspirations to become a presidential candidate, in spite of the reports of numerous meetings addressed by him, whose wild applause indicated something quite to the contrary. It was said to be known that he is nothing more than the unsuspecting catspaw of such men as Senators Lodge, Warren and Knox, who, conscious of his aspirations, and not wanting to support a candidate of the progressive stripe, have adroitly cajoled him to launch his fiery invective against the League of Nations, because they know that any candidate opposed to a League of Nations can not be either nominated or elected. It was stated that a southland editor (democrat) had secured a straw vote in which Johnson stood fourth on a choice of republican candidates, General Wood being the favorite; that 97 per cent of the votes were in favor of the league covenant as at present drawn, and that 75 per cent of the entire vote was in favor of Mr. Wilson. It was generally agreed that Woodrow Wilson is the greatest man the country has yet produced, and that if he shall consent to stand for a third term, he can not possibly be beaten. On the following day, also over coffee and nuts, a body of equally prominent and supposedly well posted men argued and furnished apparent proof directly to the contrary. The league covenant would have nothing whatever to do with the determination of the next presidency; Hiram John-

son was almost as good as nominated, and a private straw vote in the southland had demonstrated that the sentiments of the people were fully 75 per cent republican. So after all who can tell which way the political wind is going to blow? It is all a matter of personal opinion, and the smallest observer knows as much about it as do the accredited authorities.

* * *

Prohibition Still Rampant

The drys are still fighting desperately to secure some kind of a compromise that will afford them a stimulant not altogether soft, but it really seems as though they are jousting at windmills, which will continue to turn despite the fierceness of their attacks. A grain of hope has come, however, in the unbelievable attempts of the prohibition fanatics actually to stop the sale of soft drinks. It appears that some one has discovered through the agency of employed chemists, that even grape juice contains nearly three per cent of alcohol, while ginger ale and several of the fruit sodas show much more than the proscribed one and one-half per cent of it. Samuel Untermeyer, one of New York's most famous lawyers, as a witness before the congressional prohibition committee, stated that any such bill would be in direct viola-

tion of the existing law as written, which granted no right for congress to decide upon which kind of beverages was an alcoholic intoxicant and which was not. This advice, if followed, may prove a godsend to the soft drink manufacturers, but it can furnish but little hope for the distiller and the brewer. In the meantime, the wets are circulating many strange rumors calculated to excite sympathy for their cause. One of them is to the effect that John D. Rockefeller has stood behind the cause of prohibition to the extent of \$25,000,000 or so, and stands ready to spend as much more to secure its final victory. The appearance of Julius Kahn in the congressional debates may be said to be a hopeful sign for the other side. It is on his record that he has never yet made a failure, once enlisted in a fight, and it is learned that his plea on Friday last for the salvation of the California vineyards gained greater applause than has been heard in the house of representatives this season. But this hope is a slender one indeed, O, Prohibitionist! You didn't watch out when you were warned, and it is pretty certain that the goblins have got you. As far as the clubs are concerned, however, it may be said that the locker system is working very smoothly indeed.

Now for Commercial War

Now that the peace treaty with Germany has been signed—and the American congress would have passed a separate one if it had not been signed—we may expect an immediate return to the restrictions, envies and small bickerings with reference to what may be shipped and what retained in the shipping country. As far as America is concerned, the blockade against Germany has been definitely lifted, and within certain small limitations, she is perfectly at liberty to resume a limited merchant marine, although of course we are not giving to her the wide end of the horn of plenty. The policy of this country lies in the direction of affording Germany such facilities as may be of assistance to her in the payment of the stupendous indemnities that will be exacted from her. The sardine canners of Monterey, after reaping a rich harvest through sending their product to England during the war, where it was esteemed as a great delicacy, are now in a state of slump because of notice from their former customers that for the future she will not permit the importing of manufactured foods of any kind. In the words of the Scriptures, "there shall be wars and rumors of wars," and here is one already!

Red Cross Luncheon Room

By Helen M. Bonnet

The dainty Red Cross lunch room in the Red Cross building, Civic Center, will have to close its hospitable doors by August 1st unless the enthusiasm of the members of the Red Cross becomes aroused to the working point. Patronage is good; Mrs. M. C. Sloss, chairman, is as enthusiastic as in the beginning; Miss Sue Russell director and instructor in the dietetic department is always on hand; but the ladies have gradually ceased coming to serve. This week only one appeared; but four dear little girls, three of them eleven and one eight years old came to the rescue. They enrolled in the dietetic class and begged to wait upon the tables, which they do daily from twelve to two o'clock. They are Catherine and Harriet Kelland, Betty Aiken (relative of Bob Aiken, sculptor), Virginia Brant, daughter of Col. Brant, U. S. A., and Dorothy Rogers, aged 8. They carry hot food from the kitchen where Miss Alma Hoagland presides assisted by the very good-looking Chloe of ebony hue, the same fine cook of real southern dishes who tickled the palates of the soldiers in the famous canteen out on Lombard street which Mrs. J. J. Gottlob managed so efficiently. At the long counter at one end of the room, delectable portions of cold entrées, deserts and beverages are served to the little waitresses by volunteer members of the Red Cross. Last Tuesday Mrs. McClintok, a handsome blonde, was in charge. Other ladies who take a turn each day are: Mmes. Harry Umben, David Bibero, Clarkson Dye, Harvey Marvin and Leon Jones. The two

hours' service requires eight workers and Miss Russell is very anxious to have more volunteers appear. In the beginning 300 persons were served one day and 150 have often been guests in one day. The capacity of the tables is 48, but since the armistice was signed the patronage has diminished. Originally the dining room was opened for the accommodation of the Red Cross workers in the building, though the public was welcome. Now the public is the main support. Everything is bought at cost, though contributions from friends would be gratefully received. The cooking is real home cooking, daintily served in generous portions. The regular luncheon is 45 cents and of course one is at liberty to order less for less.

The dining room itself is very inviting. It is decorated in a new color scheme: the predominating shade is Chinese blue, the walls are done in gray with wistaria panels. The ceiling is bright yellow with orange, black and wistaria in relief. Miss Anna Breuner donated this decoration as well as her services to execute it, the Red Cross ladies assisting her. Mrs. Charles B. Alexander (Hattie Crocker) of N. Y. donated the china, white with black and yellow decoration. The soldiers at Letterman made posters, table cards and place doilies.

Many times clubs and social workers combine business with luncheon; by arrangement, the doors are closed at two and guests remain to conduct their meetings. Nearly all prominent visitors to town drop in occasionally, and the mayor, the judges and City Hall officials some-

times patronize it, as well as the busy lawyers who have cases in court. Blanche Bates and George Creel were recently entertained there by Mrs. Gottlob, and Ruth Chatterton with her mother were Mrs. Max Sloss' guests. The leading members of the Alcazar sometimes lunch there and it seems to be a favorite lunch place of the navy, judging by the numbers of young naval officers who go there. Miss Esther Rujara the clever city secretary of governor Stephens is a daily patroness. On Tuesday she lunched with Miss Clarice Moise of the "Garrett and Garden Players" and Miss Moise, landscape gardener. Mrs. John B. Casserly and other prominent Red Cross executives are frequently guests and the cars of the "down the peninsula" population are frequently parked outside while their owners refresh themselves at the dainty tables. One third of the receipts has from the beginning been clear profit. At present that sum is but \$140 monthly, but it all goes to the Red Cross and every little helps. There is a tremendous amount of Red Cross help still needed and going to be needed by our boys, and this little dining room is a splendid place to make the money required. The patrons receive full value—it is the noble women of the Red Cross who are giving their services who are the real benefactors. It would be a pity to give it up, would it not? So girls and women with plenty of time and a wholesome desire to help, there is work for you and a place for your Red Cross uniform down in the Civic Center—only two hours on an occasional day. Get in touch with Mrs. M. C. Sloss or Miss Sue Russell and you will be assigned.

How to Capture a Hero

By Lionel Josaphare

This is a jazz generation, yet an exceedingly honest one, a flippant yet a very obedient generation. We speak in the language of ragtime, and yet, in our own country at least, bow to the will of the prohibitionist. In our daily conversation and fashions we are distinctly theatrical, with a leaning toward vaudeville. Young women of today are not content to marry a good farmer and settle down. They have dramatic and moving-picture ideals of a hero full of pep. The church taught us humility; the stage teaches us unselfishness. The latter has an influence all its own. The church choir sings to no great renown, while the jazz babies of the footlights enjoy a tittle-tattle of imitation throughout the land. We are very gay and jazzy in our amusements. However, church and stage differ mainly as the abstract from the concrete. The church deals, for instance, with matrimony; which is interesting in a way. The stage deals with love; which is irresistible. The love interest is supreme. The stage manager is the modern priest, seemingly enthusiastic to give us all the moral encouragement he can. Year after year he has devoted himself to just one principle of morality, demonstrating that virtue will exult in the arms of virtue before the final drop of the curtain, leading us to infer that his characters are portraying ours or that our own human nature should reflect his. Either these theatrical situations do happen or should happen with human nature. There lies the obscurity of the drama. And since, with all this melodramatic instruction, few theatre goers are any the wiser, it behooves us to examine those plots and determine how we can use them in practical affairs of the heart, adapt them to real life, according to the intention of the playwrights. For, if people pay no more attention to the morals of the drama than they do to religion, much noble effort is wasted.

Broadly speaking, the lesson of the drama can be interpreted as follows: Young woman, in these your romantic days, beware the pitfalls of wealth. Be extremely cautious of a man who possesses such pitfall of his own or seeks to acquire one through marriage. Unless you have no opportunity of meeting a true hero, do not tolerate the silk-hat lover. Ordinarily he gambles in the stock market; he is threatened by blackmailers for some dark deed in his past; or he flaunts female companions who will make life a screaming hell for you. When he nonchalantly crosses his legs, blows smoke at his cigarette and scowls, it is a very bad sign. The chances are that he is wanted by the police for embezzlement. He may be arrested in your very home. By every token, it is the poor man who should appeal to your wide, blue marypickfordish eyes. For one thing, you are sure that he has no monetary motive. He has never been addicted to the lachrymal splendors of wealth, hardly understands the use of money, precipitates much of his meagre purse on starving families, and all in all may be esteemed innocent in the golden glow that blinds the adventurer in life's phantasmagoria of sins.

With the moneyless hero, the playwright tells us, you evade divorce. It stands to reason that a collection of marriage certificates is a luxury of the rich only. Their wives are but playthings, fantoccini of Mammon who pulls the strings. Contemplate the dismay that would be yours if the court should force alimony upon

you. From a poor man you can't get any. You can not make a mistake in that regard.

Married to a millionaire, you must attend saturnalian receptions, soul-suffocating dinners, blood-curdling bridge parties, orgies of all sorts, in which you have no interest. You wouldn't participate in an orgy, would you? Your heart yearns to be free, to scamper up the mountain side, to fannydurack the ocean, to pat horses' noses, leap to the back of one and go galloping over the plain. A rich man compels you to wear ridiculously expensive clothes; he takes a fiendish delight in decking you with diamonds. The whole glittering scheme will bore you to extinction. To avoid the which, it is not impossible that you flirt with your husband's best friend, who will have to commit suicide in order to save you from a predicament. Suppose, though, that he refuses to kill himself—where are you? Well, there you are with a scandal on your hands, unable to prove that you did not elope intentionally.

Take yourself as the ordinary example of your class. You were born, say, in high society. Your mother induces you to marry a scion of the wealthiest family within reach. He is a spendthrift, a boulevardier, a man who boasts the friendship of bon vivants, including even an impressario. Heaven knows what he wanted of you when he had a dozen show girls and cigarette-smoking bohemiennes hugging him to death at every devil-may-care dinner party, orgies where they smash the crockery just before the black coffee. Within a month after the wedding—an unholy month during which you have simulated happiness while your brain is ransacked with every horrible thought that a social favorite is cursed with—you find that your besotted husband, your soused spouse, is supporting one of the show girls at your expense. You imagine that she will faint when you confront her. Instead she calls you milk-sop, and shows you a child that says mamma and papa. You stagger therefrom. In the meantime, your husband, enraged, has dismissed the servants and locked the door of your home. You can not get in. A pretty to-do. Whither can you wend at that hour of the night? Distracted, disheveled, forlorn, you fall asleep on the doorstep. At dawn you are found by the theatrical impressario returning from work. He leads you away whither he listeth, promising you a career. He makes you an artiste and something else. You become his slave—aye, his slave. Or if, on the other hand, the slave idea does not appeal to you, and you resist his advances, he casts you forth to starve in a garret or dress low-neck in a dance hall. Here, there and everywhere: one day you are queen of the opium ring; next, a Carmen of the Klondike. Either way, your position in society has become nil. Then you will sink lower and lower. At length you will be admitted to only the cheapest resorts. In short, from a proud beauty in a Broadway mansion overlooking the bay, with hot and cold water, bull dogs, butlers and a perambulating tea table, about four years (ye gods, what years!) will have you fainting for sustenance at the door of a fifth-class gambling hell frequented by gangmen and roustabouts. This of itself should be enough to dissuade you.

And yet, most authorities are agreed on the point that you may rise again, if you follow precedent. You have a dilemma, truly though,

and it is this: when you have sunk so low that the bouncers of a dive greet you with a haughty stare, your problem is to decide between the forthcoming marriage with a noble workingman or a banker's son, both of whom have temporarily lost their way in the wilderness of life. For one thing, you may be sure that any man who would marry a fallen dance hall favorite must be of fine moral fiber. He has no selfish interest, and that is the main factor. Only, don't fail to tell him that you are not what he thinks you are. Tell him that you remain uncontaminated in your vile surroundings. But if, on the contrary, you are exactly what he takes you to be, it is important to impress upon him that you never surrendered your dream of happiness. So carry some memento of the past, and kiss it when opportunity offers, preferably when you catch the glance of some vagabond soldier of misfortune. You can tell him by his shabby but respectable clothes, his clean, well-built neck and the marcel wave in his hair. At the psychological moment, let your hand crawl upon his coat lapel, over his shoulder and down his back, in a snake-like manner that can be learned only at the moving pictures.

Now a word as to poverty-stricken heroines. You should not too hastily accept the rich young man who comes awooing in the guise of a plumber or a chauffeur. Of course, many stage managers are in favor of marriages brought about by this means. They say that the love of a healthy orphan will make a man of him. But first be sure that you are able to endure the agonies that wealth has in store for a self-respecting heroine. Picture to your mind the disadvantages of a mansion with vast rooms that will freeze your inmost soul or

(Continued on Page 15)

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

The Broken Looking-Glass

By Henry Harland

He climbed the three flights of stone stairs, and put his key into the lock; but before he turned it, he stopped—to rest, to take breath. On the door his name was painted in big white letters, Mr. Richard Dane. It is always silent in the Temple at midnight; tonight the silence was dense, like a fog. It was Sunday night; and on Sunday night, even within the hushed precincts of the Temple, one is conscious of a deeper hush.

When he had lighted the lamp in his sitting room, he let himself drop into an arm-chair before the empty fireplace. He was tired, he was exhausted. Yet nothing had happened to tire him. He had dined, as he always dined on Sundays, with the Rodericks, in Cheyne Walk; he had driven home in a hansom. There was no reason why he should be tired. But he was tired. A deadly lassitude penetrated his body and his spirit, like a fluid. He was too tired to go to bed.

"I suppose I am getting old," he thought.

To a second person the matter would have appeared not one of supposition but of certainty, not of progression but of accomplishment. Getting old indeed? But he was old. It was an old man, gray and wrinkled and wasted, who sat there, limp, sunken upon himself, in his easy-chair. In years, to be sure, he was under sixty; but he looked like a man of seventy-five.

"I am getting old, I suppose I am getting old."

And vaguely, dully, he contemplated his life, spread out behind him like a misty landscape, and thought what a failure it had been. What had it come to? What had it brought him? What had he done or won? Nothing, nothing. It had brought him nothing but old age, solitude, disappointment, and, tonight especially, a sense of fatigue and apathy that weighed upon him like a suffocating blanket. On a table, a yard or two away, stood a decanter of whiskey, with some soda-water bottles and tumblers; he looked at it with heavy eyes, and he knew that there was what he needed. A little whiskey would strengthen him, revive him, and make it possible for him to bestir himself and undress and go to bed. But when he thought of rising and moving to pour the whiskey out, he shrunk from that effort as from an Herculean labor; no—he was too tired. Then his mind went back to the friends he had left in Chelsea half an hour ago; it seemed an indefinitely long time ago, year and years ago; they were like blurred phantoms, dimly remembered from a remote past.

Yes, his life had been a failure; total, miserable, abject. It had come to nothing; its harvest was a harvest of ashes. If it had been a useful life, he could have accepted its unhappiness; if it had been a happy life, he could have

forgotten its uselessness; but it had been both useless and unhappy. He had done nothing for others, he had won nothing for himself. Oh, but he had tried, he had tried. When he had left Oxford people expected great things of him; he had expected great things of himself. He was admitted to be clever, to be gifted; he was ambitious, he was in earnest. He wished to make a name, he wished to justify his existence by fruitful work. And he had worked hard. He had put all his knowledge, all his talent, all his energy, into his work; he had not spared himself; he had passed laborious days and studious nights. And what remained to show for it? Three or four volumes upon political economy, that had been read in their day a little, discussed a little, and then quite forgotten—superseded by the books of newer men. "Pulped, pulped," he reflected bitterly. Except for a stray dozen of copies scattered here and there—in the British Museum, in his college library, on his own bookshelves—his published writings had by this time (he could not doubt) met with the common fate of unsuccessful literature, and been "pulped."

"Pulped—pulped; pulped—pulped." The hateful word beat rhythmically again and again in his tired brain; and for a little while that was all he was conscious of.

So much for the work of his life. And for the rest? The play? The living? Oh, he had nothing to recall but failure. It had sufficed that he should desire a thing, for him to miss it; that he should set his heart upon a thing, for it to be removed beyond the sphere of his possible acquisition. It had been so from the beginning; it had been so always. He sat motionless as a stone, and allowed his thoughts to drift listlessly hither and thither in the current of memory. Everywhere they encountered wreckage, derelicts: defeated aspirations, broken hopes. Languidly he envisaged these. He was too tired to resent, to rebel. He even found a certain sluggish satisfaction in recognizing with what unvarying harshness destiny had treated him, in resigning himself to the unmerited.

He caught sight of his hand, lying flat and inert upon the brown leather arm of his chair. His eyes rested on it, and for the moment he forgot everything else in a sort of torpid study of it. How white it was, how thin, how withered; the nails were parched into minute corrugations; the veins stood out like dark wires; the skin hung loosely on it, and had a dry lustre: an old man's hand. He gazed at it fixedly, till his eyes closed and his head fell forward. But he was not sleepy, he was only tired and weak.

He raised his head with a start, and changed his position. He felt cold; but to endure the cold was easier than to get up, and put something on, or go to bed.

How silent the world was; how empty his room! An immense feeling of solitude, of isolation, fell upon him. He was quite cut off from the rest of humanity here. If anything should happen to him, if he should need help of any sort, what could he do? Call out? But who would hear? At nine in the morning the porter's wife would come with his tea. But if anything should happen to him in the meantime? There would be nothing for it but to wait till nine o'clock.

Ah, if he had married, if he had had children, a wife, a home of his own, instead of these desolate bachelor chambers!

If he had married, indeed! It was his sorrow's crown of sorrow that he had not married, that he had not been able to marry, that the girl he had wished to marry wouldn't have him. Failure? Success? He could have accounted failure in other things a trifle, he could have laughed at what the world calls failure, if Elinor Lynd had been his wife. But that was the heart of his misfortune, she wouldn't have him.

He had met her for the first time when he was a lad of twenty, and she a girl of eighteen. He could see her palpable before him now: her slender girlish figure, her bright eyes, her laughing mouth, her warm brown hair curling round her forehead. Oh, how he had loved her! For twelve years he had waited upon her, wooed her, hoped to win her. But she had always said, "No—I don't love you. I am very fond of you; I love you as a friend; we all love you that way—my mother, my father, my sisters. But I can't marry you." However, she married no one else, she loved no one else; and for twelve years he was an ever-welcome guest in her father's house; and she would talk with him, play to him, pity him; and he could hope. Then she died. He called one day, and they said she was ill. After that there came a blank in his memory—a gulf, full of blackness and redness, anguish and confusion; and then a sort of dreadful sudden calm, when they told him she was dead.

He remembered standing in her room, after the funeral, with her father, her mother, her sister Elizabeth. He remembered the pale daylight that filled it, and how orderly and cold and forsaken it all looked. And there was her bed, the bed she had died in; and there her dressing-table, with her combs and brushes; and there her writing-desk, her bookcase. He remembered a row of medicine bottles on the mantelpiece; he remembered the fierce anger, the hatred of them, as if they were animate, that had welled up in his heart as he looked at them, because they had failed to do their work.

"You will wish to have something that was hers, Richard," her mother said. "What would you like?"

"On her dressing-table there was a small looking-glass, in an ivory frame. He asked if he might have that, and carried it away with him. She had looked into it a thousand times, no doubt; she had done her hair in it; it had reflected her, enclosed her, contained her. He could almost persuade himself that something of her must remain in it. To own it was like owning something of herself. He carried it home with him, hugging it to his side with a kind of passion.

He had prized it, he prized it still, as his dearest treasure; the looking-glass in which her face had been reflected a thousand times; the glass that had contained her, known her; in which something of herself, he felt, must linger. To handle it, look at it, into it, behind it, was

(Continued on Page 15)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Cafe,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, except
Sunday, beginning at Dinner and continuing through-
out the entire evening, at which time costly favors
are presented to our patrons, without competition
of any kind.

VOCAL AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
BY ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED MERIT
Afternoons between 3:30 and 5:00 P. M.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

The Spectator

Six Cents as You Enter

Our supervisors, almost ready to weep for new worlds to conquer, suddenly brightened up when they thought of the six-cent fare for the municipal railroad. They figured that a penny more or less per trip would be but as a drop in the numerous buckets of high prices. The theory may be correct as far as concerns the proportion of things; but most spendthrifts would balk upon finding one of the buckets on the platform of a street car, and most passengers would mutter, "Evil be unto the financial genius that causes us to fish through fifteen pockets for the extra penny." From which it appears that the supervisorial talent is dancing the popularity dance on a slippery floor. They do not take into consideration that the average man can be penny wise with carfare and pound foolish with a silk shirt. Whatever else calls for extraordinary expense, there is something in the idea of a six-cent fare that will meet with disgust forever, or until the government should see fit to issue a six-cent coin. The project is based on the discovery that the car men have not been receiving enough wages, especially that overworked individual who hangs around the rear platform and watches the nickels drop. This our own dear chartered railroad has been making large profits for all of us, according to its bookkeepers, yet fear is entertained that its depreciation fund will not increase fast enough under the new wage schedule. A depreciation fund is the great bugaboo and black-art magician of high financing; and it must be remembered that a depreciation in election returns is also something to be reckoned with. Republicans, democrats, capitalists, laborites, even the lowly prohibitionists, will have cuss words for that extra penny, mainly because it will waste private and municipal time and energy. Having the exact fare ready when a copper goes with the nickel, will entail a painful suspense. Some of the passengers will be without pennies, and the platform man will stagger under a weight of copper, to make change, and he will demand still higher wages, and the fare will be raised to seven cents; whereupon higher wages and higher carfare, and so on ad infinitum. Besides that, more cashiers will be required at the car barns to count the days' receipts. All sorts of difficulties will arise. There might be a referendum of revenge, worked by the payment of the fare all in pennies. A half-dozen passengers with thirty-six pennies to drop would cause a deadlock at the entrance, and they who have not the exact fare ready will add to the imbroglia. Heated arguments are bound to occur with two or more men showering their pennies at the same time. If the plan should go into effect, the supervisors, torn between the car men on one side and the public on the other, with the depreciation fund in the middle,

will hardly be able to compose their election speeches, and their explanations of why they did it will be a fizzle. Well, croakers are always saying of an innovation, "It can't be done"; yet this is apparently one of those chimerical schemes that must eventually fall before common ordinary sense. The fare may go up, but it will come down again. Anyway, if the experiment must be made, it will be the means of bringing about another batch of city fathers — result that would frighten about seventeen citizens, most of them, supervisors.

When a Cent Is More than a Cent

To each person the difference in carfare will be a matter of about fifty cents a month. Why mention it? In many a shadowy little home are great big honest people that have to count the pennies with all the fervor of children. On many a kitchen table, where the families worry about such trivialities as the price of milk, they will take a pencil, add the little columns and figures how to meet the rise in transportation. The needless blow falls again on the poor, who in this case can not evade it. When the dime is broken, and four cents instead of five is returned, many a puzzled father and underpaid working girl will ponder the broken dream of a nickel's worth of something or other. So the Municipal Railway will be stimulating some new problems in finance among the lowly and no doubt among the corporation intellectuals. For the United Railroads will take a hint and demand an increased revenue to meet the schedule of wages they fixed immediately upon reading the plan of the supervisors. It is not inconceivable that the whole proceedings originated with the corporation lines. The United Railroads has led many a local politician into trouble. It would be foolhardy for the supervisors to startle the public by suddenly allowing the corporation a six-cent fare. But the city's pet might be awarded the privilege without attracting too much attention. Then who could blame the United Railroads for putting in its claim? If the municipal cars should prove to be nothing more than pacemakers for corporation greed, it were better to have all the lines run by the playground commission. Then those of us who spill off the platform during rush hours could ride home on the donkeys. In their zeal for the car men's welfare, do the supervisors know that the overcrowded condition of the cars at the high tide of traffic is bad for the conductors' health?

Garçon, Prenez Garde—la Soupe!

Parisian waiters on a strike enumerate among their grievances that they desire most vehemently to retain their mustaches which masters of hotels emphatically declare shall come off with the razor. It is an affair of the debate. It is inextinguishably momentous. On one side we have the hygiene; on the other the pride. Similar feelings were manifest over here during mobilization. Mustached business men enlisting as privates had to sacrifice their capillary attractions for military etiquette, while very young officers distinguished themselves by mustache and leather leggings for saluting purposes. The bristles went for the sake of patriotism. It was the war. But the café controversy in Paris is another matter. Anyway, the war is over. Why shave the lip so that the father of a family cannot be differentiated from a jazzbeau? In Europe whiskers denote

rank. Admiration for the poilu and the cavalier makes the facial fringe a mark of courage. It also signifies daredevilry in love. In the Ingoldsby legends is written that Francois Auguste was a gay mousquetaire, the pride of the camp and delight of the fair. The French waiter has a similar reputation, especially as he may be recently from camp. Was Francois Auguste clean-shaved? No; for we read that he twirled his mustache with so charming an air, many women of Paris were wont to declare that should any one dream them from Diana's strict law into what Mrs. Ramsbottom called a "fox-paw," 'twould be Francois Xavier Auguste de St. Faux. That ought to settle it. Mustache, mustaches, mustachios are not only a martial decoration but they imply romantic experience on the European continent at least. The Anglo-Saxon maid fancies them not. If Mlle. Fifi's heart is touched by the twirling of a mustache, their inhibition is cruelty. But then, the purity of the soup is drawn into the question. Messieurs, I give it up.

The Royal Visitor

The Prince of Wales will not visit this country until about the time that the army is demobilized, when the end of wartime prohibition gives a temporary surcease of sorrow. The appearance of Wales, amongst us will be, according to present advices, formal, much to the disappointment of those maids who were told that King George would be glad to have an American daughter-in-law. And, be it said, we all join in the regret, for a Yankee princess, later queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith and Empress of India (or Gladly, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regina) would be something new for Sunday supplement stories. Needless to say, she would be an added attraction to the British

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

throne; and we'll bet a guinea that with a Yankee empress, David Lloyd George would not have as much to say as now in the government. If the curtains were to be hung this way or the Egyptian policy turned that way, you bet it would be the way that the dear girl would have it. In fact, I hazard a guess that if King George was deterred from an American princess of Wales, it was because the League of Nations feared her influence in Europe. But this is not the only disappointment. Officers of the Pacific fleet will be remote from the scene of festivities formal or informal; and while the welcoming speech of Mayor Rolph will be one of his most brilliant efforts, it will hardly compensate for loss of the royal salute. Out here we do not know exactly what a formal visit of royalty entails. I surmise that it consists of banquets and eulogies; after which the ranks are broken and a few personal congratulations allowed; also come parades, a sight-seeing contest; a few visits to the theatres and the follies of 1919; excursions to points of interest, and then re-embarkation; the whole program interspersed with paraphrases of well-known oratory. I don't know how far a prince's formality stretches when he visits a republic, yet I have a notion that it is more elastic than some staunch republicans would suspect, more affable than that of many staunch democrats (to change the term) in their intercourse with the people. The prince of Wales may astonish the natives with his informality. First he will, with graceful demeanor, respond to the speech of welcome (always lengthy in republics)—he will respond in words written by an able secretary, and then romp through most of the entertainments, pretending to be naught more than a good kid on a holiday. We get an inkling of that from several accounts of him, and likewise from the general deportment of royalty as opposed to the rigors of entertainment at a state capital.

Why Presidents Leave Home

What a charming outlook lies in the bill introduced by Representative Campbell of Kansas

to prevent presidents of the United States from traveling abroad! It might well be followed by legislation to deter governors from leaving the confines of their states, and ordinances to check the flow of mayors from city to city. Of course, the Kansan is but venting his feelings against Wilson's recent performance before the crowned heads of Europe. Campbell also wrote a speech, which the house would not allow him to deliver, so he gave it to the newspapers, and we find that President Wilson was feted and flattered in Europe beyond anything ever heard of in Kansas; all of which is contrary to ethics in the land of the pilgrim's pride. The worst of it is, according to the congressman, Woodrow—"he liked it all." No wonder! And likewise, we'll bet a hat that Mrs. Wilson enjoyed herself immensely. But Congressman Campbell did not get any fun out of it. The women folk of Kansas have not been heard by the country at large; but it is more than likely that they have expressed themselves fully on the subject of playing in your own back yard. They could not get their opinion into the papers. Maybe they put the congressman up to it.

Women Aspire to the Pulpit

At Church House, Westminster, within a fortnight, there was an informal conference of churchmen and laymen at which Miss Maude Royden spoke in favor of women entering the clergy of the Episcopal church, using as argument that Elizabeth, Anne and Victoria were heads of the church of England and that there is nothing in the bible of the early church to oppose it. Rev. A. K. Magee spoke against the proposition, saying that it would be against the Will of God. There was considerable booing and hissing during the speeches, much of it by the clergymen.

"A Badly Used Girl"

A sad story was told at a pleading diet in Edinburgh Sheriff Court on June 14th, when a young girl named Isabella McNeill pleaded guilty before Sheriff Cole to contracting a bigamous

marriage with an Air Force cadet, her lawful husband being a second lieutenant in the R. A. F. Accused, a girl of attractive appearance, was smartly dressed in a neat blue costume, and wore a fashionable putty-colored hat. She sobbed throughout the proceedings. On her behalf, Mr. L. C. Steele explained that accused, who is 21 years of age, met, while residing in Montrose, a young air force lieutenant. After one week's acquaintance the latter proposed marriage. The marriage took place in August, 1918. Six weeks later the lieutenant went to Glasgow. He returned to Montrose, and later visited his parents in England. He had not told the latter anything about his marriage, and when that became known they were very angry, and threatened to disown him. In a letter which he wrote to the accused, he said: "The pater is finished with me. All I can do now is to go abroad in disgrace. The mater is nearly dead. All I can now say is good-bye. I am half-mad now, and God only knows what is going to happen to me." In a subsequent letter he said: "Do anything; divorce me. I can give you proof enough for that. Oh, God! that I could die!" A further letter came from the lieutenant's mother along with £60 and "all good wishes for the future." Afraid to return to her parents, accused remained in Montrose, where she made the acquaintance of a cadet in the R. A. F. He proposed to her. She told him of her marriage nine months earlier, and of how she had received £60 from her first husband's parents, with the information that "the marriage was dissolved on account of the husband's being under age." The second "marriage" took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Broughton street, Edinburgh, on the 6th of May, 1919, and at the registrar's office accused gave false information to conceal the "marriage" from her parents. The Fiscal (Mr. H. H. Brown) said that the accused, who seemed to have been very badly used, had acted foolishly. The trouble had arisen through the parties not realizing the solemnity of marriage. Sheriff Crole, in view of all the circumstances, imposed sentence of one month's imprisonment.

The Rule of Three

Inconspicuous and passing without comment, a recent bit of news from Europe lets us into the secret that the League of Nations has opened its doors and is ready for business, despite argument over its internal affairs. Three warships, British, French and American, steamed up the Adriatic toward Fiume, with instructions to ask that overwrought city a few simple questions. One of the questions was in effect, "What's the matter with you?" This looks like a cordial invitation to behave yourself and come to our party. Coincidentally we read that Tomaso Tittoni, minister for foreign affairs, was jubilantly applauded at Rome when he stated that negotiations for tranquility would be concluded shortly. Three warships do not constitute an amazing demonstration of power; but when they fly the flags of the three biggest nations, the moral force of the world is looking at you, sirs. If this naval trio intend to poke about the high seas, visiting whatever ports are inclined to get fussed up about nothing, there will be a shortage of pugnacious oratory all around the reception committees. And if, on land, three second lieutenants, British, French and American, should pass their time knocking about the world, attracted to territorial disputes, and politely inquire, "What's the trouble here?"—the other nations would feel that it is cheaper to be good than obstreperous. This is evidently the purpose of the three cruisers in the Adriatic. Neither you

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

nor I know who issued the order for their visit; yet we suspect that the modest gentlemen most enthusiastic for the League of Nations had something to do with it. They have made up their minds that there shall be no more breaches of the world's peace as long as friendship exists among the three big policemen on the beat dangling their clubs from their big forefingers.

Villa Is Not Wanted

A San Francisco capitalist, recently returned from Mexico, where he has large mining interests, was asked the other day why it was that with a far superior army at its command, the Mexican government had not been able to apprehend Pancho Villa and rid the country of his apparently unrestricted system of outlawry. His answer, which he avers is founded not only upon information and belief but actual experience, shows that Mexico is still operated under the old feudal system of tribute and extortion handed down from the first Spanish conquerors of the Montezumas. The system however is much worse and further reaching in its scope today than at its inception, for the reason that those who live upon it have become bolder and greedier under the more modern grafting methods. This gentleman declares that the Mexican government does not want Villa, for the reason that if he were to be executed or held in prison, and his bands of bandits dispersed, the army favorites would immediately become deprived of their sources of great profit arising from the protection of threatened cities by exacting tribute from those cities in return for that protection. It is very well known that the army leaders are in the army, not from patriotic motives, but for profit only, and these profits are one hundred per cent net, for the government never sees a single peso of it. Here is a case in point: There is a large mine, for instance, threatened with a raid from Villa. The military leaders are appealed to and furnish so many men for so much money and found, and when this money is paid, the leader puts it in his own pocket and the government still owes its soldiers. Under this system the soldiers fight first for Villa, then for the government and back to Villa again, according to the nature of the deal that is on at the time. So the mystery is explained, and the army leaders would not clutch their fingers about Mr. Villa's throat if they had their hand upon it, nor would they lock him in prison even if he were to ask for sanctuary.

His First Production

Clay Greene was asked to give an account of his first public production of a play, and here it is, just as he related it: "I had just given my first dramatic attempt, a burlesque on the story of 'The Sleeping Beauty,' at Platt's Hall, where the Mills Building now stands, for the benefit

of the old City Guard. Harry Butters, now a noted capitalist, played the Prince, Frank Unger, Cupid, and I chose the steller role, that of the Sleeping Beauty, for myself. The play was pronounced a success, Colonel John McComb, managing editor of the Alta California, declaring in that paper that it was quite equal to the best efforts of the great English burlesque writers, Burnand and Planche. He afterwards told me that they were intending to produce some burlesques at the California Theatre, to follow the great success of 'Ixion' and advised me to write one immediately. 'The Sleeping Beauty' not being big enough in scope for a real theatre. The result was another musical burlesque called 'Cupid and Psyche' and John McCullough and his stage manager, Sedley Smith, at once accepted it. They decided, however, that the proper cast was not available in the city at the time, and I was advised to wait until the approaching engagement of the Zavis-towski Sisters, who could produce it properly. These three very ravishing burlesque artistes arrived in due time, accepted the play and agreed to produce it for the closing bill of their engagement. But when the appointed date arrived, I was told that the engagement had not been successful, and they had not the money requisite for the extravagant costumes demanded for 'Cupid and Psyche.' This, however, did not deter me from securing a production for my play, so to the great delight of the sisters I told them that I would furnish the materials for the costumes if they would have them made. I could not hope to secure the money from my father for any such extravagant purpose; being a minor I could not borrow it from a lender without security, so the sisters went with me to Davidson & Co. (Now Raphael Weill & Co.) and I had the numerous expensive fabrics charged to the family account. The play went into rehearsal, success was predicted for it, and it was arranged that Colonel McComb and I were to sit in a box together, to share together in the great eclat of my sudden rise to greatness. He said that naturally I would be called upon for a speech, following the calls for 'Author, author!' so I carefully prepared one and rehearsed it several times with him. The momentous night arrived, and I was early in my box, boldly seated in as conspicuous a position as it afforded. I shall never forget how my chest swelled as I patronizingly acknowledged the salutations of my many friends in the audience. There was a farce played before the feature of the evening, but no one paid any attention to it, in anticipation of the success that was certain to follow. And certainly it looked like success assured, for for never had a burlesque been given with such a cast before in San Francisco. It included such names as John T. Raymond, W. A. Meystayer, E. J. Buckley, the Zavis-towski Sisters of course, Minnie Walton, Belle Chapman, Marie Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) and the statuesque May Howard, the leading woman of the company, had consented to appear as Venus. The curtain rose and the opening number was received with tumultuous applause. When the dialogue began I shuddered when I discovered that none of my jokes received the laughs I had expected of them. Then there were more musical numbers, the dialogue seemed to go better, and the colonel advised me to think up my speech as I was sure to be called at the fall of the curtain whether they liked the play or not. I also remember that he looked very serious indeed, when he whispered: 'I don't think you've hit it this time, son.' And I hadn't, for the curtain fell in doleful silence, and the audience filed out of the theatre mournfully, not even my

girl friends taking the trouble to wave their hands to me in the box. The resultant home episode can be easily imagined, when a few weeks later, pater came home and asked mater what she had been buying gold and silver cloth, gold lace and spangles at Davidson's for. She disclaimed any such purpose, and of course I had to explain that I had to take advantage of the home credit, or not have my play produced. My father paled a little and then said: 'If the play had been any good I wouldn't have cared. But everybody tells me it was the worst mess ever seen in the California Theatre.'

A Memory of Julius Kahn

"I never believed," said a well known theatrical man the other day, "when Julius Kahn initiated me into the Actors' Order of Friendship, with such a show of theatrical dignity, that he was destined to become one of the best congressmen that ever stood in the house of representatives at Washington, at least in our time. He was an actor then and not a very prominent one. He had made some fairly strong hits in character parts, but the serious roles, which he most wanted to play, he could seldom be cast for, on account of his size and strongly marked face. I have often heard him say that the stage was not the unruffled sea that he had expected to find it during his amateur days, and unless plainer sailing should come his way, he would leave the show business flat, beat it for San Francisco and go back to the hat business. Even at that time he was an exceptionally good speaker, and the members of the Actors' Order used to declare that among the many good talkers they had heard in the meetings, none of them ever equalled Julius Kahn, not even Frank Mackay, long known as "the Daniel Webster of the stage." At all events we were always very glad indeed when some question arose that demanded wise analysis and graceful diction to support it. One day an actor remarked to him that he ought to be in politics. Julius replied that he had tried that and liked it, but he had so far found a lot of work in it with no return, and it was necessary for him to provide himself with a meal ticket. His last engagement was in a Clay Greene play, with an American actor, Charles Arnold, who had become a star in England and was to tour the United States. He had been engaged for a character part, that of a rough, good natured father up in the Adirondacks, and while he saw possibilities in it, he did not like the play itself. Learning of this, I asked him why it was, and assured him that I would be grateful for any criticism that might benefit the production. In his benign and courtly way, he told me that he objected, not only to his part, but to the play itself, because it was announced as the "great American play" and there was nothing American about it except in the announcement on the programs. I replied that the play had been written to order for the English market; that all American plays hitherto produced in England had failed because the audiences did not understand them; the author was commissioned to write a play, with Americans for characters,

J. P. PON J. BERGEZ C. MAILHEBAU
C. LALANNE L. COUTARD

Bergez-Frank's
OLD
POODLE DOG
CO.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
Music and Entertainment Every Evening

415-421 BUSH STREET SAN FRANCISCO
(Above Kearny)
Exchange, Douglas 2411

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco

but written according to the English notion of how Americans looked, acted and talked. "I know all about that," Kahn replied. But we are in America now; we are going to play to American audiences, and I would like to make this fellow talk and act like a real, bluff, American father." I gladly consented to assist him in the alterations and he made a hit in his part. Not so, however, with the leading lady who played his daughter. She was thoroughly English, Kahn's performance was not at all up to her idea of an American; her husband, the star, humored her whim, and Kahn was compelled to act his role as produced in London by an English actor. The result was that the play failed to attract in the United States, on account of the unreality criticized by Kahn, but was a great success, for this very reason, both in England and Australia. When next I met him he was one of the big guns in the national government. He is a bigger man now, and if any man in the world can secure for us an occasional glass of light wine or beer, that man is Julius Kahn, representative from San Francisco."

The Tie That Binds

Over in Paris they are saying that stronger than the League of Nations is the marriage vow, and that about 15,000 Franco-American marriages will be a new bouquet on the shrine of friendship between the two countries. Our before-the-war sentiment for that brilliant nation dated from the time of La Fayette; now it is symbolized by Mlle. Fifi. In the course of time, there will be little Mariés and Pierres, who will say, "My mother was a Frenchwoman and my father was born in Kansas, and this ought to make me some jazz baby, no?" English brides are also learning the philosophy of the pumpkin pie on American soil. But the big bond today between London and New York is the airship. The three recent crossings have made the two countries a common sporting ground. John Bull and Uncle Sam have been watching the skies for international visitors, and, while the rivalry has been keen, every moment of the competition has been tense with true sporting spirit. In fact, it was more than anything else the sporting blood and the square-deal idea accompanying it that have long bound Albion and Columbia. The same language and the same ideals of honor, from a boat race to a tossing of a coin, have done more than commerce or other interests to keep the two peoples as one. The only mutual grounds of suspicion were aroused by the difference between baseball and cricket; and there we have the advantage. When Sir Thomas Lipton essayed for the America's cup, there was a deal of hands-across-the-sea stuff; but the enthusiasm did not ring quite true, for not everybody was a yachtsman or a devotee of Lipton's Ceylon brand. The airship strikes a new note. Ownership of planes and gas-bags may not be widespread; yet the hope to own one or ride in one is universal. At any rate the interest in them is as profound as that of a boy for his marbles and tops. It is a stronger tie than the music-hall song and more spectacular than the Atlantic cable. Compare these present empyrean visits with that of a supposed Zeppelin from Germany to England before the war. It would immediately have raised in the Britisher's mind the

awful possibilities of the machine in war: an actual dread in the mind of the late Edward VII, and one that he foresaw only too truthfully. But when an airplane goes between Long Island and the Tight Little Isle, hundreds of willing hands assist in the lands, and thousands of throats cheer the adventurous crew. When the event shall have become so frequent that it will no longer call for international excitement, when the arrivals and departures shall be as ordinary as steamship's schedules, there will still be something of more than steamship interest. For who could see a cargo emerge from the sky, or behold without a thrill a repetition of that feat when a member of the R-34's crew parachuted to earth that he might observe every incident of the landing? Some people consider the dirigible a more romantic instrument than the aeroplane; the elongated gas-bag seems to be more a thing of life; the airplane looks like a bird or an insect in the distance; the dirigible is like a beast or serpent. As for the aviators themselves, they are supermen.

Vesta Tilley's Husband Honored

The Weekly Scotsman of June 14th (Edinburgh) published a very attractive picture of a distinguished looking man and a smart looking young woman. Underneath was the caption, "Sir Walter and Lady de Frece." The latter is no less a personage than Vesta Tilley, who made famous "The Midnight Son" and numerous other musical hall ditties twenty years ago—and the lady in the picture looks no more than twenty-five. The best reward for a successful stage career is eternal youth. The paragraph accompanying the picture is: "Sir Walter de Frece—to give him the style to which he is entitled since the appearance of his name in the new list of honors—who has been working with unparalleled energy in an administrative position at the ministry of munitions, is the son of a famous Liverpool music hall proprietor. He entered the theatrical business when still practically in his childhood. Nowadays he controls a circuit of variety theatres in all parts of the United Kingdom. Manchester knows him; Belfast, Dublin, Edinburgh, Leeds all figure on his list, and to be booked for the "De Frece tour" is one of the aims of every music hall artist. Sir Walter, who is in his 49th year, has still another claim to fame—his wife, who is none other than Vesta Tilley, is, behind the footlights, at least as celebrated as he is on the business side of the profession."

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Admiral Hugh Rodman: This is a Pacific Fleet in every sense of the word. We know we will like the Pacific Coast people, and we hope that they will like us.

President Wilson: Our isolation was ended twenty years ago; and today fear of us is also ended. Our counsel and association are sought.

Champ Clark: Despite the criticism of republicans, President Wilson is recognized by the nations of the world as the greatest statesman today.

Professor Edward Dawson, Hunter College, N. Y.: He is a hypocrite who makes any optimistic statement unless he knows that statement to be true. This applies especially to politics.

Samuel Gompers: Corporations, trusts and shipping companies are in favor of unrestricted immigration bringing to us men that are virtually slaves and who should be excluded by operation of the law against contract labor.

J. J. Tynan, V. P., Union Iron Works: Annapolis is too congested for expansion.

William E. Johnson: My purpose in visiting

England was to save John Bull from the clutches of John Barleycorn. I am now leaving London for Finland.

Emmett Hayden: If you give rope enough to some members of the board of supervisors, they would hang us all.

At the Fairmont

Notwithstanding the fact that a goodly portion of the population is sojourning at the seaside, Yosemite Valley and summer resorts generally, Rainbow Lane in the Fairmont Hotel continues to be the nightly mecca of a large number of pleasure seekers who enjoy a good dinner well served, a dance between courses and a bright entertainment that lasts from seven o'clock until one. In addition to the diners, many after theatre parties drop in, enjoy a glass of cider, ginger ale, malted milk or loganberry punch, and marvel at the snappiness of Pearl Lowerre, the "American Chanteuse," whose "jazz" numbers are the talk of the town. Assisted by Henry Busse, the cornetist, who is the despair of all other players of the instrument in the country, Pearl gives a succession of specialties that are absolutely original and gives the onlooker a species of intoxication that takes the place of that provided by the late lamented John Barleycorn. Vanda Hoff, whose beautiful nature dances continue to create a sensation, is another of the many bright features of Rainbow Lane. Marion Vecki, the distinguished San Francisco baritone, will be the vocal soloist of the lobby concert at the Fairmont Hotel this Sunday evening.

Techau Tavern Novelties

After the special dance periods—during the dinner hour and after the theatre—delicate smoke wreaths arise from the Melarchino cigarettes which are presented—large boxes of them—by the Tavern management as dance favors to the gentlemen. The ladies are made happy by the presentation of the popular Kewpie doll dance favors—those dolls de luxe in silk and fur apparel with modishly coiffured hair.

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST

ALICE BEST

BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting



W.S.S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
San FRANCISCO, CAL.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley of San Francisco who now resides in Washington, D. C., is spending the month of July in Atlantic City, which is enjoying one of its gayest summers. Mrs. Donnelley who is a sister of Dr. Maurice O'Connell is devoting a great deal of her time to the study of music. She likes the east so well that it is doubtful if she will return to California to live. * * Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Rutherford have returned to their home in this city from a visit with Mrs. Herber Moffatt at Tahoe. Dr. Moffatt has sailed for Alaska with Daniel Jackling. * * Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cheney have taken a cottage at Feather River Inn. * * Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jordan are enjoying an outing at Feather River Inn. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edwards Lyman have purchased the Bernard Ford home in Burlingame where they will reside permanently. * * Miss Mary Gorgas will leave this week with her father Lieut. Commander Giles C. Gorgas for San Diego, where they will remain a fortnight. * * Miss Marie Louise Meyer entertained recently at a prettily appointed luncheon at her home in honor of Misses Carol Cambron, Harriett Fletcher and Mabel Brawner, eastern girls visiting California. Miss Cambron is home on a vacation from Vassar visiting her parents. Miss Fletcher left a few days ago for Santa Barbara; Miss Brawner left Friday for her eastern home. * * Mrs. Charles Butters has engaged rooms in Santa Barbara where she will pass the entire summer leaving this week by motor. * * Mrs. Arthur Lord has returned from a visit in New York and will soon leave for Lake Tahoe. * * Miss Sara Collier will leave next week for Tahoe, where she will be the guest of Mrs. Edward Schmiedell. * * Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins recently returned to their home in this city from a motor trip to Del Monte. They will leave this week for a trip north. * * Mrs. Edward J. Benedict and her son George Gilson have returned to their apartments at the Fairmont from a motor tour north. They will soon leave for Coronado where they will spend a month or so. Gilson returned recently from France. * * The marriage of Miss Janet L. Fox, well known artist,

and Paul W. Youngblood of Los Angeles took place in Burlingame on July 8th. * * Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse have returned to town from the east. They will later go to Santa Barbara, having taken quarters at the Belvedere for August. * * Dr. and Mrs. George Ebright were dinner hosts during the week in Rainbow Lane. * * Miss Sue MacDonald, the attractive daughter of Col and Mrs. J. B. MacDonald, who recently returned from Tarryton, N. Y., will soon entertain as her house guest her classmate, Miss Mary Frances Filer of Sharon, Pa. * * Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hussey are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Hall of New York. * * Mr. and Mrs. Louis de L. Cebrian have taken apartments at the Hotel Clift. * * Mrs. William Hoelscher and her daughter Miss Naomi will spend the summer at the Hotel Belvedere, Santa Barbara. * * Mrs. William Delaware Neilson is entertaining her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Felton Elkins, also her daughter, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, in her apartments at the Fairmont. * * Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot were hosts recently at a card party at the Burlingame Country Club. * * A wedding of interest on both sides of the bay took place on Tuesday, July 15th, when Miss Dorothy Taft, daughter of Mrs. H. C. Taft, became the bride of George Marwedel. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Episcopal church in Oakland, Rev. Alexander Allen officiating. Miss Clara Taft attended her sister and Herbert Shuey was best man. A reception followed at the home of the bride's mother. After a honeymoon south the couple will reside in Oakland. * * Miss Mary Alice Moon, who has been the guest of her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Higgins, left a few days ago for Portland. * * Mrs. Haldinand Putnam Young has arrived from Washington, D. C., where she has resided for the past two years and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voochries, at her home on Clay street. Major Young, U. S. A. (retired) has gone north on business and later will join his wife in this city. * * Miss Flora Sedgwick who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Dargie, for the past month, left a few days ago for her home in the south. * * The wedding of Miss Jessmym Helen Bernhard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bernhard, and Dr. Frank Lawrence Hart, son of the late Dr. Archie Hart, took place at high noon on July 14th in the study at Calvary Presbyterian church, Rev. Josiah Sibley officiating. Miss Dorothy Deane Bernhard was her sister's bridesmaid. Clarence F. De Lano, a college friend, attended the bridegroom. After a honeymoon by motor to Yosemite, the couple will reside in this city. * * Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne chaperoned a merry party at a Dutch treat dined at Del Monte Lodge. Among the guests were the Misses Marie Louise Winslow, Helen Crocker, Rhoda Fullam, Elena Folger, Ysabel Chase, Arabella Schrewin, Betty Folger, Maud O'Connor, Messrs. Gordon Armsby, Gordon Texis, Kenneth Monteagle, Cay Filmer, Dick Schwerin, Harry Hunt, William Parrott, Raymond Armsby, Jerome Kuhn, Russell Wilson, George McNear, Jr., Eric Pedley, Archibald Johnson and Capt. R. Braunon. Music and dancing concluded an enjoyable evening. * *

Mrs. Laura Weller Cropper has returned to town after a long visit in Los Angeles with her sister, Mrs. Edwin Stevens, wife of the favorite comedian. * * Mmes. Mountford Wilson, Charles Templeton Crocker, George Cameron, Joseph Oliver Tobin, Max Rothschild, Walter Martin and Latham McMullin were an interesting group of matrons who were entertained during the week at luncheon by Mrs. Frederick McNear, Jr., at her country home at Menlo. * * Mr. and Mrs. Horace Jackson (née Kate Shirley), who were recent guests in this city, have arrived at their home in Chicago. * * Mrs. Howard Coit was recently seen in Paris, where she has a beautiful apartment. Early Californians will remember dashing Lily Hitchcock, who has lost none of the wonderful wit and brilliancy for which she was noted in early days. * * Miss Josephine Parrott has returned from Washington, D. C., and joined her family at San Mateo. * * Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright returned last week from a month's sojourn in the mountains. * * Mrs. Bronti M. Aikins has returned to her home in town from a two weeks' motor tour with Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Schree, U. S. N. * * Lieut. Perry Austin arrived a few days ago from France, a guest at the Fairmont. He is a brother of Lieut. Winthrop Austin, who married Miss Helen Tallant. * * Mrs. William B. Hamilton was hostess recently at a luncheon at the Fairmont in honor of Mrs. Edward A. Sturgis, wife of Col. Sturgis, U. S. A., who is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. S. Montgomery. * * Mrs. Frederick Sharon has taken an apartment in Paris, where she writes her return to California is very indefinite. * * Mrs. Harry Campbell and children have come up from their ranch in Tulare and will be the guests of Mrs. Campbell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright. * * Mr. and Mrs. William C. Lyon have returned to their home in town from a week's motor tour south. * * Late letters from Paris speak of many interesting Californians. Mrs. Ernest Wiltse and her young son have taken a beautiful villa in Nice. The home was rented with servants and everything left intact. * * Mrs. Benjamin Alvord, who is the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Gen. and Mrs. John F. Morrison, U. S. A., at Fort Mason, was a luncheon hostess during the week, entertaining several army ladies at the residence of her sister. * * Miss Mary Gorgas was a hostess a few days ago at a tea at her home in honor of Miss Martha Sutton, whose wedding takes place the last of this month to Felix Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith. * * Mrs. John Gallois came down from Lake Tahoe a few days ago where she has a cottage, and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Joseph Norris, in Oakland. * * Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler of N. Y., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker at Burlingame, are now enjoying a visit at Santa Barbara. One of the largest affairs given for them was the tea and organ recital by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bliss at their beautiful home, Montecita. * * Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis Tucker gave a dinner at their Broadway home last Friday evening to Dr. Antoine Depage, surgeon to the king of Belgium. Among the guests were Drs. and Mmes. Stanley Stillman, Van de Velde who

When you know about "Caltex"

—You will quickly understand why they are superior to the old style double vision glasses. We want to explain them to you—tell you just how they are made—what they will do for your eye comfort—why they are superior to other bifocals. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are the latest contribution of optical science to eyeglass wearers. Reading and distance glasses are combined in one pair—look like regular glasses. If you are not wearing "Caltex" you are not wearing the newest improved double vision glasses.



arrived in this country with Dr. Depage, and Miss Julia Heynemann. * * Mrs. William Cluff is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Cluff Wilson of New York, who arrived recently with her three children. * * Mrs. Ann Voorhies Bishop and son Jerry were in China when last heard from. * * Mrs. John Guild, accompanied by her two daughters, the Misses Dorothy and Marjorie, sailed a few days ago for Honolulu. * * Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Castle, who have been at Del Monte, have returned to their apartments at Clift Hotel.

A Shy Little Girl

Mrs. Helen Stephens who has been the motif for many social functions since her arrival from Detroit to visit relatives in this state recalled an incident of her childhood in S. F. the other day at a tea in the Town and Country Club. "A penny for your thoughts!" said her hostess as she noticed a look of abstraction and a wide smile upon her guest's face. "As I looked across the square at the St. Francis," Mrs. Stephens said, "a vision of my first visit to an hotel flashed across my mind. I was staying with my aunt, Mrs. Morrison, at the Presidio, where her husband, a colonel, was stationed. One day she took me to call upon some army people from Port Townsend to the Occidental where most all visiting army people used to stay. It was a very warm day and I was tired of the grown up's conversation in the big drawing room, so I took off my hat and wandered out to the hall upon exploration bent. I could not resist a visit to the dining room where, as the wide doors opened, I saw waiters carrying by trays. But what excuse could I have for going in that room

which I was dying to see? I boldly opened the door, slid inside and, though awed by the wilderness of tables, elaborately set, I called out, 'Waitah, a glass of watah!' The waiter whom I addressed smiled down upon me but continued on his way with his silver tray. I stood my ground and issued the same command to each passing waiter, none of whom seemed to take me seriously. 'What a lovely little girl! Isn't she adorable!' remarked a young lady to her vis-a-vis at a table near which I paused on my pilgrimage. 'Adorable? Detestable, I should say. She should be spanked. But hotel children are often like that—so spoilt and bold,' answered the other. Crestfallen, I made a quick exit. But I was not crushed by any means for I had been taken for 'an hotel child.' I flew back to the drawing room and gazed admiringly at my self in the gilt framed cheval mirror. As I was revelling in the reflection, I beheld in the glass the young lady who had called me detestable enter the room with her companion; they walked directed to my aunt, kissed her and said how glad they were to see her. 'And here is little Helen whom the colonel is always raving about,' said another of the group. 'Come here, dear!' called auntie. Instead of obeying, I buried my head in the cushions of a big Turkish arm chair. My aunt was obliged to come and lead me over to her friends; I would not look at them but began to weep upon her shoulder. 'Why my dear child, I never saw you act like this before. Excuse her, she is very shy and this is the first time she has ever been in an hotel.' I was left to my own devices after that and when I thought they had forgotten me I stole a glance at the 'detestable' young lady who smiled very knowingly at me as she

said, 'Little Helen is the most bashful child I ever saw.'

A Bashful Boy

Mrs. Alexander Norton, one of the ladies invited to meet Mrs. Stephens said that bashful children frequently cause more mischief than bold ones. "My own brother Jimmie, for instance. When he was nine he went to the Union Primary school one morning determined to get out of the ordeal of reciting 'a piece' as he couldn't stand on the platform and face the class—he was too bashful. So he announced to his teacher: 'I'm sorry I don't know my piece, but I couldn't study it because my baby sister has the small-pox and she cried awful!' The teacher was incredulous and plied him with questions all of which he glibly answered with cheerful lies. 'O yes! course we had a doctor—our own, who always drives in a buggy and another one who has a carriage and a big black and white dog with one blue eye and one brown. He's a coach dog and always runs after the carriage and lies under it when it is still.' As it was during a small-pox epidemic, the teacher became greatly alarmed, promptly burned his books and notified the principal, Miss Aurelia Griffith, who at once dismissed the whole school. One teacher fainted from fright. Little Jimmie went home all smiles. When he told my astonished mother the cause of his return she immediately took his perfectly well baby sister, who was myself, over to the school. Miss Griffith was just leaving, but of course went back and sent out word to the teachers and pupils the news of the fake alarm. For one week little Jimmie appeared in the yard at recess bearing upon his back the legend, 'I am a liar.'

Mrs. Stephens and the Rainsworths

Mrs. Stephens will remain in California for several months. She will visit the Rainsworth family at Bolinas where they will lease a cottage when they arrive from their home in Boston. Like the Rainsworths, Mrs. Stephens is a superb horsewoman. Since the death ten years ago of her husband who left her an immense fortune, she has traveled constantly. She was in Germany when war was declared, but went immediately to London where she started to do relief work, later going to Belgium for the same purpose. Before returning home she will make an oriental voyage. She is a very striking looking woman, tall, svelte—a sparkling brunette. She is wearing mourning for her youngest brother who was killed in France in the air service.

When Lord Macaulay was writing his "History of England" a proof was sent to him and in the margin of one of his most powerful passages he found, written in lead pencil, "Twaddle."

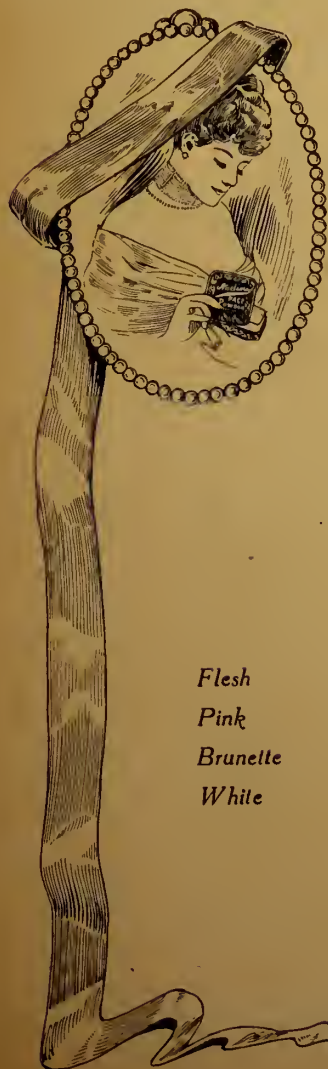
Full of indignation he rushed to the publisher: "Who has the impertinence to call my writing 'Twaddle' before the book is published and issued to the public?"

The publisher was equally indignant over the outrage. A searching inquiry was made at the printer's and it transpired that the man who had set the type of that passage was named "Twaddle." His name was there to secure his pay, and Macaulay had got hold of the wrong proof.

Reversing the Process

Gray—How are you getting along in the stock market?

Green—Well, I'll tell you. I traded a lot of money for experience, and now I'm trying to reverse the process.



—Exquisite

Nadine Face Powder

A complexion powder of exquisitely delicate odor and texture which holds its charm throughout the day, imparting to the skin that delicate softness and refinement so much admired.

Nadine Face Powder is cooling, refreshing and harmless, a positive protection against wind, tan, sun-burn and return of discolorations. Leaves the skin soft and smooth as rose petals.

This exquisite preparation, Nadine, beautifies millions of complexions today. Price refunded if not entirely pleased.

Sold in Green Boxes Only.
At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY
Department T. T.
Paris, Tenn.
U. S. A.

Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

The Stage

Air Battle at Orpheum

The Orpheum this week makes a colossal attempt to outdo anything hitherto accomplished in rampant melodrama; and the attempt is successful—a triumph for the vaudeville stage. The big spectacle is "An American Ace," with a cast of seventeen, many supernumeraries besides, in eleven scenes and forty-seven explosions of bombs, shells, musketry, etc. About three-quarters of an hour goes into it. The play depends for interest mainly upon patriotic sentiment, aiming to give a visual impression of the war in exciting phases, of air terrors marvellously simulated for the footlights, of German treachery frustrated and shot to pieces by Yankee pluck. Conveying this patriotic factor is the frank melodrama of the dark-draped spying woman and her despicable henchman, the blonde heroine, stolen papers, delayed messages, disguised identity, villainy, heroism and resounding arms. In this case, though, the hero is an airplane lieutenant, and the field of his exploits are therefore more thrilling than old-time blood-and-thunder. With a little forbearance before the impossibility of presenting an air battle on the stage, one might regard the production as just about stupendous. Superabundance of shot and shell, momentarily deafening and blinding, almost sufficient to give the audience shell shock, makes one understand that he is witnessing a burst of more than ordinary preparation. It may be doubted that effort on such a grand scale is justified from the standpoint of the spectator. Stage courage has long been classified with stage money, in so far as its effect upon the imagination or even admiration is concerned. An American birdman going forth to combat four German planes would be commendable in battle, but it does not necessarily lead to clever acting. It is a commonplace of criticism among vaudeville artists themselves that an exceedingly clever performance of the legitimate is required to offset the brilliance and dash of the variety constituting the rest of the bill. Such comparison would hardly be to the advantage of "An American Ace," which must contend with impressions made by a series of remarkably interesting acts preceding it. As for courage, there is the versatile pair, Espe and Dutton, who take all sorts of liberty with their bones by rough-house tactics and a weight-catching stunt that goes near the breaking point of human endurance. There are the Three Jahns, equilibrists. One of them, upside down at the top of a pole resting on his partner's shoulder, revolves by means of little jerks of the head. Another of their audacities is operated by two Jahns and two champagne bottles, thus: on his feet, one Jahn; balanced on his head a champagne bottle; balanced on that, another, upside down; balanced on this, another Jahn standing on his head. With this trembling burden, the under Jahn walks up a step ladder and down the other side—tricks that are of no vital importance to the commonwealth, yet utilizing actual courage. "The Rounder on Old Broadway" brings to Dave Ferguson and company the complete attention of the house, and may be set down as one of the most popular acts ever brought to the Orpheum. Winnie Baldwin and Percy Bronson repeat their "Egyptian Frolic," and Winnie is even more attractive than last week. Eddie Janis and Rene Chaplow are new this week, with classic violinning and ragtime song, the latter by Miss Chaplow impersonating movie actresses. Harry Hines is

also new, making a distinct hit with syncopated melody and tomfoolery. Nellie Nichols repeats her charming character songs. "An American Ace" is evidently accountable for filling the top boxes, proving a valuable asset to the circuit.

—L. J.

Marjorie Rambeau

Peg Woffington and Nell Gynne revelled in playing parts in which they had to sacrifice their own youth and beauty. They called that acting, and it was. Modern actresses rarely do it. Marjorie Rambeau is a radiant exception. Being young and handsome, endowed with dramatic fire, and educated in histrionic art, she can afford to sink her own personality and portray the playwright's ideal of the character. Her "Fortune Teller" is a clear cut cameo of submerged middle age and gives her ample opportunity to explore the depths of emotion. Just the same, I can't help wishing that Marjorie Rambeau, while she is young and pretty, would forsake melodramatic roles and give us something like Juliet, something young and fresh and lovely while she possesses the outer semblance, leaving mother roles and degraded victims to some years hence. "He pumeled a door very well," wrote Allan Dale of Charles Richman in "Sisters," a short-lived play in which he appeared several years ago with Margaret Anglin. Behold! An ambitious playwright took the cue and wrote a great part around that bit of business for Richman in "Bought and Paid For." All well and good, for Richman had passed through a long period of lover roles and matinée idolship. But why, because Marjorie Rambeau was a sensation in "Kick In" should she chain herself while young to roles following those lines? Plenty of time for that in the days to come. Crane Wilbur is a fine Tony, and Dillman and the rest of the excellent cast give a convincing performance.

—H. M. B.

Ruth St. Denis at the Greek Theatre

The Music and Drama Committee of the University of California, announce the biblical play, "Miriam, Sister of Moses," to be produced at the Greek Theatre on the evenings of August 1st and 2nd with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn in the leading roles. The entire production has been created for the two performance at the Greek Theatre. The play, music, dances, ballets, choruses, scenic effects and costumes, are all original and designed especially for the production. The play was written especially for Ruth St. Denis by Constance Smedley Armfield, Maxwell Armfield, her husband, designed the costumes and scenic effects. The music was composed by Professor E. G. Stricklen of the university department of music. Ted Shawn originated the ballets and is training a class of a hundred dance students at his summer course in dance at Wildwood Gardens, to appear in the production. Frederick Alexander, who heads the music department of the university during the summer session, will train the choruses and direct the orchestra. Professor Samuel J. Hume, art director of the Great Theatre is in charge of the production. Besides appearing as a dramatic actress, Ruth St. Denis will appear in a series of six new dances which she has created for the occasion.

Orpheum

Grace La Rue who will head the Orpheum bill next week is one of vaudeville's most popu-

lar stars. Miss La Rue possesses the voice of a prima donna and the histrionic ability of a dramatic star. These two qualifications form a combination which together with her ingratiating personality justify her claims to being the star of international song. Miss La Rue brings with her new songs. Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills will present their inimitable skit "At Jasper Junction" in which Mr. Clifford displays his marvelous versatility by impersonating an ancient rural station agent and a drug fiend. Miss Wills assists him most materially and is in pleasant evidence as the live passenger in a dead town. Deiro the original master of the piano-accordion is one of the popular stars on the Orpheum Circuit. For his coming engagement he announces an entirely new program, which has been selected to suit the popular taste. Theodore Bekefi who for six years was a member of the Imperial ballet, Petrograd, will appear in character and classical dances. He will have the assistance of Sofia Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, terpsichoreans of splendid reputation. Bekefi comes from a famous dancing family. He was the dancing partner of Adelaide Genée in London and later toured America with her. Harry Hines will "let loose" in a new monologue; Eddie Janis and Renée Chaplow will vary the numbers in their delightful musical act "Music Hath Charms." The Jahns will perform marvelous equilibristic feats and Taylor Granville and Laura Pierpont will repeat their tremendous success in the thrilling patriotic melodrama "An American Ace."

Alcazar

"Within the Law" stands out luminously as a vital and vibrant emotional melodrama of the period. It is given first Alcazar presentation for the week commencing next Sunday afternoon at a time when its theme is of peculiar local significance from a humanitarian viewpoint. The expertly chosen new Alcazar company is admirably suited to its adequate portrayal. The popular success of this ringing story of department store and underworld is one of the most remarkable in modern stage history. Overnight it transformed Bayard Veiller from a police reporter to a representative American playwright; from obscurity it brought Jane Cowl to fixed place among emotional stars. It will now give brilliant scope for emotional artistry to Belle Bennett, the popular Alcazar leading woman. Her portrayal of the wrongfully convicted shop girl, who seeks unique revenge upon society, will be essentially a creation as she has never seen the play and is untrammelled by precedent. Walter P. Richardson also has his opportunity as the master forger Joe Garson, and Jean Oliver finds hers as the audacious girl criminal Aggie Lynch—a blackmail artist of racy speech and frank utterance. Admirably assigned are others in a cast of twenty vivid character types. To follow, by special arrangement with Oliver Morosco, comes Maude Fulton's delightful humanity comedy "The Brat."

Curran Theatre

Beginning Sunday night, July 20th, the Curran Theatre offers one of the most important and interesting attractions to be seen in San Francisco this season, "Tea for Three," a comedy in three acts written by Roi Cooper Megrue, author of "It Pays to Advertise," "Seven Chances" and other popular plays. The piece, which is under the direction of Selwyn and Company, is

described as one of the most delightful dramatic novelties the present season has produced. The program heralds it as "an angle on the triangle"—but an angle viewed from an entirely new and unique perspective. From a literary standpoint Mr. Megruc's play has been compared favorably with the products of such master craftsmen as Shaw, Pinero, Wilde. It is certain that there is not a dull moment nor a stale bit of humor in the entire three acts. Acting of an unusually high order is contributed by Arthur Byron, known for his excellent work in "The Boomerang" a season or two ago and in previous plays; by Frederick Perry, a leading man of renown, and by Elsa Ryan, popular in "Peg O' My Heart" and the British recruiting play "Out There." Other roles are well taken by competent players. The production is the same seen at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, for the past twelve months, having been sent across the continent especially for the engagement in this city. It is an artistic one and particularly suited to the original and unique situations created by Mr. Megruc.

Music and Drama Committee,
University of California,
Announces

RUTH ST. DENIS

In "MIRIAM"

Sister of Moses
With TED SHAWN as Moses

Drama — Dances — Choruses

GREEK THEATRE

Two Nights—August 1 and 2—at 8:30 o'clock

Seats on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.
Prices: \$2.00, \$1.50—4,000 at \$1.00.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Tonight—Marjorie Rambeau in
"The Fortune Teller."

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, JULY 20
Selwyn and Company Serve

"TEA FOR THREE"

A Refreshing Comedy by Roi Cooper Megruc
With the New York Cast, Including

ARTHUR BYRON
FREDERICK PERRY
ELSA RYAN

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would
We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

This Week—"POLLY WITH A PAST"
A Brilliant Comedy Triumph.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., JULY 20,

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

Distinguished Cast of Twenty

In the First Alcazar Presentation of
Veiller's Tremendous Emotional Drama

"WITHIN THE LAW"

A Play of Purpose, Vibrant with Life.

SUN., JULY 27—The Universal Success, "THE BRAT,"
Maude Fulton's Exquisite Humanity Comedy.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Cypheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

GRACE LA RUE

The International Star of Song

CLIFFORD & WILLS, "At Jasper Junction"; DEIRO,
the Original Master of the Piano-Accordeon; HARRY
HINES, "The 58th Variety"; THEODORE BEKEFI,
from the Imperial Russian Ballet, Assisted by Sofia
Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, in Character and
Classical Dances; EDDIE JANIS & RENE CHAPLOW
in "Music Hath Charms"; THREE JAHNS, European
Equilibrists; HEARST WEEKLY; TAYLOR GRAN-
VILLE & LAURA PIERPONT in "AN AMERICAN
ACE."

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices
(Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

Letters

"The Gay-Dombeys"

When Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth," was published some years ago there were readers who confessed to grievous disappointment, for, not knowing that the title was derived from one of the sayings of Solomon: "The house of wisdom is the house of mourning, but fools dwell in the house of mirth," they were prepared to enjoy frothy and frivolous recital of amusing incidents, and found themselves committed to a rather grim and pitiless exposure of the hard and heartless selfish side of the smart set. So, be sure to note the hyphen in the title of Sir Harry Johnson's novel, "The Gay-Dombeys," who are not at all gay and giddy—rather the reverse—but are the descendants and family connections of Walter Gay and Florence Dombey. Yes, Dickens's Dombeys—in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the twentieth to date. We have long since accepted the Dickinsonian characters as types, so that the mere coupling of the names, Pecksniff, Mrs. Wilfer, Dick Swiveler, Harold Skimpole, Podsnap, Mancellini, Gradgrind, saves a page of description and, assuming the Dombeys to have been representatives of their time, there is every reason to presume that their descendants would occupy important positions on the later stage. It will be remembered that the Dombey bankruptcy was an honorable failure. Though it was brought about chiefly through the obstinacy of its head, who would not accept advice or believe that circumstances required a change of policy, yet the settlement was such as to reflect no dishonor on the motives of any concerned. Some years later, Walter Gay, Mr. Chick, Mr. Morfin and John Carker, enriched by the tragic death of his villain-brother, got together and began again on a small scale in a side street, reaching out for trade, adding ship to ship, substituting steam for sail and forging ahead until, by the eighties, the house of Dombey and Son was of more importance than it had been in its early life, and the Gays, following a popular custom of the day, had added Dombey, with the hyphen to their name. Paul Dombey, "the great Dombey," died in the middle fifties. His grandchildren lived through the periods of imperial expansion, of railways, South African diamond and gold field discoveries, the growth of Canada and Australia in wealth and population, the exploration and exploitation of Central Africa and South America and the progress of locomotion from horse-drawn vehicles through the high-wheel and safety bicycle, the motor car, and the imminent probability of the aeroplane, and they not only saw, but were actively engaged in more or less of the feminist movement and even, some of them dabbled in new arts, sciences and religions. In fact, they had a finger in every pie, and the novel is a complete, if but a bird's-eye panorama of the progress of events in the British empire for a period of, roughly, the last fifty years. There is very much of the African question, the exploration, settlement, policy, management and mismanagement of the continent, and if we suspect that Sir Harry Johnson is telling his own story under the guise of Morven, who is there that knows more about it at first hand than himself, the author of half a dozen books on African questions? "The Gay-Dombeys" purports to have been compiled from the letters, diaries, notes, newspaper clippings and conversations of Sir Eustace Morven, and through them we learn of the vast significance of dinners, week-end visits, house parties and apparently casual meetings and conversations, in the manipulation of political af-

fairs, and the jealousies and veiled animosities of the different government bureaux. While the book ought to interest any one of good intelligence it is a joy to the Dickensian. It is like going back, in middle age, to the small town where one grew up and knew every one, and is correspondingly interested in identifying families and tracing inherited traits. None of Florence Dombey's daughters show the gentle and submissive spirit of their mother. Indeed, Florence, remembering her own suppression, has rather spoiled them, and Fanny and Lucrece are both selfish and freakish. Susanne, Lady Feenix, for she married one of the connections of her step-grandmother, is one of the finest and most interesting heroines we have had in many a long day, but her daughter Edith is more distinguished as an athlete than in any other direction. Young Paul Gay-Dombey, or Dombey without the Gay, which was dropped in time, is son in more than name, and despite his occasional side-stepping, a fine man who earns and deserves his success. But S. Edward as he chooses to write his name, Solomon Edward, called after the two old men, Gills and Cuttle, a canon in the established church and aspiring to a bishopric, is his pompous and opinionated grandfather to the life. Perceval, the youngest, is a minor poet. Where did that come from? One is not a bit surprised to find that Susan Nipper's daughter is an advanced feminist, though she does call herself Knipper-Totes. Morven, in course of time, and unconsciously delayed, he received his title and became Sir Eustace—he is the son of Harriet Carker and the old chief clerk of Dombey and Son, though they used to spell it Morfin. Chosal-whit is in the government service now and the new form is perhaps more appropriate to a rising government official than Chuzzlewit. What would Polly Toodle have thought had she lived to see her daughter, Bella Delorme, the star of the 'alls and the musical comedy stage, to say nothing of her son writing himself Sir James Tudell? He wasn't "The Grinder," though that poor "indiwiddle" could hardly have been, at his worst, less of a credit to family or title. "Our Mutual Friend," John Harmon and his wife, Bella stroll into view once, just long enough for us to recognize and greet him. The Skimpole who takes a troupe to Cape Town just before the Boer War must be a near connection of Harold. Can the Lacreveys be related to the miniature painter of "Nicholas Nickleby," and is Lady Feenix's governess, by chance, a connection of that Daulnois who married Lucie Manette and anglicized his name into Darnay? When the grandfolk hire a conveyance at Weller's, of course it must be the sons of "Samivel." In and out and back and forth the fictional characters so real to readers of middle years there pass and halt and move on again the real people who had so much to do with steering the ship of state, prime ministers, lord high commissioners, journalists, members of parliament and plain people, and the preface by H. G. Wells, is more interesting than any of his own recent novels. "The Gay-Dombeys" is a remarkable first novel. It is a book to be enjoyed thoroughly and leisurely, though not by the class who read only conversations and skip the solid parts, for there is nothing skippable in these four hundred pages, and would not be if it were prolonged to four hundred more.—From the Macmillan company, New York.

"Isn't it awful! Mrs. Arrows and her sister's husband ran away."

"Foolish!" Why didn't they take an automobile?"

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market the past week gave an astonishing exhibition of power to sustain prices in the face of pressure from the money rates, the combination of high money rates and short selling and realizing sales failing to bring a reaction of material proportions. While final prices at the close of the week were somewhat off from the top and the list was irregular, certain selected issues maintained new high levels, and all offerings were well taken care of. Taking into account the lengths to which the bull market has gone, it was astonishing that prevailing high prices could be held without a break. Apparently the belief is widely entertained that the money pinch is momentary, and the rate will work into lower ground in a week or two, and that meanwhile the anticipated upturn in business activity in America has the most optimistic outlook. The steels and coppers were the leaders in the upward movement, public buying being based upon the belief that the American steel trade will share, to a very large extent, in the rebuilding of European cities wrecked by the war, and in other ways the industry is on the eve of a period of unprecedented prosperity, both at home and abroad. The coppers benefitted by the announcement that the price for the red metal would be marked up to 21 cents a pound within a few days, a development which came more promptly than the most optimistic had expected. The most cheerful prognosticator had set autumn as the probable time for 20-cent copper, and the appearance of the advance at this time was taken as a sign that the September-October price would be well above that mark. The oils were higher but rather neglected. This class of stocks has been the center of attraction for some time, and it is just possible they may be a little stale for the time being. However, everything points to far greater prosperity in this group. The demand for oil continues unabated, notwithstanding the big increase in production from the different new oil fields, and it is expected that prices for gasoline will show a further advance. Specialties were in good demand at higher prices. Food stocks, including American Can Common, were in better demand. Sugar stocks were also well bought, with predictions of much higher prices for the commodity this fall, which gave added buying to the sugar shares. Railroads, as usual, were neglected, and will probably continue to mark time until something definite is known regarding the attitude of congress toward them. The market looks well and acts well, but prices have reached a level where it would be well to be cautious in buying stocks on the bulges, and we would prefer to await a reaction on which to make further new commitments.

Cotton—The cotton market has become such a big broad active market that swings of one hundred points either way do not cause any comment, and are merely referred to as a market move. Last week's trading in cotton was at advancing prices generally, with new high records being made from time to time, with the usual reactions, but final figures at the close of the week showed the advance to be well maintained, with every prospect of higher prices in the near future. The principal factor in the market is the poor outlook for the coming crop. Bad crop reports are coming from every section of the belt, and private crop experts, who are in the fields, are reducing their estimates. The bulls continue to claim that the weather is no longer an important market factor. The crop, they contend, has been greatly injured, and has little or no chance to recover, no matter how favorable the circumstances. Liverpool has become alarmed at the poor crop outlook, and was a heavy buyer of cotton all week. Reports from the goods market were most encouraging. Mills report a better demand for cotton goods, with buyers so eager for goods that prices are only a secondary consideration. Spot cotton in the south seems to be closely held, with very little actual cotton being offered, and what there is offered is quoted at a big premium over the futures. The spot situation is so strong and futures are yet selling at such a big discount under futures that it makes the buying of futures, even at what apparently looks like high prices, safe. We feel very friendly to cotton, and continue in our belief of 40 cents for the new crop futures. Reactions will come from time to time, due to the technical condition of the market, but in the end much higher prices will prevail.

A Funny Animal

The teacher was giving the class a natural history lesson on Australia. "There is one animal," she said, "none of you have mentioned. It does not stand up on its legs all the time. It does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little skips. What is it?" And the class yelled with one voice: "Charlie Chaplin."—The Citizen.

Too Hot for Him

An Irish paper, it is said, was responsible for the following advertisement: "For sale, baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reason for leaving."

"Where y' goin', Jimmie?" "Errand." "What for?" "Ma wants me to find pa." "Huh, that ain't no errand. That's boy scout work."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

A BROKEN LOOKING-GLASS

(Continued from Page 5)

like holding a mystic communion with her; it gave him an emotion that was infinitely sweet and bitter, a pain that was dissolved in joy.

The glass lay now, folded in its ivory case, on the chimney shelf in front of him. That was its place; he always kept it on his chimney shelf, so that he could see it whenever he glanced round his room. He leaned back in his chair, and looked at it; for a long time his eyes remained fixed upon it. "If she had married me, she wouldn't have died. My love, my care, would have healed her. She could not have died." Monotonously, automatically, the phrase repeated itself over and over again in his mind, while his eyes remained fixed on the ivory case into which her looking-glass was folded. It was an effect of his fatigue, no doubt, that his eyes, once directed upon an object, were slow to leave it for another; that a phrase once pronounced in his thought had this tendency to repeat itself over and over again.

But at last he roused himself a little, and leaning forward, put his hand out and up, to take the glass from the shelf. He wished to hold it, to touch it and look into it. As he lifted it towards him, it fell open, the mirror proper being fastened to a leather back, which was glued to the ivory, and formed a hinge. It fell open; and his grasp had been insecure; and the jerk as it opened was enough. It slipped from his fingers, and dropped with a crash upon the hearthstone.

The sound went through him like a physical pain. He sank back into his chair, and closed

his eyes. His heart was beating as after a mighty physical exertion. He knew vaguely that a calamity had befallen him; he could vaguely imagine the splinters of shattered glass at his feet. But his physical prostration was so great as to obliterate, to neutralize, emotion. He felt very cold. He felt that he was begin hurried along with terrible speed through darkness and cold air. There was the continuous roar of rapid motion in his ears, a faint, dizzy bewilderment in his head. He felt that he was trying to catch hold of things, to stop his progress, but his hands closed upon emptiness; that he was trying to call out for help, but he could make no sound. On—on—on, he was being whirled through some immeasurable abyss of space.

"Ah, yes, he's dead, quite dead," the doctor said. "He has been dead some hours. He must have passed away peacefully sitting her in his chair."

"Poor gentleman," said the porter's wife. "And a broken looking-glass beside him. Oh, it's a sure sign, a broken looking-glass."

HOW TO CAPTURE A HERO

(Continued from Page 4)

make your honest blood boil with the inequality of it all. You can not argue that wealth has no terrors merely because it comes in disguise. If the man is all right, why does he not present his true character at once? Because he knows well that you would reject him; that his only chance lies in meeting you as a poor man. He may be handsome as the devil, and while you trust that life with him would not be half bad, you may live to learn that it is not half good. Listen! There will come days when, surrounded by every luxury, your soul will cry out and rebel. Instead of weeping on a good old rickety kitchen table (that was a beautiful scene, wasn't it?) you will have to throw yourself on a \$5,000 polar bear rug at the fireside where you burn gas through holes in fake logs of wood. Little cut-out pictures of former bliss will come to your fevered imagination. You will remember the dear little poverty-stricken home where you washed dishes and sewed on buttons, and were happy until the demon of gold entered your life. Poor fool, you thought that when you married your wealthy hero, you would be allowed to wash dishes and sew buttons to your heart's content. You believed that because he rescued you from the villain he would be as ready to rescue you from his family's harsh ideals. Reflect upon those matters while the reflection is good. If you encourage him, the first thing you know he will take you in his arms, while you fancy that you are plighting your troth to a chauffeur. Then he airily tosses off his cap, confesses that he is not the chauffeur but the chauffeur's employer, and your troth is plighted to a scion of aristocracy, whose sisters no doubt parade at Santa Barbara, Palm Beach, Newport, and will call your brother a proletariat. But one plight of the troth, and it is too late to recede. You are doomed to a life of chagrin as a rich man's wife, despised by all your former friends and pitied by all the poverty-stricken girls that were wise enough to reject him.

But now for the brighter side. If you are an extremely poor tatterdemalion girl, dwelling in a beautiful country where most of the inhabitants are insufficiently fed and clad; if you go barefoot; if you trapeze about milking cows and singing to yourself blithely; if you can not read or write, and if you talk to your-

self in this fashion, "Mygosh, ain't the consarned hilltops purty today! Ain't they plumb gone beautiful!"—in that case, it is best to marry a society man. Otherwise how could you learn good manners? Moreover if you ever find yourself saying to a country bumpkin who loved you last year, "Ain't yer gwine to keep yer promise fer ter marry me, Spike?" and he answers, "Naw," then you may know that you are cut out for a rich man's wife, for he is about the only one who could extricate you from your difficulty.

It can easily be seen that these principles would not apply to an heiress. She has all to lose and nothing to gain by allying herself to more wealth. Take, for instance, a tolerably honest heiress, who dwells in a house with stone lions on the front steps, footmen and maids to take persons' hats, grapefruit for breakfast. What does she know about life? Of course, if a poor man comes along and rescues her from a sprained ankle, she likes him immediately because he is different. But what if he does not come along? What if she never sprains her ankle, or her horse runs away, or no ruffian ever snatches her purse? Her chances of meeting a hero are slight. Untutored as she is, she is more than likely to marry one of her own set. Fortunately for many an heiress, proud though she be, her father is financially ruined in the nick of time. Then she discovers that the rich suitors make excuses and depart, while the moneyless man is right in his element. He exclaims, "I will save you from these hounds." You make your speech of acceptance, and the next moment your father discovers that the wolves of Wall Street have made a slight mistake, so that Consolidated B. V. D. goes up ten points, and you are all in better condition than before—perhaps better than you will ever be again.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the Application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THOMAS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thomas, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 12th day of August, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open Court this 12th day of June, 1919.

GEO. E. CROTHERS,
Judge of said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



New Light Fixtures---A New Home

Change Your Lighting Effect and Never Tire of the Same Old Room

If your favorite rooms are seeming to lose their attractiveness, change the lighting effect and their charm will quickly return. A new table light here or a floor lamp there, a new lighting bowl, or, better still, a complete change of fixture, and you will be surprised how pleasing and comforting the new effect is.

Electrical contractor-dealers have many different kinds of new lighting effects. Inexpensive makes of fixtures are now available with changeable shades, which allow a harmonious blend with any kind of an interior decorative scheme. They are easily installed and have been manufactured to give the maximum amount of service, so you may have confidence the lighting is the best obtainable and the artistic effects all that can be desired.

Nothing increases the cozy charm of an attractive interior so much as proper lighting fixtures and a pleasing lighting effect. Whether your home is now building or has long been occupied the same truth applies.

Ask your electrical dealer or an illuminating engineer how to obtain the most satisfactory lighting results.

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1415

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 26, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

Gantner & Mattern Co.

KNIT GOODS MANUFACTURERS

GRANT AVENUE AT GEARY STREET

A Good Feeling

Bathing Suit

Is Half the Joy of the Swim

Fit, correct "form-fit," is perhaps the feature most responsible for the great sale of our suits. Snug fitting but comfortable, our suits combine the firm weave necessary for durability with great elasticity that permits freest movement.

MEN'S SUITS, \$2 Up

WOMEN'S, \$3.50 Up

GIRLS', \$2.75 Up

- BOYS', \$1.45 Up

SILK FIBER SUITS

MEN'S, \$12.....WOMEN'S, \$15 Up

As in Bathing Suits,
"The Knit Shop" Leads in

HOSIERY

Dependable and finest grades, at less than
"average" price.

UNDERWEAR

Largest stocks and intelligent service of
underwear manufacturers.

and

SWEATER and SPORT COATS



BATHING
SUIT BAGS

BATHING
CAPS
and
SHOES

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, July 26, 1919

No. 1415

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

An Obstinate President

In spite of the fact that the ratification of the League of Nations by the congress is a matter of serious doubt, which is the most liberal view that can be taken on its present status, Mr. Wilson seems unalterably fixed in his purpose to have it ratified in its present form, and without reservation or alteration of any kind. His view seems to be that all of its points have already been discussed at almost discouraging length; every possibility of future dispute already foreshadowed and discounted by the world's greatest minds; it is not just such a covenant as he and his colleagues would like to have made, but it was the best they could do, the best that any one could have done under the circumstances, and consequently must be ratified. He seems to have found much encouragement in the not positively certain republican majority arrayed against him, and there are at least four members of that party majority who are disposed to temporize with him in the hope that some sort of compromise may be made, to the extent that certain reservations he injected into the covenant. Article number ten seems to be the principal bone of contention in this monumental carcass, and certainly its provisions are of a nature that much seriously hamper the United States in the absolute control of its own affairs, both internal and international.

* * *

Reasonable Reservations

Article ten, as made, obligates the United States, and other nations of course, to respond to the call of the League of Nations, with sea and land forces, to enforce submission on the part of any nation that refuses to abide by its mandates. The suggested reservation is to the effect that nothing in this article shall be construed to obligate the United States to so employ its forces without a declaration of war by

congress as specified in the constitution. The Monroe Doctrine is not treated in the covenant with the dignity which all good Americans demand of it, and it is asked that nothing in the covenant shall curtail the nation's prerogatives of administering it and construing it as purely a national policy about which there must be no doubt. While not so definitely expressed in the covenant, there seems to be a loophole in it by which the league might possibly interfere with internal labor matters and have something to say about the imposing of tariffs. For two or three generations several of our cousins over the seas have complained of the heavy duties levied on their manufactures, and that this point may be fully covered in the covenant, the conservative republicans ask that a reservation be made to the effect that, in accepting it, the United States does not subtract from its sovereign right to determine purely domestic problems, such as immigration and the tariff. But although Mr. Wilson has had these fairly disposed gentlemen in conference with him to the intentional exclusion of other republicans, he still persists that the league covenant be ratified without reservation of any kind. He seems to ignore utterly the fact that many a good bargain has failed because of refusal to split the difference, and a similar fate is in the air for this one.

* * *

A Ten Per Cent Ratification

To how many people has it occurred that only a trifle over ten per cent of the territory most intimately concerned in the deplorable state of affairs over in Europe has ratified the League of Nations or even given it more than passing notice? And yet those are the figures arrived at after careful calculation by Frank Simonds, who is on the ground, and obviously writes with the knowledge that comes of close observation and actual experience. In the face of these amazing figures it is an easy matter for even the most casual observer to convince himself that the real signatories to the covenant are a mere drop in the bucket, and that the work of the Paris conference has not yet even had its beginning. As a matter of fact which is almost uncontradictable, there are three sincere signatories to this precious document which is to control the destinies of the entire world—England, France and the United States. Certainly the proverbial string is tied to Japan's acceptance of it, for this was not secured except through some

vicious process (still a secret) by which Shantung was practically ceded to her. Italy, too, affixed her signature, but has ever since been crying over the milk she herself helped to spill, and Mr. Wilson is blamed for having humiliated her in the matter of the disposition of Fiume. Small wonder then, that nearly every one who is not through immediate contact or political sentiment interested in it, is wondering if it would not have been better to assemble enough nations together to make a league of, before making such a stupendous fuss over one that after all is only ten per cent effective.

* * *

The Coming Fleet

San Francisco will welcome the Pacific fleet with open arms, and there will be a joy party on its arrival that will be a total eclipse of any previous celebration of the kind yet recorded in western hospitality. It may even inspire the careful owners of those bare flagstuffs along Market street to hoist the national colors upon them in defiance of the destructive influences of fogs and breezes. It will stimulate trade and social functions; national pride and that splendid patriotism, interrupted a little by the armistice, but ever ready to break out again with true Yankee fervor. Those 30,000 sons of the sea will need many things, they have the money to pay for them, and the shopkeepers will serve them, politely expressing their regret at the high prices owing to the war; that part of society which entertains lavishly will be agog with the excitement that always accompanies the influx of a large body of desirable men folk. The clubs will open their doors to the officers, the ladies' auxiliaries will take care of the men, and the Civic Auditorium and banquet halls will be ablaze with fervid oratory. Just and proper, all of it, for who is there of us who does not feel a thrill of pride whenever the navy of the United States is mentioned? And then comes a reflection which can be expressed in the simple monosyllable question—"Why?"

* * *

Why This Great Armada?

We are assured by those who know, that we need a great navy, and that half of it must be stationed on the Pacific coast. Again why? Is all that they have been squabbling over in Paris for many months, to bring forth nothing but further preparation for war? If the arrival of the Pacific fleet be merely a showing of preparedness,

well and good! But again why? Surely some unfriendly move from the further west is not foreshadowed. To paraphrase the words of Brutus in the play: The Japanese minister has signed the covenant and he is an honorable man. What then? Two weeks ago and twice before that, this paper intimated that, even with the material outside the diplomatic pale, another League of Nations might easily be formed, that would be vastly more powerful than the one whose influence has not yet been tested. The idea of the formation of such a league is of course problematical, visionary and wildly pessimistic, but it is none the less possible. Germany's attitude is undebatable; so is that of Bulgaria, so much of Turkey as remains on the map, and Russia is even now prepared to accept any invitation that might give her a fixed nationality. These of themselves would compose a league that could again precipitate a world's war of awful magnitude, and there are other nations still in doubt, beyond the three already mentioned as being truly earnest signatories to the League of Nations. Perhaps the question is answered in the inference to be drawn from the assembling of the Pacific fleet, and it is large enough for the present at least. Fortunately, should danger threaten, reinforcements could hasten this way through the Panama canal before an enemy

could cross the Pacific, and the other two signatories would gladly protect the Atlantic coast. So, doubly welcome, Pacific fleet!

* * *

Is It Hun Propaganda?

This question is quite pertinent, but no doubt sympathizers with Mexico—if there be any in this country—would indignantly add a small prefix to the adjective. During all of the war the Mexican government, by presidential edict, maintained a "strict neutrality." She was friendly (?) to the United States, her neighbor was neutral and so must she be, too. But this neutrality was never preserved as far as the Allies were concerned, for British and American interests in and about the oil districts of Tampico were constantly subjected to persecution in the way of added taxes and threats of confiscation. German propagandists and spies flooded the country everywhere from coast to coast, and succeeded in creating a strong sympathy in every way antagonistic to the Allies. But this country had its spies there, too, who kept the Washington authorities plentifully supplied with information and warnings. When the United States entered the war, German propagandists became less active, and the Mexican people relaxed in their sympathy, at least to the extent of feeling that it was to their best interests to seemingly affect sympathy with the

cause of their next door neighbor. It has been known all along that these expressions of friendliness were only on the surface, for the hatred of the Mexican for everything American has never relaxed since the war of 1846, and has been further embittered with the recurrence of our resentment of border outrages. It was said in this paper last week that the Mexican government officials had no desire to apprehend Villa, or any other organized band, and it is safe to say that their efforts to arrest the murderers of an American citizen and robbers of a party of American sailors within nine miles of Tampico on Saturday last will also be studiously unavailing. Of course apologies will be made, and promises to bring the robbers to justice as soon as they can be identified have already been duly cabled to Washington with expressions of deep regret. The country would like to know just how long the American people are going to be fooled by the promises made and broken at the same time, and whether Mr. Wilson's administration, having learned by experience that the Americans are not "too proud to fight," will do something besides camping out the next time American troops cross the border. Naturally, those Americans having interests in the bandit republic hope that they would then make a permanent camp there, but that's another matter.

The Lost Sense of Humor

A Parable, by Rex Blair

It came to pass that a certain man was born with a talent, the which was perfectly Priceless; And he cherished it from his youth up; for it was a Sense of Humor.

When yet a child he was accounted a Wag, and his Joke of the Tack upon his school-master's chair hath been handed down from generation even unto generation as a Jest with a Point; so that it has become a Classic.

Now there were in those days also men of pretty wit, who made merry with divers Tales and Legends;

And some published their nonsense in the Daily Papers, feigning wisdom; but others were Politicians.

Whereby the one raked in shekels and the other gained high places; and between them they pulled the Public Leg; the which practice continueth unto this day.

And when he had put away childish things he bethought him how he might turn his talent to profit.

And it came to pass that he looked and saw the way made plain before him; for he began to tell funny stories in the market-place to the multitude gathered together.

And he increased daily in skill and in popularity; so that his fame was spread abroad in all the country round about.

And many besought him to write their Christmas Pantomimes. But he answered and said: "Have I not a Sense of Humor?" And he would not; nevertheless he waxed fat and prospered.

Then he took unto himself a wife; whereat some doubted his Sense of Humor.

But others laughed the more, saying: "He is

a scream. Surely this Joke is worthy of the Bun."

For it was known of many that the damsel had Social Ambition and desired to be chief among those who dwelt in their Suburb.

She despised her husband's merchandise.

But because he was rich, for this thing only did she tolerate his puns—at first. And wearying presently, she cast about to discourage him from his ways; beseeching him to leave off being funny and become respectable, else would she get her a bill of divorcement.

Whereat his soul was troubled, for, like Deliah of old, she held him captive by her arts.

And, behold! it came to pass that as he sat in the city gate telling his latest side-splitter, he halted, disconcerted by reason of his wife's persistent disfavor.

And the people mocked him; so that he went home sick at heart.

But, lo! there waited a messenger from the Ruler of that land, bidding him to a great banquet, to entertain the guests with ripe wheezes and other quaint conceits.

But fear came upon him lest he should prove a Wash-out, wherefore he saith: "When is the feast to be?" For he thought within himself that he might perchance have a Mother-in-law due to die and so excuse himself.

But hearing there was yet a fortnight, he perceived his excuse was a Dud.

Therefore he sweareth horribly to attend, and sent the messenger away.

Then did he search diligently for the lost Sense of Humor, making advertisement under a false name and offering rich reward.

But none made answer.

Whereupon, when she saw what she had done, his spouse would have him think she had repented, and brought books of ancient Japes and Chestnuts to make ready against the Great Occasion.

But he found no Humor in them—like many such.

And when the days were fulfilled that he should journey to the Palace he arose and went, hoping to find the lost Sense of Humor by the way.

And his wife spake him fair words, saying: "Cheerio, my lord!" and cast a horse-shoe at him for luck.

But he, perceiving what she would do, made haste to evade it.

Wherefore, it smote him in the neck, and she went her way rejoicing.

And being come to the Palace, he was received by the Ruler with favor; and they loaded him with gifts and set him in the chiefest place as a Star Turn.

But, lo! they gave unto him the Bird.

Wherefore he departed thence full of shame. And when he was come again to his own house, behold! his cup of bitterness was full, pressed down, and running over;

For his wife saluted him with the most unkindest cut of all, saying:

"Be of good cheer, my lord, for I have found thee a New Job better than that which thou hast lost."

And he answering saith: "What manner of Job is it?"

And she saith: "Editor of a Comic Paper!"

Wherefore the last state of that man was worse than the first.

A Change Comes Over Petunia

By Lionel Josaphare

"Mrs. Bullfeather will be here at four o'clock," said Petunia.

"I shall depart at 3:59."

"An opportune departure, Bobbie. Your masculine ears could never sit still on your head when she talks feminism. She has made me a member of To Kalon Club, and promises to transform me into the newest of new women, perhaps the most loquacious of them all; I don't know yet. But she says that I have the temperament, and that's most of it. Men will tremble at the sound of my name. You will tremble, Bobbie."

"I did not realize," said he, "that you had the feminist movement in your make-up."

"Three children are my only claim to distinction. But that is only femalism, not feminism. Mrs. Bullfeather has found material for woman's rights in the soul of me. She will set me free. How stupid of you not to have made the same discovery."

"I was always willing to free your soul."

"In the interest of man's rights—not woman's. You must differentiate. The female is the man's woman; the feminist, the woman's woman. Now we women must stand by one another. I thought I might as well be free, if it is the fashion."

"By Jove! I eventually came to the conclusion that of soul you had none—much less one singing to be free. Not a trace of a soul I saw."

"The only traces you ever see are the kind to be kicked over."

"Well, I am sorry it required a woman to discover such a momentous part of you. I shall study you intently between now and 3:59."

"Bobbie, you will smile, but I intend to do something important for womankind. Is it silly to have an important mission?"

"For instance?"

"Let me see. I had the program a few minutes ago. Here. For one thing: a man's pay for a man's work. A genuine emergency, don't you think? If you only knew the lights and shadows of a working girl's heart as Mrs. Bullfeather knows. You believe in that slogan, proposition?"

"How enthusiastic! I hardly recognize you. No; I can't say that I believe in it. A man's pay is based on the fact that he has a family to support. That's part of his work."

"A woman has something to do with a family, too. But what if the man have none?"

"Oh, then, he does the supporting one way or another. He hails the taxicabs and conducts the theatre parties, even if he does not invest in an engagement ring and save up something for alimony. Society spends a lot of money for woman's amusement. It's a big item nowadays: the more so if you include pearl necklaces and things like that. Therefore, society pays the man the highest wages. That's fair."

"It isn't fair to the girl who can not amuse herself with a good dinner every night in the week."

"I grant you; but long ere this were men who did not get a man's pay for a man's work; and some of them starved, and some of them became wealthy. Do you ask a better opportunity than that for girls who are elbowing men out of employment?"

"Why, yes; I think so. If men have been so foolish as to put up with injustice, should en-

lightened young women follow suit? Anyway, they hold the trump card."

"What is that?"

"Your amusement idea, the true meaning of the pearl necklaces that you mention so triumphantly."

"What's the meaning?"

"About jewels and furs and perfume, supposedly the tree of life to a woman. You think you understand women in terms of those things."

"Very near the truth on most occasions." He opened a book several times, and closed it.

"Well, you never find a man claiming to understand a woman better after presenting jewels to her."

"No; not long afterwards he feels that he made a slight mistake. But do you mean to say that those scintillating baubles are to play no part between man and woman in the new order of things?"

"Bobbie, they never did play a large part. The woman who is bought with jewels is the least bought of all. She whose price is a wildflower is the one who lingers with you like the family Bible."

"Petunia, I had that theory myself when I was about seventeen years old. I don't know just how it got knocked out of my head."

"Perhaps you grew weary of wildflowers yourself."

"I did ramble among other pleasures, brighter and fiercer than the poppies. You yourself—"

"I don't know that the fleeting things are not the most permanent."

"Only because we learn to love the things we once neglected to love. Consequently we make life a burden in an attempt to forget. A man's pay for a man's work. Noble idea, anyway. What next?"

"Next, there is such a thing as the single standard of morals—quite a necessity for civilization."

"I take it," said he, "that Mrs. Bullfeather approves of it. She may find it the most necessary thing among civilization's needs. But you—what do you want? To be as bad as man?"

"You misunderstand. I can't say that I have any personal interest in the theory. The idea is that the gentleman in respectable black who marches up the church aisle with a wedding ring in his vest pocket should guarantee that his friend the groom has the same moral record as the bride."

"And if he have not?"

"Then he is to be judged by the same law."

"You mean" punished by the same punishment. That is impossible. Woman is wrathful against her own sex for transgressions. Men will not assume the same moral indignation for their own sex. Then how will you have it—punish the husbands yourself or be lenient with the wives?"

"We could compromise on that," said she.

"We might be lenient with our own sex until man sees that woman will not police the morals of his bride if men fail to perform the same duty for the groom."

"I always thought that when you put equal freedom in your platform, you meant a man's reputation for a man's game."

"I never heard about that, Bobbie."

"Because you women are not frank with one another. They don't tell you all they want."

"But I know what I want. Let the others take what they will."

"Whee! It is all quite sudden on your part, Petunia. You invited me for a cup of tea, and, without warning, you wave the feminist flag before me. By the way, have you a flag?"

"We have colors—and hat pins."

"Militant, by Jove, once more! But woman's best accoutrements are flag and lance combined—her handkerchief. She conquers by hoisting the white flag. Tears? Nothing more than a subtle jollification over victory. When woman weeps it is too late for man to lift a word or finger in his own defense. Why discard that ancient, honorable and most efficient weapon?"

"We have no use for them. Tears, blushes, fainting spells—we cast them out as relics of barbarism. And that is the fascination of feminism as it is. We are taught how foolish the tear drops of the old school. We are uncontrolled by tradition. The moment the working principle was explained to me, I understood it, sir. It is a new language for the feminine soul—a language at a glance. Let me brew you a cup of tea."

"What?"

"Tea—a cup of tea; will you?"

"You are not committing treason to the cause by doing this for me?"

"Not at all. To feed man is but to stupefy him; a matter of discretion."

"I mop the beads of perspiration from my brow. Perhaps the movement is not bad after all. At least an amicable relation between the sexes is maintained as of yore. It is not war to the hat pin?"

"We promise nothing."

"You wouldn't take a hat pin to me, would you?"

"It wouldn't do you any good."

"Hm! (Soliloquy.) Shall I admit or deny the insinuation. Maybe you are right. It would do me no good."

"Roll that table to the center of the room, Bobbie."

"Mayn't we have tea right here in the corner?"

"In the center of the room."

"Where all can see. Yes; I guess it would look better than in the corner. Feminists don't always disregard the looks of things?"

"To express their intentions."

"Not to flatter man's intentions."

"Tremendously correct."

"In other words, you utterly renounce all vestiges of the cave-man idea. Instead of shedding tears for your daily victories, you shed the chains of servitude, standing forth in your own right, like the Winged Victory (with a head, of course)."

"You nipped the nail in the bud that time, Bobbie."

"You apply to man on the following basis: 'I saw your ad in the paper for an independent helpmate. I was born free and equal with you."

(Continued on Page 15)

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

The Blessing of Friends

By Sir John Lubbock

"They seem to take away the sun from the world who withdraw friendship from life; for we have received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more delightful."—Cicero.

Most of those who have written in praise of books have thought they could say nothing more conclusive than to compare them to friends.

All men, said Socrates, have their different objects of ambition—horses, dogs, money, honor, as the case may be; but for his own part he would rather have a good friends than all these put together. And again, men know "the number of their other possessions, although they might be very numerous, but of their friends, though but few, they were not only ignorant of the number, but even when they attempted to reckon it to such as asked them, they set aside again some that they had previously counted among their friends; so little did they allow their friends to occupy their thoughts. Yet in comparison with what possessions, of all others, would not a good friend appear far more valuable?"

"As to the value of other things," says Cicero, "most men differ; concerning friendship all have the same opinion. What can be more foolish than, when men are possessed of great influence by their wealth, power, and resources, to procure other things which are bought by money—horses, slaves, rich apparel, costly vases—and not to procure friends, the most valuable and fairest furniture of life?" And yet, he continues, "every man can tell how many goats or sheep he possesses, but not how many friends." In the choice, moreover, of a dog or of a horse, we exercise the greatest care: we inquire into its pedigree, its training and character, and yet we too often leave the selection of our friends, which is of infinitely greater importance—by whom our whole life will be more or less influenced either for good or evil—almost to chance.

It is no doubt true, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says, that all men are bores except when we want them. And Sir Thomas Browne quaintly observes that "unthinking heads who have not learnt to be alone, are a prison to themselves if they be not with others; whereas, on the contrary, those whose thoughts are in a fair and hurry within, are sometimes fain to retire into company to be out of the crowd of themselves." Still I do not quite understand Emerson's idea that "men descend to meet." In another place, indeed, he qualifies the statement, and says, "Almost all people descend to meet." Even so I should venture to question it, especially considering the context. "All association," he adds, "must be a compromise, and, what is worse, the very flower and aroma of the flower of each of the beautiful natures disappears as they approach each other." What a sad thought! Is it really so; need it be so? And if it were, would friends be any real advantage? I should have thought that the influence of friends was exactly the reverse: that the flower of a beautiful nature would expand, and the colors grow brighter, when stimulated by the warmth and sunshine of friendship.

It has been said that it is wise always to treat a friend, remembering that he may become an enemy, and an enemy, remembering that he may become a friend; and whatever may be thought of the first part of the adage, there is certainly much wisdom in the latter. Many people seem

to take more pains and more pleasure in making enemies than in making friends. Plutarch, indeed, quotes with approbation the advice of Pythagoras, "not to shake hands with too many," but as long as friends are well chosen, it is rather that

"He who has a thousand friends,
Has never a one to spare,
And he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere,"

and unfortunately, while there are few great friends there is no little enemy.

I guard myself, however, by saying again—As long as they are well chosen. One is thrown in life with a great many people who, though not actively bad, though they may not wilfully lead us astray, yet take no pains with themselves, neglect their own minds, and direct the conversation to petty puerilities or mere gossip; who do not seem to realize that conversation may by a little effort be made most instructive and delightful, without being in any way pedantic; or, on the other hand, may be allowed to drift into a mere morass of muddy thought and weedy words. There are few from whom we may not learn something, if only they will trouble themselves to tell us. Nay, even if they teach us nothing, they may help us by the stimulus of intelligent questions, or the warmth of sympathy. But if they do neither, then indeed their companionship, if companionship it can be called, is mere waste of time, and of such we may well say, "I do desire that we be better strangers."

Much certainly of the happiness and purity of our lives depends on our making a wise choice of our companions and friends. If our friends are badly chosen they will inevitably drag us down; if well they will raise us up. Yet many people seem to trust in this matter to the chapter of accident. It is well and right, indeed, to be courteous and considerate to every one with whom we are brought into contact, but to choose them as real friends is another matter. Some seem to make a man a friend are badly chosen they will inevitably because he is in the same business, travels on the same line of railway, or for some other trivial reason. There can not be a greater mistake. These are only, in the words of Plutarch, "the idols and images of friendship."

To be friendly with every one is another matter; we must remember that there is no little enemy, and those who have ever really loved any one will have some tenderness for all. There is indeed some good in most men. "I have heard much," says Mr. Nasmyth in his charming autobiography, "about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of these unfeeling conditions." Such also has been my own experience.

"Men talk of unkind hearts, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has often left me mourning."

I can not, then, agree with Emerson that "we walk alone in the world. Friends such as we desire are dreams and gables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart, that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us, and which we can love."

No doubt, much as worthy friends add to the

happiness and value of life, we must in the main depend on ourselves, and every one is his own best friend or worst enemy.

Sad, indeed, is Bacon's assertion that "there is little friendship in the world, and least of all between equals, which was wont to be magnified. That that is, is between superior and inferior, whose fortunes may comprehend the one to the other." But this can hardly be taken as his deliberate opinion, for he elsewhere says, "but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness." Not only, he adds, does friendship introduce "daylight in the understanding out of warkness and confusion of thoughts"; it "maketh a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests"; in consultation with a friend a man "tosseth his thoughts more easily; he marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation." . . . "But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love."

With this last assertion I can not altogether concur. Surely even strangers may be most interesting! And many will agree with Dr. Johnson when, describing a pleasant evening, he summed it up: "Sir, we had a good talk."

Epictetus gives excellent advice when he dissuades from conversation on the very subjects most commonly chosen, and advises that it should be on "none of the common subjects—not about gladiators, nor horse races, nor about athletes, nor about eating or drinking, which are the usual subjects; and especially not about men, as blaming them"; but when he adds, "or praising them," the injunction seems to me of doubtful value. Surely Marcus Aurelius more wisely advises that "when thou wishest to delight thyself, think of the virtues of those who live with thee; for instance, the activity of one, and the modesty of another, and the liberality of a third, and some other good quality of a fourth. For nothing delights so much as the examples of the virtues, when they are exhibited in the morals of those who live with us and present themselves in abundance, as far as is possible. Wherefore we must keep them before us." Yet how often we know merely the sight of those we call our friends, or the sound of their voices, but nothing whatever of their mind or soul!

We must, moreover, be as careful to keep friends as to make them. If every one knew what one said of the other, Pascal assures us

(Continued on Page 15)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including
Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly
favors are presented to our patrons, without competi-
tion of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances.
(Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

The Spectator

Money Plentiful in N. Y.

San Franciscans returning from New York report that evidences of prosperity there are starting. Luxurious equipages are the rule; expensive, beautiful raiment an every-day matter; hotels and cafés, even at this season, enjoying large patronage. The New Jersey coast has never been so crowded before. Cottages are all rented, hotels packed. A fair cottage rents for thirty-five hundred dollars for the season, which is from June 1st to October 1st. One wonders where all the money comes from, especially as it is no unusual thing to hear wealthy men declare that the war cost them anything from fifty thousand up to hundreds of thousands. Owing to high wages in all lines of industry, servants are almost impossible to obtain, and the majority available, inefficient and untrained.

The Bynner Imbroglio

Such information, aided by observation, as Town Talk has been able to merge into some sort of a concrete opinion with reference to the membership or non-membership of Poet Witter Bynner in the Bohemian Club—there are those who call him Winnie Bitter—leaves it somewhat in the position of a neutralist. The neutrality is more or less an armed one, in that we can imagine some well grounded causes for complaint among the members who object to the admission of Mr.—beg pardon!—Poet Bynner, but in a strict sense it is neutral. The trouble has been, as far as the recently published accounts of the unfortunate incident are concerned, that the readers have been more or less misled, by the stringing together of data that is not at all chronological. Again, both sides in the dispute have been equally reprehensible in giving information with reference to the different phases of it, that are not altogether exact. No one has intentionally misrepresented—but if all had been said that could have been said, there would not have resulted so much of a mess, and, naturally, so interesting a story for the papers. In the first place, Mr. Porter Garnett, who is one of the accepted “high brows” of Bohemia, seems to have first discovered Poet Bynner as a possible notable addition to the real cult of that institution, and presented him to other members of the then jinks committee, as being the only man then possibly in view, as a candidate for the authorship of the grove play of 1920. The suggestion was approved by the committee. Mr. Bynner was at once invited to join the club, the idea of becoming an uplifting force in Bohemia appealed to him, and his name was immediately posted for membership.

Mistake Number One

Here was the first mistake. The poet was not a member of the club; it is never supposed to be good club ethics to elect any one a member for some specific purpose, especially when that purpose might be subverted by keeping within the already membership, as has been the case for many years. For this error of judgment, however, this candidate was not to blame. He had accepted the offer to become a Bohemian in good faith, and apparently was willing to be placed in the crucible of strict investigation as all candidates are. The opposition came, and this opposition was headed by no less a person than Justice Henry A. Melvin

of the supreme court of California. It was shown that Witter Bynner was not an available candidate for membership in a body of men which had become notable for its patriotism, on account of certain activities of his in connection with pacifist movements, and it had already been decided by public opinion that any one opposed to the raising of an army to fight in France must be arraigned as a German sympathizer. Evidently the faculty of the University of California accepted that view of the matter as the correct one, for, on the termination of Bynner's contract, a new one was not made. The objectors presented before the committee on elections a memorial of opposition to the candidate, but in defiance of this, the committee recommended him as in every way an available candidate and he was elected. It was then demanded that the election be annulled, but this plea was denied, and the candidate was allowed to qualify.

A Tryout at the Grove

The opposition then became intensified, for the objectors could not bring themselves to understand how any candidate should wish to become a member in any club where so strong an opposition was arrayed against him. His friends stood behind him, however, determined as they were to establish his value, as a possible Grove Play author, and he was asked to write a one-act play for the Friday night of Grove Play week, which many Bohemians prefer to the more important night. Except among the staunch friends of the author, the effort was rejected as having been a complete failure, and this was made the basis for further opposition, and a protest against his being considered in connection with the play of 1920.

Mistake Number Two

The episode in the club where Judge Melvin declined to accept an explanation from the now Bohemian Bynner, as to the causes of the opposition to his membership—and in which the judge demanded that he at once resign—has been already commented upon in the public press. The judge then left the city, but the opposition to the continuance of Bynner in the club continued. A petition to the board of directors was circulated demanding the objectionable member's expulsion, but if Judge Melvin had been present he no doubt would have advised against it, for the reasons given for such demand were not as strong as those in defiance of which he had been elected. The petition asking for the expulsion was not presented before the board of directors, because President Warren Palmer caused a notice to be posted to the effect that its circulation was in contravention of the by-laws of the club, in that no member can be expelled without presentation of charges in writing, and due trial of the offender before the board of directors. This is the present status of the case. The objectors declare that he must leave the club; he declares that he will not leave under fire, and his friends still stand valiantly behind him. But the end is not yet, for the objectors declare that they must know what those friends mean by the assertion that “Mr. Bynner is a constructive socialist, but not a Bolshevik,” while the latter would like to know why it is that no charges have been preferred against a member who fought three years in the German army, while

their favorite's only offence was that he does not believe in fighting at all.

The Flag Incident at the St. Francis

The disappearance of the Irish flag from the masthead of the St. Francis Hotel has lapsed into one of those mysteries that keep us from knowing more than is good for us—like the Letters of Junius and the Man in the Iron Mask. Who gave the order, the innuendo, the tip to haul down the colors of the country that is causing Lloyd George to sit up and think late at night? Our federal government is full of explanations, these days, yet none of the sedate officials in the federal building here has risen to explain through what department came the suggestion that something not quite bon ton among the nations was being enacted on Union Square west. There is no doubt in the world that the management of the St. Francis, by hoisting the Irish colors, intended nothing more than the compliments of the hostelry to Eamonn de Valera as a distinguished guest. But he was not a formally recognized guest of the United States. In spite of all that, the local opinion was bruited last week that the city of San Francisco had officially recognized the Irish Republic. The president of Ireland was given a gold plaque engraved with the presentation words of the mayor, the board of supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco “and the citizens thereof.” A delicate situation for diplomats: so that, somebody, sauntering down Powell street by the dawn's early light, suddenly found himself muttering, “O say, can you see?” True enough, there, beside the star-spangled banner, catching the gleam of the morning's first beam, was the green, orange and white of the much-debated republic. It appears

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

that the observer was vexed, and he informed somebody else or made an objection in person or moved to another hotel. At any rate, the flag came down, and feelings rose high. An investigation followed. Even the most potent cuss-words of the investigators failed to sting the culprit into revealing himself. If the mayor and the board of supervisors "and the citizens thereof" have formally recognized the Irish Republic, we ought to know why the U. S. A. interfered. Verily, the flag's undulations to Pacific coast breezes should not have distressed anybody, whatever his attitude toward politics in and about the Emerald Isle. Every community, clan and yacht club has a flag. The fact that political turmoil is going on somewhere would hardly justify unpleasantness at the sight of a people's banner on another shore. It is not altogether an Irish question. While the controlling spirits and majority of the board of supervisors are Irish, the mayor claims to be such on no other ground than that he was a boy of Tar Flat. We therefore would assume that their enthusiasm was personal, were it not for the gold plaque. When we come to "the citizens thereof," represented by the citizens' committee, the situation is more complicated. And yet, with them the welcome (regardless of the plaque, of which not everybody had been aware) was rather a case of hospitality to a man far from home; they added their cheers to the cheers of their Irish friends. If there was any basis for federal interference, it was that de Valera's adherents in the United States have endeavored to influence international politics. At Washington we can detect sympathetic vibrations between congressmen and Irish societies throughout the country. For example, the Ancient Order of Hibernians convention passed resolutions against any pact, treaty or compromise merging our identity with any other nation. This was an obvious protest against the peace treaty and the League of Nations and our relations with Great Britain. Had more attention been paid to de Valera himself and less to the friendship between the

two leading nations of the world, the flag might still be there. But, oh, that gold plaque! Even de Valera was not quite sure of its propriety. He stated that he would rather have our moral support than all our gold.

A Wise Judge

Ascertaining a woman's age is a matter of mixed law and fact, ameliorated by the lady's personality. Down Los Angeles way, Superior Judge F. H. Taft has made a ruling that women witnesses must tell their ages. He says that he does not see why one's age should ever be concealed. Bravo plus hooray! Encore! That's the kind of man to have on the bench. Why should a woman be permitted to conceal her age, which is sometimes the most interesting part of a court trial? Heretofore, when a woman took the witness chair in Los Angeles, and her years were meekly requested by a fairly self-possessed attorney, she would then and there sweetly make answer, "I am over twenty-one." It mattered not whether she was five years or twenty-five over the mark, the tip had passed that the court would respect her version of it. Occasionally the answer seemed platitudinous. Oftentimes it was too obvious for words. It began to pall on the sightseers and the legal fraternity. Finally the judges became bored. A judge is supposedly interested in all matters that come before him, including ages. In the course of time he becomes expert in human nature as applied to witnesses. But how could he gain renown as an expert in ages under the old custom? Experience had taught him merely that a woman is either under or over twenty-one. There are men about town whose knowledge is as great. When they stand at Powell and Market streets, and remark, "She is no spring chicken," they perhaps mean that she is over twenty-one, and they have never been on the bench. Often their instincts tell them that she is over forty-one. When a judge comes home for dinner, and his wife inquires, "What age did Mrs. Brown give in court today?"—and the judge

maketh answer, "She is over twenty-one," what sort of family life is to be expected? He may aver, in the language of Powell street, "she is no spring chicken," and that settles it from a psychological standpoint. From a legal view, though, it insinuates that spring-chickenism is the highest ideal of womankind. But now we shall have the facts. This is a scientific age; we must have the facts, if the lady will be so kind.

Post-Bellum Stock Boom

For the past four months, there has been a roaring stock market in New York and more business than the brokers could attend to. Wall Street is having a post-bellum boom based upon: relief that the war is over; the fact that this country is in the best shape of all the big nations to resume business and supply the world with everything; the fact that our factories are overwhelmed with orders; greatest grain crops in our history, which are selling at enormous prices; greatest gold reserve any country has ever held in its treasury; the fact that N. Y. is acknowledged to be the commercial center of the world. All bad things are ignored: such as the high costs of labor and of everything; oppressive and unjust taxation; government mismanagement of railroads, cables, express companies; ridiculous government interference with all our big industries; unnecessary government waste of our money in the prosecution of the war. All these things seem to be forgotten, but a time of reckoning will come.

Two New Reputations Wanted

When Henry Ford sued the Chicago Daily Tribune for a million dollars, damages to his reputation, the public surmised that a million dollars' worth of fun would be had of it. The old legal proverb that no good comes of a libel suit, does not take the enjoyment of the audience into consideration. Ford and the owners of the Tribune have been business enemies for some time. One word leading to another, the newspaper called the automobile man an anarchist and an ignorant idealist. The ostensible function of a libel suit is to show both libeler and libelee as objects strange and grotesque against the background of previous reputations. Ford, up to the time of serving summons, was generally regarded as a shrewd Yank who had invented a serviceable gasoline engine, or hired somebody to invent it for him. To prove his mechanical genius, Ford gave out the fact that in childhood he took watches apart. In the prime of life he attempted to stop the World War, and was lost in the smoke. Nevertheless, people said it was good advertising for automobiles and a senatorial ambition. From an adventurous pacifist, Ford became a patriot, superficially. At the end of the war, he recanted, and called everybody (himself included) murderers. His simple philosophy was astonishing. The libel suit demonstrated peculiar spots in his character, and he makes no effort at concealment. He is revealed not as the shrewd Yank with an inventive genius, but something inexplicable. His enterprising mind, it appears, never wandered from its quiet fierside, but hired press agents to address the public, to promulgate novel ideas, cogitate, argue internationalism, and reply to critics. Theodore Delavigne wrote propaganda, editorials and stories, to which Ford's name was penned as to a check. Ford seldom bothered with such facts or philosophy as would make him a fairly well informed citizen, to say nothing of a senator. Delavigne did all of that. Questioned as to his knowledge of Porto Rican affairs, the auto magnate declared that in five minutes he could employ somebody who knew all about it. He thought

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Benedict Arnold was a writer, and the spectators inferred that he was vaguely recalling the name of Arnold Bennett. He defined an idealist as one who helps others to make a profit, and, angered by opposing counsel, admitted himself to be an ignorant idealist. It developed that only ten men working for the Ford Motor Company, agreeable to his propaganda, attended the National Guard encampment during war preparations. He employs 20,000. He was evasive when questioned about threats to dismiss those who went to the camp. The Tribune's reputation also received a jolt from Ford's journalistic undertakings a few months before the trial. He issued pamphlets containing numerous excerpts from the newspaper, setting forth that before the war the paper was strongly pro-German. Epithets of pro-Germanism, pacifism, anarchism, finally smoldered into litigation. Neither side has any solicitude over the million dollars. It is a case of litigating at Mount Clemens, Mich., for a reputation in the world's eye. A tin-lizzie philosophy goes chugging through the whole trial; there is a gassy odor all round. The verdict will not unscramble the eggs that the two litigants have been hurling at each other.

Caramels Instead of Cocktails

Whoever launched the ship of sugar to rescue a marooned public on Dry Island must have been delirious. That candy can quench the thirst is an idea born of pandemonium. Sugar may be a substitute for alcohol as far as concerns the chemical apparatus of digestion; but a pound of candy will not relieve toothache, pain in the solar plexus or a thirst. Whosoever makes the experiment will have such a sudden desire for a true thirst-assuager that he won't take "no" for an answer at any place where he can spy a cork. Statisticians tell us that in 1918 the money spent in the United States for candy, chocolate and cocoa was about double that of the year before, and that in the army the demand for sweets was second only to cigarettes. The latter statement is explainable. The soldiers required something to stay their energy and something to take away the taste of beans. They found it in candy; but you can't tell us that candy leaves the throat in a satisfactory condition. Besides, not everybody eats beans or is looking for increased energy. Some of us have more energy than we need, right now. The world has more beans than it needs. The great desideratum (now, that's a good synonym for booze) is something that will brighten the faculties when you sit in a big leather chair at the end of the day, something that will bring a tranquilizing, sunset glow to the soul, which leans back and murmurs "Ah!" Peanut candy will not do this. Caramels would be ineffectual. Chocolate creams produce the energy, true enough; but they are only for the early morn or the excitement of a big business

deal, for a cross-country hike or such nerve-racking episodes as a debate among supervisors. They are not for twilight or a theatre supper. At such times the soul craves a demobilization flip.

Passing of a Legal Light

August Comte, who died this week, was the first graduate of California from Harvard. Having at the age of eight crossed the plains from St. Louis (where he was born, of French parentage), the family settled in Sacramento. In 1859, armed with a letter of introduction from his high school principal in our capital city to Harvard's president, he journeyed to Boston via the isthmus. Upon examination, it was found that there were seven conditions to bar his matriculation; but having come so far, he was admitted upon his promise to try to make the conditions, which he did. In four years, instead of taking vacations, he remained in his room studying. In his last year, when he could have taken a vacation, floods of the Sacramento river destroyed his family's property and he was left with but seven dollars in his purse. He bought for one dollar a railroad ticket to the White Mountains and return. Alighting at an obscure station, he sought a place to board. As he was riding to his destination in an old wagon, along in a grand stage coach came Bob Lincoln, son of Abraham. There was waving and cheering for the son of the president of the United States, but the California youth in the old wagon was wildly happy with his six dollars to squander on a summer spree, the more so as it was money earned for writing an article for a newspaper. How long could he stay, how long would his fortune hold out? The farmer with whom he negotiated set two dollars a week as the price he must charge, apologizing for the fact that the boarder must put up with the family's lot as they had no "hired help." August Comte loved to tell about that happiest vacation of his life.

Literary Associates

A classmate, son of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was coming to California for a visit and Comte gave him a letter of introduction to his parents in Sacramento, who received him into their home for a long visit. When Emerson returned east, his parents cordially invited Comte to visit them, but the proud boy declined upon some pretext, the real reason being that he had no proper clothes to visit the Emersons. In the Comte library, one of the most cherished volumes is one by Emerson, autographed with the message: "To August Comte, with the deep regret of the whole family not to have him with us." James Russell Lowell was the Harvard professor with whom Comte studied French and literature. A translation of "Quo Vadis" was dedicated to him by his classmate, Jeremiah Curtin.

California Career

Returning to California, Mr. Comte established a law practice in Sacramento, later becoming the leading attorney for the French colony in San Francisco. He was called the friend of the widow and orphan, faithful guardian of estates left in his charge. He was esteemed by his colleagues not only upon account of his legal knowledge but because he held close to his heart the integrity of his profession—no lawyer stood higher in public regard for those reasons. He accumulated a fortune in his practice and was lavishly hospitable in his home to his many friends and charitable to the poor. He did not allow himself to

become encompassed within an opaque horizon, but revelled in its ever widening beyond his vision. Though faithful to old friends, he welcomed new ones, in humanity, in literature and in world's progress. Archbishop Hanna at his largely attended funeral services in St. Mary's cathedral spoke of him as "a just man who never failed to give of his strength to those weaker than himself." The men who knew him in public life called him "a square man" because they knew that when he held office as supervisor, school director, the office sought him, that he never made a campaign and that he faithfully performed his duties. His widow, (née Rosella La Faille) is a great many years his junior. They had four children, the youngest twelve. Mrs. R. E. O'Connell and Dr. George Comte of Los Angeles are children by an early marriage. At his funeral the pall-bearers were: C. D. Farquharson (president of the Harvard Club), H. U. Brandenstein, Edw. C. Harrison, George Chevalier, George Lambley, Richard Costello, Norbert Babin and Dr. Walter B. Coffey, his family physician for twenty years.

Too Close to Nature

From a moral standpoint, the most perplexed community in the world has long been Atlantic City. This resort, whose population annually expands tenfold between winter and summer, is periodically made miserable by the bold heiresses who come to bathe in the refreshing waters of New Jersey. Once they startled the townsmen by holding afternoon receptions on the sands, clad like musical comedy water nymphs; then they smote the village conscience (if that is what you call it) by riding street cars in their bathing costumes, and every summer performed some charming new stunt that brought about municipal ordinances for next year. The police of Atlantic City have always had a hard time with the summer fugitives from New York. The latest conflict is based on a law that women bathers must wear stockings, and this at a time when legs appear according to nature in the streets of Paris, the fad already advancing to New York City, if we can believe the photographs in illustrated weeklies. As several of the fortunate observers remarked at the innovation, "It's incredible, but it's a fact." In San Francisco, we have viewed the phenomenon on the vaudeville stage only, and a prudent scrutiny leads to the conclusion that there is nothing wrong with the fashion, provided there be nothing wrong with the leg. It depends largely on the curve of the gastrocnemius muscle. We have had bathing beauties who scorned the idea that beauty is silk deep, and we must give as a verdict that police regulations can not improve upon the modesty of the female leg. Beauty is modest beyond all imitation and expectation. Atlantic City is the Panama Canal of summer fashions. Yet when a style starts at Paris and gets to the Jersey coast, policemen appear and tell the girls what their mammas might have taught them. Next year the girls will do something worse—or better, just to miff the Atlantic citizens, and that's how bathing suits evolve on the way from Paris to Santa Cruz.

The War Women's Emblem

As we go to press, a committee of women are selecting the design for an emblem to be used on War Women's Day. All were agreed that such design should be of the highest artistic merit, and responsibility for it fell to Mr. Robert A. Roos, chairman of the committee on decorations, illuminations and fireworks. He gave the honor of selection to a jury of women: Mmes. James Rolph, Jr., W. H. Crocker, Prentiss Cobb Hale, E. S. Heller and Alfred McLaughlin. No

J. P. PON J. BERGEZ C. MAILHEBAU
C. LALANNE L. COUTARD

Bergez-Frank's
OLD
POODLE DOG
CO.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
Music and Entertainment Every Evening

415-421 BUSH STREET SAN FRANCISCO
(Above Kearny)
Exchange, Douglas 2411

doubt these war workers availed themselves of professional advice, and the splendid ceremonies of War Women's Day will have a beautiful memento. One of the conditions was that the artist include all of the war time activities of women, and, stated Mr. Roos, "those women who acted as ambulance drivers, nurses, canteen attendants, factory workers or who even knitted socks, should be represented in the spirit of the symbol." It was a problem to tax the ingenuity of local artists, the drawing to be so replete with humanitarian details and yet so simple that it could be used for lapel buttons as well as the larger spaces of letterheads, posters and banners. It is to be hoped that some one possessed the requisite genius. Medalion designing is one of the most difficult performances in the range of art. A successful product is imperishable. Its compositional lines become an exemplar for future students. Usually therefore the amount of material to be used is left to the discretion of the draughtsman, his only enforcements being the legendary and symbolic devices that are to become part of his invention. In this case, so many interests were involved that an extraordinary charge was put to the designer. If our artists prove equal to the occasion, the result will be a wonderful emblem, appropriate, as is intended, for national adoption, and one that will take rank with the greatest art achievements of the war, one that will endure as the war's most sentimental touch.

A Democratic Sailor

In Hearst's Magazine for July, a writer signing himself "an enlisted man" appears in an article entitled, "Why we won't return to the navy," which bears the earmarks of experience in writing, probably for some socialistic magazine or other. Very deftly this young temporary sailor (he was in the naval reserve force) goes on to praise the magnitude, efficiency and patriotism of the naval body of the United States; its invincible ships, its willing and reckless enlisted men, its gallant officers, all of whom,

from a naval point of view, are all right. Then he proceeds at length to tell us how it is all wrong, from a democratic point of view, and since this is a democratic nation everybody in all branches of its defensive service should be purely democratic. He claims that there is no cordial or friendly feeling between officers and men, the former losing no opportunity at all times to show there he is of superior rank and must be treated accordingly. He objects to quartering the officers in comfortable state-rooms, while the enlisted men are compelled to sleep in hammocks, the most uncomfortable beds in the world. The officers dine in an elegantly furnished ward room, on the fat of the land, while the enlisted man must feed from a board table on deck, generally standing. He objects to the out-of-date uniform the enlisted man is compelled to wear, because it marks him as a menial, and frequently he is so regarded. His principal objection, however, is that the officers do not treat the men as social equals, and he sees no reason why they should not appear together at social functions, as he has often seen among officers and men of the naval reserve force. For these reasons, this young man believes that we are not going to be able to man the ships now in commission, to say nothing of those now building, unless there shall be a change. Much of this criticism is just, a great deal of it is not. The hammock is not a truly comfortable bed, but except in ships of recent type, there is not the room to quarter the enlisted men in any other way. The officers are in staterooms because there must be those to command and those to obey, or there could be neither discipline nor order. Their food is better because they provide it themselves, and there are few officers who do not complain at the high figures of their mess bills. As for social equality, only a sort of organized Bolshevism can provide that in the present service. In the reserve force, officers and enlisted men were equals, because they were that before they entered it, and in the matter

of uniforms, the young man is perfectly right, because they are antiquated, conspicuous, uncomfortable, and those used by the Coast Guard would be much better in every way.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

General Hunter Liggett: Germany can pay the bill. That country is far stronger economically than the people of the United States think she is.

Samuel Gompers, at London: It is all rot to say that a whole country can be made dry. It can't be done.

Congressman La Guardia, New York: Assassination and thievery prevail in Mexico. God help the Carranzistas if they do not accept the friendship of the United States.

Yami Kawa, peace conference expert: Japan made sacrifices when she took Shantung from the Germans. China was impotent and did nothing. The province will be restored to China—eventually.

General John J. Pershing, at London: It seems to me that the agreement of nations and the prevention of war must be based upon thoughtful union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Thanks for the sword.

Orville Wright: The first large city on this coast with an airship landing has the best chance to become the western aerial port of the country.

Uncle Sam: You can't have the key to my cellar—my cellar.

"BLUE-EYES"

I know a little girl, do you?
Her eyes are of the sweetest blue;
Not a star in all the skies
Can match the brightness of those eyes;
Her cheeks are of the rose's hue—
I know that little girl, do you?

Crimson rose, now tell me true,
I think she must be known to you.
Not a tint of yours outvies
The blushes on her cheeks that rise.
Tell me, rose of crimson hue,
Tell me, is she known to you?

Summer skies of richest blue,
You, I think, must know her too;
The radiance in her hair that lies
You've lent her, sure, you sunny skies.
Roses, stars, and skies so blue,
You need not speak—she's known to you!

—D. S. G.

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Social Notes

Brigadier-Gen. and Mrs. Henry A. Greene, U. S. A., have purchased a home in Berkeley, where they will reside permanently. * * Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper were hosts during the week at a dinner at the Burlingame Club. Their guests were Messrs. and Mmes. Ross Ambler Curran, Ward Barron, Charles Templeton Crocker and Mmes. Robin Hayne, Richard McCreery. * * Dr. and Mrs. Langley Porter were hosts on Monday evening at a dancing party at their home in honor of the birthdays of their daughter, Miss Marine Louise Porter, and nephew, Walter Hughes. Miss Porter will soon leave for the east, where she will take up the study of art at the Boston Museum. * * Major and Mrs. Sydney Cloman and their niece, Miss Natalie Campbell, are at Burlingame for the summer. The Clomans have rented the Eugene de Coulon cottage. * * Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Waterlow Ford have returned to the Miller home from a visit on the McCloud river. * * Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent are entertaining Miss Dorothy Hancock of Dallas, Texas, at their home in Burlingame. They spent the week-end at Del Monte. Miss Hancock will remain with the Vincents until August. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Armsby have returned to their home in Burlingame. * * Miss Lillian Van Fleet is the guest of Miss Eleanor MacGowan of Los Angeles. A large luncheon was given on Wednesday at the Los Angeles Country Club by Miss MacGowan for this interesting young girl. * * Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Walker, who are spending the summer in Santa Cruz, were in town last week. They came up to see the Marjorie Rambeau and Ruth Chatterton performances. Mrs. Walker, a few weeks ago, christened one of the Indian-named ships built and launched by the Moore-Scott Co. * * Mr. Owen Wister was the guest of honor at a dinner given a few evenings ago by Mr. and Mrs. Shafter Howard at their home in Stanford Court. * * Mrs. James W. Goodwin (Elena Robinson) is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Edgar Stow, at Montecita. * * Mr. and Mrs. Effingham Sutton have taken the Harold Law home in Menlo for the summer. * * Mr. and Mrs. Edson Francis Adams and attractive daughters Ellita, Elizabeth and Julia, have arrived by motor at Lake Tahoe, where after a few weeks' stop they will motor to other points of interest in northern California, returning to their home in Piedmont when the schools open. * * Mrs. Chester Woolsey and her daughter Ruth have returned to their home from a lengthy visit in the east. * * Mrs. Rennie Pierre Schwerin, Miss Arabella Schwerin and Ensign Richard Schwerin are guests at Del Monte, where they will remain until late in August, when they will return to their home in San Mateo. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bruce were dinner hosts recently at their home, entertaining members of a small card club. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mmes. Willford Matson, Frank W. Lucas, Dr. and Mrs. Archer C. Griffith. * * Dr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Griffith have returned to their home in Clay street from a visit in Bolinas to Mrs. Griffith's sisters, Mmes. Bristol and Nelson, who are spending the summer there. Colonel Matthew Bristol and Colonel George E. Nelson recently returned from overseas and joined their families

in Bolinas. * * Mrs. Truxton Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Oge, who have been spending the winter in Washington, D. C., have returned to the beautiful Beale home, San Rafael, for the summer. * * The handsome Russell Wilson home at Burlingame was the scene recently of an interesting christening when the little adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader received the name of George Cadwalader, Jr. Several members of the family from this city and across the bay were present. Mrs. Cadwalader was formerly Charlotte Wilson. * * Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avarelli (Linda Cadwalader) sailed from New York last Saturday for Italy, where they will remain six months. While in Paris they hope to meet Mrs. Avarelli's brother, Major Bertram L. Cadwalader. Upon the return of the Avarelli's they will make their home in New York for the next few years. * * Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kirchen of Tonopah and their daughter, Mrs. Stuart Lane, and children are enjoying a motor tour in southern California. * * Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hume-Hunter will soon leave for a motor tour to Yosemite. Mrs. Robert Duncan and Lieutenant Robert Duncan, mother and brother of Mrs. Hunter, left this week for Tahoe. * * A brilliant army wedding of recent was that of Miss Dorothy Jones, daughter of Col. and Mrs. W. K. Jones, commanding officer of the 44th infantry, and Lieut. David Mecker Fisher, U. S. A., of Seattle, which took place on Saturday evening at the post chapel, Presidio. The altar with the solid mass of greens was prepared by the men of her father's command. The maid of honor was Miss Julia Fisher, sister of the bridegroom. Little Mary Edith Jones, sister of the bride, was train bearer. Lieut. Robert Sharpe was best man. Preceding the ceremony, Miss Helen Geary sang "Call Me Thine Own." The wedding march was played by a stringed orchestra. After the wedding a reception took place at the quarters of Col. and Mrs. Jones in Infantry Terrace. * * After many years' residence in New Haven, Conn., Mrs. William Daggett has arrived in California and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Emily Gibbons Cohen, in Alameda. Mrs. Daggett will be remembered as Edith Cohen, niece of the late Dr. Henry Gibbons and cousin of Drs. Morten Gibbons and Walter Gibbons of this city. * * Mmes. Benjamin Alvord and John F. Morrison presided over a luncheon and bridge party at Fort Mason, Gen. Morrison's quarters. The guests included Mmes. Lynde Harrison, Arthur Ducat, W. K. Jones, John Gardiner, William Price, E. C. Pratt, Orrin Wolfe, Herbert Shaw and John Devol. * * Mr. and Mrs. George Pope entertained a theatre party at the Curran, Monday evening, after a dinner at the St. Francis. Mrs. Pope's blonde beauty attracted much attention. Mrs. Templeton Crocker was one of the guests, and, as usual looked distinguished. * * Mmes. Eleanor Martin, George Romanovsky, Geraldine Storey, Frank Pinckney Helm and Miss Ruth Chatterton were prominent guests at the luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel presided over by Mrs. Victor da Cunha recently. * * Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young returned a few days ago from a delightful trip to Alaska.

Judge Henry A. Melvin and William Abbott, vice president of the Bohemian Club, have re-

turned from their arduous labors as delegates to the Elks' convention at Atlantic City, which has the distinction of being the only city in the United States that positively refused to go dry on the first of July.

F. A. Greenwood, Mr. and Mrs. William Simms, and Lieut. Robert returned this week from a fishing trip to the high Sierras, and report the sport excellent, and the roads execrable.

President William F. Humphrey of the Olympic Club is back from a business trip to Los Angeles, and looks all the better for a trip to Avalon which permitted him to play a little as relief from the cares of legal strife.

Mrs. Clay M. Greene and Stella Thomas Deshon have returned from Los Angeles, where the latter lady went to fulfill a concert engagement, and they are now getting ready for a camping trip to the Santa Cruz mountains, including a luncheon at the hospitable vineyards of Paul Masson at Saratoga.

The Bohemians have finally decided to hold their "Afterglow" at their grove on the Russian River this year instead of the club house, and rehearsals have begun with Clay Greene's skit on Harry Leon Wilson's Grove Play, "Life," which has been named "Voila la Vie!" and is said to be a scathing satire on the management and production of that kind of entertainment.

St. Dominic's Year Book

The year book just issued by the good sisters of the Dominican Order, for their college at San Rafael, is one of the most pretentious and carefully made publications of the kind that has come to hand. Aside from being an unusually good example of the bookmaker's art, its editing is studiously workmanlike, reflecting great credit, not only on the talented young ladies who were responsible for the work that must have been new to them, but also upon Sister Mary Beatrice, who instructed them. Full of more than unusual poetry, interesting anecdote

Wearers of Two Pair of Glasses—or Bifocals

If you are wearing two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for distance, you are doing so unnecessarily. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals, a recent invention, combine the two in one. These new lenses make it possible for many to wear double vision glasses who have been unable to wear the old style. They are entirely different from all other bifocals—invisible—scientifically correct and ground from one piece of ophthalmic glass.



and capably conceived editorial, it is indeed "a thing of exceeding fancy and infinite variety."

Dancees, Drinks and Favors at Techau Tavern

When dancing at Techau Tavern, and, by the way, you can dance there every evening including Sundays, you will nejoy the delectable new drinks which have been evolved to meet the situation inaugurated July 1st. They are real drinks, palatable and thirst quenehing, and are fast becoming popular. An attractive feature of the evening program is the presentation of dance favors—at the dinner hour and after the theatre—consisting of big boxes of Melarehrino cigarettes for the gentlemen and Kewpie dolls for the ladies.

At the Cecil

Among the society folk from Los Angeles who are staying at the Cecil Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilson and Mrs. Cecil Travis and Miss May Travis. A dinner of eight covers was given by Mr. W. G. Davis Sunday. Capt. and Mrs. H. Morgan are stopping at the Cecil; Mrs. Cosmo Morgan came up from Los Altos to greet them. Mr. and Mrs. Sauders were hosts at an informal dinner Sunday. Mrs. J. A. Harrison of Nogales, Ariz., will be at the hotel until autumn. Mrs. E. A. Hampton and Miss Hampton are occupying an attractive suite. Miss M. F. Hooper of Boston will remain for another fortnight. Miss Alice Sickels arrived Tuesday from Seattle and will make her home at the Cecil. Mrs. M. H. Pope of San Diego is the motif for much entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner came up the first of the week from the Casa del Rey Hotel.

At the Fairmont

A big revue will be staged in Rainbow Lane at the Fairmont Hotel beginning this Monday evening, and continuing every night except Sunday. Four stunning "show girls" and four of the daintiest "ponies" imaginable will appear in a variety of attractive specialties, including a "Rainbow Lane" number, with original music and beautiful costumes which thoroughly preserve the atmosphere of the room. There will also be a fetching French number and a "Witches' Dance," which will be made weirdly mysterious through the "Lobsteroscope," a novel lighting apparatus. Rudy Seiger has written several catchy songs and dance numbers for the revue and the costumes will be many and varied. Vanda Hoff, the inspirational dancer, will have distinctive novelties to offer. The afternoon teas in the beautiful Laurel Court of the Fairmont Hotel attract many delightful parties every day between half-past four and six o'clock, when Rudy Seiger's orchestra discourses charming music, and the Sunday evening lobby concerts are always well attended by discriminating music lovers. The vocal soloist for this Sunday evening at a quarter of nine o'clock will be Darrell V. Cole, dramatic baritone, who will be accompanied by Walter Frank Wenzel.

"PRESENT"

(Translation from the Russian by Maurice Baring, to whom these lines were given as an Easter gift by a wounded Russian soldier.)

I lived the quarter of a century
Without knowing happy days;
My life went quickly as a cart
Drawn by swift horses.
I never knew the tenderness of parents
Which God gives to all;
For fifteen years I lived in a shop
Busied in heaping up riches for a rich man.
I was in my twentieth year,
When I was taken as a recruit;
I thought that the end had come
To my sorrowful sufferings,
But no! and here misfortune awaited me;
I was destined to serve in that country,
Where I was compelled to fight like a lion with
the foe,
For the honor of Russia, for my dear country.
I shall for a long time not forget
That hour, and that date of the 17th,*
In which by the River Liao-he
I remained forever without my legs.
Now I live contented with all,
Where good food and drink are given,
But I would rather be a free bird
And see the dear home where I was born.

*August 17th, Battle of Liaoyang.

This is the sequel:

"PAST"

I will tell you, brothers,
How I spent my youth;
I heaped up silver,
I did not know the sight of copper;
I was merry, young, and nice;
I loved lovely maidens;
I lived in clover, lived in freedom,
Like a young "barin."
I slept on straw,
Just like a little pig.
I had a very big house
Where I could rest.
It was a mouldy barn,
There where the women beat the flax.
Every day I bathed
In spring water;
I used for a towel
My scanty leg-cloth.
In the beer-shops, too,
I used to like to go,
To show how proudly
I knew how to drink "vodka."
Now at the age of twenty-six
This liberty no longer is for me.
I remember my mouldy roof,
And I shed a bitter tear.
When I lived at home I was contented,
I experienced no bitterness in service.
Fate has brought me to Moscow;
I live in a house in fright and grief,
Every day and every hour,
And when I think of liberty,
My eyes are sewed with weeping.
That is how I lived from my youth;
That is what freedom means.
I drank "vodka" in freedom,
Afterwards I have only to weep.
Such am I, young Vanyusya,
This fellow whom you now see
Was once a gallant merry-maker,
Named Romodin.

"It takes more than a million years for the light from that star to reach the earth."
"What rubbish you do talk, John! It hasn't been dark more than half an hour."

American Indian Poetry

The publication of "The Path on the Rainbow," an authoritative collection of aboriginal American verse, comes at a time when the red men have entered the world conflict and gone forth to fight side by side on a common battle front with white men for the protection of their native land. The poetry has been drawn from ancient and modern sources. None of it has any trace of European influence; the book is a real American classic.

OJIBWA WAR SONGS

I

Hear my voice, Birds of War!
I prepare a feast for you to feed on;
I see you cross the enemy's lines;
Like you I shall go.
I wish the swiftness of your wings;
I wish the vengeance of your clams;
I muster my friends;
I follow your flight.
Ho, you young men warriors,
Bear your angers to the place of fighting.

II

From the south they came, Birds of War—
Hark! to their passing scream.
I wish the body of the fiercest,
As swift, as cruel, as strong.
I cast my body to the chance of fighting
Happy I shall be to lie in that place,
In that place where the fight was,
Beyond the enemy's line.

III

Here on my breast have I bled!
See—see! these are fighting-sears!
Mountains tremble at my yell!
I strike for life.

Mrs. Wilson's Bon Mot

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was showing some guests through the historic Murat mansion in Paris, the recent American official residence. When they came to the president's bedroom, one lady exclaimed: "Think of all the wonderful women who have slept in that bed!" "O! now you must not believe all that you hear about Woodrow," replied Mrs. Wilson.

Mother—Did you call Edith up this morning?
Daughter—Yes, but she wasn't down.
Mother—But why didn't you call her down?
Daughter—Because she wasn't up.
Mother—Then call her up now, and call her down for not being down when you called her up.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open
entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual
instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all depart-
ments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday,
2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class
(Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

The Stage

"Tea for Three"

"Let's all go to that fool play tonight" is one of the closing lines of the play now holding the Curran boards. The line is descriptive of the play in which it is spoken and any normal person who accepts the invitation has a good time. It is an entertaining library drama, with impossible situations and plenty of good epigrams; indeed its lines are mostly epigrammatic, so much so as to halt the action—the sort of play that might drive seekers for excitement to the movies. It is the sparkling line which cause the succession of laughs. One could never declare its tame action "the sum of eloquence." Notwithstanding, it is entertaining. The large theatre party of young people among whom I was seated found intense enjoyment in the pointed utterances of the players. I could fancy these very good looking young auditors storing away the philosophic remarks of the gay young "friend" to impress some pretty girl who hadn't seen the play. Quoting a play in real life makes for its popularity, which doubtless is the explanation of the long New York run of "Tea for Three." If there is a moral to the playlet, it is: "Husbands, do not believe that because you find all necessary diversion in your business activities, all desired excitement in putting through successful deals, that your seemingly contented wife is satisfied with her existence, even if she does not complain to you. If that is your creed, you are destined to an astonishing awakening." But I wonder how many husbands could take so philosophically such a stunning blow to their vanity as the one in the play. It is a wholesome lesson to husbands, who, from the time of Adam, have been reputed to be rather selfish, I believe.

Elsa Ryan, whose pretty face has for a few years become familiar to us way out here only upon magazine pages, lives up to her pictures. Arthur Byron and Frederick Perry play into each other's hands cleverly. Albert Marsh is rather a new type of stage valet and Mara Kevel does a stereotyped maid very well. Miss Ryan's gowns and hats are hardly worthy of her and I question whether, with the exception of a lovely evening cloak, they do not suffer by having attention called to them upon the program. On Monday night, the house was quite gay, many of the peninsula set having come up to vary the monotony of luxurious summer joys in the country.

—H. M. B.

"Within the Law"

The production at the Alcazar last week was very well within the law of public approval, and each audience brought in a verdict to the effect that none of the proponents was guilty of any infraction of the public law of demand. Altogether the best and most thrilling of all the so-called crook dramas was presented by altogether the best of the country's stock companies, almost, if not altogether, as effectively as did the original cast at the Liberty Theatre in New York. The original casting of the play was a matter of types, and each character was played by some one especially selected for it because of physical and temperamental fitness. In this regard the Alcazar company does not suffer by comparison, for it has often been noticed that it is made up of people who must be temperamentally interchangeable, because they seem able to respond to the requirements of any typical role. This is especially worthy of notice

in the case of Walter P. Richardson, who, not in any sense resembling William Mack who originally played the role, was equally effective in it, and Henry Shumer was perhaps a little better than the original Inspector Burke. It was indeed a difficult matter for dainty Belle Bennett to attempt the exacting role of Mary Turner, in which the gorgeous Jane Cowl made such a hit, but, to employ the vernacular, she got there all the same. Mary Nash was the original of Agnes Lynch, the confidence woman, but if Jean Oliver had been first cast in it, she would surely have created the same sort of a furor. It is a pity that sometimes reviewers of these stock performances are so often compelled to be comparative through having seen the plays before, but in the present instance comparisons are to the credit of every one concerned, and in closing this obviously prejudice notive of "Within the Law," it is only fair to bunch Tom Chatterton, Al Cunningham, Rafael Brunetto, Vaughan Morgan and Sam James, under one heading, "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

—C. M. G.

Orpheum

Grace La Rue, who is scoring a success at the Orpheum, will begin the last week of her engagement next Sunday matinee and will present a new and delightful program. There will also be a fine new bill. "The Reckless Eve," William B. Friedlander's latest and most successful musical comedy production, which was written by Will M. Hough, will receive an elaborate presentation. Magnificent costumes and scenery will be in evidence and a cast headed by Esther Jarrett, Cecil Summers and Deeley and Rogers will do full justice to the sparkling music and witty dialogue. Eddie Nelson and Dell Chain have one of the real hits of vaudeville. "Use Your Own Judgment" is an excellent vehicle for the display of the comedy ability of these clever artists and they thoroughly exhaust the many comic opportunities afforded them. Miss Ione Pastori is well and favorably known here as a lyric soprano of beautiful voice and fine culture which has made her popular on the local concert platform. Her vaudeville debut is therefore attended with great interest and much is expected of her, for the musical critics in this city have declared her to be a true artiste and have predicted for her a splendid musical future. Bob Murphy and Elmore White will be responsible for a peppy arrangement of tunes and laughs. They are clever and versatile young men and capital singers and comedians. Jack Clifford and Miriam Wills in "At Jasper Junction"; Theodore Bekefi, assisted by Sofia Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, in character and classical dances; the latest Hearst Weekly, and Deiro, the piano-accordeon virtuoso, will be the remaining numbers in a thoroughly enjoyable program.

Curran Theatre

On Sunday night, July 20th, begins the second week of the prosperous engagement of "Tea for Three," Roi Cooper Mcgrue's scintillating comedy, at the Curran Theatre. Coming to this city with the stamp of metropolitan approval after more than a year's run in New York, the same excellent company of players again demonstrated the sheer merit of the production by delighting beyond measure the large audience gathered at the theatre opening night. Those present that night went away extolling the offer-

ing with the result that the house is enjoying a very profitable patronage.

Alcazar

The gripping human appeal of "Within the Law," well acted by the versatile new Alcazar company this week, is exerted from another leverage the coming week, beginning with next Sunday's matinee, in Maude Fulton's whimsical comedy, "The Brat," which embodies enough flashing wit and blistering satire for half a dozen one-act playlets and is entwined with a love story of rare beauty and charm. The cast includes Belle Bennett, Thomas Chatterton, Walter Richardson, Al Cunningham, Jean Oliver,

Music and Drama Committee,
University of California,
Announces

RUTH ST. DENIS

In
"MIRIAM"

Sister of Moses
With TED SIAAWN as Moses

Drama — Dances — Choruses

GREEK THEATRE
Two Nights—AUGUST 1 and 2—at 8:30 o'clock

Seats on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.
Prices: \$2.00, \$1.50—4,000 at \$1.00.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

LAST WEEK
GRACE LA RUE

New Songs

In Conjunction With
A GREAT NEW SHOW

NELSON & CHAIN in "Use Your Own Judgment"; MISS IONE PASTORI, Lyric Soprano; BOB MURPHY & ELMORE WHITE, Tunes and Laughs; CLIFFORD & WILLS, "At Jasper Junction"; DEIRO, Original Master of the Piano-Accordeon; THEODORE BEKEFI, assisted by Sofia Scherer and Lorraine Marie Wise, in Character and Classical Dances; HEARST WEEKLY;

"THE RECKLESS EVE"

A Sparkling Musical Comedy

With
Esther Jarrett, Cecil Summers and Deeley & Rogers.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices
(Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would
We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"WITHIN THE LAW"
Tremendous Emotional Drama.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., JULY 27
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
In Maude Fulton's Exquisite Humanity Comedy

"THE BRAT"

A Gem of Mingled Wit and Pathos

SUN., AUG. 3—A Play of Laughter. "HERE COMES
THE BRIDE," Wedding Bell Farce in Three Merry
Chimes. Special Permission of Klaw & Erlanger.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

2nd BIG WEEK STARTS SUNDAY, JULY 27

Selwyn and Company Serve

"TEA FOR THREE"

A Stimulating Comedy
By Roi Cooper Mcgrue

With

ARTHUR BYRON
FREDERICK PERRY
ELSA RYAN

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

Emily Pinter, Edna Shaw and Vaughan Morgan. To follow, by special arrangement with Klaw and Erlanger, is a wild whirl of wedding bell frivolity, "Here Comes the Bride," the farcical fancy of Max Marcin, author of "The House of Glass," and Roy Atwell, musical comedian.

"Miriam, Sister of Moses"

Social circles are keenly alive with anticipation over the forthcoming production of "Miriam, Sister of Moses," which is to be presented in the Greek Theatre on the nights of August 1st and 2nd with Miss Ruth St. Denis, internationally famous dancer, and her talented husband, Ted Shawn, as the featured stars. The production will be distinctly unique in that it will mark Miss St. Denis' first appearance in a speaking role. As an artiste of great originality and more than ordinary terpsichorean ability Miss St. Denis has won ecomiums of critics in every city in this country as well as Europe. Professor Samuel J. Hume, head of the music and drama committee of the University of California, is directing the presentation. His assistants include Frederick Alexander, head of the summer sessions department, who is in charge of the chorus of 100; Professor E. G. Stricklen, who is composing special incidental numbers, and Maxwell Armfield, one of the authors of the drama, who is designing special costumes. "Miriam, Sister of Moses," was written specially to fit the appealing talent of Miss St. Denis. Among other players of note to participate in the presentation will be Miss Jessica Davis Nahl, prominent young society thespian, who has achieved distinction through her native ability in this art. She will portray one of the chief roles. Rehearsals are going ahead with encouraging promise and indications point to one of the most pretentious offerings of this kind ever attempted in the Greek Theatre.

Letters

"When I Was a Girl in Mexico"

This is the delightful account of happy girlhood in one of the fairest and richest of all countries. A book like this will do much towards correcting many wrong ideas, so generally entertained, of our southern neighbor. Its author, Miss Mercedes Godoy, now a resident of the United States, is exceptionally well qualified to tell the most attractive and naturally less known side of Mexican life. Her father, Professor José F. Godoy, constantly prominent in Mexican public life while in that country, was at various times minister to Guatemala, minister to Cuba, first secretary of the Mexican embassy at Washington, and a Mexican representative at various expositions in the United States, notably the Pan-American at Buffalo at the time of the assassination of President McKinley. Miss Godoy, while her father was chargé-d'affaires at Washington, had the high honor of christening the Mexican warship "Vera Cruz." To read her story is to learn much and at the same time make a charming personal acquaintance.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

"Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls"

Twenty stories and poems selected by Elva S. Smith. There are wonder tales and allegories, legendary stories, and others which tell of life in different countries. "Murdoch's Rath" is delightfully humorous and so are some of the other tales. The scenes are varied and the stories carry one far away into the realms of fairyland, to European lands or to the Saharan desert. They have been selected primarily for

their interest to boy and girl readers, but they have other values as well, both literary and moral. Some of them are especially good for story telling or reading aloud. They represent some of the nineteenth century's best known writers for children and include such favorites as Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" and Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin"; but there are other stories also, not known to many children of today, such as "The Good-Natured Bear," which Thackeray referred to as "one of the wittiest, pleasantest and kindest of books." Other writers represented are Jean Ingelow, William and Mary Howitt, Jane Taylor, Phoebe Cary, Catherine Sinclair, and Mrs. Child. For children nine to ten years old and over.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

"The Wonder of War at Sea"

There is a whirl and a dash in "The Wonder



TED SHAWN
in "Miriam, Sister of Moses"

of War at Sea," by Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler, which makes it one of the best of all books on sea warfare during the great world conflict. Much of the most splendid heroism was found among the fishermen who dared the desperate work of mine-sweeping. Among them the beginning of the book is set. The thrill of the fighting comes with the destroyers, and the hero, wrecked by a mine, sees a destroyer action in all its fury and its awfulness. The ways of the super-dreadnought are told, and the secret of Britain's "mystery fleet" is at last revealed. The final quelling of the submarine is described with a wealth of detail. Though this is not a history of naval actions, yet the principal battles are described, and Dr. Rolt-Wheeler, as always, has used his especial gift of putting technical matters into simple words.

Big gun control firing, navigation, submarines, depth bombs, mines, and the handling of fleets are woven in with true incidents of the war. The author is in close touch with British and American naval officials and the book may be regarded as authoritative.—From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard company, Boston.

Two golf fiends—an Englishman and a Scot—were playing a round together. After the first hole, the Englishman asked:

"How many did you take?"

"Eight," replied the Scot.

"Oh, I only took seven, so it's my hole!" exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly.

After the second hole, the Englishman put the same question again. But the Scot smiled knowingly.

"Na, na, ma man," said he; "it's ma turn tae ask first!"

They had been having a few words. And Mrs. Blank ended in the usual way.

"I could have married Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones if I'd wanted to," she said bitterly; "and both of these men I refused became rich, while you are still as poor as a church mouse."

"Of course," retorted her husband. "I've been supporting you all these years—they haven't!"

"And so you proposed to Ethel last night?" asked the young man's sister.

"Yes, I did," replied her brother sadly.

"And did she give you any encouragement?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then have I to congratulate you?"

"No; she refused me."

"But I thought you said she gave you some encouragement?"

"Well," said the youth reluctantly, "she looked at me three times before she refused me!"

Schoolboy Phonetics

"Walter Jones," said the teacher sternly, "you are not attending to the lesson. Did you hear Jessie Smith's description of the American product, hominy?"

"Yes'm," replied the small boy glibly.

"All right, then. Give me a sentence in which you bring in the word correctly."

With the courage of despair, Walter replied:

"Hominy marbles have you?"

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 26,618; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHANNA FEELEY, sometimes known as ANNA FEALEY, sometimes known as ANNIE FEALY, and sometimes known as HANNAH FEALY, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of said JOHANNA FEELEY, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of August, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue (formerly Jessie Street), distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Nineteenth Street; thence running northerly along the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly eighty (80) feet to the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 68.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Room 550 Mills Building, No. 210 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated, this 23rd day of July, 1919.

DANIEL W. O'CONNOR,

Administrator of the estate of said Johanna Feeley, deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Muleahy

Stocks—The market was buoyant early in the week, with sentiment extremely bullish following the quick rise in the Steel issues. The advance in the Steel stocks added enthusiasm to the general list, and more new high records were made. However, the collapse in the Sterling exchange brought about a quick change in sentiment amongst the professional element, who sold stocks freely, and once the market turned, traders helped along the decline by liquidating their lines on every additional decline. Warning that the pace had gone too fast on the up side, finally became a factor, and it was noted that the mass of comment and literature designed to discourage speculation, over-enthusiasm was increasing just as it did before the reaction early in June. It is pretty generally believed among well informed authorities that the big holding interests took no part in the upturn, although there is a division of views as to how far these market circles have liquidated their holdings, accumulated during the early stages of the bull campaign. By early autumn, it is believed that the peace market will have worked into a new stage, promising a long period of stable prices within a narrow range. The market has been busy discounting promised prosperity in peace time industry, and when that delicate balance has been established, prices will settle into a time of more narrow fluctuations. But before the balance has been reached, there is bound to be an overreaching and a reaction. The most careful investigation and inquiry failed to disclose the presence of any important selling in the market. What happened toward the close of last week was that outside buyers, seeing that it was no longer as easy to advance prices, and being inclined to listen also to the warning of their brokers, cooled down considerably. The market felt this suspension in what had been the most important element on the buying side. Among the really large interests it was the same old state of things, namely, reluctance to sell where selling involved giving up such an enormous amount to the government. Translated into practical terms, this means that no distribution of stocks in the old time sense has occurred, and this being the case, the technical condition of the market can not be fundamentally weak. The weakness is simply on the surface. However, we would confine our operations to the better class of stocks, and take advantage of any temporary reaction that might be brought about through the technical condition of the market, to purchase good stocks with the idea of accepting profits on the rise that generally comes after a sold out market has run its course.

Cotton—Cotton prices came very close to the

36-cent level for the new crop options, with buying on a large scale and coming from all quarters, with speculative interests vying with domestic and foreign consumers. Foreigners were again active in the market, the Japanese leading in the bidding for the distant options. The buying on the part of the Japanese has been in progress for several days, or ever since the Germans accepted the peace terms, and it is believed to be for the protection of the fall requirements of Japanese spinners. Japan is a much more important factor in cotton spinning than she was before the war. Her mills are still comparatively small, but owing to the coarse yarns she produces, the country is a heavy consumer of raw cotton. Traders were interested in speculation upon the extent of the demand to be expected from Germany, now that trade restrictions are to be removed, and it is expected Germany will take about two million bales as soon as financial conditions can be arranged. Some interest was also shown in the question of the amount of cotton already held in this country for German account. It is not believed, generally, that these holdings are important. Reports were current, however, that these holdings will be shipped out as soon as shipping is available. There was also talk of considerable cotton being held in Holland for German account, that will be shipped out immediately. The movement of this cotton will materially affect the statistical showing and establish the existing shortage in a more graphic form. Weather reports, early in the week, were more favorable, but the traders, however, ignored the weather, and bought on the prospects of an immediate increase in the demand for cotton for export. The general growing conditions have been so unfavorable that it is doubtful if there can be any material improvement from now on, even if we should have a spell of favorable weather. Toward the close of the week the market turned lower, when money conditions caused a break in stocks, which was quickly reflected in cotton prices, and a good reaction was the result. We still feel friendly to the market, even at this level, and believe advantage should be taken of all declines to purchase cotton for an investment.

Tips on the Market

A N. Y. financial correspondent advised us at the beginning of the week to tell our speculators to buy: General Asphalt common; Ajax Rubber; Fisk Rubber Tire; Midwest Refining; Producers and Refiners; South American Gold and Platinum; U. S. Cast Iron Pipe preferred; U. S. Cast Iron Pipe common. Our readers may take the information for what they believe it worth.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christensen L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

A CHANGE COMES OVER PETUNIA

(Continued from Page 4)

What you are I am. Whither thou goest I will go. Your sins shall be my sins; your virtues, my virtues; and your reputation, my reputation."

"Of course, that's eating the melon of argument down to the rind. Still you are not far from the truth. We are not seeking masculine leadership that will take all the gold medals for valor and award us honorable mention for keeping out of harm's way. One lump or two lumps?"

"Just the lemon and the ginger. And one of those funny little cakes. The smooth one. Of course," said he ruefully, "you can't take the cave man out of history. You can't do that."

"We don't wish to. We will keep him where he belongs—nice and hairy in his prehistoric dwelling place. We ourselves are no longer prehistoric."

"But think of all the sweet little prehistoric women still hugging the old idea and clinging to the men who represent it, good enough little girls and tall ones and plump ones and slender ones looking for sumptuously furnished caves and dining out."

"We will educate the cave girl, and if she refuses to be educated, we will have to regard her as a naughty child, and let it go at that."

"I know (yes, I'll have another of those round ones) this feminism is not so much a movement against man as a war of woman against woman. Your antagonist, my dear Petunia, is not so much the cave man as the cave woman. You have traitors in your midst—about nine traitors in the midst of one enthusiast."

"Besides, one has to be careful that she is not a traitor to herself. She must learn. I have learned a great deal from you, Bobbie. You believe that intelligence is not strictly a masculine element?"

"Now, I shall give you a better answer than you expect: the ordinary woman is mentally superior to the ordinary man."

"Why, Bobbie!"

"She is. She has not matched the greatest masculine minds in history, yet neither have more than a few men within the last five hundred years. When comparing himself to woman, the male sex leans for support on the works of genius. 'I am the sex of Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton and the Wright Brothers,' he says; 'I fear no female competition.' Yet clever men are scarce as ever. Most of the brilliant men I have known were contained in book covers and picture frames of long ago, but I have met scores and scores of women whose lips were as amazing in words as they might have been in kisses."

"Bobbie, it is good to hear you talk that way. You must speak for us at the club."

"I will not. I'll do anything for woman except speak at her clubs. A distinct variety of homo was created for that purpose."

"Um! And I daresay that you have good wishes for us."

"I have good wishes when you are successful, and you are most successful when you are most yourselves. Remember that woman is now seeking to capture a man-made world. She has been studying to overwhelm him intellectually; and she has everything in her favor, because man's intellect at present is the lowest in centuries. Woman has the best of the situation, because man, by the sweat of his brow, purchased for her the days of leisure, and gave her time to improve herself while he improved the world. The chap who reads a newspaper at

breakfast, talks politics and prize fights at luncheon, goes to a musical comedy and plays a little golf, is a fool in his wife's presence. She has amused herself and studied while he kept office hours. It is man who is the slave—the base, ignoble slave. He has elaborated the world from the deep mining shaft to the airship, and you women are about to take it from him by force of argument."

"I am not trying to do that, Bobbie. I don't want anything for myself—only——"

"What is it?"

"I just want to be good for something."

"Well you are good just as you were."

"But I don't wish to enslave man."

"You are at liberty to enslave me."

"Not at liberty. I wish nothing from you world-builders. I shall build my own world—air castles and all."

"Great Scott! It is 3:59. Good-bye—I'll see you tomorrow."

"Good-bye, Bobbie."

THE BLESSING OF FRIENDS

(Continued from Page 5)

that "there would not be four friends in the world." This I hope and thing is too strong, but at any rate try to be one of the four. And when you have made a friend, keep him. Hast thou a friend, says an eastern proverb, "visit him often, for thorns and brushwood obstruct the road which no one treads." The affections should not be mere "tents of a night."

Still less does friendship confer any privilege to make ourselves disagreeable. Some people never seem to appreciate their friends till they have lost them. Anaxagoras described the mausoleum as the ghost of wealth turned into stone.

"But he who has once stood beside the grave to look back on the companionship which has been for ever closed, feeling how impotent then are the wild love and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust."

Death, indeed, can not sever friendship.

"Friends," says Cicero, "though absent, are still present; though in poverty—they are rich; though weak, yet in the enjoyment of health; and, what is still more difficult to assert, though dead they are alive." This seems a paradox, yet is there not much truth in his explanation? "To me, indeed, Scipio still lives, and will always live; for I love the virtue of that man, and that worth is not yet extinguished. . . . Assuredly of all things that either fortune or time has bestowed on me, I have none which I can compare with the friendship of Scipio."

If, then, we choose our friends for what they are, not for what they have, and if we deserve so great a blessing, then they will be always with us, preserved in absence, and even after death, in the "amber of memory."

"My darling," said a fond mother, who believed in appealing to children's tender feelings instead of punishing them, "if you are so naughty you will grieve mamma so that she will get ill, and have to lie in bed in a dark room and take nasty medicine; and then she may die and have to be taken out to the cemetery and be buried, and you——"

The child had become more solemn, but an angelic smile overspread his face at his mother's last words, and, throwing his arms about her neck, he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, and may I sit beside the chauffeur?"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.—No. 25386; Dept. No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.

KATHERINE CROOKS,

Administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. Crooks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 26, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
505 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

7-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1416

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 2, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Ambition

Morals Within Morals

Entertaining Gen. Pershing

Causes of Flying Accidents

Stage, Social and Financial

A Chat With Henry Miller

When Women Tell the Truth

The Vampires of Los Angeles

A Boom for the Pacific Ocean

Labor Delegates Good Spenders

London's Lady Baggage Smashers

Letter from Dr. Rosenstirn and Reply

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, August 2, 1919

No. 1416

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

A Boom for the Pacific Ocean

Because San Franciscans are accustomed to expect everything, and sometimes expect too much, and occasionally attain their end by that very means, the unexpected seldom happens here. But our fleet comes before the fortune teller had the opportunity of looking into our palms for it. We did no publicity work nor sent emergency telegrams to Washington. The fleet comes to us because we had the foresight to settle on the Pacific ocean. So did Raisin Day become part of us, for that matter. Henceforth we may not be as proud over our proximity to the raisin and prune boxes. Women War Workers' Day, the president's visit, Pershing's maybe, and the grand entry of the warships will give us another estimation of ourselves. The world did not go crazy over raisin bread, though many children are fond of it; but the eyes and ears and the moving picture operators and the post card manufacturers will be directed towards us from now on. We ourselves are not yet thoroughly enraged over the glory of it. But Mayor Rolph has been so kind as to be officially impressed in advance for us, having appointed a reception committee that stands as one of the finest aggregations of talent in the history of municipal entertainment. When the time comes, we shall all feel toward the fleet, as the chap said of his wedding, "with the exception of the day on which I was born, this is the proudest moment of my life." From the first rumble of the guns, San Francisco will cease to be of the far west, and will become one of the three big rings in the world's circus. Captivated even by the superficial glitter of it, we shall say that militarism is not a thing to be despised save when its deeds are despicable. In the heart of man, epaulettes and banners are as fixed a splendor as the coming of spring. With heroic figures commonplace in our streets,

with the insignia of national strength, familiarity with salutes and ceremonies, our outlook will be still more picturesque and inspiring. As the admiral said, it is to be our fleet; the officers and men will be part of us. We shall be coaling station to an itinerary of ideas as yet unknown to us, prone to carnivals and prune days though we have been. Some of the smaller events to which we have been accustomed will be crowded out of the news. Cosmopolitanism will become more than a boast. The fleet makes us entertainers of the world. The U. S. A. has acknowledged us.

* * *

More Picture Brides

Last week, through international trap-door or sliding panel of diplomacy, toddled sixty-two contract wives, duly stamped and countersigned at Angel Island. Sixty-two Japanese ambitious boys were present at the release. The performance did not take place without a protest, and examination of the fingerprints finds the clue pointing to James Duval Phelan as author of the protesting document. Mr. Phelan was wroth over the previous consignment of geishas, but the country at large was unmoved. It seems that the state will have to work out its puzzle alone. Phelan, who has microscoped every phase and phrase of the situation, declares that perfidious Nippon is violating a gentlemen's agreement. Washington, D. C., is not perturbed. All that we can say is that these trans-Pacific weddings are not indicative of gentlemen's nuptials as we know them. One Japanese tomato king sending his portrait to the personal column back home and getting a bride in return, could pass without ruffling the casual observer. But when the kimono-clad wives come in car-load lots, it looks as if something not foreseen in a gentlemen's agreement with the Mikado is rapidly taking place. This method of popping the questions looks like hell's-a-popping for the Golden Gate. The girls had evidently, according to all accounts, been well schooled in their conduct before the immigration officials. There was a merry party at Angel Island when sixty-two married couples assorted themselves two by two through the aid of snapshots, tintypes, choice cabinet photos and bromide enlargements. The weddings per photo, it appears, are conducted before the steamer departs from Japan. An amazing outcome can be guaranteed from these amazing marriages. Already the Japanese

have done their share toward the high cost of living in the land of their adoption, and have received their share of the spoils. California sunshine, fruits and flowers are now largely a Japanese industry. These people that have grabbed Shantung and promised to return it, claim to put no limit on their hold of our state. Our only retaliatory measure thus far was letting Dr. D. M. Gandier go to Yokohama in the cause of prohibition. But that will not help matters here. We should prefer Phelan's prohibition of Japanese land holding in California. Easterners tell us that if we did not sell land to the Japs, the Japs could not buy. Logical on the face of it. But any one who owns an acreage next to the orientals feels that if he can not sell out he will skip out. It is a case of being crowded out by Asiatic methods, Asiatic home cooking and all that sort of stuff. If we can not retain California by means of a gentlemen's agreement, let's make some other kind of agreement.

* * *

Labor Delegates Good Spenders

In Atlantic City they are still spinning anecdotes of the Labor Convention. Many of them deal with the record-breaking altitude of the prices which the astounded workingmen gazed at. From all accounts, they rose to the occasion. The nonchalance with which the cafe people boosted the high cost of oratory would have been enough, at ordinary times, to make an honest steamfitter cry out in anguish. But this was a gala pilgrimage, and the pilgrims were game, even though taken by surprise. The prices were high, very high. This did not spoil but rather added to the good humor of the convention. Some of the delegates were inadequately sand-soaped for the ordeal; but others made the vicinity of their deliberations look like a place in the house of lords. Brand-new fabrics, monogrammed watch fobs, three-carat spotlights, and gold-tipped cigarettes, were a revelation of what the toiler can do in this land of the closed shop free and the home of the unionized brave. European visitors looked twice before they could believe it; and some of the Jerseyites, three times. Headquarters men who had not done a stroke of work since the days when six-by-eights were hand sawed, strolled about the lobbies like friends of Bonnie Prince Charlie. Yea, they were like peers of the realm, even like unto movie magnates in their splendor. Many of them had undeniably acquired "that

manner." It is no wonder that the price-fitters of Atlantic City worked overtime in preparation of the conclave. The slaughter of bank-rolls came near getting official recognition. While a bundle of resolutions was lying on the secretary's table, some one slipped in a contribution of his own, which was read to the assemblage; it began: "Whereas, we, the delegates of organized labor and representatives of men who toil with their hands, have been extraordinarily honored by the citizens and especially the hotelmen and shopkeepers of Atlantic City, who have in some way gained the impression that we are millionaires—" Loud cheering followed. It was a conservative gathering. Emissaries from all over the world were present to secure the support of American labor for everything from highballs to Bolshevism. But the laborites clung to their own ship and refused to visit the enchanted galleons that were offered for their edification. Shorter hours and longer pay, was the watchword, and, while orators took a shy at a few of the world problems, and votes were taken sufficiently to show that the labor leaders knew what was going on in the world, the weight of authority was for keeping out of politics and diplomacy. Men who were making \$7 a day and more could hardly be allied with Russians who earned that in about a month. The wage scale requires undivided attention in America. In the year 1918, according to the United States bureau of labor, there were 3,180 strikes in this country, and 104 lockouts. This was enough to keep the American Federation of Labor fairly busy. The convention therefore was more impressed by the delights of Atlantic City than the squabbles of the rest of the world.

★ ★ ★

Local Soubrettes Union No. 1

And now the actors (off the stage) will go to the managers and say, "Sign them papers." Collective bargaining is the order of the day, and it has come to pass that the actors have formed a union. The American Federation of Labor has granted them a charter, and perhaps the stage is being set, or the railroad ties being tested, for the first great thespian walkout under union labor principles. It will not be the first strike in histrionic history, for the Greek bacchantes once left the amphitheatre when the wine did not please them; and there was that courageous walking delegate, Spartacus, who addressed the gladiators and made Rome howl to an extent that would be almost impossible nowadays. "Ye call me chief" in the present furor is Francis Wilson. His organization is known as the Associated Actors and Artistes of America, having developed from the Actors' Equity Association. James William Fitzpatrick is vice president; Frank Gilmore, treasurer, and Harry Mountford, executive secretary. Represen-

tatives of all organized actors will form the executive council, and the union thus becomes a component factor in the American Federation of Labor, fit to strike and be struck, to punch heads and pull hatpins, to hurl strikebreakers from the stage and knock them off the runway. Grand opera chorus people have joined, and it is expected that here the excitement will be most intense. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia are widely drawn upon for charter members, but President Wilson (Francis Wilson) will not as yet state in what numbers. Harry Mountford was formerly president of the White Rats; so he knows what animosities attend the debates between vaudeville artistes and imperious managers. The White Rats also had a charter from the American Federation of Labor, but the bricklayers never helped out, and so most of the arguments were lost. New York theatrical managers show no inclination to take the union seriously. This is unfortunate, as employers of labor must be impressed with the seriousness of the occasion before they will listen to collective bargaining. Besides, there are so many actors pining to get onto the stage, and so many high-salaried stars who would refuse to unionize themselves, that the Actors' Union will have a hard time before attaining the prestige of Boilermakers' No. 3. Fancy Blanche Bates, Luisa Tetrazzini and Ruth St. Denis going to Sam Gompers for points on drafting a theatrical contract. We can not imagine one of them skimming a brick at a non-union soubrette, or, in a strike for larger dressing rooms, hanging around the wings and yelling "scab!" When the Actors' Union has something on its mind, the musicians and sceneshifters might be asked to declare a sympathetic strike; but ordinarily there is not much sympathy from that quarter. We shall be able to judge better when we see a working model of the union.

★ ★ ★

The Lady Baggage Smasher of London

Over in Merrie England they would have a perplexing situation with a Women War Workers' Day. Many of them could not get a day off to celebrate. In the United States, the maids and matrons merely said, "I saw my duty and I did it." In England, "I saw my duty and I am still doing it." The philosophers and the statesmen and the dilettantes of the kingdom reply, "Madame, it is no longer your duty. Go home to your children—or to your future children. Anyhow, go home, woman, go home." But thousands of the girls will not go. They keep on slam-banging the elevator doors, with improving biceps, and they are to be seen on most of the station platforms, juggling suitcases, tossing Gladstones, pulling heavy trunks to their knees and walking the dog in regular baggageman fashion. Tender-hearted ob-

servers are afflicted with neurasthenia at a single glimpse of these Harriets, and even the steel-nerved witness can not fail to be non-plussed. What happens to Harriet herself in heart, nerve and ligaments generally, she herself only knows—if she does know. In 1914, British women went to work with a fury that made their American cousins' task look like a fad in comparison. They peeled off their cloaks and hats, patted their hair, and rushed into strenuities they had never heard of. Rich and poor, married and single, were abruptly become part of the working-girl class. As an example of which, have we not that dazzling remark of the scrub-woman to the lieutenant, "Damn it, sir, I'm a duchess." Not all the high-born are back in the drawing rooms; some of them remain in trade, as the humbler women in the trades; so that many of the returning Tommies fear themselves out of it altogether. The aftermath in France is not as clear. Parisian news is always conflicting. Perhaps the reporters are unfamiliar with the niceties of the French language and habits. You must go to Paris to know what is going on there, and even then you can not see all. We read of pajama parties in Paris and cocaine parties in London, and travelers write that the whole moral establishment has become flustered as the spray of a fountain in the wind. It all happens because woman can't get used to peace. She is still excited. Terrible as it is to have one's baggage smashed, how much worse to know that a pretty girl did it; had to do it for her bread and a pretty ribbon.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Morals Within Morals

By Lionel Josaphare

Christopher Columbus discovered that adding a new world to the old has its disadvantages. It is pleasant to remember that Christopher died with a ball and chain attached to his ankle, and that his last days were like those of a horse with a hitching weight, for such plight is forbidden by our constitution. If you go out and discover a continent today, the constitution will protect you from cruel and unusual punishment. We have improved on Ferdinand and Isabella; yet, in our painting of an ideal world, like the artist continually touching up his picture, we don't know just when to stop. When asking ourselves (as most of us do) why the apples of life do not taste as they did a thousand years ago, it is well to note the things that have no life or taste, the myriad machines that whirl and rotate with the rotation of the earth. In the world of labor-saving rotations are lives within lives, laborers within laborers, wheels within wheels and machines within machines; and the wheels have gone to our head. We never cease thinking, improving, reforming, advancing, returning, rotating. We have wheels in the head. Has human nature changed? If not, it has multiplied, and worked itself into novel combinations.

The machinery for teaching the old lessons and the new becomes more spectacular year after year. Thus today, if a man in San Francisco should see something wrong with the country, he can telephone the discovery to his friends, and they can wire their congressman at Washington. If the home critics are influential, the congressman becomes enthusiastic. News bureaus flash the facts over the land; morals are reported missing; modesty and virtue running away; kidnappers are on the trail of chastity; the cry of lost child is raised; stop thief—and all the conglomerated reformers join in the chase. A fox trot and fox hunt for wickedness. A hullabaloo of reform. A sport for fanatics.

Men who are eager to pass any legislative reform are in a better position than those who rest comfortably on their rights. A user of tobacco, for instance, does not take occasion to ally himself with others in justification of the cigarette. But they who would compel him to quit smoking will unite against him. When sufficiently encouraged by numbers, they appeal to the legislature. Their appeal is this: "We demand, in the name of decency, etc., that you join in the passage of a law for the prohibition of tobacco smoking. At your earliest convenience let us know your attitude. If you are with us, we will elect you again. We do not forget."

Now, the legislator knows that they will do as they say. They will keep a record of his name, and when the time comes, every propaganda society and publication will be used in proclaiming the names of those statesmen who are written in the book of life and those that are howling in Babylon. The libertines of the pipe and cigarette are not organized. Their gaze is not concentrated on the law-makers. They keep no card index of their representatives. The legislator has no uneasy feeling that they are standing behind his chair with a pencil. He studies to please that part of the public which manifests itself in concentrated form. Organization wins.

In the case of a popular vote, as in local prohibition, the work is more subtle. Men must be induced to vote in favor of a law that they

themselves do not intend to obey. Thus, factory proprietors, some drinking men and some not, were told that their workers would be more efficient with the closing of saloons. Merchants were approached with the glad tidings that the absence of liquor would mean increased sales of their wares. One by one, the avenues of all interests were filled with a concourse of promises. Greed, fear, social favors, property values, expedience, credulity, inexperience, political bargaining, legislative give and take, were mingled in the chase after the libertine. It will be recalled that the people of the southern states were induced to close the saloons in order to keep liquor from the negro, while the whites obtained it as ever. Laws of such nature touch upon three classes of people: Those to be saved from damnation, those to be protected from temptation, and those who contrive to remain free of the law's operation. Such is the secret of prohibition not prohibiting. Its passage requires the assistance of men who deem it advisable for the public but not for themselves. Everybody thinks that everybody else is the public.

Mysterious is the reforming instinct (and we are all reformers, persecutors, more or less, within our immediate environment or extending to the edge of the human race). There are men with the primitive passions of the beast. There are also men with the primitive passion of discipline. Their mentality lives in the by-gones when the man-beast had to be punished into good manners. Both are illogical and unnecessary today.

Let us examine man with reference to the publicity he gets. The legislator makes laws according to the demand or the acquiescence of the people. He is not free to speak as he wills. In expressing his opinion of this and that, he does not rejoice like the artist, the actor, the pugilist, the musician, the social favorite, the dancer, the architect, the poet. These belong to what might be termed the self-reliant class. They have styles, fancies, whims, fads, philosophies, extravagances, according to their will. If they enjoy books instructive or wicked, pictures draped or nude, dances voluptuous or sedate, amusements, vacations, theatres, wine, banquets, clothes, jewels, they do not fear to say so. The politician must not let the people know his mind in these matters. He stands as a patriarch, a law-giver. His thoughts are for the good of the commonwealth. He may be a heavy drinker, a sensualist, a devotee of beautiful women; but he will not say so for publication. Clergymen are still more embarrassed in their statements. They can not venture too far into worldly affairs of speech, lest they seem to neglect the spiritual. The public-spirited millionaire too is chary about expressing himself on public welfare and politicians, except in the most ideal terms, for the people suspect every friendship of wealth and statesmanship. The poorer multitude seldom get into the newspapers, and then mainly as a meritorious class; their individual opinions and fads are not considered worth while, although many of our greatest men have been poor. Money or death brought them into the limelight. Among all these categories, we have men more or less guarded in their public assertions. You have only to read the newspapers and note that one class is given publicity for one thing; another, for another. Celebrated members of each class learn to keep

within conservative lines when the interviewer calls upon them. Otherwise they lose prestige.

If the law-makers were left to their own volition, they would act upon judgment; now based on honor, now biased by self-interest. At any rate there would be fewer statutes, and more respect for them. The boulevard would be separated from the jungle, and a comfortable place made for everybody who knows how to make a comfortable living. At which point, it would be proper to teach others the trick of it. But the law-makers are not left to themselves. They are beset and molested by a thousand committees, who descend upon them from a thousand flaming standpoints. These committees go beyond honest law-making, beyond the broad social contract, beyond the plain facts of civilization, and force the public statutes into personal traits. Each citizen thus becomes liable not only to such laws as are for the good of the community but those that are supposedly good for himself. The field of such operations is limited only by the confines of the human soul. Punishment and education should bring the man-beast up to the standard of the majority or eliminate him. No attempt should be made to tamper with the standard the majority has established for itself. By the so-called blue laws are meant any of a puritanical nature. In colonial history they have particular reference to the Connecticut Code of 1660. This was a close copy of the Mosaic law. Death penalties were numerous. The penal enforcements went into personal character, holding it mightily relevant to the peace of the community. The Puritans ran away from England; but where can you run to escape the Puritans? A million despots are worse than one.

One law leads to another, and there is no end to legislation, presumably because human nature is not a home-staying thing but rambles all over creation, endlessly, perpetually. A national guard of morals is continually mobilizing to restrain mankind from the paths of leisure. It is not a government of the people, but a government of the most aggressive people.

Men will ordinarily obey such laws as appeal to them just and natural. When there is a question about it, they will fail to be definite in their obedience. Moonshine whiskey has had a

(Continued on Page 15)

WHY DELAY THE DAY —

If you use two pairs of glasses—one for reading and one for distance—why continue this unnecessary inconvenience another day? The modern way is to wear double vision glasses combining reading and distance glasses in one. Naturally you want the newest and most improved double vision glasses, "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals ground from a single piece of glass. They are so invisible that they appear no different than regular glasses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

Ambition

By Sir John Lubbock

If fame be the last infirmity of noble minds, ambition is often the first; though, when properly directed, it may be no feeble aid to virtue.

"Had not my youthful mind," says Cicero, "from many precepts, from many writings, drunk in this truth, that glory and virtue ought to be the darling, nay, the only wish in life; that, to attain these, the torments of the flesh, with the perils of death and exile, are to be despised; never had I exposed my person in so many encounters, and to these daily conflicts with the worst of men, for your deliverance. But, on this head, books are full; the voice of the wise is full; the examples of antiquity are full: and all these the night of barbarism had still enveloped, had it not been enlightened by the sun of science."

The poet tells us that:

"The many fail: the one succeeds."

But this is scarcely true. All succeed who deserve, though not perhaps as they hoped. An honorable defeat is better than a mean victory, and no one is really the worse for being beaten, unless he loses heart. Though we may not be able to attain, that is no reason why we should not aspire.

I know, says Morris,

"How far high failure overleaps the bound
Of low successes."

And Bacon assures us that "if a man look sharp and attentively he shall see fortune; for though she is blind, she is not invisible."

To give ourselves a reasonable prospect of success, we must realize what we hope to achieve; and then make the most of our opportunities. Of these the use of time is one of the most important. What have we to do with time, asks Oliver Wendell Holmes, but to fill it up with labor?

"At the battle of Montebello," said Napoleon, "I ordered Kellermann to attack with 800 horse, and with these he separated the 6,000 Hungarian grenadiers before the very eyes of the Austrian cavalry. This cavalry was half a league off, and required a quarter of an hour to arrive on the field of action; and I have observed that it is always these quarters of an hour that decide the fate of a battle," including, we may add, the battle of life.

Nor must we spare ourselves in other ways, for

"He who thinks in strife

To earn a deathless fame, must do, nor ever care for life."

In the excitement of the struggle, moreover, he will suffer comparatively little from wounds and blows which would otherwise cause intense suffering.

It is well to weigh scrupulously the object in view, to run as little risk as may be, to count the cost with care.

But when the mind is once made up, there must be no looking back, you must spare yourself no labor, nor shrink from danger.

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

Glory, says Renan, "is after all the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." But what is glory?

Marcus Aurelius observes that "a spider is proud when it has caught a fly, a man when he has caught a hare, another when he has taken a little fish in a net, another when he has taken wild boars, another when he has taken bears, and another when he has taken Sarmatians"; but this, if from one point of view it shows the vanity of fame, also encourages us with the evidence that every one may succeed if his objects are but reasonable.

Alexander may be taken as almost a type of ambition in its usual form, though carried to an extreme.

His desire was to conquer, not to inherit or rule. When news was brought that his father Philip had taken some town, or won some battle, instead of appearing delighted with it, he used to say to his companions, "My father will go on conquering, till there be nothing extraordinary left for you and me to do." He is said even to have been mortified at the number of the stars, considering that he had not been able to conquer one word. Such ambition is justly foredoomed to disappointment.

The remarks of philosophers on the vanity of ambition refer generally to that unworthy form of which Alexander may be taken as the type—the idea of self-exaltation, not only without any reference to the happiness, but even regardless of the sufferings, of others.

"A continual and restless search after fortune," says Bacon, "takes up too much of their time who have nobler things to observe." Indeed he elsewhere extends this, and adds, "No man's private fortune can be an end any way worthy of his existence."

Goethe well observes that man "exists for culture; not for what he can accomplish, but for what can be accomplished in him."

As regards fame we must not confuse name and essence. To be remembered is not necessarily to be famous. There is infamy as well as fame; and unhappily almost as many are remembered for the one as for the other, and not a few for a mixture of both.

Who would not rather be forgotten, than recollected as Ahab or Jezebel, Nero or Commodus, Messalina or Heliogabalus, King John or Richard III?

"To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one; and who would not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?"

Kings and generals are often remembered as much for their deaths as for their lives, for their misfortunes as for their successes. The hero of Thermopylae was Leonidas, not Xerxes. Alexander's empire fell to pieces at his death. Napoleon was a great genius, though no hero. But what came of all his victories. They passed away like the smoke of his guns, and he left France weaker, poorer, and smaller than he found her. The most lasting result of his genius is no military glory, but the Code Napoleon.

A surer and more glorious title to fame is that of those who are remembered for some act of justice or self-devotion: the self-sacrifice of Leonidas, the good faith of Regulus, are the glories of history.

In some cases where men have been called after places, the men are remembered, while the places are forgotten. When we speak of Palestrina or Perugia, or Nelson or Welling-

ton, of Newton or Darwin, who remembers the towns? We think only of the men.

Goethe has been called the soul of his century.

It is true that we have but meagre biographies of Shakespeare or of Plato; yet how much we know about them.

Statesmen and generals enjoy great celebrity during their lives. The newspapers chronicle every word and movement. But the fame of the philosopher and poet is more enduring.

Wordsworth deprecates monuments to poets, with some exceptions, on this very account. The case of statesmen, he says, is different. It is right to commemorate them because they might otherwise be forgotten; but poets live in their books forever.

The real conquerors of the world indeed are not the generals but the thinkers; not Genghis Khan and Akbar, Rameses, or Alexander, but Confucius and Buddha, Aristotle, Plato, and Christ. The rulers and kings who reigned over our ancestors have for the most part long since sunk into oblivion—they are forgotten for want of some sacred bard to give them life—or are remembered, like Suddhodana and Pilate, from their association with higher spirits.

Such men's lives can not be compressed into any biography. They lived not merely in their own generation, but for all time. When we speak of the Elizabethan period we think of Shakespeare and Bacon, Raleigh and Spenser. The ministers and secretaries of state, with one or two exceptions, we scarcely remember, and Bacon himself is recollected less as the judge than as the philosopher.

Moreover, to what do generals and statesmen owe their fame? They were celebrated for their deeds, but to the poet and historian they owe their fame, and to the poet and historian we owe their glorious memories and the example of their virtues.

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

There were many brave men before Agamemnon, but their memory has perished because they were celebrated by no divine bard.

Montrose happily combined the two, when in "My dear and only love" he promises,

"I'll make these glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword."

It is remarkable, and encouraging, how many of the greatest men have risen from the lowest rank, and triumphed over obstacles which might well have seemed insurmountable; nay, even obscurity itself may be a source of honor. The very doubts as to Homer's birthplace have contributed to this glory, seven cities as we all know playing claim to the great poet—

(Continued on Page 15)

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

The Spectator

The Vampires of Los Angeles

I'll be darned if sometimes I don't think that Los Angeles, all things considered, is naughtier than Palo Alto. Surely Los Angeles has the warm southern temperament, the perfume of citron in her veins. I believe she is the wicked adventuress of the coast. What has she been doing now? Why, she is accused, by testimony of her own citizens, of employing show girls in the hazardous business of selling real estate. Appeal has been made to the city council to ascertain if something can not be done about it. Let something be done, by all means. Let gossip tongues awake; let rocks their silence break, if need be. For, far from being called the City of Angels, that metropolette, if report be true, should be known as the City of Vamps—Los Vamperinos. It may be all on account of the moving picture studios. Negotiating big money deals through the instrumentality of the fair sex is strictly a European custom. If most of the citizens down there are, as credited, from the middle west, it is wonderful how they ever took up with the idea. The selling of real estate has long been one of the city's cherished institutions. Hitherto it has been in the hands of check-suited monologists, who could sell you a house and lot while you scratched your ear. Either they became stale on the job or lost their nerve when the prairie was annexed to the town proper. They did their best when the task became heavier. They wore brighter ribbons on their hats and enlarged the patterns of their check suits. Of course, there was a limit to this. Then it was that new concerns bethought themselves of bringing female pressure to bear upon doubtful prospects. At first sight, there is nothing startling about this. If a woman can write out a sales slip for a yard of calico, there is no reason she may not make out a deed for so many square feet of real property. But the Los Angeles realty board claims that she perverted the methods by which lands have been parceled out to the stranger. She has powdered and rouged, done up her hair like Valeska Surratt, covered herself with the flimsiest of fashions, stepped into butterfly stockings and \$20 shoes, and sallied forth to meet the stranger at the gates—without an introduction. Evidently she has been receiving more than a man's pay for a man's work. The male salesman could not afford such a costly outfit. The men had to pay their own expenses, and treat their victims to high-priced cigars, while the oo-la-la ladies make the purchasers pay for little dinners whereat the topic of real estate is incidentally brought up. That is why the realty board complains. The girl salesman does not open the conversation by saying, "Let me show you a map." She begins with a Theda Bara roll of the eyes, and murmurs, "Nice day," or something like that. They have a bit of lunch or supper (some of these deals are pulled off after 6 p. m.). She does not broach the subject of real estate until the prospect has declared himself willing to kill pirates for her sake. Then she moans, "O kind sir, I am one of the most unfortunate women in the world. If you really wish to do a little favor for me, sign your name on the dotted line, and I shall be extricated from a most unpleasant situation." This is a rough paraphrase. It is not absolutely new, except as it concerns real estate. I don't see how it can be prevented. The prohibition of face powder containing more than 2.75 per

cent intoxicating fragrance might help some. At the same time, it must be very pleasant to own real estate in a town like that.

And Now as to Oakland

Our smiling sister city has communed with herself and preferred charges against the shimmees, notwithstanding the fact that San Francisco, the elder sister, has found nothing meretricious in the dance. As long as we on this side of the bay have found the shoulder wiggles to be an innocent diversion, Oakland should have ceased to bother her head about it. Instead of that she is taking up the matter in her own behalf. Mayor Davie's subjects ought to view the dance as did their Judge St. Sure, who decided from the bench that the shimmees is not a cause for divorce. That proves it innocent. Many of the Oaklanders feel the same way about it, decidedly and deucedly so; therefore the others do not. Davie himself is non-committal, averring that the shimmees is only hearsay with him. He does not find all dancing reprehensible. "George Washington danced the minuet," says Davie, and so he is non-partisan. From present indications the city council has been frightened into calling the dance un-municipally desirable, but has yet the chance to wiggle out of it. I wish Mayor Davie would appoint himself chairman of a committee to investigate this terpsichorean blossom, for somehow I prefer his verdict to that of the Big Sisters, whose appellation sounds honest enough; yet I can not get myself to believe that they would give the dancing culprits the benefit of a doubt. The little sisters are prone to witness public exhibitions of the shimmees and then give ballroom versions. It is this latter indulgence which the Big Sisters deery. To those who have not beheld it, I might say that the shimmees is a dance of such oscillating mien as to be doubted needs but to be seen; yet seen quiet oft, familiar with its face, we first make sure, then shimmees, then embrace. But then cometh one who seems to be a big brother with a wallop for all that is doubtful of mien. The reporters describe him as follows, to wit: Capt. J. W. Meyers, commissioner of the law enforcement bureau of training camp activities. But the war is over. The shimmees anyway is not a training camp activity. It is enjoyed by fully trained soldiers and returned heroes. It made a hit in Paris, where Monsicur Jimmie shook the shimmees to the applause of a full house. The captain says that he drove the shimmees out of San Diego, and will do as much for Oakland. His bureau has other tips for the Oakland city council; for example, an ordinance making it unlawful to give tips to waitresses. The clean-up is far reaching. If you can't give a tip to a waitress and can't shimmees in Oakland, you had better come and live in San Francisco, where the climate is just as good and the styles a whole lot better. As for the shimmees itself, why, Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, did not object to it. Why should Capt. Meyers? Anyway, the war is over. When does the law enforcement bureau intend to demobilize and trust to the regular law makers? Shaking the shoulders won't hurt the League of Nations. The war is over.

Can He Do It?

Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, says that he can tell when a woman is telling the

truth. More than that, he claims to be so differentiating in all the thrills, turns and tremolos, sweets and nuances of a woman's lips that every little degree of her mendacity is known unto him. In his own words, "I know when she speaks with her fingers crossed; I know when she is fibbing or just half fibbing, and when she is lying outright." He knows, all right. It's a gift enriched by long years of study. Combining intuition and science, noting the method of one woman, the mistakes of another, and all the various malingering, Christy in time became a learned cadi—no; that's not the word—a learned caitiff in his line. He is forty-six years old. Up to his twenty-first year he accepted the girls on their own statements. But he had not failed to notice a few inconsistencies, such as will happen in the best regulated liars. This gave him an idea and he eventually looked upon feminine speech as worthy of profound investigation as regards veracity. At first his efforts brought only pain, confusion, which is characteristic of all sincere devotees of art. And who can say that woman's words are not as artistic as music and poetry? Verily, they have the same fundamentals. In the course of ten years, Christy completed his apprenticeship. Continuing his researches, he perfected the system, until today whenever he wishes, he can have woman's inmost thoughts revealed to him. All he has to do is induce her to speak, and every shade from the polychromatic palette of her soul is exposed to his analysis. But how? Intuition, boy, intuition, and study. He urges all men, especially those with wives, to engage in the same pursuit of truth. After hard application, you'll get the knack of it. It might not make you any happier, though, whether married or unmarried. A better plan is to cut out the intuition and the study,

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

and believe everything that the girl tells you. You gain at least one thing this way. She will believe you. Just what Mr. Christy himself would reveal when exposed to intuition and study of the opposite sex, I leave to those who have had most opportunity for taking note of him.

It's the Principle of the Thing

Perhaps few newspapers in the country failed to recount John D. Rockefeller's motor trip through Portsmouth, N. H., where he compelled the proprietress of a garage to test the gasoline pump for him. It is one of those tales that show the possibilities of the human mind, or any mind at all. One thinks of it with the same amusement as in the elephant's fear of a mouse. One feels that a billionaire should be a billionaire all over, especially when he is so conspicuous as to be the only billionaire we have. The pesky fact that pennies make dollars is a phenomenon that most of us have decided to forget as soon as we can afford to. One dollar will cause such forgetfulness in some persons. But John D. has concluded that the dollars will not always take care of themselves, and that eternal vigilance is the price of a billion. Carnegie was right: man is a martyr to wealth. The obviously touching element in this adventure of the oil man was that nothing less than a gasoline pump aroused his suspicions. More than that, it was the first honest pump that John had met in several days. Whether the dishonest ones were his own or a competitor's, he testified not. He was beginning to lose faith in human nature as applied to pumps. His outing had been spoiled by false dealers; his temperament, soured by improbable measures. He felt like an Ishmael wandering among his own tents, a stormy petrel on a sea of chicanery, until at last he came to one honest petroleum vendor, who—glory be!—was a woman, a petroleuse. As Larry Dolan can tell you, there are more false measures on earth than are dreamt of in thy philosophy, Horatio.

(Never forget Horatio.) Have not our quart bottles right along been fifths of a gallon? Bottlemakers claim that there is very little sale for quarter-gallon quart bottles. Now that we have a law for printing of exact weight on labels, we still accept the short contents. Don't take the trouble to read the label, or don't possess the courage to register astonishment and a kick when we do notice it. If we should all follow John's example, and put a thrift stamp on our good fellowship, there would be more billionaires in town. But what's the use, if you have to keep mickling yourself into a muckle all the time?

Entertaining the General

A recent photograph of General John J. Pershing depicts him far from war's alarms, posing with a group of military and civilian friends at the home of Capt. Sandys Dawes, near Faversham, England. The general is seated in the front row, and beside him, presumably, Mrs. Dawes. Behind his chair stands a smiling English lassie, with her hair parted on one side and her bonnie blue eyes flashing straight into the camera. Smiling as aforesaid, she has allowed her hand to repose comfortably on the general's shoulder, the shoulder of our own gallant "Black Jack." Simultaneously, concurrently, agreeably therewith, the hand of the general has reached up and holds hers in friendly tranquility. I do not know the girl's identity, and I am not familiar with the courtesies extended to American generals at the house parties of English captains. No doubt in such an ancient country as England, there is precedent and military etiquette for all that occurs on these occasions. But that does not explain what the occasion is. Had the photograph been taken in America, any newspaper scribe would have rushed to his editor, and the editor would have sent out a society reporter, and the society reporter would have returned with a definite statement or at least a "rumor." Had ever woman in the crowd rested a hand on

a man's shoulder, the effect would be merely that of a jolly party. But when the feat is performed by one couple only, and the lady's smile seems to have an influence on the facial expressions of the dozen other persons in the group, the cause of the merriment is most interesting. Perhaps it was merely a flippant remark, or a dainty compliment to an allied hero. It may be something of which we will learn later. Pershing's countenance is the most serious in the picture, but his hand is the most mirthful of the men's. He looks the hero on and off the battlefield.

Always Amusing

Speaking of journalism, what is more delightful than a typographical error? (Therefore, Mr. Linotyper, your best efforts for this story, as you will see.) Some persons say that when you know the facts, you know also that every newspaper story is full of mistakes. They are produced frequently by the combined errors of the linotyper, the telegrapher—and the man who writes the copy. In last Sunday's Examiner was a novel predicament of a piece of news coming over the wire. On one page appeared two accounts of Lieut. George Burgess' airship wedding; one came from New York City; the other, from Sheepshead Bay, where the marital performance took place. The New York reporter sent in the name of the bride as Emily Chaefer of Brooklyn; the Sheepshead Bay chap had it Milly K. Schaefer of Sea Gate. The Rev. Dr. Alexander oWtuers officiated, said New York; Rev. Alexander Wolters, said Sheepshead. Sheepshead estimated that the wedding march of the planes was "500 feet above the earth." The better-trained scribe of Manhattan wrote, "traveling eighty miles an hour, 2,000 feet in the air." The clergyman occupied a plane following that of the bride and groom. The bridesmaid (singular) listened to the words from the field below, and distinctly heard, "I do," according to Sheepsie. Little Old New York discovered that the bridesmaids (plural) were in the grandstand and had wireless connection with the planes. Thousands of people were present, Sheepshead informs us; 200,000, who were attending a police field day, wires the other. Evidently one or both of these reporters obtained the story through hearsay, perhaps over the telephone at that.

Notwithstanding Liberty Loans

At a recent city competitive examination, to the question: "What subject in arithmetic could be omitted from a school course of study?" one answer was, "Stocks and bonds, because they lead to illegitimate business." A second examinee would also banish stocks and bonds "because they lead to wild eat speculation."

Required to name an old fiction classic, one aspirant gave "The Ilyad by Homer"; another "Over the Top by Dempsey" (and it was the week of the last prizefight contest). One applicant defined "an ungraded room" as "One

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS

Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café, on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly favors are presented to our patrons, without competition of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances. (Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

in which children have not been divided into classes; i. e., normal, subnormal and abnormal." "Social center" another described as "A little entertainment in the afternoon or evening bringing the children of the school together in order that they may know one another."

A Letter from Dr. Rosenstirn and a Reply

Dr. Julius Rosenstirn
873 Sutter st.
San Francisco

Residence
Bohemian Club

July 7th, 1919.

Town Talk Publishers,
88 First St.,
City.

Gentlemen: You will oblige me by stopping my paper at once. The reason for not wishing to have your paper any more in my mail, is the scurrilous article (reprint) about "Russia and the Jews," to which you gave space in your issue of July 5th.

An article so full of deliberate lies and misrepresentations, and breathing throughout its length the medieval spirit of malevolent persecution, demonstrates a policy of your editorial staff which ought to be condemned by every right thinking individual.

Dr. Julius Rosenstirn.

Dr. Julius Rosenstirn,

My Dear Sir: I received the above letter some time ago. At first, upon the advice of Mr. Bonnet and others, among them Jewish men of prominence, I resolved to reply to it in these columns; but I did not because I loathe disputes and arguments; besides, your request was immediately complied with, with great cheerfulness.

I published the article "Russia and the Jews," a reprint by Stephen Graham from an English Review of 1915. I did so because I thought it a very interesting subject, fairly treated by a brilliant, unbiased writer. Now when hands are reaching across oceans and continents to help afflicted peoples, I thought the Graham essay a vivid portraiture of the sufferings of the poor Jews in Russia; and that with the discussions of Zionism in the air, that it would make people think. In the United States we know the Jew as one of our own countrymen, an integral part of our industrial, commercial and artistic life—we rarely stop to think of him as unhappy, trammled by tyrannical powers anywhere else. Prosperous, contented Jews in our own country do not, it seems to me, give sufficient thought to the numerous down-trodden Jews in Russia. Should there be a new Zion, there would not be an exodus of Jewish people from this country or England, but it would be a welcome haven for the oppressed of the religion in other lands, especially Russia. The world in general has its thoughts upon this vital subject and I believed our readers would be enlightened by the viewpoint of Graham. To my understanding, he set forth the case of Russia's attitude toward the race, not his own or that of his country, hut Russia's.

If you think I am prejudiced against your people, you might ask Mr. Bonnet, whom you know very well. He will tell you that some of my best loved friends are Jews and have been all my life. In this day and generation, it seems incredible that a man of your education should accuse any one, man or woman, of fostering religious prejudices. I would like to be given credit, even by a stranger whom I have never seen, of being a person with at least sufficient common sense not to offend Jews in an Amer-

ican newspaper. Especially as they have helped with their arms, their blood, their services, their wealth to bring about our precious victory. In San Francisco, for instance, are there men of greater loyalty, charity, public spiritedness than the late Jesse Lilienthal, than Raphael Weill, the Fleishhackers, the Slosses, Leopold Michel, Edmond Godechaux, the Hellers, Julius Kahn? Where in our city are women who were more loyal war-workers than the Jewish women? For instance, Mrs. Max Sloss, Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, who worked day and night in the executive departments of all branches of Red Cross work? Or Miss Mabel Arnstein, the beautiful young Jewess who from our entrance into the fray until the end worked ten and twelve hours daily with a group of Jewish women in the arduous home service department? To attempt to offend these people and thousands like them would be to make one's self ludicrous, despicable.

The reason I reply to your note now is that yesterday Rabbi Nieto telephoned me that he had been looking for some sort of explanation of your letter and voiced some objection to the mention of the Beiliss murder in Russia and some quotation about the Jewish sacrificial ritual. He inquired whether I am a Catholic and whether I am aware that the sacrifice of the mass has been objected to by other creeds? I am a Roman Catholic and cognizant of the historical fact that the early Christian martyrs often went to their deaths because their pagan accusers thought the mass a cannibalistic ceremony—because they could not accept the Christian's understanding of its highly spiritual symbolism.

Yet I would be very narrow minded, would I not, if I resented a non-Christian's reference to this fact? Am I less a Catholic because I can hear discussions upon this topic?

I took your letter to Mr. Bonnet at the St. Francis Hospital, as it was one of the days when he felt well enough to talk about the paper. He advised me to ask you in an open letter whether your objections to the Graham essay are not founded upon the fact, not that there is intentionally anything in it derogatory to the Jews, but that your tendencies are anti-British. I have been reminded that pressure was brought to bear upon you to resign from the Bohemian Club because some of your fellow members construed some of your utterances to be not loyal, while others thought your resignation too drastic a punishment to exact. Upon your letter head I observe your residence is still "Bohemian Club," though I am told you resigned over a year ago.

Rabbi Nieto suggested, with the kindest, most peaceful intention, that I reply to the objection but not to publish your letter nor take a personal view of the matter. I would love to act upon the rabbi's suggestion—I esteem him highly; but, since evidently you were sufficiently personal to talk it over with him, surely I have the same right, my dear doctor?

Some editors consider it a hazardous undertaking to hint that there are different races of men. Town Talk has never been guided by that blind principle. Rabbi Nieto is one of our sincere citizens; yet it is possible that he may be more accustomed to the policies of daily newspapers than the weeklies. The latter have a smaller circulation, appealing to a more intelligent public. It may be a cruel thing to say; and yet it is true that some men are more intellectual than others. The daily newspaper must take account of all, and formulate its policy not to offend anybody. That policy is also our own. But we, on our part, do not have to be hypocritical about it. If we wish to

give our readers an account of Jewish life in Russia, we do not hesitate for the sake of the very few that dislike seeing the word "Jew" in print. Their objection is caused by a hyperesthetic watchfulness, a sensitiveness, for which there is no basis in the minds of writers. There is no reason why Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Irish, Canadian or any race or creed should be more loth than Republican and Democrat to appear on the printed page. Town Talk printed "Russia and the Jews" as a part of current history. It contained facts that do not appear everywhere, facts of unquestionable authority, and on their face unquestionably unbiased. Many of the daily editors would fear the publication of such history. It is extraordinary, and therefore expected by the readers of Town Talk. Of "Russia and the Jews" we can say that we considered it interesting and unprejudiced. Will Rabbi Nieto say that it was not interesting?

I have been managing editor of this paper for seven months and just when I was feeling that I was missing a usual and important factor in the daily life of a journalist, namely, an occasional fault-finding letter, yours, Dr. Rosenstirn, arrived. It is, however, sufficiently vituperative to atone for the absence of any predecessors and I shall have no regrets if it has no successors.

Yours very truly,

Helen M. Bonnet.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Postmaster Charles W. Fay: There is great opportunity for an air line between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Col. David P. Barrows: Admiral Kolchak prevented the Bolsheviks from grabbing a Pacific port. His efforts are to force an opening into Russia proper and overthrow the Soviet rulers, who have brought infamy to Russia and who are attempting to corrupt the armies of the world.

Bela Kun: I'd like to live in the Argentine Republic.

Mayor Rolph: We can't be pikers when we receive the fleet.

Senator Brandegee: The people of the United States are entitled to inside information.

Senator Hitchcock: Republican senators are trying to hamstring the president.

Mrs. Robert Burdette: We as women are willing to work, but we demand equal recognition with the men as leaders. Our recent war has proved that we are quite as capable. Women study politics more than men do, and vote more intelligently.

Senator Phelan: The Japs are tricking us.

Secretary of Navy Josephus Daniels: I take great pleasure in accepting your invitation to speak at the stadium of the University of California.

Youngly—Did you ever notice that the matrimonial process is like making a call? You go to adore, you ring the belle, and you give your name to the maid.

Synicus—Yes, and then you're taken in.

"Halt! Who goes there?" came the sharp challenge of the border patrol.

A poorly dressed man with strange twinkling eyes crept up. He carried a zither. "A friend," he said. "Also an actor."

"How did you get through the Carpathians?" demanded the patrol, his bayonet the while pressing the actor's breast.

"On a pass," replied the actor.

The cold steel was lifted, and in gratitude the actor played the names of the border towns on his zither.

THE DRY GAZETTE

A DRY PAPER FOR DRY PEOPLE

Vol. I.

San Francisco, August 2, 1919.

No. 1

Daniel Dambusticus Managing Editor

Editorial

How did it happen? Prohibition worked while we slept. We have been bamboozled. One word more: Wait!

Greetings from Far and Wide

Coincident with the undisguised rumor that we were about to publish The Dry Gazette, congratulations have been showered upon us from every quarter of the country. When we entered the sanctum, last Monday morning, said sanctum was so full of flowers that we thought we had wandered into the park conservatory by mistake. It was no time for mistakes of that nature. Many of the floral offerings were from distant senators, mayors, governors, statesmen, men who recognize stalwart journalism when they hear about it. It was also very kind of the president to remember us. We shall be frank. Not a congratulation, kind word or bouquet from Andy Gallagher. Is that the way to run politics and publicity in a city of this size? Aside from that, The Dry Gazette stands for liberty of conscience and all sorts of things appertaining thereto. We condemn oppression, chicaneries and obliquities of every kind and description. No wonder the people have voiced their approval in advance.

News Item

Habitual sobriety is set forth in the divorce complaint filed yesterday by Mamie de Menthe against none other than her husband, Armand de Menthe. The complainant alleges that since the 30th of last June, de Menthe has not been away from home for a single night, much to her chagrin, mental anguish, worry, physical suffering and incompatibility. She asks that one-half of the community property, now stored in their cellar, be awarded to her. Mrs. de Menthe promises to go into the movies, of which she is an enthusiast, having written a number of scenarios.

Booze in Name Only

We note with disgust the tendency of some beverage resorts to retain the old dignified names for new and preposterous drinks, as cloverleaf cocktail, grenadine rickey, loganberry highball. This is much like the hallucination of the vegetarian entitling his dishes tenderloin of peanuts, rice cutlets, walnut steak. It is not so much that the youth of the land will become accustomed to these names and call for them when they reappear in their pristine splendor, but think of the poor, innocent prohibitionists. They will learn to pronounce those delightfully wicked words, and when the country votes wet again, the surprise of a true cocktail will lead to all sorts of complications. This leads to the question—will the beverages of our youth ever be restored? Of course, they will. Didn't you ever hear that history repeats itself? That is the most reliable working principle in economics. If history did not repeat itself, there would be very little doing from one epoch to another. Everything happens more than once or a few times. If history did not repeat itself, the world would become

worse and worse, with no chance of recuperating. The good old something, whatever it be, returns. For, some day, when history has nothing better to do, she will thumb the pages of the past and come to a chapter on carnivals or a picture of two old friends and a bottle; and History will say to her stage manager, "That 'Wine, Woman and 'Song' sketch always made a hit with the public; let's have a return engagement."

Reverie

There is one consolation about prohibition: we won't be bothered with any more great writers, artists, orators, warriors and people of that ilk. Why should we allow a class of men to stimulate their brains and become mentally superior to others?

Substitutes

Here's how: Honolulu cocktail, sparkling loganberry, mixmup, finn gizz, sarsaparoxtail, champagne, dryball, raspberry syrupitious, half and half (cream and buttermilk), kickinit, gin kicky, nonkick, nonskid, fifty-fifty (the price and a bottle of soda), orangeade, georgeade, o. k. manana, peroxide, bay rum, old-fashioned ice water, daffydowndilly. One who has tried them all states: "This is a fine way to treat Napoleon Bonaparte. Here I have to make an official visit to the crowned heads, and my master of ceremonies won't unlock the door."

Our Noted Query Editor

We are pleased to inform the public that we have secured the services of Jeremiah Quidnunc, who will meet all comers in the arena of the query. He will answer any question under the sun, but will not attempt to prove that there is nothing new under it. A few questions were found on his desk at the inception of his duties.

Will you kindly give me a receipt for an old-fashioned whiskey cocktail?—Familiaritas. Certainly. Forward me the cocktail, and I will send you a receipt by return mail.

I heard a man in the Orpheum say: "Put the cider in the cellar and let Nature take its course." Wouldn't that be against the law?—J. W. B. You should worry. The police can't arrest Nature.

I notice that the cafes are charging forty and fifty cents for drinks that are ostensibly the same as you can get in a candy store at half the price. Why is it?—F. B. It looks suspicious. If I were you, paying for the extra, I should insist on getting it.

Can I drink Florida water without breaking the law?—Anxious. Some people can, and some can't. Try a small quantity at first.

Important Literary Event

The Dry Gazette will give its readers every opportunity to peruse the best literature. We begin in this issue a thrilling tale of married life, by the famous woman writer, Miss Nellie Delahanty, author of "How I Caught My Husband," and "How I Mistook My Husband." Miss Delahanty has been induced by The Dry Gazette to sell us the final manuscript of her great trilogy, and which has been aptly en-

titled, "How I Squelched My Husband." It is the greatest literary find of the year. Read every word of this masterpiece. Show it to your neighbors. Read it aloud to your husband. Read what a woman writes of a woman—and A MAN.

HOW I SQUELCHED MY HUSBAND

By Nellie Delahanty

Chapter I.

I can not tell you exactly how I came to write this document. My first recollections as a child were the esoteric perfume of roses that blossomed tumultuously at my window. When I was seventeen years of age I became a young woman in every sense of the word. I knew few other men than my father. He was foremost among my masculine acquaintances. And such times as we had romping the hills. Also dashing into the ocean. There's where I found my future husband. Suddenly I discovered that I was a writer. As I said, I don't know just how it happened. Perhaps it was heredity. Heredity has always played a large part in my make-up. Indeed it was largely accountable for my appearance in this world. But I promised to tell you about myself. In addition to heredity, I had environment. Philosophers do not agree which has the most influence in the life of a young woman of my age. But I fancy that to environment can be ascribed the cause that brought about my marriage. I loved—yes. I shall presume to tell you a little of my own character before I go into the facts of my courtship and wedded life, for which heredity had endowed me. I had my faults, it is true. Daddy used to say that I had none; but I would laughingly retort, "Yes, I have." Dear daddy!

You see, I was a cave woman. I didn't know it, of course. Not at first. Daddy always patted my head and told me I was the most beautiful and the gentlest child in the world. Of course, I wasn't. I would weep at the sight of a wounded nightingale. So how could I know that deep in the profound elements of my soul was lurking the soul of a great she-bear? I did not know. But now and then during my early married life, I found that my teeth were glistening, I would bare my fangs, as it were, shake loose the hairpins of civilization, fling my glorious coiffure to the winds, become rigid throughout my strong young limbs, and defy the masculine tiger that confronted me in my wedded life. How did I do it? I will tell you. That will be the subject of my story. I shall not tell all. That would not be possible, but I will tell the women of the world what goes on in the soul of their own sex. Now, my husband—but that's another chapter.

* * * *

We will continue this captivating narrative in our next issue—if there be a demand for it. Let us know what you think of the story thus far. Do not confuse it with any other serial. Write us your opinion. Write now.

Wanted, to buy—Non-refillable bottles. State if empty.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Camille D'Arville Crellin's Return

Mrs. E. W. Crellin, who returned to her Vallejo st. home three weeks ago from a three months' visit to New York, is in excellent spirits, is looking radiant and is the recipient of many social attentions from her San Francisco friends. Like other returned travelers, she reports that the metropolis is in festive post-bellum mood and that evidences of money-in-plenty are on all sides of the casual observer. She gave interesting descriptions of the "shows" and was particularly enthusiastic over "The Jest," the great hit of John and Lionel Barrymore. "Wouldn't it be great," she said, "if Ethel and her brothers would play together? Then we should see acting!" Of course this brought us to the subject of the starring system. Mrs. Crellin believes that managers are to blame for the dwarfing of promising dramatic talent by thrusting forward as full fledged stars, embryonic players who are still in the early process of acquiring stage technique; this method usually results in a temporary plethora of box office receipts but an interruption of the star's artistic progress, and all too frequently in total eclipse or a meteoric fall to obscurity.

Friars Dinner to Stage Women

Mrs. Crellin, in recognition of her services as president of the S. F. unit of the Stage Women's War Relief, was invited to sit on the dais as one of the guests of honor at the dinner given in their honor by the Friars Club at the Hotel Astor. It was a very brilliant affair. Besides Camille D'Arville Crellin, representing California, other distinguished stage women present were Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Laurette Taylor, Ethel Barrymore, Chrystal Herne, Mary Boland, Bijou Fernandez, Margaret Dale, Minnie Duprée, Frances Star, Florence Nash, Amelia Bingham, Viola Allen, Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, Jane Cowl, Rachael Crothers and hundreds of others. George M. Cohan is abbot of the Friars. Mrs. Crellin has received many letters from soldiers thanking her for gifts of knitted garments. One from Scoville, the Canadian entertainer, saying that he would have frozen to death in Siberia but for the garments she gave him and asking for more. She related pathetic anecdotes of a sort of rummage sale in New York for returned soldiers endeavoring to outfit themselves in civilian clothes. Observing their meditations over a hat, a vest, a pair of shoes, a pinch-back coat, many a sympathizer donated checks to the committee with instructions not to mention their names. The funds accumulated by the Stage Women will probably be used to endow a convalescent home for wounded soldiers. Mrs. Crellin's son is an attaché of the American embassy in Holland. Of all her portraits she prizes a little photograph taken with her son for his passport.

Social Notes

Mrs. George Boyd and Miss Jean Boyd are as usual frequent occupants of their cottage in Bolinas. Mrs. Boyd, since her childhood days as Marguerite Kittle, has spent a portion of each season in the quaint old village, as have many other old families of Ross and San Rafael. * * Misses Gertrude and Irene Barrett have just returned to their Jackson street home from a visit to the Bolinas cottage of Dr. and

Mrs. W. F. Sharpe. * * Mr. H. Barth, the well known architect, is occupying his summer home in Larkspur with his family until the opening of U. C., where the young Barths are students. * * Mrs. Duncan S. Murray and her son Reginald will soon leave for a motor trip to Portland. Miss Blanche Murray and her aunt Miss Bernard are entertaining some house guests at the Murray summer place in Black Point. * * Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Hess and family of Sixth avenue are having a delightful outing on their St. Helena ranch. * * Mrs. T. J. Burns and Miss Marian Burns of Lake St. have returned from a visit to Healdsburg. * * Miss Mary Wagner, the popular ass't superintendent of S. F. schools, is visiting her sister Mrs. J. F. Harrington who has taken a cottage in Pescadero where she is entertaining some of the many friends of her daughters and of her son, Lieut. J. C. Harrington, who recently returned from overseas and has resumed his law practice here with Myrick and Deering. * * Mrs. F. M. Ames is dividing the summer months between her beautiful home in San Mateo and the Fairmont. Mrs. Ames is an attractive woman of the unusual French blonde type so delightfully represented just now by Blanch Bates' Marquise de Montespan. * * Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit and a party of eastern friends with her nephew, Edward Morrison Miller of Humboldt county, is enjoying a fishing expedition in the Tahoe and Feather River districts. Another devotee of Isaak Walton is Mrs. W. H. Manaton, daughter of Judge Graham. The judge is almost as expert with rod and reel as he is in rescuing plungers into turbulent matrimonial seas. * * Mrs. Frederick Whiteside and her sister Mrs. Salvador Pacheco will leave within a fortnight to visit the former's son, Lieut. John A. Whiteside, navigating officer of the Houston, stationed on the Atlantic coast. * * Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kingston were dinner hosts last Friday at their Vallejo street home. * * Mrs. Kingston, Miss Margaret Kingston and their cousin, Mrs. John J. Barrett are still faithful attendants at the canteen in the Oregon building presided over by Mrs. Joseph Donohoe of Burlingame. This popular canteen was to have closed a few weeks ago, but both officers and enlisted men appealed successfully to Archbishop Hanna to prolong its period of operation. * * The Thomas Fortune

Ryans of Mrs. York are enjoying the social joys of the vicinity of S. F. under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, old friends.

Noel Sullivan's Return

Two of the happiest young women in town are Miss Gladys Sullivan and Mrs. Frederick Murphy, for they have with them again their brother Noel. From all accounts Noel rendered valiant war service abroad caring for the sick and wounded and contributing large sums of money in relief work. Miss Gladys Sullivan, instead of plunging in the social swim which by virtue of her beauty, youth, wealth and social position would seem to be her rightful element, devotes her energies to a course of study and practice of nursing in Lane hospital.

Mrs. Arthur Banks of Los Angeles is in St. Mary's hospital as a result of blood poisoning from an accident to her foot. Her sister, Mrs. Josephine Huff of Venice, is in New York but will soon leave for Paris. These ladies are sisters of Charles F. Hanlon, prominent attorney, and of Dan Hanlon. Mrs. Banks came to town to be near her sons, who were stationed here on naval duty.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry E. Morrison have gone to Sacramento to reside, where the doctor will resume his practice. He returned some weeks ago from service in Siberia. His sisters, the Misses Morrison of San Jose, are as usual entertaining numerous house parties in their lovely home in the Garden City.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wolf of Redwood are visiting the ranch of their son Carl. They are accompanied by Miss Marie Fancompre.

Mrs. Inez Keenan of Atalaya Boulevard has returned to town from a motoring tour of the southland.

Leo Carillo, star of Lombardi, Ltd., who will appear at the Curran next week, will doubtless be the recipient of many social attentions in his home city during his stay. He is a cousin of Mrs. John Gantner, Mrs. Edw. McGettigan and several other descendants of the Vallejo and Carillo families here, all of whom are delighted with his professional success.

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.

Irish Program at the Fine Arts

An Irish Folk Program is to be presented at the Palace of Fine Arts next Sunday afternoon, August 3rd, at 2:30 o'clock. In co-operation with the Women's Irish Education League, Director Neilsen Laurvik has secured the very creme of Gaelic talent in California, and will put on some exquisite numbers consisting of original Gaelic dancing, ensemble, ancient music of the Gaels on strings and pipes, and old Gaelic songs, the latter to include Shan ban bocht (translated "Poor Old Ireland," the traditional name for Ireland). Miss Kathleen O'Brennan, the well known Irish lecturer and artiste, will give a word picture of the Irish Renaissance as the program progresses. Interpretations of the Gaelic costumes of the Eleventh Century, in which Director Laurvik is especially interested, will be made by Prof. J. J. O'Hegerty, former associate of President De Valera in languages, and recently teacher of Gaelic in the U. C. Michael Allman and Shemus Moriarty, native born Irish of purest Gaelic blood, will act as directors of program with Prof. O'Hegerty. The committee on arrangements from the Irish Education League includes: Mrs. James Franklin Smith, Miss Gladys Sullivan, Mrs. Josephine Martin, Mrs. Edna B. Jones, Mrs. Belle S. White, Mrs. Marion MacRae, Mrs. Anna McMahon, Miss Josephine Sheehy, Miss Mary Margart Morgan.

Fairmont Follies

D. M. Linnard, the hotel man, is going ahead on the assumption that people are not going to stay home all the time merely because they can not get a drink downtown, and is staging attractive entertainment features at the Palace and Fairmont as a bid for the patronage of those who do venture beyond the range of whatever attractions their homes may have to offer. The Midsummer Follies made their first appearance at the Fairmont, in Rainbow Lane, last Monday evening. There is a pretty chorus, handsomely garbed, and as many principals as in the old days. The performance as a whole measures up to the highest standards set in the past. Samuel G. Blythe and other who predicted that prohibition would be the death of jazz music and the cabaret would probably change their opinions if they could witness the

merry crowds that gather nightly in Rainbow Lane. The Palace is also being very liberally patronized. Every evening the Rose Room is filled almost to overflowing, and Grant and Wing, whirlwind dancers fresh from New York, continue to delight the crowds. In addition to the entertainment there is, of course, dancing for everybody both at the Palace and Fairmont.

At the Cecil

The handsomely appointed dinner given by Miss Caroline Bryant and Miss Bertha Young was enjoyed by a dozen friends Tuesday evening. It was in the nature of a farewell, for on the following day the two charming hostesses left for their home in Cincinnati. Mrs. Montgomery Thomas, Misses Helen and Betty Thomas, have come to the city to escape the warm weather in Fresno. They will remain at the Cecil for another month. Red roses and asparagus fern adorned the dinner table over which Capt. and Mrs. H. Morgan presided Monday. The gallant army officer and his wife left this week for Manila, where the former will be stationed. Mrs. W. A. Sutherland and Keith Sutherland are guests. William Shaw and family are domiciled in an attractive apartment.

Delicious New Drinks at Techau Tavern

The Cloverleaf Cocktail and the Tavern Fizz are two bright spots in the arid desert of a bone-dry land. And these are only two of the many new and palatable drinks with which guests at Techau Tavern may pleasantly toast a departed day. These new drinks are in great demand, especially among the dancers, who, by the way, may dance at this cafe every evening, including Sundays. Dance favors are presented to both gentlemen and ladies, at the dinner hour and after the theatre, big boxes of Melarchino cigarettes for the former and beautiful Kewpie dolls for the latter.

CRASHES—CAUSES OF FLYING ACCIDENTS

It all happens so quickly. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a pilot only realizes he is going to crash less than five seconds beforehand. In many cases he does not realize what is going to happen till the deed is done.

There are three great causes of crashes—the failure of the man, the failure of the engine, and the failure of the machine. The first is by far the most frequent, for the human element is always liable to add danger to the safest exploits, and in flying it often causes fatal accidents. It is not so much the physical failure of a man in a fainting fit, or a sudden attack of sickness, as error of judgment and over-confidence that so often cause disaster.

The largest number of accidents are caused in landing, as it is there that the great skill of flying lies. The pilot has to touch the ground at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour, and if he does not do it carefully he is liable to have a severe smash.

Again, he may get off the ground and start to turn and climb at the same time, and so lose so much speed that the machine sideslips to the ground. This is one of the commonest of accidents and is very often fatal.

The airman may have done this climbing turn a hundred times, but the day comes when he is over-confident or careless and does not allow himself enough speed. Less than a minute after he leaves the ground he lies in a splintered wreck of wood and wire.

Again, an airman may dive very steeply at a great speed and then carelessly pull the stick back with such a jerk that the tail breaks off, and the machine and pilot drop to the ground like a stone. That and similar accidents are cases of man failure, and happen through over-confidence and through putting too much trust in the machine.

Engine failure compels the airman to land at once. He has to choose quickly a landing ground, and it very often happens there are no flat fields within gliding distance of the machine, and so it has to be landed on bad ground, and is crashed.

The nearer to the earth the machine is when the engine fails the greater is the danger, as the pilot has less choice of landing ground. If the engine stops when the machine is very low, it is possible that it will crash into a house or a tree and that the pilot will be killed.

Accidents due to machine failure are fortunately rare, luckily for the airman's nerves. Modern machines are very strongly made, and every piece of wood and metal fitting is carefully tested and inspected, and it is very rare for the wings of a machine to give way or for its tail to break off.

Aeroplanes are built to withstand three or four times the normal strain of flight, and consequently this last danger, the most obvious to the non-flying public, is fortunately the least apparent to those who fly.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Tenderly the ardent swain placed the diamond circlet on his lady love's finger. "It seals our engagement," he said.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed the girl. "Isn't it sweet!"

"And now," continued the young man, "would you mind giving me a receipt, stating that the ring is to be returned to me in case you should change your mind about marrying me?"

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

BEST DRUGS SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTION 14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14 SAN FRANCISCO 14**A. W. BEST ALICE BEST BEST'S ART SCHOOL**

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

BOOKS—New and Old
Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.
THE HOLMES BOOK CO.
152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
San FRANCISCO, CAL.

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A Chat With Henry Miller

By Helen M. Bonnet

I could not make up my mind what to ask Henry Miller to talk to me about because there were so many subjects which I would have liked to hear him discuss. Being a man of fine intellect, broad culture, valuable experience and interesting adventure, his opinions upon almost any subject would be extremely interesting. Mentally, I specialized for a choice upon himself, the drama and the place, in the world's present scheme of things, of the stage; but when he asked: "What shall we talk about?" I said I didn't know; but our conversation plunged directly toward "the stage." For I prefaced our talk by saying that recently a California multimillionaire named Henry Miller had died and that there had been dispute about the payment of his inheritance tax. But that he, the actor, is the Henry Miller to whom California, San Francisco especially, owes a fabulous inheritance tax for the reason that he has done more to cultivate and gratify the dramatic taste of this remote and theatre loving section of our country than any other actor or producer. Straightaway he said, with evident sincerity, that he loved to come here to play and that he tried hard to induce other actors to come with him, for he has great faith in our theatrical discernment, that he finds here a different and salutary attitude of mind toward good plays, a receptivity that makes his work a labor of love. There is something about Henry Miller which convinces one that he would not stoop to flatter one's local pride, something about him so antithetic to the parochial that makes one believe he clings to truth. Why should he not love us? Love begets love and we do love him. A generation has adored him for his personality, for the galaxy of splendid men, mostly lovers, which he has presented to our enchanted view. Fathers of today studied him twenty years ago and modeled their manner of address toward their lady loves, and their methods of courtship after his. (Of course, said fathers wouldn't own it and the onlooker would never suspect the identity of their prototype.) Mothers of today burned incense at his shrine in their matinee days. Today, their sons and daughters are drawn toward him by the same force. Only last week, I heard a handsome matron rave over his Henry Fifth. Rapturously she quoted his lines,

his passionate declaration to the French princess "Kae" and ended by declaring "There has never been such a lover on or off the stage as Miller's 'Henry Fifth.'" Her radiant young daughter of nineteen added: "O! but surely he couldn't have been more fascinating and adorable than he was in 'The Marriage of Convenience.'" Really I wish all young men who think they are in love would take lessons from him in how to make love. It is the same in 'Moliere,' he is so tender, so strong."

To return to our debt of gratitude to him. He said: "Now if I were your Henry Miller, the millionaire, I would build a theatre where the best plays could be produced by the best players at a moderate price of admission. I would do this for the young people, because the theatre is one of the greatest educational forces, and one of the most potent in impressing ideals upon the mind. After all, it is when we are young that consciously or unconsciously we choose the ideals which remain with us through life. Countless priceless lessons are taught from the stage; but, if the boy learns nothing else than manner toward woman, he has acquired something of intrinsic value, for manner all through life is a helpful asset. And I would build that theatre here among the people with whom there is an indefinable craving for good plays and good acting."

Mr. Miller said that it should be the aim of the actor to appeal to the composite intelligence, not alone to the intellectuals. "If all men were six feet tall, we would have to make six feet four or five our standard of tallness," he added. He dwelt upon the importance of encouragement in bringing out an artist's best achievement and scored harsh criticism made for the sake of causing the critic to be taken notice of or to gratify personal antipathy. For the sake of an epigram, many a critic has caused wounds which weeks, years and even a life-time have not healed. Such cruel, biting words have often, he said, killed ambition in a sensitive nature and lost to the stage many a promising player. He said that he has gotten past suffering from harsh words aimed at him, but he deplors it wherever he hears it for the reason that it hurts the theatre. He continued along the lines of the uselessness of destructive

criticism and the real value to the stage of that which is constructive. He told me that some months ago he attended a performance of a lady who was going to show the world how to play Shakespeare and to convince people how easy it was. Her performance was a sad failure. "Now," he said, "I longed to tell her her errors—it would have done her good. But she was young and so hopeful that I hesitated—I did not destroy her faith in her own ability." To me, that statement revealed the real affection which Henry Miller has for the stage, for the beings who people its world.

I mentioned that of the great many plays in which I had seen him I liked him best in "The Great Divide." His face lightened as he said impulsively: "I liked that too and I loved to play it because I could have shaken hands with Stephen Gent—I was so sorry for him—he seemed so real to me, and it gave me joy to work out his happiness."

Of course I told him how I enjoyed his "Moliere" and the charming, beauteous Montepan of Blanche Bates. He said that Miss Bates' success in the role pleased him enormously because he had chosen her for the part against the advice of several managers. "But I knew she would be lovely, for at the back of my head I had for some years a memory of her as 'Milady.'" He spoke enthusiastically of her brilliant mind, her naturalness and vital personality.

Mr. Miller deplored the failure of the "New Theatre" movement but said it could not succeed, because a circle of exclusiveness was drawn about it; whereas the stage is the most democratic of institutions, the drama the most democratic of the arts.

I would like, for the benefit of the omnipresent matinee girl, to describe Mr. Miller's charming manner; but, really, he was the Henry Miller we all know on the stage—absolutely natural, reposeful, cultivated of manner, distinct of enunciation. I gave up in despair trying to quote him literally. I never talked to any one who expressed his thoughts so concisely in such polished sentences. Sometimes, after an epigram I would go back and ask: "Say that again, Mr. Miller, please." He just smiled and said, "I couldn't. I don't know what I said."

The Stage

Laughter and Tears of "The Brat"

The bewitching Belle Bennett has found a congenial role, this week at the Alcazar—one of those roles which actors pray for and dream of. Miss Bennett is the brat, and the brat is "The Brat." In other words, Miss Bennett is the whole show. All the other characters revolve around her, their lights and colors only serving to reflect greater light upon her. This is not the fault of the cast, which has proven its worth time and time again. The cause of the preponderance in lines, stage business and applause is Maude Fulton, who wrote this comedy—wrote it for herself. Now, it is not every actress who has the fortune to fall into a part written by another actress for herself. This combination of circumstances is rare on the stage. Miss Bennett's art is adequately equipped for the ordeal. Her versatility is beyond ques-

tion. From the low comedy in which the brat makes her first appearance to the subtler situations wherein she evinces the newer intelligence striving with the old, the part calls for more thought than most characterizations. The finest acting, and the clearest character drawing, in this comedy, is where the brat imagines herself the heroine of the wealthy young man who has rescued her from the streets. Taken all in all, Miss Bennett gives the part a more sentimental touch than did Maude Fulton, who played more on the comic, the incongruous and the grotesque, the sudden and the startling. Belle Bennett invests her lines with a sweetness that meets with instant favor at the hands of Alcazar audiences. Thomas Chatterton, as the self-opinionated author, kind yet cold and unsympathetic, takes the next to leading attention. Walter P. Richardson does well as the bibulous

brother. The bishop is played by Al Cunningham, who renders an excellent blend of worldliness and spirituality. Vaughan Morgan is a butler, one of the few stage butlers that attract more attention than the tea tables. Some of the half-risen tears that follow his aged footsteps, flow in full for the brat when she relates the loneliness, the hunger, the sophistication of the streets, although her only intention of walking them was to see "if some soft guy wouldn't loosen up for an oyster stew." Edna Shaw, in a motherly part, and Jean Oliver, as a wily debutante, do the best possible under conditions. Emily Pinter has little opportunity, in her scattered lines, to exhibit the comedy that is in her. Edna Crocker is cast as a maid, a character colored only by her own delightful personality. Much of the dialogue is clever; interesting throughout.

—L. J.

Ione Pastori and Others

A welcome and unusual act at the Orpheum is that of Ione Pastori. We hear upon every bill there singers and singers who have claims to distinction for various reasons, but rarely because of beauty of tone or perfection of musical culture. These Miss Pastori has. She can truly be called a charming exponent of bel canto. The lyric loveliness of her tones lingers long in the memory, a true test of a singer's appeal. Also, the gallery liked her, though doubtless understanding nothing of the artistry which won their approval. It will be interesting to watch the evolution of this California songstress to grand opera, via the vaudeville channel. Bob Murphy and Elinore White are a "peppy" pair and their act goes with a bang, as did that of Eddie Nelson and Dell Chain in a succession of absurdities. "The Reckless Eve," a condensed musical comedy, is, as the program describes it, "sparkling." There are pretty, sprightly girls, pleasing costumes and funny situations. The cast is worthy of the sketch: Esther Jarrett, Mabel Rogers, George Stanley, Earle Dewey and Cecil Summers particularly capturing laughs—the end and aim of all "variety" comedians. Grace La Rue, looking stunning as always, made her usual appeal to her many admirers with her dramatic vocal stories. Clifford and Wills, Deiro, the accordionist, and Theodore Bekefi in dances remain from last week's excellent bill. Specially interesting pictures complete a captivating entertainment.

—H. M. B.

Curran Theatre

"Tea for Three," which has proven one of the most delectable comedy offerings ever served theatre goers of San Francisco, begins its last week at the Curran Theatre Sunday night, August 2nd. Selwyn and company, under whose direction the presentation has been made, have established themselves in the good graces of a discriminating public by having sent to the western metropolis the same players and production instrumental in creating the huge success the piece achieved in New York. So brilliant and unusual is the comedy that it might be called "actor proof," but the producers, recognizing the business value of preserving the masterpiece in its original form, refused to practice the false economy of offering an inferior cast as producers sometimes do. The air of prosperity about the box office of the Curran proves the wisdom of their judgment. Arthur Byron in the role of Phillip, discloses comedy acting of rare refinement. His exuberant personality and snappy clean cut rendition of the witty lines act as a mental tonic on his hearers. His scenes with Frederick Perry are stage classics. Elsa Ryan brings a dainty stage presence and great charm and vivacity to her role of Doris, the angle in dispute in Roi Cooper Megrue's domestic triangle. Mr. Megrue has the happy faculty of making his stage folk human and plausible. He finds interesting material in the ordinary processes of living and his viewpoint is always a wholesome one. A particularly noticeable and enjoyable feature of any performance of "Tea for Three" is the manner in which husbands and wives in the audience quickly appreciate and apply many of the situations and humorous comments to their own domestic life. It is safe to assume that more than one fireside tangle in real life is agreeably adjusted on the way home from the theatre by a little application of some of the philosophy handed across the footlights. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Orpheum

The marvelous strides which vaudeville is making will be splendidly exemplified in next week's Orpheum bill. The only Chinese jazz band will appear. Composed of Chinese born in the United States, many of them having enlisted in the American army during the late war, their playing is a revelation to lovers of band music. A feature of their program is an ancient Chinese love song, played on Chinese instruments, forming a vivid contrast to the more modern American airs. T. B. Kennedy, chief bandmaster United States Navy, their leader, trained these musicians to a high degree of excellence. Delightful Sheila Terry, who recently scored such a great success in William B. Friedlander's musical romance, "Three's a Crowd," will in response to a numerous expressed wish, play a return engagement. Clarence Oliver and George Olp, firmly established favorites and talented comedians, will appear in Hugh Herbert's quaint and original playlet, "Discontent," which is a cross between modern comedy and symbolic drama. Mlle. Nadjé, who is the possessor of a form that is absolutely perfect and which she attributes to physical culture, will give an illustration of the exercises she practiced to acquire it. She also gives many other illustrations that are not practical for the amateur but are decidedly pretty to watch. Nelson and Chain in "Use Your Own Judgment"; Murphy and White in "Tunes and Laughs"; Miss Ione Pastori, the favorite lyric soprano, in new songs; the latest Hearst Weekly, and the sparkling comedy, "The Reckless Eve," will be other attractive numbers in a thoroughly enjoyable bill.

Alcazar

The new Alcazar company, vividly spotlighted in popular interest by the artistry and rare versatility of its ardent young players, will turn from the humorous romance of "The Brat" to the more wildly absurd frivolity of "Here Comes the Bride," which has been secured from Klaw and Erlanger, for next week, commencing with Sunday matinee. This piquant farcical comedy of matrimonial misadventure is by Max Marcini, author of "The House of Glass," and Roy Atwell of musical comedy fame, now featured in the Chicago summer run of "Honey-moon Town." There are swift moving comic complications and a constant play of pungent wit in "Here Comes the Bride," involving the perplexities of the penniless young lawyer and the cruel millionaire's adorable daughter, whose course of true love runs turbulently. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson are the central figures, with Jean Oliver, Vaughan Morgan, Thomas Chatterton, Edna Shaw, Rafael Brunetto, Carlo Tricoli, Nate Anderson, Al Cunningham, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter. The week of August 10th there is a cut back to drama of powerful emotional appeal when "Sinners," the big vital play of contrasts, will be given. It was a New York sensation with Alice Brady in the lead for an entire season at her father's theatre, The Playhouse.

CONUNDRUMS

When is an artist a dangerous person?—When his designs are bad.

What motive led to the laying down of rail-ways?—The loco-motive.

Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter?—He is an utterer of bad notes.

Why is a kiss spelled with two "s's"?—Because it takes two to complete the spell.

When is your mother's dress like a chair?—When it's sat-in.

What is the difference between a king's eldest

son and the water in a fountain?—One is heir to the throne, and the other is thrown in the air.

Never Had Any Luck

Small boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear.

"Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the door-step, lifting up his voice in loud wails.

"The b-baby fell d-down stairs!" blubbered Tommy.

"Oh, thtt's too bad," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't hurt!"

"S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the grocer's. I never s-see anything!"

His Curiosity Was Satisfied

Phrenologist—This large bump running across the back of your head shows that you are inclined to be curious to the point of recklessness.

Client—you are right. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the car was coming up, and it was coming down. My curiosity was more than satisfied.

"Willie," said his mother on her return from a shopping expedition, "I told you if you were good while I was out you might have a piece of cake, and now I find you've taken all there was in the box."

"Yes, mamma," replied Willie, "but you've no idea how very good I've been."

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL 811 STOCKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

A WONDERFUL BILL

THE ONLY CHINESE JAZZ BAND, 20 PIECES, under the Leadership of Thomas B. Kennedy, Chief Bandmaster United States Navy; SHEILA TERRY & CO. in the Musical Romance, "Three's a Crowd"; CLARENCE OLIVER AND GEORGE OLP in "Discontent"; Mlle. NADJE, "That Girl"; NELSON & CHAIN in "Use Your Own Judgment"; MURPHY & WHITE in "Tunes and Laughs"; MISS IONE PASTORI, Lyric Soprano; HEARST WEEKLY; The Sparkling Musical Comedy, "THE RECKLESS EVE."
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE BRAT"
Maude Fulton's Famous Sunshine Play.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., AUG. 3
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett-Walter P. Richardson
In the Gay and Piquant Frivolity

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

'Special Permission of Klaw & Erlanger
SUN., AUG. 10—Great Emotional Drama, "SINNERS,"
Sensation of an Entire Season at The Playhouse, New York, when acted by Alice Brady.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, AUG. 3

Selwyn and Company Serve

"TEA FOR THREE"

The Comedy Hit by Roi Cooper Megrue

With
ARTHUR BYRON
FREDERICK PERRY
ELSA RYAN

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

NEXT—Com. Sun. Eve., Aug. 10—LEO CARRILLO
IN "LOMBARDI, LTD."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Security prices went further along in an orderly but definite movement, to readjust themselves to lower levels during the first half of the week, then reversed the prices and climbed back to their former places. The disposition to recede was inspired by a large majority of bearish opinion. The professional element are all bearish now, and stand ready to throw their weight against further advances, while commission houses are still advising caution on the long side, pointing out that the loan account had swollen to a level where it had become burdensome. Much was made of the demoralized condition of foreign exchange, to point the argument that rates so widely against the foreign traders must necessarily work into a drastic reduction of foreign buying here. In view of the fact that much of the forward movement of stocks had been based on potential profits from export trade, this argument looked formidable to the outside speculator, and doubtless inspired a considerable amount of liquidation. Some of the specialties, like the coal stocks, were taken up and advanced to new high levels, but outside of these issues, the breadth of the trading was not sufficient to give any indication as to the probable market strength of the week. The outstanding problem of European construction, foreign loans and international exchange, all of which are bound up together, continue to press over the market. The general public, which now holds most of the stocks for sale, is paying a little more attention to them. The short interest, which has essayed to convert knowledge of politics and economics into cash, has been beaten so disastrously on a number of occasions in the past that it seems to have been intimidated. Bulls, who are confident of the long time future of the market, are afraid to start operations. It appears to us as though the controlling impulse in the next phase of activity is going to develop out of the market itself, rather than through any outside influence or agency. Meanwhile it is plain that in the motors, tire stock, food issues and some of the other specialties, excellent distribution has been going on. The technical situation of the market is not so strong as it appears on the surface, but the public has the money as well as the stocks, and barring bad news is in a position to dictate fluctuations. However, it is well to bear in mind that the market has had a big advance, and in fact the trend of the market has been almost continuously higher, and the price at which most of the stocks are selling at discounts a good deal of prosperity. While we can see no break of consequence in sight, it might be well to accept profits at least on part holdings for the time being and await further developments.

Cotton—Weather and crop conditions were the dominating factors in the market early in the week, and prices responded to the buying from the south, which put the market up to new high levels for this movement. At the advance the professional element became heavy sellers on the disturbed exchange condition, and prices reacted again to below the 35-cent level. Bearish traders were inclined to ignore the bad crop reports, and were more inclined to take a pessimistic view of the foreign situation, as regards exports. With the big drop in sterling exchange, they called attention to the added cost to the foreigner, and said it would mean smaller exports from this country, as it would make the price in Europe so high that it would not doubt cause a big curtailment in the export sales. The bulls maintained that Europe's requirements had already been bought in the way of hedges in the distant futures, and exchange would mean nothing to them now, and that by the time the new crop was ready to move, the exchange rates would be taken care of. However, the bears seem to have the best of the argument, temporarily at least, as the market at the close of the week was inclined to act heavy. Then, too, private crop experts noted some improvement in the crop prospects in Texas and Oklahoma, and it was said that the outlook on the whole showed some improvement over last month. Boll weevils are becoming numerous now as the weather has been favorable for an increase of the pest, and there were numerous reports of damage, or prospective damage, from this source. Spot cotton was generally in small supply in the south, but the demand was also limited. Goods trade was reported as fair, although there was some talk of curtailment at the mills, due to labor troubles. We believe the crop is going to be a small one, and every bale will be wanted, with the price a secondary condition, and strongly advise the purchase of cotton on all setbacks.

Uncle Ezra—Eph Hoskins must have had some time down in New York.

Uncle Eben—Yep. Reckon he traveled a mighty swift pace. Eph's wife said that when Eph got back and went into his room he looked at the bed, kicked it, and said, 'What's that darn thing for?'

The teacher was drilling the class in mental arithmetic.

"Now, boys," he said, "here is an easy one: A man desiring to go into business borrows a hundred thousand pounds at 15 per cent for four years. What's the result? Quick.

Fifteen hands shot up and fifteen voices shouted in chorus: "The man goes broke."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, ELLIS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

AMBITION

(Continued from Page 5)

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athenae."

To take men of science only. Ray was the son of a blacksmith, Watt of a shipwright, Franklin of a tallow chandler, Dalton of a handloom weaver, Fraunhofer of a glazier, Laplace of a farmer, Linnaeus of a poor curate, Faraday of a blacksmith, Lamarck of a banker's clerk; Davy was an apothecary's assistant, Galileo, Kepler, Sprengel, Curvier, and Sir W. Herschel were all children of very poor parents.

It is, on the other hand, sad to think how many of our greatest benefactors are unknown even by name. Who discovered the art of procuring fire? Prometheus is merely the personification of forethought. Who invented letters? Cadmus is a mere name.

These inventions, indeed, are lost in the mists of antiquity, but even as regards recent progress the steps are often so gradual, and so numerous, that few inventions can be attributed entirely, or even mainly, to any one person.

Columbus is said, and truly said, to have discovered America, though the Northmen were there before him.

We Englishmen have every reason to be proud of our fellow-countrymen. To take philosophers and men of science only, Bacon and Hobbes, Locke and Berkeley, Hume and Hamilton, will always be associated with the progress of human thought; Newton with gravitation, Adam Smith with political economy, Young with the undulatory theory of light, Herschel with the discovery of Uranus and the study of the star depths, Lord Worcester, Trevethick, and Watt with the steam engine, Wheatstone with the electric telegraph, Jenner with the banishment of smallpox, Simpson with the practical application of anaesthetics, and Darwin with the creation of modern natural history.

These men, and such as these, have made our history and moulded our opinions; and though during life they may have occupied, comparatively, an insignificant space in the eyes of their countrymen, they became at length an irresistible power, and have now justly grown to a glorious memory.

MORALS WITHIN MORALS

(Continued from Page 4)

large sale. The revenue laws are good but not natural. There are also moonshine morals, moonshine propriety and various moonshine gardens of the soul—all well understood, illegal, contraband, condemned and winked at. We now have a prohibition law that apparently is as foreign to the people as if it were brought to them by a conquering horde. In the streets, in hotels, in homes, the business mart, newspapers, theatres, the strange law is held to derision. The public was caught napping by a skilfully organized plan of blue law-givers, men whose minds were nourished at the sources of the human race, not at the tables of modernism. Anger is lost in the wonder of it.

Why attempt to imprison human nature when you can not even locate or define it? It is here, it is there, it is this, it is that. It is trapped; it is gone. One thing we know—its passion for amusement. The world will play with a musical comedy or a set of dice. We can not take these things away. Reformers themselves belong to that old school with such games as post office. They are also known to dally with "button, button, who has the button?" The latter is played on the laps around a table. It is a precarious adventure for a button and

the hands that fly after it. It leads to considerable merriment; oftentimes to wedlock. It is a game that should be revived—must be revived, when we find human nature returning to its old haunts. It stands for all that is inexplicable, congenial and mirth-provoking. It is morally, metaphorically and actually symbolic of much that goes on in the world. We are playing it figuratively every day. But let's find the button, reproduce it, and wear it on our lapels. Let us discover something definite among those philosophical wheels within wheels. Let us know the emblem of our critics and congressmen. Button, button, who has the button?

Woman Levels Us Down

"Nature don't want us to follow our own sweet wills too far, or we'd all get so different that we couldn't live in the same town with each other. It's a woman's place to head us the other way, sort of level us down and keep society together.

"If you're an extremist in any way, she'll tone you down, and if you're already toned down, she'll tone you up. If you're happy she'll give you your share of misery, and if you're miserable she'll give you your share of joy. She makes tramps out of financiers and financiers out of tramps, drives drunkards to salvation and salvationists to drink.

"It's her business to make good men out of bad ones and bad men out of good ones, poets out of husbands and husbands out of poets. If she didn't do it we might have heaven and hell but there'd be no living on earth. She may never turn us into perfect husbands, but she'll see to it that we don't become either perfect angels or perfect devils."

"Please, lady," begged the wayfarer, "could you give a poor starving man a bite to eat?"

"No," snapped the lady. "I don't believe in helping disreputable vagabonds like you. Besides, from the smell of your breath, I have every reason to believe you are drunk."

"Maybe I am, lady," replied the tram. "But do you really believe a couple of slices of bread would make me any drunker?"

Amateur Musician—You see, I am perfectly familiar with your music.

Popular Composer—So it seems from the gross liberties you are taking with it.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.—No. 25386; Dept. No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.

KATHERINE CROOKS,

Administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. Crooks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 26, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
505 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

7-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 26,618; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHANNA FEELEY, sometimes known as ANNA FEALEY, sometimes known as ANNIE FEALY, and sometimes known as HANNAH FEALY, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of said JOHANNA FEELEY, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of August, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue (formerly Jessie Street), distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Nineteenth Street; thence running northerly along the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly eighty (80) feet to the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 68.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Room 550 Mills Building, No. 210 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated, this 23rd day of July, 1919.

DANIEL W. O'CONNOR,

Administrator of the estate of said Johanna Feeley, deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-26-3

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1417

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 9, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Bohemians

Is Japan Flirting?

The Social Unrest

Mexico? Si Senor

A Modern Belshazzar

The Hoteling Contest

Stage, Society, Finance

Welcoming the President

Blimping the Food Prices

The Opium Eaters of America

Our Little Marriage---A Story

A Victorian Era Defense of Cosmetics

The Labor Party Would Buy U. R. R.

The Fleet Committee and the Female Back Divine

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, August 9, 1919

No. 1417

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Is Japan Flirting?

Either some one is romancing from motives best known to themselves, or Japan has decided that it will best serve her future interest to indulge in what, on the very face of it, looks very much like what might justly be called a sort of diplomatic coquetry with the United States. The trite but applicable phrase, "foolish as a fox," has been applied to Japan many times before, but never has it fitted them so well as in the present instance. The Commonwealth Club had a luncheon last week at which speeches were made. This organization likes to be fed and lectured at the same time, and generally has a good talker present as a guest of honor. On this occasion there were two speakers, a Mr. Alexander and a Mr. Lynch, both of whom regaled the lunchers with some utterly unexpected information touching upon Japan, which seems also to have greatly impressed their hearers. Both of these gentlemen assured the surprised auditors that the impressions the Japanese people had formed with reference to the United States had been entirely reversed within the past two weeks, as indicated by the utter flop-over of the Japanese press from a grumbling and warlike attitude to one of conciliation and friendliness. These gentlemen assure us that, until the middle of May, both the press and public of Japan were bitterly antagonistic, because of the Californian insistence against Japanese land holdings, the trouble in the Hawaiian schools and because Japan had not been accorded all social and racial rights under the League of Nations. Now everything seems to have been changed. It appears that commercial interests entered a protest against the expression of these antagonisms in the public prints; somebody issued an order and immediately the change of attitude was most emphatic in the opposite direction. At the same time these papers do not reflect the

sentiments of the Japanese diplomats, the Japanese government, or the Japanese people. They are obviously, under direction, starting a business boom for their country, and when that has passed its zenith the papers will be back again in the old rut.

* * *

We Can't Have Everything

There is one drawback to a republic: the cast of characters is not spectacular. We could renounce the color of European courts; could substitute the leading roles at the White House for those at Windsor Castle, and the habits of the Civic Center for the excellencies that saunter in the plaza royal; but there is one personage, one exalted figure, which we can never have in America, one proud soul we can never contemplate, and that is the pretender to a throne. France itself, though a republic and without a throne, has nevertheless a pretender to it. The Duke of Orleans, otherwise known as Prince Louis Philippe, Duke of Bourbon-Orleans, was not permitted to enlist in the late war. The French cabinet, throughout other differences of opinion, was unanimously against his offer to fight for France. The Allied high authorities declared instant that it could not be done. Martial glory was not for the French pretender. This caused him profound sorrow. There are fervid and spontaneous Frenchmen who talk rapidly whenever anything occurs to give the duke profound sorrow. Now and then the word "revolution" slips along the boulevards and into print. Revolutionary plans and a little absinthe always went far in relieving the tedium of a Parisian coterie that still dreams of Bourbon kings. There were years when the pretender would have polished up his sword and dyed his eyebrows at the very whisper of revolution. But now he realizes that there has been enough argument. He has therefore issued a manifesto, not to the small coterie but to the French people. "France, be calm," he admonishes. And then, "One more combat upon the bosom of France will soothe nothing in my own bruised heart." He desires no revolution. The attention of the country, he says, is sufficiently concerned for the moment on rehabilitating the devastated districts. "Yet my instructions are that the faithful adhere to the sacred union of royalty. Remain in the front ranks of national servants, and serve as royalists; but first of all serve France." If the honor of carrying swords were still ours, and we had some wine left, who

could resist the impulse to raise his blade aloft and toast the noble duke? Be calm, Philippe.

* * *

A Modern Belshazzar?

It is not to be denied that Mr. Wilson, feasted as he has been on the viands of splendid opportunity and the dispatching of which he has effected with a credit that is altogether a matter of political impression, has certainly been given more knotty problems to unravel than have existed in any administration since the beginning of our history. All the more undeniable is the existence in his own country of a far knottier problem, and one that is of vastly more consequence to it than the League of Nations, the peace with Germany, the proposed alliance with France, or the utterly irrelevant matter of the next democratic presidential candidacy. This problem, the solution of which should be entered into to the exclusion of all other matters—more especially mere international ones—is the present deplorable and alarming labor situation, which more and more every day is reaching a condition of actual revolution. There are strikes and rumors of strikes; threats and rumors of threats; dynamiting and rumors of more dynamiting to come. Upward of five hundred thousand railroad workmen in the middle west have already declined his offers of peaceful mediation, because nothing will placate them but a peaceful compromise in which they shall receive the best end of the bargain. Somebody by the name of Stump, or Grump (latter name preferred) has presented a bill to congress, demanding that instead of returning the railroads to the companies, the government shall retain them and divide the profits among the employees. This is no joke, and it is to be hoped that instead of making an oratorical tour to tell us about the League of Nations, or reviewing the Pacific fleet in San Francisco, he will devote all of his splendid energy to some solution of the labor question.

* * *

Mexico? Si, Senor

Viewing that country in one way, Mexico is a deplorable state of fact; in another, merely an abstract principle. The question that occurs to some critics is—Why do men go there when they know that the place is full of bandits who fire from ambush, to say nothing of dubious generals who shoot from the hip? On principle, say some, if you are looking for silver

mines and oil fields, look in your own country, and let that sombreroed people alone. But the oil and the silver are so easy to find down there, and should not a struggling little democracy be made safe for the wanderers from more powerful ones? Besides, the world needs the silver and the oil, and the Mexicans are slow about getting at it themselves. We have just been told by a visiting yachtsman, Capt. John Barneson, that the paymasters from Tampico oil lands lead the life of the hunted. Carranza's government compels advance information of their route and the amount of money carried through the jungle. The information leaks out, bandits lie in wait, and the pay is likely to be diverted from its original course. This is a criminal sort of government. It is half-civilized. Either we leave it to itself or keep sending paymasters until the increasing death list requires us to intervene. There is no improving the Mexicans in this generation. In their minds, our paymasters have all the lure that the silver mines have for us. We must depart from that swarthy aggregation or shoot it in battle. Let us regard our own oil fields when exploited by British capitalists. Senator Phelan says that Governor Stephens, in calling for an extra session, should ask for a law forbidding corporation facilities to foreigners. We will not ambush their paymasters; yet we are better able to understand the Mexican idea. He is patriotic, and he takes his patriotism into his own hands; if he captures a money bag, he is all the prouder. It is unfortunate that the country did not improve as fast as did

the American colonies. They of Spanish descent are slow. Mexico is just a few centuries behind the times, and we have no notion how long she will take to catch up. She could establish herself in the course of a few hundred years; but that would not satisfy modern methods of efficiency. It appears that a trenchant lesson from the United States is inevitable.

* * *

"Thanks for the Honor," Says Rowell

It is difficult to write an editorial nowadays without dragging in the League of Nations or the Bolsheviki; then the Czecho-Slovaks whirl their banners across the editorial horizon, and other European matters are found sloganizing in the recesses of the mind. Likewise it may be presumptuous to comment when Gavin McNab has said that the affair is settled and there is nothing to it. Still, a whole world of imbroglis must pop up to explain why Chester H. Rowell has refused to preside at the Civic Auditorium when President Wilson speaks to us. Rowell was also asked to meet the presidential party at the state boundary line, and he no-noed that proposition also. A week ago, McNab and his committee were telling themselves that they must have something stupendous in the way of a chairman for the occasion. In the parlance of statesmen confidentially assembled, one can imagine that some one said, "Now this here President Wilson is an educated guy, and Rowell is a high-brow. Let them fight it out for intellectual honor before the people and reflect great

honor upon our foresight." Just the thing. As owner, chief editorial writer and exalted politician of the Fresno Republican, Rowell is not in the habit of refusing invitations to appear in public. Besides he is a leader of progressive republicanism in California, and the chairmanship of the mass meeting could be taken as a good advertisement, providing that Rowell's oratory would redound to advantage when compared with the president's. Evidently the Czecho-Slovaks have nothing to do with the case, unless we remember that Wilson has been dabbling in European diplomacy for a few months, and all his acts must redound to somebody's credit or discredit. According to the first news of Rowell's refusal, he flouted the trick of the committee to line up himself and the progressive party for Wilson. A ruse, a ruse! And then—foiled! The progressive party was not to be trapped. Other politicians viewed it differently. They said that the progressives must be progressing pretty far when refusing to extend the courtesies to a visitor, the country's president at that. Roosevelt once refused to sit at a banquet with a despised political opponent; but that was not a California banquet. So the Fresno editor was questioned for further particulars. He replied that presiding at the auditorium would be impossible, that he appreciated the honor, that he was sorry, that he could be called on to speak for the League of Nations after September 1st. Now, the president's visit has been delayed until after that date, and the Sage of the Raisin Belt may have to accept the honor, regardless of the progressive party.

My Son

By Sydney Oswald

My son is dead . . . lies in a lonely grave;
 No stately burial his; no lengthy train
 Of mourners bore to rest the honored slain,
 Who sleep with him. . . . They died that they might save
 The cause of freedom; lest the Huns enslave
 The whole wide world in one encircling chain. . . .
 To free the weak, to cleanse the murderous stain
 Of tyrants' lust, their fair young lives they gave.

My son is dead. . . . Never again will he
 Come with light laughter and with honest eyes
 Into the garden, which he loved so well:
 Nor greet me with those lips which were the prize
 And tender token of his love for me. . . .
 We'll only meet in dreams? . . . Ah! who can tell?

The Social Unrest

By Lionel Josaphare

The hobby of the restless philosopher is the social unrest. To him, the world is operating under a misapprehension. At some period of the career, mankind was in a dilemma, and took the wrong advice. So we are now recounting the votes of a prehistoric election. There is a general discontent, and everybody is presumed to feel it individually. Ask any child of the age, and you will learn something to your moral disadvantage; whereupon you are one of the elect. Bogus coins and false documents were deposited in the cornerstones of society. The architecture itself is not meeting with modern man's approval. Ah, yes; the hard-working beast is gazing out his windows and longing for a change of air. His malady? Who knows?

Is it something that comes from long centuries of waiting, a calculation that at the end of the eons shows no profit? Is it a physical boredom amid too many pleasures, or a mental collapse under the strain of too precise thinking? Does the fever-flush come from possessing too much or too little? Is it that wildness which impels a son to leave his father's house, or men to depart from the creeds of their forefathers? Is it that which causes a wife to look for other romance, or romance itself to reel from the arms of possibility? Is it something in the heart of a girl, or does it linger in the soul of nations? Or is it merely the common, age-old desire for the impossible?

If there is a social unrest, then the world is not happy. There is a grotesque unhappiness, the aggregation of a myriad. It is not for the lack of pleasures, but the flaming power within, without and everywhere. Such is the explanation. The philosopher meditates for a living. The good citizen toils. To them, society is a matter of social detail—a supper and a game. To the philosopher of another view, society is more than that—a game of populations. So there are men who have eyes for more than others can see, eyes for a strenuous contest of classes, one against another, and against people of the past. Perhaps we have a clue to it there. They see the past full of traditions holding us in a devilish hold.

It is true enough that the good citizen is frequently vexed by his surroundings. Then he goes out and sins, and returns; or he makes life a system of occasional sinning and returning. He is confronted by no lonesome problems shaking their manes in his path. The world is a very good place, if he can have enough of it. His problem is not romance but romances; not woman but women; not economics but gold. With him, restlessness is a matter that can be overcome by a vacation. Others tell us that there is something wrong with a system wherein a vacation is required. It should work harmoniously under all conditions and at all times.

The year is wicked that must be cured by a fortnight in the mountains. The skyline has a morality of its own, apart from the humdrum life of the fugitive. The sanctuary to which he flees for solace is proof of corruption in the valleys. The temporary escape cries out against the permanent degradation.

These commentators see the whole world in a state of ennui, an era of boredom. In overwork is a waste of time; in the heavy task, a spiritual idleness. Having asked if marriage is a failure, they proceed and inquire—is government a failure? Is religion a failure? Unless some other system be devised, they would come to the conclusion that the world is failure heaped upon failure.

The present state of society is the survivor of many others. But, say the theorists, perhaps the others failed not because of their own fault but because our own was the most warlike. We forced our forms of church, state and exchequer upon people who were getting along very well among themselves, working among cattle and amusing themselves with war, but not waging either on the grand plan of the all-conquering civilization. We absorbed them, and this is the result. The best of all possible worlds might be said to contain the best of all social systems. We did the best we could with the material at hand. Is that an excuse or a boast?

The question is inevitable: Is this the best we can do with ourselves? Can we invent better customs without fear of ridicule from the past, or do we falter at invention because the voices of the past cry out, "You can not free yourselves"?

Recently in this city a social worker informed a well known club that Europe is without faith in the present organization of society. He declared that the events of Russia were an acute example of what is taking place elsewhere in milder form. He called attention to three failures: the Russian state, the Greek Catholic church, and the financial security of the masses. Thus it was that the Asiatic mystery, the Babylon, crumbled and, in falling, crumbled over Europe.

Now, we can not assert that the Russian empire failed, merely because it failed to keep the peace. Those castles are demolished only when they sink forever, when they give way to something of grander shape. Even czarism has not been replaced with a better government. A dignified republic may ensue; and then we can say that the Little White Father was not eternally destined for the big white children.

But that is not the complete purport of this restless philosophy. It attacks not only a form of government but the idea of government itself. The rebels overthrew despotism and then scorned democracy. Having attained their objective, they made rebellion continuously. Nothing short of anarchy can be evolved from the implied definition. Suppose, for the moment, that anarchy or its first cousin, Bolshevism, should emerge triumphant and peaceful from the steppes of Russia, would the lesson be for czarism or philosophy? What some persons desire is an anarchy of religion, of government, of morals, of economics and everything to which man clings as to a rock of ages. In other words, the remedy for social unrest is an out-gush in all directions. Every wall to have a door. Otherwise, what hitherto known form

of society or government, Greek, Egyptian, Roman, Medieval, colonial or what, do they desire? They signify none of these, and the only answer is that something very close to Bolshevism is what they have in mind. To be unsuccessful is to be downtrodden. The downtrodden cry out. The cry of pain changes to one of rage; and that is Bolshevism. Yet no argument is required against the Bolsheviks. One merely points at them.

Then they say that the nations of the world (and especially the heads of nations) will not let the Bolshevik alone, fearing the example of success. This is a specious statement, for the Bolshevik are not content to be a glorious and isolated example. They have tried to undermine the governments of the world with their furious instruments. Their philosophy is that a Bolshevik state is impossible without a Bolshevik world. They have not yet demonstrated that a Bolshevik world would be any better than a Bolshevik part of it.

It must be remembered that the Russian peasant was the poorest civilized man on earth. He was barely richer than his neighbor, the Asiatic. He risked nothing but his life and a few rubles by overwhelming the czar. Having saved his life and having printed all the paper money he desired, he was in a better condition than before.

The other nations have been fair enough to Bolshevism. The Bolshevik, though, does not look upon the royalist and the republican as his moral equals. He considers them unworthy of trust. There was no social unrest in Russia, because they did not have enough social advantages to make the test.

There are two turbulent ideas in society: one is held by the man who can not succeed fast enough; the other by him who would destroy the emblems of success. One strives to get to the top; the other curses the whole scheme and tries to drag the top down to his own level. The ambitious one is the integral factor of society; the other is an outlaw. All forms of life tend toward a climax and disintegration. Success means ultimate downfall of a czar or a Lenine. Unrest is a manifestation of life. Society is alive, and we can hardly be astonished at its occasional rise and fall, its foliage, flowers and seeding time. The surviving element is the oldest. It always was. Human nature has imagination for something better; yet in the struggle between custom and novelty, the triumph of the new is of short duration. The building of the pyramids established a colossal emblem of repose. There was a certain amount of restlessness then as now. The world can be stimulated by rebellion but can not thrive on it. The greater the assemblage the sooner it passes. The mob spirit in the individual or in the mob is the shortest of enjoyments. Eternal unrest and eternal repose are the soul and the life of society.

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including
Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly
favors are presented to our patrons, without competi-
tion of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances.
(Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

A Victorian Era Defence of Cosmetics

By Max Beerbohm

At Rome, in the keenest time of her degrading, when there was gambling even in the holy temples, great ladies (does not Lucian tell us?) did not scruple to squander all they had upon unguents from Arabia. Nero's mistress and unhappy wife, Poppaea, of shameful memory, had in her traveling retinue fifteen—or, as some say, fifty—she-asses, for the sake of their milk, that was thought an incomparable guard against cosmetics with poison in them. Last century, too, when life was lived by candle-light, and ethics was but etiquette, and even art a question of punctilio, women, we know, gave the best hours of the day to the crafty farding of their faces and the towering of their coiffures.

And just as no one seriously encourages the clergy in its frantic efforts to lay the spirit of chance, that has thus resurged among us, so no longer are many faces set against that other great sign of a more complicated life, the love for cosmetics. No longer is a lady of fashion blamed if, to escape the outrageous persecution of time, she fly for sanctuary to the toilet table; and if a damsel, prying in her mirror, be sure that with brush and pigment she can trick herself into more charm, we are not angry. Indeed, why should we ever have been? Surely it is laudable, this wish to make fair the ugly and overtop fairness, and no wonder that within the last five years the trade of the makers of cosmetics has increased immoderately—twenty-fold, so one of these makers has said to me. We need but walk down any modish street and peer into the little broughams that fit past, or (in Thackeray's phrase) under the bonnet of any woman we meet, to see over how wide a kingdom rouge reigns. We men, who, from Juvenal down to that discourteous painter of whom Lord Chesterfield tells us, have especially shown a dislike of cosmetics, are quite yielding; and there are, I fancy, many such husbands as he who, suddenly realizing that his wife was painted, bade her sternly, "Go up and take it all off," and, on her reappearance, bade her with increasing sternness, "Go up and put it all on again."

But now that the use of pigments is becoming general, and most women are not so young as they are painted, it may be asked curiously how the prejudice ever came into being. Indeed, it is hard to trace folly, for that it is inconsequent, to its start; and perhaps it savors too much of reason to suggest that the prejudice was due to the tristful confusion man has made of soul and surface. Through trusting so keenly to the detection of the one by keeping watch upon the other, and by force of the thousand errors following, he has come to think of surface even as the reverse of soul. He supposes that every clown beneath his paint and lip-salve is moribund and knows it, (though in verity, I am told, clowns are as cheerful a class of men as any other), that the fairer the fruit's rind and the more delectable its bloom, the closer are packed the ashes within it. The very jargon of the hunting field connects cunning with a mask. And so perhaps came man's anger at the embellishment of women—that lovely mask of enamel with its shadows of pink and tiny pencilled veins, what must lurk behind it? Of what treacherous mysteries may it not be the screen? Does not the heathen lacquer her dark face, and the harlot paint her cheeks, because sorrow has made them pale?

After all, the old prejudice is a-dying. We

need not pry into the secret of its birth. Rather is this a time of jolliness and glad indulgence. For the era of rouge is upon us, and as only in an elaborate era can man by the tangled accrescence of his own pleasures and emotions reach that refinement which is his highest excellence, and by making himself, so to say, independent of Nature, come nearest to God, so only in an elaborate era is woman perfect. Artifice is the strength of the world, and in that same mask of paint and powder, shadowed with vermeil tint and most trimly pencilled, is woman's strength.

For see! We need not look so far back to see woman under the direct influence of Nature. Early in this century, our grandmothers, sickening of the odor of faded exotics and spilt wine, came out into the daylight once more and let the breezes blow around their faces and enter, sharp and welcome, into their lungs. Artifice they drove forth, and set Martin Tupper upon a throne of mahogany to rule over them. A very reign of terror set in. All things were sacrificed to the fetish Nature. Old ladies may still be heard to tell how, when they were girls, affectation was not; and, if we certify their assertion in the light of such literary authorities as Dickens, we find that it is absolutely true. Women appear to have been in those days utterly natural in their conduct—flighty, gushing, blushing, fainting, giggling and shaking their curls. They knew no reserve in the first days of the Victorian era. No thought was held too trivial, no emotion too silly, to express. To Nature everything was sacrificed. Great heavens! And in those barren days what influence was exerted by women? By men they seem not to have been feared nor loved, but regarded rather as "dear little creatures" or "wonderful little beings," and in their relation to life as foolish and ineffectual as the landscapes they did in water color. Yet; if the women of those years were of no great account, they had a certain charm and they at least had not begun to trespass upon men's ground; if they touched not thought, which is theirs by right, at any rate they refrained from action, which is ours.

Surely, without any of my pleading, women will welcome their great and amiable protectrix, as by instinct. For (have I not said?) it is upon her that all their strength, their life almost, depends. Artifice's first command to them is that they should repose. With bodily activity their powder will fly, their enamel crack. They are butterflies who must not flit, if they love their bloom. Now, setting aside the point of view of passion, from which very many obvious things might be said, (and probably have been by the minor poets), it is, from the intellectual point of view, quite necessary that a woman should repose. Hers is the resplendent sex. On her couch she is a goddess, but so soon as ever she put her foot on the ground—lo, she is the veriest little sillypop and quite done for. She can not rival us in action, but she is our mistress in the things of the mind. Let her not by second-rate athletics, nor indeed by any exercise soever of the limbs, spoil the pretty procedure of her reason. Let her be content to remain the guide, the subtle suggester of what we must do, the strategist whose soldiers we are, the little architect whose workmen we are.

"After all," as a pretty girl once said to me, "women are a sex by themselves, so to speak,"

and the sharper the line between their worldly functions and ours, the better. This greater swiftness and less erring subtlety of mind, their forte and privilege, justifies the painted mask that Artifice bids them wear. Behind it their minds can play without let. They gain the strength of reserve. They become important, as in the days of the Roman Empire were the emperor's mistresses, as was the Pompadour at Versailles, as was our Elizabeth. Yet do not their faces become lined with thought; beautiful and without meaning are their faces.

And, truly, of all the good things that will happen with the full renaissance of cosmetics, one of the best is that surface will finally be severed from soul. That damnable confusion will be solved by the extinguishing of a prejudice which, as I suggest, itself created. Too long has the face been degraded from its ranks as a thing of beauty to a mere vulgar index of character or emotion. We had come to troubling ourselves, not with its charm of color and line, but with such questions as whether the lips were sensuous, the eyes full of sadness, the nose indicative of determination. I have no quarrel with physiognomy. For my own part, I believe in it. But it has tended to degrade the face aesthetically, in such wise as the study of cheirosophy has tended to degrade the hand. And the use of cosmetics, the masking of the face, will change this. We shall gaze at a woman merely because she is beautiful, not stare into her face anxiously, as into the face of a barometer.

But with the universal use of cosmetics and the consequent discernment of soul and surface, which, at the risk of irritating a reader, I must again insist upon, all those old properties that went to bolster up the ordinary novel—the trembling lips, the flashing eyes, the determined curve of the chin, the nervous trick of biting the moustach—aye and the hectic spot of red on either cheek—will make spifficate, as the puppets were spifficated by Don Quixote. Yes, even now Demos begins to discern. The same spirit that has revived rouge, smote his mouth as it grinned at the wondrous painter of mist and river, and now sends him sprawling for the pearls that Meredith dived for in the deep waters of romance.

Indeed the revival of cosmetics must needs be so splendid an influence, conjuring boons innumerable, that one inclines almost to mutter against that inexorable law by which Artifice must perish from time to time. That such branches of painting as the staining of glass or the illuminating of manuscripts should fall into disuse seems, in comparison, so likely; these were esoteric arts; they died with the monastic spirit. But personal appearance is art's very basis. The painting of the face is the first kind of painting man can have known. To make beautiful things—is it not an impulse laid upon few? But to make oneself beautiful is a universal instinct. Strange that the resultant art could ever perish! So fascinating an art too! So various in its materials from stimmis, psimythium and fuligo to bismuth and arsenic, so simple in that its ground and its subject matter are one, so marvelous in that its very subject matter becomes lovely when an artist has selected it! For surely this is no idle nor fantastic saying. To deny that "making up" is an art, on the pretext that the finished work

(Continued on Page 15)

Our Little Marriage

By Chris Massie

I

It is springtime. The cottage window cuts my share of it out of the sky—a blue and white panorama of exquisite contrast; and then I have beside my bed a cup of golden crocuses.

That is all my springtime as it appears to those who know I am dying—who come casually, like the doctor and the village people. Good folk! they pity me; but there is much more reason for me to pity them. My blue and white window, and cup of golden crocuses, are not all I know about the spring, for in reality I have never possessed a springtime as I do this one. My window gives me the Greek heroes in melting marble, deep blue unfathomable seas, great snow-covered mountains, and castles such as never looked down with like romance on the valley of the Rhine.

It is the dying man who lives most acutely. Here are my golden crocuses; but in imagination I see the violet and white ones, delicately veined with purple, and sheltered each with a dozen olive-green spears—the crowns of potentates and princes each with its guard of honor.

I know the sun. I know the sea. The wind and the soft, holy rain. The quick pant of light, the sudden pulse of shadow. I know these. I know them, not with the outward knowledge of artistic appreciation, but with the inward knowledge of spiritual recognition. Nature is less marvelous than she was to me—nature is closer, more sympathetic—her simplicity seems to make plain the intricacies of the soul and grant peace.

Peace . . . Only dying men feel peace. Only dying men know how to live. To wake, as I do, at the stirring of the moon—her silent presence, her soft, silvery garments gliding through the room, and passing, as it seems, out of the door! That is peace. And to wake again to catch the sun in pursuit—his rosy sandals following her little, white, naked feet till he, too, is gone. That also is peace. There is a touching spiritual humor about it that only dying men understand. . . .

I hear the birds at dawn. That, too, is full of merriment. In the old days of struggle and adversity, the birds only broke the silence of sleep; now they fill the silence of wakefulness—not with music, but laughter.

I have "the intimate sense of things"—a clear-sighted vision. I know what sails are shifting on the sea, what words are on the lips of the young sailors, what love is in their hearts.

I know these things because it is springtime, and because I, too, am one who loves. . . .

II

This silent room and your still presence, my Clare. . . .

The gradual falling of a tress till it is able to kiss your cheek, the quick motion of your hand replacing it; again the falling of a tress, and this time the little truant is suffered to remain. I watch these things.

I still feel your hands. I feel the warmth of your dear young breast. You have given life the last blessing of divine simplicity.

I love all your roses in the sunshine, yes, and I love all your lilies in the shade. I love your lips for their kisses, and I love your lips for their kindness. I love them for this afternoon, and I love them for tonight. I love them for their new purpose to encourage me, and I

love them for their new passion to suffice me. I love you for a love so comprehensive.

I bless you, sitting there in the fire-glow! Did I suffer in the dead gone days? I do not remember it much. My pleading, weak, pitiful love! I remember it only as one remembers a delicate child that died in infancy. . . .

But there has always been this mystery about me—this you. I trace it back to my cradle. I saw it in my mother's eyes—I felt it in my mother's hand when she laid it on my forehead. It was in all the brilliant books I read, in all the wondrous things I saw—in the sea, in the sun, in silence and in song. It was in the smile of other lips, in the wisdom of other women. In the darkness that brings stars, and in the dawn that quenches them. In dreams and sudden impulses—this mystery of me—and you.

III

I do not know whether these brief occasional papers will ever be published. My first thought is that Clare should have something left of me for herself when the pen ceases. . . .

Perhaps the unusual circumstances of "our little marriage" may be helpful and interesting to some few others. I do not know. I have never written for "the public," and this is scarcely the hour to make a beginning. The grace of one or two influential literary friends has kept me evenly employed on that unpopular thing called "literature."

M—was good enough to say once that my work was "as soul is to body in these days of journalistic hash." But I do not think I found the public that wanted me—the shy people who wander away and get lost in the middle of last century.

Literature is not for the multitude. It is the cult of cranks and old fogies—the odds and ends of humanity.

I wonder how many people have read Walter Pater? Yes, I understand he had what is called "a vogue" at the beginning of this century. Editions de luxe were certainly bought by the middle class and placed reverently next to Oscar Wilde in the library. But Pater is too much for Oxford or Cambridge. The cultured ignorance of Kensington and Maida Vale may "stock" him like booksellers; nevertheless, Pater is above them, except in the lozenge form of popular quotation. For instance, that sublimity worn to a platitude—his dream picture of the rapturous Mona Lisa. How many school girls can quote that! . . .

He who would be master of letters, and not a mere literary man, must cast his bread upon the waters, and if it returns to him after many days, he may count himself fortunate.

IV

I find it difficult to bring myself to any detailed explanation of the cause which led up to "our little marriage." Such explanation involves more than a casual reference to my illness, and I have determined in these last papers not to suffer anything in the form of prognostic morbidity, for though I have no fear of death as a purely personal issue, I do not think it wise, or even decent, to number all the nerves of my body and show step by step the failing of my powers.

I am with the respectable class in affirming that here is such a thing as "bad taste," though, for the most part, I should differ from them in my choice of what is bad. . . .

The circumstances of "our little marriage" are these: Just a year ago we were engaged. At that time I was feeling heartily well, and prospects were bright with a thousand pounds near us in the bank, and plenty of decent, well-paid work.

Of course, we had a "vision." No battling with circumstances, no monotony of daily routine, or the growth of scepticism round other mundane matters, can quite destroy the lover's vision. It was a cottage we wanted—a cottage in solitude, next to the sea and near the sky. Clare, with all a woman's devotion, had convinced herself that Fleet Street was doing me harm, so she wrought up this dream of great quietness, and round it we fought all our battles.

Then came the fatal stroke. I fell sick for the first time in my life, and gradually I got the information that I could not live.

For three days I kept the information secret. What those three days were to me of insufferable agony, only those in like circumstances can appreciate. At last I broke faith with myself and told Clare. . . .

V

I think we misjudge women. Perhaps the mere phrasing of that sentence—the doubt associated with "I think"—proves very conclusively that we do. All men in their wisdom have a preconceived idea of what a woman will do in given circumstances, and though they are scarcely ever right, they quite easily return to the same audacious assumption.

Any man is much more easily defined than the first woman you meet, be she lady or country wench. There is no "eternal feminine" in the mechanical application of the phrase, but there certainly is an "eternal masculine" in the mechanical application of the phrase. Of that I feel sure.

VI

It is outside my purpose to give any details of what precisely happened to us both when we stood, as it seemed, between time and eternity facing the inevitable.

It was Clare who first decided that we should have our marriage in spite of it all. In spite of how much! We had discussed eugenics

(Continued on Page 14)

Most necessary to have Binoculars or Field Glasses to view our wonderful Fleet

A pair of fine Prism Binoculars or Field Glasses will give you all the advantages of a "choice front seat" to view the pageant from the hills around the bay.

New Victory Binocular.....\$45.00

Military Binocular with ray filter.. 47.50

Field and Marine Glasses at most reasonable prices.

Inspection invited—no obligation to purchase.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

The Spectator

Impatience of the Fleet Committee

With reference to the coming of the fleet, San Francisco feels like the woman whose husband is bringing home a friend for dinner—and telephones that he will be late. Few of the numerous committeemen can resist making remarks on the delay. Gavin McNab feared that if the League of Nations had to be settled first, the president might not be here for another year, and by that time some of the vessels will be old-fashioned. P. H. McCarthy wants it thoroughly understood that he is not running for office, and that he does not wish to hurt anybody's feelings, but that it is time for San Francisco to arise and say something. Admiral Jayne has left for San Diego to meet Josephus Daniels. Mayor Rolph is piling up the \$100,000, expenses of the reception. Governor Stephens dashed down to San Diego, Wednesday, to grip Josephus' hand at the gang-plank, or wherever the globe-trotting secretary of war emerges. Hotel men are making lists of food purchases. Chefs are taxing their genius for luncheon and banquet novelties. Speeches are being memorized. Dress suits are being overhauled, and everybody fears that the first impetuosity, the inspiration of the moment, may break before the president arrives. As with everything of a federal nature, there are changes from day to day. The first orders of a Washington move are never carried out. The latest development is that Wilson will be here on September 1st, and the fleet is supposed to regulate its speed to be greeted about that time. Nellie Nichols used to relate of a certain scrimmage, "Before I could say something, I knew nothing." That describes the astonishment of those who are hit by telegrams from Private Secretary Tully, the Edward Rainey of the White House. It is a time to be calm but obviously not stupefied. J. Emmett Hayden is calm; Andy Gallagher is almost calm. The little supervisor and the big supervisor are ready to declare an armistice if they can be shown whom to attack together. The worst of it is that no one knows whom to criticize. There is no one whose feelings can be hurt without a breach of etiquette. One might make sarcastic remarks to Ed Rainey, who is supposed to know everything but did not foresee that the fleet would be delayed. One thing is certain, and on that everybody is agreed (which is almost too magnanimous of them) that the interests of the whole country deserve precedence over local pride. If the president and the Pacific fleet wish to change the date of our own reception to them, we will acquiesce. But with about \$100,000 on our hands and all those luncheons waiting, it is hard to be calm. And those banquets fit for even those who are back from gay Paree! Now the grand entry has been set for September 2nd, and expectation takes another turn.

That Delayed Fleet

San Franciscans are exceedingly hospitable, exceedingly generous, but at the same time, cooksureness as to their business, scenic and climatic supremacy has spoiled them into a sort of temperamentalism which causes them to insist upon getting what they want when they want it. They also, and very rightly, too, insist upon the carrying out of public programmes as arranged by the committees appointed by the mayor to formulate them, and resent inter-

ference from any outside persons or powers. They had learned that a great fleet was to be located permanently at their very doors, and made up their minds that it should be given a reception as elaborate and enthusiastic as they knew that only Californians could make it. Secretary Daniels had announced that he would be present at the grand review, which was of course an addition to the programme that all were glad to make. When the president himself announced that he would himself play the principal part in the said review, the public delight was great indeed, for now there would be two stars in the cast! But now the date has been postponed from August 15th to September 1st, 2nd or 3rd, on account of the pressure of official business demanding the principal star's presence in Washington. The public ardor has dampened considerably in consequence, and there are many who insist upon having the programme carried out as at first arranged, since no existing public matter compares in importance with what Mr. Wilson has already promised to do. The more conservative ones point out the unwisdom of playing "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out, but the greater proportion of both press and public seems inclined to insist that in this case the play's the thing, and they can have just as good a show with Mr. Daniels in the principal part. As there still appears to be no certainty in respect to the date on which the originally engaged artist can appear, the objectors are perfectly right.

Too Much Money

Doubtless it is quite true that, as the dictionaries tell us, an axiom is a self-evident proposition, and so we must accept with calm resignation the very old one which says, "figures can't lie." Professional statisticians have been figuring assiduously in order to establish by calculation the reasons for the high cost of living, and have arrived at the conclusion that there is too much money in circulation. This is an amazing and misunderstandable statement for the mind to which figures and mathematical calculations are an unfathomable mystery, and it is a most difficult matter for such a mind to conceive that there can possibly be too much money in the world. Still if it be true that figures can't lie, it seems to have been established beyond any reasonable doubt by these gentlemen, that the over-production of bullion, and the consequent money certificates to represent it, is far in excess of the production of purchasable commodities in the way of foods and manufactures. As a consequence the purchasing power of money is decreased, and the prices of those commodities must increase in proportion to the decrease of the purchasing power. Those people who are not blessed with calculating minds, may also have a sort of intuitive grasp of the main reason for the high cost of living and be able to arrive at a conclusion without any figuring at all.

In Spite of Figures

These people are convinced that there is not too much money in circulation, but that what there is rests in the hands of too few men, such as war profiteers, some manufacturers, and millionaires whose millions have been thrust upon them while they slept. These people believe that there is not the proper relative value between capital and labor, producer and pur-

chaser, source of supply and source of demand. They would like to know why they pay sixty-five cents per dozen for eggs, when there are probably millions of dozens of them growing musty in cold storage plants; why they must pay from ten to fifteen dollars for shoes, because profiteers gobbled up all the leather in the country and sold it abroad; why these same profiteers complain because the government is releasing vast stores of food products at fair prices, thereby reducing their profits. Precisely the same conditions existed after the close of the American Civil War, and after a few years the disturbed state of economic affairs adjusted itself automatically, as it probably will now. But at the same time the non-figurers would like to be able to understand why it is that if there is so much money in circulation, all of the avenues are closed that might permit some of it to come their way. "If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." In our present deplorable economic situation, the profiteer is the eye that refuses to see anything but his own enrichment, so the authorities should find some way to pluck him out of our body politic.

Action in the Southland

As far as any obtainable advices are concerned, it must be said that to the city of San Diego must be given the honor of taking the first definite steps toward preventing further advances in the high cost of living, and also to secure reductions from present figures wherever it can be shown that they are fully justified by conditions. Mayor L. J. Wilde of that city, backed by the city council, has instituted a searching probe in the matter, and will make every possible effort to keep prices within reasonable bounds. It has been decided that the first assault will be made upon the city bakeries, which have announced a material increase in the price of bread, irrespective of the fact that flour is no higher and wages have not increased. Should the bakers decline to accept friendly suggestions, they will be prosecuted under the Sherman anti-trust law, which the city attorney seems to think can be invoked to club the bakers into line, and, failing that, he is directed to devise some other plan by which the greedy boulangeres can be whipped into line. Intimations have also reached the city council to the effect that a general gouging movement is to be instituted by hotel men, cafe proprietors and tradesmen during the visit of the Pacific fleet, and this inordinate manifestation of greed is to be stringently headed off, by the re-passing of an ordinance in effect during the Exposition of 1915. This specified that all hotel, lodging house and apartment house keepers be required to post their rates conspicuously and

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

abide by the posted schedule. It is pointed out by the officials that there will be 100,000 visitors and nearly 40,000 sailors in San Diego during the fleet visit, and they propose to see to it that through them San Diego shall not earn the reputation of being a burg for the protection of profiteers and robbers. It is to be hoped that San Francisco will be equally considerate to the coming strangers.

Witter Bynner Writes Us

Forest St., Rye, N. Y., July 30th, 1919.
To the Editor of Town Talk:

Receiving from a friend a copy of Town Talk for July 26th, I can not let pass your intimation that I was "opposed to the raising of an army to fight in France." How could I be, when we had exhausted every other measure! Town Talk and all talk to the contrary, I was as much in favor of what seemed a democratic war as I am now opposed to an imperialistic peace. My stand in signing the much-abused Berkeley petition was only the stand which I believe any thoughtful American should take. At Fort Leavenworth there were two prisoners in adjoining cells convicted for the same offense, one with a sentence of two years, the other with a sentence of twenty. The commandant himself protested against such injustice. Rose Pastor Stokes, with a clear record of American service, preached nevertheless socialist doctrine at the wrong time and was given ten years; but an actual German agent caught trying to blow up a bridge and endanger our boys' lives, was given four years. Of such disparity only a pro-German could approve. The federal department of justice does not approve, and neither do I.

Yours truly,

Witter Bynner.

Bohemians and Near-Bohemians

The trouble at the Bohemian Club appears to be something more than a struggle over the memory of Witter Bynner. This pedagogic poet has been suspected of unpatriotism. He signed a petition for the release of prisoners

convicted under the espionage act. He taught poetry for the University of California, where pro-Germanism was not an unknown quantity. He has issued a number of argumentative statements, without pledging his loyalty in precise terms. If he has been less than loyal, his friends will have difficulty explaining their desire to retain him in the club. The personnel of the two factions makes it clear that an old feud is using Bynner as material for another skirmish, and that Bynner in or Bynner out is not of prime importance to the belligerents. There always were two hostile groups in the Bohemian Club. One set consists largely of approximate millionaires yearning to be bohemians; the other is made up of bohemians emulating millionaires. Seemingly a good combination; yet they never did get along. The aristocracy of intellect always resented the official pomp of the bourgeoisie. Whenever there was a jinks of a poetry recital or a tribute to high art, some of the members felt that others should confine their noise to hand-clapping instead of attempting to talk about it. The poets and the artists, the story writers, critics, musicians, dilettanti and a few ardent sympathizers were annoyed when the real estate men, lawyers, physicians and merchants arose or sat to have their say. The Philistines usually had their more or less grammatical say, and were laughed at in confidential places. Laughter will out. It creates violent partisanship. And so, for many years, every debate or process of the club shows the same line-up. Every new member is immediately spotted as belonging to either the brains or the money party. Of course, genius is in the minority—Bohemian Club as elsewhere. But genius must be cajoled when required for a jinks play, for tributes to art and letters, and for giving banquets to other and visiting geniuses, a form of entertainment especially cherished by the club.

Garnett to the Rescue

As far as Bynner is concerned, Porter Garnett has seen fit to enter a letter-writing crusade

in his behalf. Garnett is a leader in any exploit that holds crude intelligence up to scorn. In his elevated viewpoint, a merchant prince and a cave-man have no appreciable difference. If condescending to make a distinction, he would prefer the naivete of the cave-man to the bromidics of the shopkeeper. Moderately brained though highly successful authors have no interest for him. His estimation of the placid, comfortable, prosaic set of the Bohemian Club is therefore explicable. Bynner is not a very clever poet, yet a bizarre one; and that goes with Garnett. From my reading of Bynner's lengthy letter that arrived for publication last Monday, he did not make out a strong case for his patriotism; nor did he explain his anxiety to release or shorten the sentences of conscientious objectors and interned offenders. Perhaps, now that the war is over, Bynner's friends think that patriotism is not as important as the conflict between genius and commercialism. Artists and writers showed splendidly, if not multitudinously, during the war. Many of them are socialists, theoretical anarchists and internationalists, refusing to be fussed up over national politics and other forms of vulgar enthusiasm. I take it that this is the spirit which has undertaken (regardless of national interest) to defend Bynner against the more patriotic members of the Bohemian Club. Neither Garnett nor Bynner hold diplomatic relations with commercialism, and their personalities were just the thing to chafe the old feud into action. But not all the brilliant members of the Bohemian Club are professional writers; and in this controversy not all the intellectuals are aligned with the poets. Judge Melvin himself was formerly a newspaper man, and his vigor of debate is not to be counteracted by rhetorical flummery. He is the leader of those who wish to have Bynner ousted. As the debate proceeds, there is no likelihood that all the interesting epithets will be hurled from one side.

Attention, Spectator

Your spell of "gastrocnemius"

In recent issue from your pen

Requires "e" instead of "o"

To satisfy all learned men.

In matters Aesculapian

A lexicon should be in sight,

Its pages should be scrutinized

In order to insure what's right.

We feel constrained to make this plea

For Town Talk rarely errs this way;

With diction fine and copy good,

'Tis interesting to read, all say.

Oh, supple gastrocnemius,

So long subdued behind silk hose,

We'll see more of you day by day

If fashions latest folly goes.

—Poetaster.

The Opium Eaters of America

This caption will not seem like a bid for the sensational when we learn that America leads the world in the number of narcotic addicts. A few days ago, the San Francisco police arrested a cocaine peddler who served thirty-six customers at one stopping place of his automobile. The national pursuit of the dope-fiend has progressed for about six years, and every month finds the gaunt army of victims apparently increased or else further revealed. While we considered our generation wrapt in commercialism and science and exploit, we are told that millions are communing with drug-damned

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

visions more characteristic of Bagdad, Bombay and the remote byways of the oriental banner. Amazement follows a glance at the statistics. Some physicians go so far as to say that there are 5,000,000 narcotic joy-riders in the United States. When a New York law called for the registration of addicts, about 4,000 responded from the metropolis, where 200,000 men and women are said to use opium, cocaine, morphine, laudanum, heroin, codeine, hashish or chloral. These figures are from Dr. Royal S. Copeland, who, as the New York City health commissioner, has had opportunity to study more than 2,700 cases. Every condition of society is represented: the outcast, the social favorite, lawyers, clergymen, artists, writers, criminals, gangsters, business men, actors, journalists, financiers and even physicians. Dr. Copeland has tried to trace the travels of imported drugs. Every facility of the federal government was placed at his disposal, and yet he could account for only fifteen per cent in legitimate uses. The remainder went to illicit users—the pipe-dreamer, the quill-man, the hypo and the snow-bird. About 150,000 ounces of cocaine are manufactured annually in America, and more is smuggled into the country. Only 25 per cent of the manufactured article has been traced to its destination. The rest went to the elusive fiend. The United States imports and manufactures each year 3,500,000,000 grains of opium. A grain is a dose. Overwork, pleasure, dreams, pain, insomnia, curiosity, associates are the main causes ascribed by the patients, for patients they are, and even the law must yield to their dire necessities and not demand a sudden abandonment of the drug. To deprive them immediately of their smoke, shot, potion, sniff or chew, would be cruelty and in some cases a death sentence. The problem is to decrease their dose gradually and then attempt a cure. To ascertain all the victims is impossible. To reduce their numbers by a large proportion is one of the farthest-reaching reforms this country has ever attempted. The drinker of alcoholic liquors is not to be compared with the drug fiends, because the latter lapse into madness when their drug is taken from them. They live in a magic world, a phantasmagoria of sweets and pains unknown to their fellow citizens, and their redemption is the work of a genius.

Blimping the Food Prices

We may soon have a public ownership of food prices, and it is to be hoped that the government will also do something to mark down our fall patterns in fabrics. Cold storage is blamed for gerrymandering the profits in meats, eggs, etc., but clothing is not put into the refrigerator; nevertheless, the price tags and tailor's bills go upward, still upward, O price in thy flight—make something cheap again, just for tonight. Anyway, even if clothing were sequestered from the market, the styles would change; so that can't be the answer. These aerated prices must be psychological, as President Wilson said some years ago. The psychology of the man who wants it all is worthy of profound study. We demand a probe, and are glad that Wilson and even a republican congress will take a peep into conditions. Even the cold storing of eggs must come to an end some time or the supply would increase ad infinitum. No; it is not the freezing plant but the hot air that makes the high cost of living. And there must be a downfall. Everybody can not buy everything he bought heretofore, and there must come a slump somewhere. Ten million men taking \$1.50 to the cobbler instead of \$7 to the shoe dealer ought to have a beneficial effect. It is all a matter of testing the

public purse to exhaustion. When there is nothing left in the pockets of a large part of the people, the high-price demon will condescend to a few retiring sales. Those \$20 shoes for \$15-a-week stenographers will cease perplexing the sociological student. As Lincoln said, you can't raise all the prices for all the people all the time.

Purchase the United Railroads

At the Union Labor Party convention last Saturday night, when their scheme of principles was adopted unanimously, one of the planks in their platform was announced to be "the early acquisition of the United Railroads at a fair and just valuation to be paid for out of the earnings and service of the system." This was the Gavin McNab plan proposed last year, was it not? Recently our supervisors, in order to satisfy the just demands of the men employed on the municipal railroads, for higher wages, were compelled to encroach upon the depreciation fund, a policy which every manager of a private concern would denounce as opposed to business principles. To quote city engineer O'Shaughnessy: "In a few years, how can we keep up the road-bed, or paint the cars and procure new ones without a depreciation fund?" Fancy the tracks spreading, the brakes squeaking, the seats loose and so on, but no money to make repairs. The supervisors are camouflaging; when the treasury is found empty, they will blame it on the demand of the men for higher wages, which, owing to h. c. l., every one knows they need. The depreciation fund's strong box is not the one to dip into, yet common sense advises that the increase of wages can't be paid out of nickel fares. Boston has increased its car fare to 10 cents and New York decided to charge 2 cents for a transfer. Now, San Francisco has already been requested to send a representative to a federal convention called to discuss the raise in fares. What brave public official will attend from our city and advocate an increased rate to keep pace with the high cost of living? If the city cars raise the fare and the United Railroads do not, the latter will get the greater patronage, despite the public's kindly feeling that they are willing to pay 6, 7, even 10 cents temporarily to help the men to a living wage. If the U. R. R. does increase their fare, the situation will remain as before. The latter can't procure any more franchises here and under present conditions, together with the antipathy with which the laboring party regards them, they could not reasonably be supposed to add any more millions to their investment here. In the meantime, the city is spreading out and to keep pace with its growth, new lines, extensions of the present ones, and costly equipment are required. The United won't and the Municipal road can't, unless the supervisors resort to bad bookkeeping. The solution of the problem is, to buy the United Railroads, incorporate them with the municipal, and run them under one management with transfer privileges to all lines for one fare, thus giving the people the benefit for giving up their public streets. If the United Railroads refuse to do their share in keeping pace with the city's growth (giving as a reasonable excuse their lack of new franchises), could they not be forced to sell their holdings to the city? Mayor Rolph is universally acknowledged to be a splendid business man. Were he chief director of municipal railroads with a staff of executives selected for efficiency, not for political reasons, we should have a system so serviceable, so profitable that "we shall not see its like again." But he is mayor and he has to be in a thousand places in a

week in his official capacity. When he isn't in his office or presiding at a supervisors' meeting, he is in New York or Washington or welcoming some one at the ferry, addressing a citizens' assembly, leading a parade, directing a drive for funds, crowning a May queen, crossing the bay in an airplane, leading a grand march at a ball, or guiding a picturesque six-in-hand around the Civic Center to emphasize the desirability of our city as a moving picture industry site. There is nothing too strenuous for his honor to tackle to capitalize the charms, the resources and the future of San Francisco. But a railroad president, even of municipal lines, has to concentrate, so the mayor couldn't choose the job and run the city at the same time. But he could select an efficient substitute, trained for the work, so that at the expiration of the term of each executive official with his outgoing legislative associates, the work of running the road and piling up the profits could continue without interruption.

At the Capital of the World

Now that the gilded plenipotentiaries have departed from Paris, and the diplomatic vocabulary has eased up in the news dispatches, the human side of that great concourse is being told. Returned officers are telling their bit, and letters from those who linger. We are regaled with glimpses enjoyed by people who stood on their tiptoes to see a few celebrated faces and then dropped back into the vast throngs. At times one could gain ready admission to coveted places; at others, it was almost impossible to approach the royal groups. We are told that President Wilson gradually became accustomed to the amenities of Europe, and that a joyful manner, a hearty laugh, replaced the somewhat sarcastic and guarded smile with which he first met the crowds of London and Paris. The First Lady of the Land has also changed, having acquired goodness knows how many extra pounds of ladyship. The increase has even weighed upon her graceful steps. She dresses with frank magnificence, having learned the art-

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

ful effect of a gown partly plain and partly profuse with decoration. She is fond of long dripping lines and ornaments. The French officials were not the most nonchalant men of the crowds, but were characterized by a certain tension and alertness to trivialities. The great drama had told on their nerves. The most superb figures were the Arabs and the Englishmen. The sons of the desert simply strode about with the easy swing of so many tigers. Almost equalling them were the smart statesmen of London, some of them mere under-secretaries, and many in black silks and knickerbockers. Their demeanor was quiet and self-possessed as if the tumult were no more than a week-end party in a suburb. It appears that the world was never unsafe for human nature, and thrill-seekers were oft confounded by the simplicity of the great. One correspondent writes of having been admitted to the inmost of the inner circles. As he entered the hall, three heads gave him three friendly little nods and continued with their business. He saw a figure seated sidewise in an armchair, and two not very statesmanlike legs dangling over. It was David Lloyd George. Another person was squat on his haunches gazing at a large map on the floor. Clemenceau himself. And also on this map, sprawled on his tummy—ye gods!—and pointing in all direction, was the paragon of statesmen, Woodrow Wilson, president of these United States. The three men were doling out Europe. It is said that Lloyd George is not a good mixer, though affable now and then. He stood apart on some occasions when jollification was the rule, and kept his tile on his head when other plenops were waving theirs above the crowd. Clemenceau shows no depressing effects of the recent bullet. He has a ferocious look, emphasized by ogreish brows and an Ole-Bill mustache; but the countenance glows when he speaks, and his usual manner is kindly.

The Female Back Divine

While the men are rehearsing speeches for the fleet reception, the women folk have a problem of their own. They are discussing the ways and means of the sailor lad's jolly right hand and where it is to rest on his partner in the dance. The hand can not rest at all if the young lady does not prepare him a place; and this place must be draped for the occasion, or considerable embarrassment will ensue. The fiat has gone forth (as fiats usually do) to the effect that the dressmaker must draw the curtains over milady's fashionable back when the Pacific fleeters dance at the St. Francis. No kittygordon triangles which the modistes immodestly expose between the shoulders and the blue vein at the waist line rear. None of that style which has been facetiously termed "low-neck." The sailor is not here to study anatomy. Besides, he would be too agitated to study anything if unprotected from the debutante's dream of a gown. The plans, specifications and elevation of the ball room garb will have to be completely redrawn, if Mrs. D. J. McMaster has anything to say. Mrs. McMaster is not only chairman of the ball committee but president of the Federation of Women's Clubs. In answer to the aforesaid fiat, an interrogatory has gone forth—what, if anything, and wherefore and whithersoever has woman's clubs to do with women's backs at a fleet ball? I am inclined to side with the girls, I know not why. What would the men say if Thornwell Mullally should pretend to design the masculine costume? Suppose the mayor himself should issue a fiat, what would be the answer? Of course, the feminine back can not be compared to anything else in the universe, and for that very reason it should not

be subject to any known law. They say that a sailor coming ashore from a long cruise is susceptible to shocks that a landlubber would negotiate with ease. But we have not been officially informed that the sailor objects to these shocks. Maybe he rejoices in them, as all good citizens do. I have never seen any good come of telling a young woman what to wear. I used to sail a little myself, and therefore think that no harm will come from what the girls think best.

The Race Riots

The recent clashes between whites and negroes in the nation's capital were bad enough in all conscience, but those now in progress in Chicago have almost reached the terrifying importance of civil war. Six thousand troops have not seemed to be a force sufficiently strong to quell the riots, for each night there are new lists of dead and wounded and many of them have been innocent bystanders of course. It now seems all too obvious that national and not state troops should have been called out, for many of the latter are naturally enough against the negro, who has come from the south to cut their wages, and many of them are themselves workmen. The case is analogous with one of the same kind that has existed in Mexico for a long time. The federal troops make no serious attempts to capture the bandit bands because they are in direct sympathy with them and their methods. The only remedy for a recurrence of similar disorders here is the fixing of a wage scale by the state authorities, and the forbidding of the employment of outside labor at cut rates. Southern negroes have no business in the north anyway, and they should at once respond to the appeal of Governor Roberts of Tennessee to come back home, where they are wanted and where they are understood. "Come back home!" the governor asks them. "The perfect understanding and efforts to maintain friendly relationship for the past century, stand in good stead in the present period of unrest. Negroes attracted to the north by high wages and assurances of social conditions that do not exist, should awaken to the truth that the south is the best place for them. We need the negro here and I do not believe that Tennessee can ever be the scene of such troubles as are now existing in Chicago." The fact of the matter is that the negro asks too much, for he refuses to believe that the two races will never intermingle without continued discord and strife. The negro is not understood in the north and he refuses to longer attempt to understand the people of the south.

Again Poor Sparrow

San Diego is also responsible for the return to a war of extermination of that ornithological tramp, the English sparrow. It is pointed out by the game warden of that county that in spite of the fact that a certain hunter exterminated this alleged pest a few years ago, and got rich by slaughtering them at five cents per head, they have come back again, evidently in grain cars from the east, and their persistent efforts in the raising of eight or nine families a year has increased the output almost up to its old standard. It is declared too by the game warden that the sparrow not only destroys other birds by killing them and devouring their eggs, but lives entirely on grain and fruit and never attacks injurious insects. Ever since Cock Robin is said to have killed the sparrow with his bow and arrow, his race has been regarded as an outlaw one, but he is not all bad. Just as a prosecuting attorney invariably exaggerates in the presentation of his case for the people, so do these game wardens and

other enemies of the sparrow exaggerate. In the first place he does not raise eight or nine families a year, nor half that number. He only eats the eggs of some of the smaller birds, whenever he can find them, but these are generally clever enough to conceal their nests where the marauder does not take the trouble to look for them. In the cases of linnets, robins, thrushes, blackbirds or chippies, the sparrow would not dare to interfere because he knows better. A case is recalled where in a honeysuckle vine on a trellis there were two hummingbirds' nests, with a sparrow's nest not more than five feet away, and each of the tiny mothers raised her two little ones without interference. The sparrow is a nuisance because there are too many of him; he is a persistent laborer in the interests of the house painter, and the destroyer of the morning nap of the nervous. At the same time, while a verdict of guilty will no doubt be rendered against him, he is not quite so black as he has been painted.

Film Stars Will Educate Us

Now that San Francisco is on the point of becoming a moving-picture center, we must be careful that our pioneer and native philosophy is not dazzled by the epigrams of the heroic screen. All great artists yearn for self-expression, and all worthy citizens are good listeners. The persons of the silent drama are not speechless, nor do they lack advisers telling them when to speak and what to say. So we shall have hundreds of new people to interview. The topics will be refreshing, for the editors and press agents of the perpetual motion drama are versatile. But we must not accept all their theories. One of the most dignified figures, and said to be one of the most intelligent actors, of the film, Frank Keenan, spoke to the San Francisco Advertising Club the other day and cheerfully remarked that "when capital and labor work in harmony and fairly divide the fruits of industry, America will have no fear of Bolshevism and I. W. W'ism." These words must not be taken flippantly as a filmy thought. The speaker is one of many who tell us practically that we need not fear the I. W. W.'s if we yield to them. It is not clear what Mr. Keenan means by "fairly"; perhaps "fifty-fifty"; perhaps more than that for the worker. We wonder if Keenan and others are acquainted with the I. W. W. constitution, which asserts that labor and capital have nothing in common and that the struggle must go on until labor takes possession of the world and the machinery thereof and abolishes the wage system. Whenever we hear that capital and labor must learn to work in harmony, we detect a threat that capital must do all the learning; must not let its nerves be jangled by labor discords but consider every demand as sweet music. On the same day that Mr. Keenan made his prophecy, the advisory board of the locomotive engineers called on President Wilson and declared that they did not think a raise of wages would do them any good; but they wished the president to see if something could be done in the interest of lower prices. It is not so much the fruits of industry as the fruits of finance that count. The big profit usually goes to those laborers who graduate from the monkey-wrench to the stock-ticker. How that is done is a matter of individual discernment. As for learning to work in harmony, where is the capitalist, laborer, Bolshevik, Industrial Worker, moving picture hero or philosopher who has written the first easy lesson. The Bolsheviks abolish capital by shooting the capitalists and issuing so much currency as to make it worthless. A fair division would not appease that kind of conscience.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Californians in N. Y.

Mrs. Grant Carpenter has returned east from San Francisco where she remained three months upon account of the illness of her father, former tax collector Bloch. The brilliant Grant is working away on more new plays. At the call of Bessie Beatty, formerly of the "Bulletin" and now editor of McCall's Magazine, about forty Californians met and had dinner informally at the Old English Tea Room on West 40th street. Among those present were: Edwin Markham, the poet; Frank Bacon, who has made a sensation on Broadway in "Lightnin'"; Robert MacKay, editor of New Success; Laura Foster Monroe, the artist; Rose Wilder Lane, Lucille Wallenberg, Genevieve Yoell Parkhurst, Herbert Roth, the cartoonist; Sophie Treadwell, who is writing plays; Helen Barry, Eva Chapelle, Sam Lash, and Mr. and Mrs. Grant Carpenter. The most interesting announcement was the recent marriage of Elmer Hader and Berta Hoerner, the two California artists who have recently achieved success in New York. Mrs. Georgia Bordwell, club editor of the Oakland Tribune, has been in New York for about three weeks, waiting to meet her husband, Capt. Fred Bordwell, on his return from France and incidentally gathering material for letters to her paper. Capt. Bordwell cabled his wife that he would expect to meet her at the Brevoort. Mrs. Bordwell cabled her husband that she would await him at the Brevoort. Neither cable was delivered, but they met at the Brevoort by merest chance. The captain, who saw engineer service in the Philippines and was for years in charge of construction work for the Southern Pacific, distinguished himself abroad and received several citations. Ralph Renaud, formerly dramatic critic of the Chronicle and during the war serving with the Creel committee in Washington, is night city editor of the New York Tribune. Jack Waldorf, who was for a long time engrossing clerk of the U. S. senate, has resigned to accept a position upon the same paper.

Chaplin Bailey Browses Amid N. Y. Organs

J. Chaplin Bailey, the brilliant organist of our Trinity Episcopal Church who is en route to England for a visit and to give organ recitals there and on the continent writes to his S. F. friends his impressions of N. Y. churches, organs and other matters. Here is a portion of one letter:

July 24th, 6 p. m. Heat, 93° (not bad).
My dear Friends,

Here I am. I was to have sailed today, then the 1st and at last reports not until the 9th. Today I went to old St. Paul's and sat behind Washington's pew for the noon service. It is a wonderful old church only a few blocks from Trinity, which is on Broadway, facing Wall st. The same furniture and all still remain in the famous old edifice. I met the ass't organist

(now retired) who has been connected with the church sixty years. He took me all about and explained everything, including the chair in which the archbishop of Canterbury sat when he visited Trinity. The reredos an enormously expensive gift of the Astors beggars my description of its beauty. The organ occupies the rear gallery and also the chancel. All the churches here are of stone or brick and hold 1,800 people or more. Gothic is the prevalent style of architecture. Yesterday I visited the "Little Church Around the Corner." It is quaint and very artistic. Nearly all N. Y. churches have a noon service. Had the pleasure of trying the organ of Grace Church, three large organs in Winnipeg, the cathedral in Buffalo, St. Thomas', N. Y., Church of the Holy Communion, Calvary, St. John the Divine, St. Timothy and Zion, Church of the Ascension—pretty good work for two and a half days, you see. On Sunday I am to occupy the organ bench at St. Thomas', Fifth avenue. The church of St. John the Divine is wonderful. The approach is very impressive. The cathedral is built upon a solid rock hill. From the elevated car line one can get an excellent rear view. Mr. Farron the organist has a salary of ten thousand a year, besides board and lodging. He is rather downcast because he has been unable to obtain a passport at present. The organ is as large as the S. F. city organ but more expensive and there are several smaller organs in the chapels. The verger lighted the cathedral for me and then—well, I can't write about it—it is one of those cases when you just stand and wonder. The cross on the altar is five feet high but looks only half that—dimension is very deceiving. Then he took me down in the dark where dead men lie. Here is a chamber where your footsteps cause a spooky sound like the cracking reports of a machine gun. Against the walls are statues of the apostles all standing and staring at you and in front of them, the raised graves of Bishop Potter and Bishop Green, the latter sealed only a few months ago. I visited also the machinery room for heating in winter. The large boilers require an engineer and three coal stokers, besides a large automatic pump which works day and night. The choir school is in a Gothic building endowed for \$500,000. Some of the foundation piers are twenty-one feet square. The granite piers around the altar are the largest of their kind in the world.

My first adventure on Broadway was my first reminder of home for there "Ole Bill" said, "'Elloh!" I wish you were here to enjoy the concerts. Every night a fine orchestra plays in the open theatre at the City College—only twenty-five cents admission. The audiences certainly go wild. I tell you, one feels alive here. In addition there are many band concerts in Central Park.

Mr. —, this place has certainly gone crazy over orangeade. Every little boy has a soap box on the corner selling it. Eating places recommend it in place of tea and coffee. Mrs. —, the summer dresses are very pretty. Fifth avenue swarms with the latest-cut riding habits and delicate frocks. Occasionally a beautifully gowned lady is seen carrying a pet monkey and when she puts him down to walk, you behold red silk trousers with black and white checked

blouse and pale blue silk ribbon carefully tied on his tail. Well, the poor lady is crazy on monkeys, while I am crazy on organs—so there you are!

Now, —, you would be interested in the great subways, overhead carlines and bridges. Never mind, stick close to your studies and you will be a great engineer some day.

The Canadian Rockies are certainly not overrated. Many a time I wished the wheels would get overheated so we could linger at some of the scenic wonders.

Certainly, I am having my heaven on earth—maybe my only chance of seeing one. Mother sent me some fruit from the back yard—home, sweet home!

I hope you are all well. Will write when I reach the land of "Better 'Ole."

Sincerely,

A. J. C. Bayley.

The Hotaling Contest

Whenever there is a litigation between a mother and her children for property rights, the sight is one that arouses deep sympathy in the heart of the beholder. The Hotaling contest, with the aged mother and two sons of middle age fighting about property division, both sons doubtless devoted to her and she unquestionably loving them, arouses deep sympathy. As if they were little boys in "the fighting stage," there are these two men disputing with their mother about their rights. She, mother-like, trying to appease them by giving one a large helping of raspberry pie, the other a whole jelly roll, disregarding the preference for each of the other's portion and a bit of his own, too. Then mother, seeing her own children plentifully provided with sweets, gave away whole cream cakes and nice hot doughnuts to other people's less fortunate kiddies, when maybe her own boys had coming appetites for such delicacies when their own would have been devoured. Yes, and two daughters-in-law besides choosing the particular goodies in the pantry which they would like! Tuesday's Chronicle had "speaking likenesses" of the warring family group. The pretty, motherly-looking elderly parent who looked as if she were saying: "I must be firm. It hurts me more, Dick, than it hurts you; but I will teach you a lesson. And Fred, I know you've always had your own way entirely too much and you never could be serious. Never mind, dearie, I'll see that your brother plays fair even if he is a bit older." Let us not disregard the two daughters-in-law—very much in the picture. Mrs. Fred looks as if she has her eagle eye upon the whole situation and that if she had been in the family a few years ago there would be no property held by strings in Dick's hands. Mrs. Ella (the widow of an older son, Anson) appears calm and sphinx-like. She has been a daughter-in-law of the elder lady for nearly thirty years—and my dear! she has passed through many phases of a daughter-in-law's ex-

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

istence. She was a Seattle girl, Ella Kohn Kaufman. At the time of her marriage, her father-in-law, A. P. Hotaling, a wealthy wholesale liquor dealer, was very much opposed to the union, principally upon account of the fact that she was not a Christian; but she was a sweet young lady, and soon the young couple were residing in the parental home at California and Franklin. Then some years after her husband's demise, Mrs. Hotaling, Sr., gave a deed to the valuable Sleepy Hollow ranch to her son Dick because the Hotalings feared the widow contemplated a matrimonial alliance with a German nobleman. But said contemplation came to naught and now Dick still has the deed and declares his intention of fighting to hold it in order to bequeath it to Mrs. Ella's children. In the picture, Dick and his brother's widow are portrayed "together side by each." Heretofore Dick has been impervious to the charms of the fair sex, but what would happen to the expectations of Mrs. Ella and her progeny, should Dick succumb to some charmer and take unto himself a bride who would persuade him that Sleepy Hollow would be an ideal place to raise their children upon, with the lovely sanitary cows giving certified milk? You never can tell—when a clubman reaches the age of Richard M. Hotaling, he frequently becomes susceptible to the charms of ladies young and fair, and when he owns a well-paying rancho and lots of real estate, it is not unheard of that a young beauty sometimes exerts all her powers of fascination to lead him altarwards.

Bohemians' Afterglow

Departing from the usual custom of playing the annual "Afterglow" at the town club house, the Bohemian Club this year will perform the play at the Grove. Clay Greene is the author. The title is "Voila la Vie," a burlesque on Harry Leon Wilson's grove play, "Life." The veteran playwright is up to his eyes in the narrative "Venetia, Avenger of the Lusitania," founded upon the log of the Venetia, John D. Spreckels' yacht. With numerous other literary activities during the day and almost nightly attendance at some social function, together with numerous out of town trips to house parties, he is the busiest man in town. The cause of his wide popularity is not only his alert, well-stored mind, but his lovable disposition. It pays to be amiable in this fractious world.

Ce qu'on dit

During the fleet celebration, Fred A. Greenwood of Belvedere will give an elaborate all fresco fete at his home in Belvedere, in honor of Admiral Rodman, a friend of the Greenwood family for many years. Clay M. Greene is writing a play for the occasion. The title is "Ce qu'on dit." The heroine is Truth, for whom there is no chance on earth; as always she is crushed but again as always, she rises triumphant. The other characters are Manhood, Contentment, Revenge, Music, Love, Scandal, Rumor, Selfishness, Candor, Malice. The cast has not been chosen as yet, but a well-known professional actress who will be in town at the time is being negotiated with for the role of Truth.

New Talent at Techau Tavern

There has been an almost complete change in the personnel of the show girl revue corps at Techau Tavern and the group of new artistes embraces vocalists of remarkable ability. Dancing, which may be indulged in every evening in the week including Sunday, has taken a new lease of life and the floor is crowded

nightly. For the thirsty there are many new drinks with old names, fizzes, cocktails, highballs, punches and the like, so delicious and satisfying that if there is no kick in the drink there is no kick from the drinker. Dance favors are presented to both ladies and gentlemen, without competition: beautiful Kewpie dolls for the former and large boxes of Melarchino cigarettes for the latter.

Exhibit at Palace of Fine Arts

One of the most interesting and instructive art exhibitions ever held in this city has just been opened by Director Laurvik in the Palace of Fine Arts, where a collection of old and modern masters has been installed in a new gallery to be known as the Comparative Exhibition Room. This gallery is one of four situated on the inside rotunda to be permanently devoted to an exposition of some particular phase of art developments. They will constitute the first important links in a series of permanent museum galleries, which it is hoped will go far towards placing the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts on a footing of equality with the best museums in the country. And if the gallery just opened is any criterion of what may be expected in the other galleries, San Francisco will have every reason to feel proud. The collection just opened comprises characteristic examples of such notable old masters as Rembrandt, Ribera, Murillo, and J. M. W. Turner; while the 19th and 20th century art is represented by such well known names as Constable, Daubigny, Troyon, Gerome, Piloty, Lenbach, Franz von Stuck, Horatio Gaigher, Cezanne, Fritz Mikesch, Robert Bereny, and the Americans—Halpert, Hassam, Chase, Henri, Twachtman, and Arthur B. Davies. In the twenty-four paintings by the twenty-two artists shown here, the art of nine nations is represented, running the gamut from the traditional academic point of view and methods of the old masters to the free individualism of the impressionists and post-impressionists, with the connecting link of academic naturalism represented by Gerome. The collection has been hung in a manner to emphasize and make clear what is a most instructive comparison of agreements and differences between the work of the old and the modern masters. An interesting illustration of this is found in the six portraits shown here, in which one finds clearly revealed the points of departure, as well as of agreement, with the old masters. Out of these six portraits four are of notable personages, such as Horatio Gaigher's portrait of His Holiness, Pope Benedict; Robert Bereny's portrait of the famous modern Hungarian composer, Bela Bartok; and the two self-portraits of Lenbach and J. M. W. Turner, which, taken together with Robert Henri's portrait of a young woman and William M. Chase's portrait of a lady of fashion, illustrates almost that many points of view in portrait painting. One has only to compare the serene and beautifully painted self-portrait of Turner with the vivid and intensely characterized portrait of Bartok to get a clear realization of the difference in point of view and treatment of the old and the new art. This idea is further exemplified in a very interesting manner in the collection of landscapes, where we see the romanticism of Daubigny and Troyon contrasted with the forthright realism of Constable, while the latter serves to make clear the impressionism of Hassam and the structural qualities of line and color of Cezanne, who is here represented by a very fine copy of one of his most characteristic landscapes. But perhaps nothing in the whole collection makes the distinction between the old and the new half so

clear as the two still life pieces which Director Laurvik has hung together for the sake of convenient comparison. In the heaped-up clutter of unrelated objects in the still life by Fritz Mikesch we have a typical example of the old attitude towards still life painting with its meaningless "artistic confusion," while the still life by Halpert illustrates the idea of organization brought into modern art by Cezanne, who revived the tradition of closely co-ordinated composition of the great old masters. The transition from the old to the ultra-modernist is depicted in the two beautiful landscapes by Twachtman, while the clear, resonant tones of the Monhegan landscape of Rockwell Kent, and the beautiful, atmospheric "Yachts, Gloucester Harbor," by Hassam, shows the emancipation of art from the thralldom of the "brown sauce" of the old masters.

At the Cecil

Complimenting Col. and Mrs. Charles Stanton, Mrs. W. F. Morris gave a dinner Friday. Covers were arranged for ten and later dancing was enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thayer have closed their home in San Rafael and are residing with their family at the Cecil. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels, Miss Jean Shiels and William Shiels are sojourning. Mrs. F. C. Fadel and Miss C. Bryant will remain until September. Mrs. H. H. Sisson and child arrived yesterday. A luncheon was given Wednesday by Mrs. A. B. Davis. Mrs. R. G. Sueath is making her home at the Cecil.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hertz, who have been at Feather River Inn for the past few weeks, are now at Tahoe for the next fortnight.

Mrs. Lillian Donnelley of San Francisco has returned to Washington, D. C., from a long visit to Atlantic City. She leaves on the 15th for the Adirondacks. Mrs. Donnelley said in her last home letter: "Once I read in one of Gertrude Atherton's novels ('The Aristocrats,' I think) that 300 miles from N. Y. city in the Adirondacks, the temperature in August requires furs for comfort, so my thoughts lead me to stray to the Adirondacks where I shall linger until October, when I have promised to go upon a motoring trip to Montreal."

"Why do you object to the League of Nations?"

"On musical grounds. After singing 'My Country, 'Tis of Thee,' all these years I don't want the mental effort of changing to 'Our Countries, 'Tis of Those.'"

Briggs—What made you so silent at our gathering the other evening?

Griggs—Why! I had a particularly funny story, had forgotten the exact point, and was trying to remember it.

Briggs—Why didn't you ask us?

A student in the aeroplane school was out for a spin in his biplane, and in attempting to dip got caught in a tall tree.

"What are you doing up there?" called a passing farmer. "Gettin' eddication?"

"I'm working out a problem in the higher branches," the student found time to say before the limb broke.

"Papa, where is Atoms?"

"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens, probably."

"No; I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

The Stage

"Here Comes the Bride"

It is customary, in reviewing productions at the Alcazar, to select nearly every one as having been the best performance and the strongest hit of the season. This time, however, and with positive conviction, all previous opinions in so far as comedy is concerned, are unhesitatingly withdrawn and moved forward to the unusually successful effort of the past week. The first requisite of a really enjoyable comedy is the furnishing of as many good parts as can be crowded into it, and Roy Atwell, who is the principal author of "Here Comes the Bride," and an admirable comedian as well, knew how to provide them. This play is as full of good parts as the Alcazar is of good actors, and if the original exponents of the roles were any better than the boys and girls of the Alcazar, they certainly—forgive the unavoidable slang—had to go some. Of course I have my favorites in this company, and at least one of them is becoming quite a serious—but this is not theatrical review. I was about to say that for this week, I feel compelled to waver a little in my allegiance to my favorite de luxe, and yield the palm of appreciation to Emily Pinter, who, as the veiled bride, revealing a most atrocious make-up when the veil was lifted, was altogether stunning. Of course Belle Bennett was excellent, as she always is, and so was Walter Richardson as the poor attorney, who, before he could win the lady of his choice, had to go out and get some easy money. Henry Shumer came next with a splendid make-up, and a stutter so natural that one would suppose he belonged to a stuttering family. Next best I liked Rafael Brunetto in the role of an explosive Spaniard, and he was ably seconded by Edna Shaw and Carlo Tricoli. Jean Oliver and Vaughan Morgan were more than usually good as the young lovers, and as for the rest of the cast—well, it was an Alcazar performance and everybody knows what that means.

—C. M. G.

Dance and Melody at Orpheum

The New Cathay Musical Society, in presenting a Chinese band of twenty, demonstrates one thing: that American music is a more strenuous muscular effort than that practiced in Far Cathay. Perhaps that is the reason why Cathay is so far. The band is jazzy enough to catch popular applause; but when the oriental jazz-beans come forward with their antidiluvian banjos, flutes and violins, we get a thrilling effect of easy-going Pekinese a thousand years ago. After playing an ancient Chinese love song on the spellbinding, squeaky strings of yore, the New Cathay Musical Society presents "Fox Trot—Chong" in a manner so modernly efficient that we realize New China will never give up Shantung. Sheila Terry returns more dashy than even previous admiration expected. Her syncopated steps are the essence of up-to-date flight over the terpsichorean floor. With Harry Peterson and Gattison Jones, her little musical romance, "Three's a Crowd," becomes a vaudeville classic. Musical comedy on a more extended scale is supplied by "The Reckless Eve." The only ill-natured criticism I can make against this is that the "beauty review" passes off too quickly, not giving me (and others) the opportunity of reviewing adequately those heart-breaking costumes with girls in them. Cecil Summers, as the oily, bald-headed, boiler-busting engineer, predicting an explosion but not wanting to worry anybody, takes one of the most

comic situations on the fantastic stage. Nelson and Chain provide that play-to-the-gallery stuff which makes the house gallery gods from pit to dome. A curious allegorical act is "Discontent," which is also the name of a railway station. Clarence Oliver, about to depart from Discontent, meets Georgie Olp, station agent, baggage master, telegraph operator and village organist. She discusses the vicissitudes on the road to Content, and during the interview, Clarence finds that he is just where he wanted to be. Mlle. Nadje, "That Girl," displays a remarkably well developed figure in a series of song, chatter and acrobat stunts, one of which is decidedly sudden and startling in its suggestion of the Venus de Medici. Ione Pastori pleases in lyric soprano, without becoming magniloquent on the higher notes. Bob Murphy and Elmore White are left to the last herein, so as to record the fact that one of Bob's utterances brings out as mighty a burst of applause as was ever heard in the Orpheum. Taking up a liquor bottle tied with a black ribbon, he fervently tells it, "When you do come back, and you will come back, all the world will be waiting for you." It appears that the hilarious Orpheumites are a downtrodden class politically.

—L. J.

Lure of Country-Life

"Give me indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene."

That seems to be almost a universal prayer of the successful Thespian. Actors travel over the continent, across the ocean, or linger for a long strenuous season in a big metropolis, but their thoughts seem to turn fondly to "a country home somewhere." Doubtless it is the law of contrast which is responsible for the longing. Anyway, every actor or actress who can accumulate the means to secure a country home does so at some time in his or her career. Last week Henry Miller mentioned his, for instance, somewhere in the New England states. He sold it because he lost money on it, though the Bordens bought all the milk. It is not difficult to fancy Henry Miller neglecting to profiteer on a farm; for, from force of habit in producing plays up to the highest standards, he would naturally spare no pains in developing the farm and would insist upon every detail being as near perfection as possible. Even in rural life, such details cost money, and house guest to luxurious week-end parties do not defray the high cost of living by paying admittance fees for varied entertainment. He said that his friends considered it such a nice, comfortable place that they advised him to retire from the stage and live happily upon it ever afterwards. He liked it, too, so he walked about his domain to get acquainted with the employees. They were good souls and Henry was prepared to enter sympathetically into their settled ways. But he discovered that while they seemed aged to him, they were younger than he. I have an idea that that startling revelation had a great deal to do with the sale of the farm, for who would exchange the perennial green youth of the busy brilliant actor for the autumnal serenity of the farmer yellowing too soon in the monotony of country life?

A Stage Farmerette

Liane Carrera, daughter of Anna Held, bought a farm in York county, Va., two or three

weeks ago and is wildly delighted with it. At present she is down there with a party of friends whom she has inoculated with her enthusiasm for it. The place has ninety-four acres, well timbered, and has an apple orchard; a brook, full of trout, runs for a mile through the place. The old house is two hundred years old; it was built and owned before the revolution by Moses Knapp. The battle of Yorktown was fought right over it and just in front of the house runs the old state road down which Washington, La Fayette and Rochambeau rode at the head of their troops. In the basement of the house is a kitchen with an oven built in the wall. In this kitchen Washington ate pan-cakes baked in this same oven and had maple syrup from the maples on the place. The buckwheat had been harvested on the farm and made into flour on the old mill. To commemorate this breakfast, when, in the course of time the old mill fell apart, the mill-wheel was sunken into the earth in front of the kitchen door and there it is today. The house is of course lacking in modern comforts, but the young French chatelaine is indefatigable in rendering it habitable according to up-to-date standards, while at the same time preserving its most appealing features of antiquity. Anna Held stipulated that the distribution of her estate should be made upon Liane's twenty-fifth birthday which will occur next May. Miss Carrera recently closed a season with her own vaudeville company. In October she starts forth upon the road for another thirty weeks' season, leaving her newly acquired farm in the charge of care-takers. She is an expert house-keeper and home lover and a thoughtful, gay little hostess. When she has a house party it will be a jolly, "comfy" one.

Vatican Choir Is Coming Here

A selected choir from the Vatican and Roman Basilicas is to leave Italy about August 8th for a tour of America and Canada. This is the successful termination of a long effort to obtain this body of singers from the Pontifical School of Higher Sacred Music in Rome for an American visit. The final arrangements were completed by James Slevin of N. Y., who has been abroad for the past six months. The American tour will be made under the direction of Mr. Slevin and associates; these are J. P. Muller, H. H. Bizallion, Carl Reed, Howard Schnebke and Charles W. Jones, all of New York. The tour will be formally opened with a concert in N. Y. immediately after Labor Day, and will be continued for a limited number of concerts which are now being booked in the leading cities of the country. It is the first time in the 1,600 years of the existence of the choirs of the Roman Basilicas and the Vatican that permission has been granted for the choir to be heard in public outside of their home environment. There will be seventy voices in all comprising notable singers selected from the best known members of the choirs of the Sistine Chapel, St. Peter's Basilica, St. John Lateran and the Pontifical School of Higher Sacred Music. The concerts will be under the personal direction of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Maestro Raffaele Casimiro Casimiri, canon of St. John Lateran, director of the Pontifical Lateran Chapel and head master and director of composition of the Schola Cantorum. Private advices received yesterday conveyed the additional information that on July 10th, in Rome, a spe-

cial concert was given at the School of Sacred Music before a most distinguished gathering including Pope Benedict XV, five cardinals, the American ambassador, numerous bishops, prelates and the papal court in which one of the concerts arranged by Monsignor Casimiri for American hearing was given in full. The program consisted of the works of Palestrina, Vittorio and Marenzio making thirty-six numbers and selected solos which were received with such marks of enthusiasm that the concert was designated the most unique effort of the kind ever heard within the portals of the Vatican. The report further said that Pope Benedict was so immensely interested that he gave the proposed visit his fullest approval and personal encouragement and imparted his blessing both to Monsignor Casimiri and Mr. Selvin.

Curran Theatre

Leo Carrillo is due at the Curran Theatre Sunday night, August 10th, in Oliver Morosco's sparkling comedy, "Lombardi, Ltd.," in which he appeared for five capacity weeks last season at the Curran. Scissors and love, a tailor and his mannequins are the ingredients served in "Lombardi, Ltd.," which is unquestionably the smartest play that has yet come forth from the dramatic shop of Frederic and Fanny Hatton, authors of "Upstairs and Down," another big Morosco hit. The studio of Tito Lombardi, New York maker of gowns for the ultra-fashionable, provides environment for the three acts, and each complication has for its background a gorgeous realism of all the weaves and colors that go to the creating of an exotic woman's wardrobe. Leo Carrillo is Tito Lombardi, a most fascinating and sympathetic personage as he is lived for the moment by this brilliant young character actor. It is a characterization essentially human. Carrillo's numerous comedy scenes are a delight. Producer Morosco has given the play a prodigal setting and has spent a small-sized fortune on gowns worn by the mannequins of the Lombardi studio. The cast supporting Carrillo is up to the typical Morosco standard.

Alcazar

One success after another follows in swift succession at the popular play house where crowds applaud the new Alcazar company, of youth, enthusiasm and ever-shifting artistry, for maintaining the finest traditions of this famous institution. The roaring absurdity of "Here Comes the Bride" this week will be vividly contrasted by the powerful emotionalism of "Sinners" to have first Alcazar interpretation commencing at next Sunday's matinee. Owen Davis wrote "Sinners" and Alice Brady scored great success in its original New York production for an entire season at her father's theatre, The Playhouse. It is a vital drama of life in city and country, possessing all that a good play should possess, a gripping story of blended human and heart appeal, with episodes of suspense and thrill. It is peopled with graphic modern characters. The girl who believed that the quickest path of fame and future led through the big city, rather than the small town, fell among sinners in New York, very human persons of good and evil impulse, but the great test of her womanhood came when she returned to her mother's modest New Hampshire home. There are splendid dramatic opportunities for Belle Bennett, Walter P. Richardson, Thomas Chatterton, Emelie Melville, Rafael Brunetto, Edna Shaw, Jean Oliver, Emily Pinter, Henry Shumer and Vaughan Morgan. To follow, Sunday, August 17th, comes first Alcazar presentation of "The New Henrietta,"

brilliant American comedy-drama by Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, in which the well beloved comedian, William H. Crane, supported by an all star cast, won distinguished triumphs from coast to coast as "Old Nick" Van Alstyne, a delightful character in which Walter P. Richardson was featured for two years in Australia and New Zealand previous to his present Alcazar engagement.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week it is confidently predicted will prove one of the greatest triumphs in the history of vaudeville. Jack Norworth's revue, "Odds and Ends," having closed its successful New York season, Mr. Norworth has taken several of his best stars and is presenting them in vaudeville in the best scenes from his revue. Chief among them is Harry Watson, Jr., who will be seen as "Young Kid Battling Dugan" in the "prize ring" scene and in the "Telephone Scene." His bits of burlesque are classics. He has taken familiar characters and fashioned them into delightful burlesque. "Smiling" Billie Mason whom movie fans delight in, and Alice Forrest, a recruit from the concert stage with a fine voice and a lovely stage presence, have joined forces for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit. "Pianoville" is the name given to a brand new vaudeville act which is a combination of three pianos and a vocalist. The three pianists play at the same time on three pianos and George R. Reed sings to this accompaniment. Steve Juhasz, monologist, comedian, magician and bunkologist, furnishes an exceedingly clever and amusing act which is a positive delight to his audiences. He is in a class by himself. Frances Dougherty, who made her debut in vaudeville here and has since won golden opinions in many cities in the east, returns to her home town covered with glory. She will present a program which she calls "A Characteristic Melodic Diversion" and which is something different in the presentation of songs and stories. The only Chinese Band in new selection; Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp in their delightful playlet, "Discontent"; Mlle. Nadje in physical culture illustrations, and the latest Hearst Weekly will be included in a bill that reaches the highest standard of vaudeville.

Dr. O'Connell at the Auditorium

Dr. Maurice O'Connell will give an organ recital on Sunday evening, August 17th, at the Civic Auditorium. This is good news to his many admirers. The doctor, though a practicing physician, is one of our best local organists. Before the fire, he was organist at St. Ignatius'; for the past few years he has been organist at St. Dominic's and it will be recalled that his recitals in the Illinois Building at the Exposition were musical events. Blanche Hamilton Fox, contralto, will be the soloist on August 17th.

BITS BY THE WAY

About 79 per cent of the population of Russia can not read or write.

Sixty shillings per pound was the price of tea when it was first introduced into England.

It is claimed that there are seven of Shakespeare's autographs in existence.

There is a shipbuilding yard in Japan still in operation which was established 1,900 years ago.

Great Britain, Russia and France are, in the order named, the three countries with the greatest area of provinces and dependencies.

A Swiss Egg Custom

One of the most curious of egg customs is observed on Easter Sunday in parts of Switzer-

land. One hundred eggs are distributed over a level space, covered with sand, on a slope of the Alps, and the young men and women perform a dance around them.

If a couple are fortunate enough to finish the dance without breaking an egg, they become affianced, and sometimes are married before the evening.

The strange performance has been observed for so many centuries that its origin is forgotten.

"Girls! Huh!" snorted the food ministry pessimist disgustedly.

"Don't talk to me about girls. I took one of ours out to lunch last week."

"Well, that's all right," said his friend at the pensions department. "No trouble in that, was there?"

"Yes; I took her into a restaurant, and she said she wasn't hungry."

"Didn't she eat anything?"

"Eat anything? Why, man, she went right through the menu; she had soup, salmon, two entrées, chicken cream, pudding, macaroons, and coffee. Eat anything, indeed!"

"Anyhow, old chap," said his friend, soothingly, "you ought to be glad."

"Glad! For what?"

"Glad she wasn't hungry!"

"Now, Tommie," said his teacher, "suppose your mother were to give you a large apple and a small one and tell you to divide with your brother. Which apple would you give him?"

Tommie thought it over carefully. "Do you mean my big brother or my little brother?" he asked.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

Last Time Saturday Night—"Tea for Three."

BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 10,
OLIVER MOROSCO
Presents

LEO CARRILLO

In the Sensational Fun and Fashion Success

"LOMBARDI, LTD."

By Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"
A Gay and Piquant Frivolity

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MAT., AUG. 10

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

In the Vivid, Vital Emotional Drama

"SINNERS"

Alice Brady's New York Playhouse Sensation

SUN., AUG. 17—Wm. H. Crane's Comedy Success, "THE NEW HENRIETTA," in which Mr. Richardson was featured in Australia before his Alcazar engagement.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

THE CLIMAX OF VAUDEVILLE

HARRY WATSON JR. as "Young Kid Battling Dugan" and in the "Telephone Scene"; "PIANOVILLE." Featuring George R. Reed and Girls; STEVE JUHASZ, "Bunkology"; FRANCES DOUGHERTY in "A Characteristic Melodic Diversion"; "THE ONLY CHINESE JAZZ BAND. Under the Leadership of Thomas B. Kennedy, Chief Band Master, United States Navy; CLARENCE OLIVER & GEORGIE OLP in Hugh Herbert's Comedietta, "Discontent"; Mlle. NADJE, "That Girl"; HEARST WEEKLY; "SMILING" BILLIE MASON and ALICE FORREST, the T. N. T. of Vaudeville.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

OUR LITTLE MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 5)

with the pathetic enthusiasm of young people who are over-anxious to do the thing well. We had settled on what kind of children we were going to have and how many. Long, loving hours were spent over our unborn babes—giving them the best of educations in the sobering light of many a summer's evening. We would not marry under any conditions save those of health, honor, and wisdom! . . .

I remember with what feverish haste we talked to one another on that night of nights in August. We baffled each other with words of entreaty, interrogation, surmise—our voices mingled in anxious inquiry for a way back to the world of vital substance, but finding there nothing but shadows, our voices grew faint and we could speak no more.

Some words had to be spoken—some words I could not at that moment reach with my mind. I was struggling for expression when Clare held my hands and said: "Do not speak, beloved."

The next moment I felt the familiar softness of her hair, the glamor and glory of her young life. I looked from her to the stars, which were scattered like enchanted dew over the boundless reaches of space, and back again to her overflowing womanhood.

What my soul experienced then was a sort of tragic amusement. I wept with the smile on my lips. There was no other sensation I can remember save this strange commingling of misery and merriment.

What else happened I do not know. The night was so beautiful it made forgetfulness easy. We walked home quietly under the stars.

VII

It may seem cowardly to escape from all those perplexities and embarrassments which of necessity, in the commonplace ordering of things, preceded our journey to this quiet spot. But it is impossible to speak of them—however necessary they may be—without hurting the feelings of others. This we can not do.

All I may say is, that above the anguish and protestation of that time rose the voice of my darling: "Let me do the thing which God has given me to do."

We are here, and she is doing it.

VIII

It is evening, and Clare is downstairs playing me a favorite nocturne by Chopin. One of his sweetest—threading the soul like a silver dream. I have always loved Chopin. His music is subjective and personal—more so, perhaps, than any other tone poet. You listen to the story of his love, which was the story of his life, and you know by the exquisite fulness of cadence that he gave himself as some women do, leaving nothing for the hour of desolation. His art is a sort of spiritual prostitution, but it is something more, the autobiography of a gentle and noble creature.

We have chosen our masters with some care, and according to the atmosphere of our home. Bach, or Beethoven, or Handel, the great universal souls, would not do for us. Ours is a small corner of life. For them the cathedrals of great cities and thronging multitudes. For us, quietness and simplicity with Chopin, Mendelssohn, or Schubert.

It is the intimacy of our little cottage which requires them, and what is happening around us. We would have the lyric secret of some faded love whispered in our ears, the yearning in monotone of some lover's heart. We have been already stretched on the rack of fate, have

taken, as it were, a glance at eternity, so now let us touch the common earth with its common sunshine and shadow; above all, let us feel the warm hand of humanity. . . .

IX

Quite a beautiful thing happens to me every Thursday afternoon. It is Lucy's holiday—and mine!

Lucy is a girl from the village, who has contrived to make my illness almost a blessing to me. It is her strange fancy to come here every week with her brawny sweetheart, and together they listen to Clare reading, or perhaps I will improvise a romance, simple enough for them to appreciate.

I have always tried to understand the common people (using the word "common" reverently); but only a great catastrophe, or shall I call it a great experience, could have found for me the thing I sought. Sorrow and pain reduce life to its ultimate simplicity, because where there is much suffering there is little pride. And, having suffered, we may then enter heaven as little children through the small gate of humility. As little children who are beginning to know and understand one another.

Strange it is! I have only just recently found out that I was never quite natural with my professional friends. There was an awkwardness, a restraint, what sometimes amounted to deliberate elusiveness in my conversation and general attitude, though it was barely conscious of itself. Everything is so different now in these altered circumstances and surroundings. A shining candor illuminates my love for these two simple children. I would sooner have Lucy's silence as an eloquent appeal to the glory of her sex than all the noisy books I have read about women. I would sooner take a glass of water from her hand than drink rare wine with the daintiest lady in Piccadilly.

And to think that I might have missed all this! A thousand times I might have passed Lucy and George in a country lane and been aware of nothing but what came to me fugitively—the sunlight on her brown hair and in her eyes, the engaging sweetness of her smile—nothing more.

As it is, I have the great privilege of learning to know and appreciate her, as I have learnt to know and appreciate much more that is graceful and gracious. I am like a man who has wandered through ice fields and happened on gold. . . .

Spiritual sympathy is something too illusive for definition. It does not rest upon any uttered word or kindly action—it seems to be throned somewhere beyond the immediate region of pleasure and pain. A thing of light and shade, rather than of actual emotion, it touches us lightly and entertains us with little lovely surprises. It came to me only yesterday, when Clare told me she had been sitting in the meadow close by "reading Tasso in the original and watching the lambs frolic and thinking about you and reading Tasso again."

I asked her if she had been happy, and she answered that her feelings were somewhat too strange and beautiful for happiness.

"It was like a maiden's dream with something of motherhood in it," she said.

Her hand touched my hair caressingly, and she looked down at me with quiet, loving eyes.

X

Sometimes I fall to thinking about our earliest days together. Ours was an extremely youthful love, in spite of my journalistic training and maturer years. As to Clare, I caught up to her

whilst she was still glancing back at her childhood. I remember the pink frock of that summer, and the broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed and re-trimmed at my pleasure. But the pink frock was specially mine, and many a letter is urgent with the request that she might "come like a rose."

In those days Clare was just a sunny maiden fresh from school. God had given her a little of everything, and nature locked hands round her like the good mother she is. Her beauty was high up in the clouds and deep down in the daisies on a spring day. Clare might have said: "I simply live—just look at me!" She lived from heart to lips, from heart to hands.

And the Beech Forest—that wonderland of our love! Many a summer's evening we walked together in those secret places that nature has reserved for its most painstaking children. Holding hands till Clare broke loose to jump a ditch or scale a log. Or sometimes she would look patiently into the recesses of trees for fairies. All the changing effects of light and shade her index finger pointed out, and no flower was too insignificant for her notice. "Look, a violet, how beautiful. It gives me a blue kiss." "Yes, it is a piece of sky cut out where the stars come." "A pixie carrying a blue lantern."

My child, in those days everything seemed insufficient. All the love of my heart could not cover one solitary meadow in the landscape of your life. I could only pluck a few daisies and watch the passing of a few clouds. I was tortured every day. I was tortured by my unworthiness, my loneliness, my overwhelming necessity for love. I fought on every battlefield of my life. I dreaded the selfishness which is concrete in every life. I tore passion out of my nature and left the bleeding wound. But I was a man still—I loved you and taught you to love me. Can you forgive that?

My child, sometimes I seek blindly and drag helplessly at the curtain which hides me from humanity with its noisy motion and busy circumstance. I have stolen you away from life. Was it right? And if it was wrong—what then?

But you have already answered me: "I love—I love and know."

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

A VICTORIAN ERA DEFENCE OF COSMETICS

(Continued from Page 4)

of its exponents depends for beauty and excellence upon the ground chosen for the work, is absurd. At the touch of a true artist, the plainest face turns comely. As subject matter the face is no more than suggestive, as ground, merely a loom round which the beatus artifex may spin the threads of any golden fabric, and, as Ovid would seem to suggest, by pigments any tone may be set aglow on a woman's cheek, from enamel the features take any form. Inasmuch that surely the advocates of soup kitchens and free libraries and other devices for giving people what providence did not mean them to receive, should send out pamphlets in the praise of self-embellishment. For it will place beauty within easy reach of many who could not otherwise hope to attain it.

But of course Artifice is rather exacting. In return for the repose she forces—so wisely!—upon her followers when the sun is high or the moon is blown across heaven, she demands that they should pay her long homage at the sun's rising. The initiate may not enter lightly upon her mysteries. For, if a bad complexion be inexcusable, to be ill-painted is unforgivable; and when the toilet is laden once more with the fulness of its elaboration, we shall hear no more of the proper occupation for women. And think, how sweet an energy, to sit at the mirror of coquetry! See the dear merits of the toilet as shown upon old vases, or upon the walls of Roman dwellings, or, rather still, read of Sabina's face as she comes through the curtain of her bed chamber to the chamber of her toilet. The slave girls have long been chafing their white feet upon the marble floor. They stand, those timid Greek girls, marshaled in little battalions. Each has her appointed task, and all kneel in welcome as Sabina stalks, ugly and frowning, to the toilet chair. Scaphion steps forth from among them, and, dipping a tiny sponge in a bowl of hot milk, passes it lightly, ever so lightly, over her mistress' face. The Poppaeian pastes melt beneath it like snow. A cooling lotion is poured over her brow and is fanned with feathers. Phiale comes after, a clever girl, captured in some sea skirmish in the Aegean. In her left hand she holds the ivory box wherein are the phucus and that white powder, psimythium; in her right a sheaf of slim brushes. With how sure a touch does she mingle the colors, and in what sweet proportion blushes and blanches her lady's upturned face. Phiale is the cleverest of all the slaves. Now Calamis dips her quill in a certain powder that floats, liquid and sable, in the hollow of her palm. Standing upon tip-toe and with lips parted, she traces the arch of the eyebrows. The slaves whisper loudly of their lady's beauty, and two of them hold up a mirror to her. Yes, the eyebrows are rightly arched. But why does Psecas abase herself? She is craving leave to powder Sabina's hair with a fine new powder. It is made of the grated rind of the cedar tree, and a Gallic perfumer, whose stall is near the Circus, gave it to her for a kiss. No lady in Rome knows of it. And so, when four special slaves have piled up the head-dress, out of a perforated box this glistening powder is showered. Into every little brown ringlet it enters, till Sabina's hair seems like a pile of gold coins. Lest the breezes send it flying, the girls lay the powder with sprinkled attar. Soon Sabina will start for the Temple of Cybele.

Ah! Such are the lures of the toilet that none will for long hold aloof from them. Cosmetics are not going to be a mere prosaic

remedy for age or plainness, but all ladies and all young girls will come to love them. Does not a certain blithe marquise, whose lettres intimes from the court of Louis Seize are less read than their wit would merit, tell us how she was scandalized to see "même les toutes jeunes demoiselles émaillées comme ma tabatière?" So it shall be with us. Surely the common prejudice against painting the lily can but be based on mere ground of economy. That which is already fair is complete, it may be urged—urged implausibly, for there are not so many lovely things in this world that we can afford not to know each one of them by heart. There is only one white lily, and who that has ever seen—as I have—a lily really well painted could grudge the artist so fair a ground for his skill? Scarcely do you believe through how many nice metamorphoses a lily may be passed by him. In like manner, we all know the young girl, with her simpleness, her goodness, her wayward ignorance. And a very charming ideal for England must she have been, and a very natural one, when a young girl sat even on the throne. But no nation can keep its ideal for ever and it needed none of Mr. Gilbert's delicate satire in "Utopia" to remind us that she had passed out of our ken with the rest of the early Victorian era. The season of the unsophisticated is gone by, and the young girl's final extinction beneath the rising tide of cosmetics will leave no gap in life and will rob art of nothing.

Fashion has made Jezebel surrender her monopoly of the rouge pot. As yet, the great art of self-embellishment is for us but in its infancy. But if English women can bring it to the flower of an excellence so supreme as never yet has it known, then, though Old England may lose her martial and commercial supremacy, we patriots will have the satisfaction of knowing that she has been advanced at one bound to a place in the councils of aesthetic Europe. And, in sooth, is this hoping too high of my countrywomen? True that, as the art seems always to have appealed to the ladies of Athens, and it was not until the waning time of the Republic that Roman ladies learned to love the practice of it, so Paris (Athenian in this as in all other things) has been noted hitherto as a far more vivid center of the art than London. But it was in Rome, under the emperors, that unguentaria reached its zenith, and shall it not be in London, soon, that unguentaria shall outstrip its Roman perfection?

Surely there must be among us artists as cunning in the use of brush and puff as any who lived at Versailles. Surely the splendid, impalpable advance of good taste, as shown in dress and in the decoration of houses, may justify my hope of the pre-eminence of English women in the cosmetic art. By their innate delicacy of touch they will accomplish much, and much, of course, by their swift feminine perception. Yet it were well that they should know something also of the theoretical side of the craft. Modern authorities upon the mysteries of the toilet are, it is true, rather few; but among the ancients many a writer would seem to have been fascinated by them. Archigenes, a man of science at the court of Cleopatra, and Criton at the court of the Emperor Trajan, both wrote treatises upon cosmetics—doubtless most scholarly treatises that would have given many a precious hint. It is a pity they are not extant. From Lucian or from Juvenal, from the staid pages of Xenophon and Aristophanes' dear farces. But best of all is that fine book of Ars Amatoria that Ovid has set aside for the consideration of dyes, perfumes and pomades. Written by an artist who knew

the allurements of the toilet and understood its philosophy, it remains without rival as a treatise upon Artifice. It is more than a poem, it is a manual; and if there be left in England any lady who can not read Latin in the original, she will do well to procure a discreet translation.

For Artifice, whom we drove forth, has returned among us, and, though her eyes are red with crying, she is smiling forgiveness. She is kind. Let us dance and be glad, and trip the cockawhoop! Artifice, sweetest exile, is come into her kingdom. Let us dance her a welcome!

PERSPECTIVE IMPRESSIONS

The war reduced the whole population of more than one country, but we have no record of its having decreased the number of disaffected persons anywhere in the world.

Japan has decided to return Shantung after concluding a treaty with China. Which means that it is up to China to acquiesce in what Japan demands. Thus we are reminded that the practice of practical joking is still indulged.

In the industrial world are many unfortunates who think that murder and industrial freedom are synonymous terms. Witness, for example, the recent attempt to assassinate Oscar Lawlor; also the successful dynamiting of the Preparedness Parade.

Once upon a time writers loved to attain an exquisite beauty in diction. Hence they arrived at perfection of diction. Now there are popular writers who seem to regard it as criminal to aim at beauty of literary style. Indeed, they regard style as an excrescence in the face of thought. They are like the Puritans who stigmatize as a sin all efforts to employ a rouge-pot for personal embellishment.

It is interesting to reflect that after the defeat of 1876 the French were discussing the cause of their "national failure." Renan said at that time: "We have been conquered because we have neglected the teaching of German philosophy." It was for having taken its own philosophy seriously that imperial Germany suffered a monumental set-back. And now Germany will have to abandon a false kultur to pave the way to a better appreciation of life and the arts. The Germans followed a false culture as a will-o-the-wisp.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

A. W. BEST **ALICE BEST**
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market emerged from its professionalism of comparative narrow fluctuations this last week and started into a tail spin. The dark, heavy clouds of high money, government investigation into the high cost of commodities and the railroad trouble have been hanging low and all the bullish enthusiasm seemed to fall short, and there was nothing left but the talk of big business which is to come when everything gets to running smoothly again. In the first place the Federal Reserve held two meetings the early part and middle of last week and every one had his ear to the ground awaiting any news of the tightening of money used for speculation. There was no official announcement at either meeting that would cause any apprehension, but just the same the day after the last meeting when apparently everything was serene, the money rate suddenly jumped to 20 per cent. This was rather a surprise since no one heard of any move on the part of the board to cause this, and a few of the fortunate bulls ran away to hide where they could watch the full course of this move. It is true that the U. S. Steel report which came out the fore part of the week gave the bulls some encouragement inasmuch as it was a trifle better than expected, nevertheless the heaviness which developed in that stock the same day drove away any idea of any advance even from that source. After the shock of high money had worn away there was another one in the way of the demand for an investigation into the continued high cost of commodities. Since this demand came from the head of the Brotherhood of Railway Employees and since there is a strong possibility of labor trouble from this source, the railroad stocks were liquidated. The sympathetic move in the other stocks of course followed the rails and the whole market precipitated itself into a decline of five to ten points in many issues. To make matters worse the grain and cotton markets which of course were affected directly, broke badly and had their effect upon the stock market. During this period of possible labor troubles and the need for a great deal of money for the meeting of payments on Liberty Bonds and moving of the crops, we look upon the market as rather a heavy affair, with rallies on any decline. We feel that advantage should be taken of serious declines such as we recently have had to buy some of the good stocks, such as Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, the copper stocks and steels, as we expect a material advance this fall when money conditions become easier. In discussing the labor situation in connection with the stock market a well informed financial writer says: "The strike movement on the railroads is regarded in the financial

district as more dangerous than that of the steel industry. The steel companies have treated their men so decently that a strike there is unthinkable, but the railroad situation is different. The men see the railroads slipping back to private ownership and realize that they must act quickly if they are to deal with the government alone in the settlement of their problems."

Cotton Market—The early part of last week saw the cotton market rather heavy with declines of one to two cents from the recent high as there was some liquidation by the bulls who were a little anxious as to what the government report would be, fearing that there was some improvement during the month of July and that the figures would come out over a condition of 70. When the report actually came out of a condition of 67.1 there was a mad rush on the part of the shorts to cover and they found no cotton for sale until they bid it up two to three cents per pound. The market at the close of August 1st, the day of the report, promised to run away on the long side, but the high cost of commodities question which came up the next day put a wet blanket upon the advance, and there was a strong effort on the part of the long interest to run out. This caused a break of nearly three cents, back to where the market stood before the government report. There is no question but that the condition of cotton is very bullish and some people have predicted 50 cents per pound for it, but while the strong move for the investigation of the high price for cotton goods as well as food products is in progress, there can be no pronounced move by the bull interest. A well known financial writer says: "The south is being punished for its selfish policy in reducing the acreage of cotton. With the world in rags the south campaigned against a large acreage on the theory that the less there was raised the more it could be sold for. Now nature has stepped in and cut down the crop and if the republicans are wise they will have their congress cut down the price and take charge of the distribution of the crop so that speculators may not make an orgie of it. Cotton at a dollar a pound next winter is possible if some restraint is not placed on it."

A Woman's Job

"Hair-cutting is a woman's job," he said to a barber who claimed exemption. "Is it? Samson let a woman cut his hair, and see what happened to him."

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is meant by 'a Sabbath day's journey?'" "I am afraid, my son, that in too many cases it means twice around the golf links."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, ELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

Letters

More About Russia

"Six Weeks in Russia." By Arthur Ransome. (George Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

Visitors to Russia differ strangely in the accounts they give of that country. We gathered from Mr. Keeling's book, reviewed recently in The Observer, that Bolshevism in Russia was bound to disappear very shortly owing to its lack of any genuine popular support. This is not the impression made by Mr. Ransome's extremely interesting book. His general view is "that the Soviet revolution has passed through its period of internal struggle, and is concentrating upon constructive work so far as that is allowed by war on all its frontiers, and that the population is settling down under the new regime." There is, of course, an opposition to the present government, consisting of such parties as the Left Social Revolutionaries, led by a remarkable woman named Spiridonova, and the Mensheviks, under the leadership of Martov and Dan. But the former are more extreme than the Bolsheviks, and the latter are not disposed to bring down Lenine in order to set up Kolchak. A striking characteristic of Lenine, as portrayed by Mr. Ransome, is his immovable conviction that Bolshevism will spread to England, France, Italy, and ultimately to America. "England," he said, "may seem to you to be untouched, but the microbe is already there." No assurance of Mr. Ransome to the contrary could shake Lenine's confidence on this point. Mr. Ransome's portrait of Lenine differs from the popular impression of that personage. He writes: "Lenine struck me as a happy man. Walking home from the Kremlin, I tried to think of any other man of his calibre who had had a similar joyous temperament. I could think of none. This little bald-headed, wrinkled man who tilts his chair this way and that, laughing over one thing or another, ready any minute to give serious advice to any who interrupt him to ask for it, advice so well reasoned that it is to his followers far more compelling than any command—every one of his wrinkles is a wrinkle of laughter, not of worry. I think the reason must be that he is the first great leader who utterly discounts the value of his own personality. He is quite without personal ambition." But for the rest of this and for

many other vivid sketches of persons and politics in Russia of today the reader must turn to Mr. Ransome's absorbing little book.

"Charlie, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will continue to discuss the League of Nations with everybody you meet."

"You think I have the subject pretty well in hand, eh?"

"No. I'm hoping that if you keep on conversing maybe you'll find out something about it from somebody."

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

6-14-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.—No. 25386; Dept. No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.

KATHERINE CROOKS,

Administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. Crooks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 26, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
505 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

7-26-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 26,618; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHANNA FEELEY, sometimes known as ANNA FEELEY, sometimes known as ANNIE FEELEY, and sometimes known as HANNAH FEELEY, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of said JOHANNA FEELEY, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate, at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the 13th day of August, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property: All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue (formerly Jessie Street), distant thereon one hundred and thirty-five (135) feet northerly from the northerly line of Nineteenth Street; thence running northerly along the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles easterly eighty (80) feet to the westerly line of San Carlos Avenue and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 68.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & DeMartini, Room 550 Mills Building, No. 210 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

Dated, this 23rd day of July, 1919.

DANIEL W. O'CONNOR,

Administrator of the estate of said Johanna Feeley, deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

7-26-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211 12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

MURAD

100% PURE TURKISH TOBACCO



It is true that
"ordinary" cigarettes
Cost a Trifle less.

"Judge for yourself-!"

S. Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Quality Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1418

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 16, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

The Actors' Strike

Mr. Blanton of Texas

Stage, Society, Finance

A Chat With Leo Carrillo

Introducing Hiram Johnson

Marriages of Inconvenience

Hog Island U. S. S. Plant

In the Course of Naval Events

Uncle Sam at the Sugar Barrel

A New York Wail About Prices

Predicament of a Political Wizard

Battle Hymn of the Chinese Revolution

Gov. Stephens Compliments Sec. Daniels

Distinguished Paris Residents. From San Francisco

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, August 16, 1919

No. 1418

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

In the Course of Naval Events

There was something deliciously as it should be in the Hotel Del Coronado incident, when Josephus Daniels, mighty secretary of the navy, put the taboo sign on Admiral Hugh Rodman's speech. The admiral is an electrifying super-dreadnaught of an orator, and the secretary is a first class offhand censor. What better combination could be asked? The joyous San Diegoans were posed for the flashlight in the big banquet hall, every one eager to hear the commander of the Pacific launch into the billowy phraseology of the sea. All they received was a few extemporaneous compliments and an excuse. It is Oh! to be an admiral. After taking leave of your secretary of war on the Atlantic coast, rounding the canal, and bobbing up against the same secretary on the Pacific, just in time to have him kill a dinner speech, one is quite sure that the earth is round; and that is some satisfaction. So the San Diegoans played their own part as best they could, and read the speech in the papers next day. That was the most bewildering part of the episode: a paragraph was censored for part of the town, the banqueting part, and not the whole reading population of San Diego and the world. What Admiral Rodman had to say was but an amplification of what he has been telling us all along, to wit: that the Pacific fleet is not only good to look at but a wonderful fighting aggregation; that the men under him are not only dancing gobs but fighting sailors; and that anybody doubting him is invited to take a look. He had prepared to say this in an elaborate style. Daniels is not a seafaring man, not an admiral, not a sailor, not a gob. During his term in the cabinet, he has picked up a few pointers on warships. He is a newspaper publisher who made a hit with democracy by supporting Wilson for president. In quashing the

Coronado speech, he neglected one point on which any chance reporter could have enlightened him—that the newspapers might get the complete manuscript at any moment. Rodman submitting the manuscript to the naval secretary, did not intimate that the typewritten document was already in San Diego editorial rooms—if it was. If it was not, there was no mention that it would be. Daniels avers that he “merely pointed out” to the admiral that the war paragraph might be inappropriate to what the wild waves were saying, or something as vague. So the admiral stuffed the oratory back into his pocket, and told the banqueters how it happened. The question remains—Did the admiral send out the copies to the press before or after his interview with the secretary? Why was Daniels silent at the table when accused of being a censor? Why didn't he say to the speaker, “Forget that one paragraph, and let's have the rest of it?” Public sentiment is of course with the admiral. Maybe the whole situation will be worked out again for San Francisco; and let's hope that it will work more smoothly.

* * *

Uncle Sam at the Sugar Barrel

If patriotism can agitate itself into fury during peace, now is the time. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their prices. Uncle Sam will be cheered from Siskiyou to Palm Beach and crosswise if he should succeed in downing the militarism of the sugar barrel and pouring buckshot into every one of those high-flying prices that have dimmed the sunshine from our homes. To accomplish any satisfactory offensive against the profiteers will be a huge task, even for a determined administration backed for the occasion by a non-partisan congress. The job was too big for Hoover. Under the discipline of this genial and worldly wise administrator, the prices of many food articles rose as never before. He resigned his office in disgust. Possessed of a certain idealism, he finally declared that he was through with food. The declaration reminds one of Henry Ford's that he was through with charity. Both men had evidently found that certain forces of society are well nigh uncontrollable. As for charity, there would be less need for it, if the food situation could be regulated to a fair basis of profit. That the profiteers have been secretive, misinforming and unfair, there can be no doubt. The food supply and the cost of living increased simultaneously. The coun-

try will rejoice to see the meat packers first under fire. Especially amusing may be the attitude of Swift & Co., which for some time has been paying for space in the press to prove how little money is to be made in the stockyards. The tale of woe is more tearful than “East Lynne.” A few days ago this corporation announced that it had opened its books to 20,000 employees, allowing them shares below market quotations, selling each share at \$1 a week for a hundred weeks. It was not a bad idea, such as would supply interesting material for closing arguments of attorneys who might be called upon for services. The market has been steady since the president issued his manifesto. We await the first slump in the price of lemon drops.

* * *

Introducing Hiram Johnson

As his partisans would say, Senator Hiram Johnson needs no introduction to the people of California. He has been governor of the state, and is the sole author of that slogan, “A man must eat.” It now develops that he would like to eat in the White House. East of Lake Tahoe there is no vociferous call for Johnson to exercise his brain as the head of the nation, and along the Atlantic coast he is merely known as a western senator who has found dark blots on the administration and become excited about it. They are ninety-six senators at the capital, more than a few of them having had the honor of being mentioned when names are named for the next presidential election. In California there are several groups of progressive republicans who are planning to mention the senator's name in a way that will make the east reverberate with the news that the progressive party must eat at all hazards. One of these plans has originated with the “Oakland Hiram Johnson for President Club.” The idea is to hire a number of airships, fill them with orators and pamphlets, and, from various points of vantage, rise to the clouds, toss out the pamphlets, then volplane to earth and be greeted by the populace, whereupon the orators will tell all they deem necessary to be known about Hiram Johnson. It sounds feasible. Inventor and chief publicity agent of the feat is Preston Higgins, who does also a little secretarial work for Mayor Davie. Higgins is a cogitator of high rank in progressivism. One of the sentiments which he cogitated for the benefit of the country is as follows: “The east must know that the world is calling

for a progressive president to head this nation at this time and save it from the chaos that would follow reaction." An unusually large amount of chaos must already be round and about to give anybody the impression that the world is calling for somebody in particular. There must be a slight confusion around the progressive party's direct wire to chaos; there is an evident mistake somewhere when so large a part of the world as the east is not aware that the world is calling for something. Mr. Higgins will inform the east that as a co-ordinate part of the world it can consider itself as joining in the call. Some of the progressive orators will deliberate long on the proposition that an orator must eat, before venturing into the sky to earn their daily bread. Good orators are scarce, and airplanes are not uniformly reliable; so it is to be feared that before the end of the campaign some of the eloquent forces will have to be replaced by understudies. An added attraction would be to have Hiram himself ascend to a great height, shout through a megaphone that a man must eat, leap forth in a parachute to his favorite "dark blot in American history" and show the conservative eastern republican leaders just why a semi-socialistic progressive republican is the man they want.

* * *

Mr. Schmitz—Call for Mr. Schmitz

Just about this time, a few early risers have awakened to the fact that San Francisco will be in need of a good mayor when James Rolph exchanges his office for a loving cup. But we do not know that Rolph himself has set a date for that momentous page in history. In the mean time, through the Hotel de Ville, is heard the voice of the page calling loudly for Eugene E. Schmitz. Somebody wants Mr. Schmitz to be on hand when the candidates don their sparkling white togas and go before the people. Mr. Schmitz will be there with the others, like the old Romans drawing aside the toga and displaying the wounds of public service around their

hearts. The page boy has located him. The call came from the "Schmitz for Mayor League." Back of the league is Bill Scott, hard-working politician; and backing up Bill is Eugene himself. If any one be tempted to exclaim "Fiddlesticks!" let him take a trip to a meeting of the board of supervisors. There he will see the ex-mayor with a pencil between ear and pompadour, busily reading notes, chatting with the populace outside the rail, and evidently finding the city and county of San Francisco a cozy and remunerative proposition. He made a house-to-house canvass to become supervisor, and perhaps figures on elevating his position by the same method. 'Tis said that many a housewife who answered the doorbell appraised the candidate as a dear fellow worth voting for. As he sits in his supervisorial chair, occasionally informing the city fathers how this or that was done when he was mayor, no doubt comes the thought that the job is not a most dignified one for a man once the star attraction at the City Hall. So we have the "Schmitz for Mayor League" issuing petitions to which any one may subscribe his name, thereby promising to help remove the "ex" from the ex-mayor. If you know anybody else who would like to be mayor, if you know somebody who, you think would make just a little bit better mayor than Mr. Schmitz, you need not enroll in the league. It is not compulsory; nor is there any hurry. There may be other candidates.

* * *

A Criminal Record

Senators who oppose the League of Nations for political purposes may be signing their names to a list of the world's incorrigibles, for aught they know. They may eventually be classed with the opponents of such one-time novelties as illuminating gas, the poetry of Keats, the discovery of America, and the declaration of independence. Criminal sulking against progress, against a rival's honor, is one of

the most interesting phases of politics. Obstructionists of all sorts have staked their reputations against the flag of destiny, and lost, never to rise again. It may not be criminal to debate against the league, if one does not understand its purposes and operating ballots. To misinterpret it deliberately is a crime against mankind. The greatest statesmen of today have declared it a bond of peace on earth. So astute an observer as Roger Sullivan of Chicago, democratic national committeeman, says that the position taken by Senators Borah, Lodge and Johnson will politically ostracize them, if the league should be adopted. That is a democrat's view of three republicans; yet politicians no not usually go that far in criticism of an opponent. It seems justifiable here, for they who deride peace as concealed war can hardly be called efficient statesmen. The league is no more than a promise of international good will and a defense against destruction. It is designed to supplant the many treaties that, through the ages, have had that end in view. It adds to their phrases a machinery for enforcing them. It no more means war than a police department means anarchy. The league says to the would-be offender, "Fight, and you fight the world." That should have some weight with an aspiring young conqueror. Curious inconsistencies mark the words of those who do not speak in good faith. The other day there appeared a two-line squib in the Examiner which has been strenuous against the league. Under the caption, "A Trifle Late," came the thought, "If the Allies had begun watching the kaiser five years ago, instead of today, perhaps so many things would not have happened." Now, why should not the United States join in the discipline, with a restraining and a helping hand? Anti-Wilson and Anti-British forces are largely responsible for filibustering against the league in this country. It is a serious obstruction to the first combined attempt the world has ever made toward a guaranty of civilized security.

Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Sub Regno Cynarae

By Ernest Dowson

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Year, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

Marriages of Inconvenience

By Lionel Josaphare

Among the fashionable deeds of men, their marriages appear most interesting, because in a way every attempt at happiness is a competition with those that have gone before; and we should like to know if one man's love can be more fortunate than another's. Some wedding rings do indeed lead a charmed life, radiating peace and contentment. But critics will say that good housekeeping is not love, and that as soon as love grows cold, marriage is a fizzle. In the hope that he can uncover marital gold where other heroes died of thirst, man ventures into the desert with a light heart; in some instances returning all tattered and torn; in others, prolonging his days nobody knows how. If he succeed not in finding the best little wife in the world, his quest is a lamentable failure throughout.

But here we have the controlling philosophy of woman. She insists upon being known instantly as the best little wife, thus offsetting all doubt in the spell-binding vocabulary of love. Like all wonder-workers, she has her special palaver, talismanic words, for casting the spell. Certain phrases are demanded, or there can be no grand passion. It is to woman, therefore, that we must point for having standardized romance, compelling one lover to follow the example of another. The wooer himself might prefer to exert a little originality. He could make the courtship refined or coarse, chaste or sensual, flippant, solemn or tedious, according to his faculties; but milady is not satisfied without the well-known situations, the long-remembered recitations by which others have been wooed and by which only is she to be won. Love making is thus more or less platitude. The heroine of every fairy tale is a princess, born or destined, real or imaginary. You may variegate the plot but not the cast of characters.

Howsoever deeply into the past you search, you will find marriage little different from what it is in a Hyde street apartment house. Some took the bond more seriously; others, philosophically; and others took flight. It was ever a mystery to find two compatible persons. So abstruse was the problem that lovers consulted astrologers, and astrologers consulted the stars for guidance. But dream book, parental advice nor a Cupid, god created for the special prayer of lovers, could eliminate the element of chance. The stars could not foretell what a husband would remark when the gravy does not please him; the dream book was vague on details; and parents could never predict the influence of a mother-in-law. Commentators, in desperation, essayed to find something felicitous in the joinder of opposite. But this was indeed futile, for wedlock itself makes the parties opposites in short shift. One does not surmise how dissimilar the other sex can be until the contrast is revealed through matrimony.

Blonde and brunette have always been a favorite combination. The picturesque beginning is a good omen, for we judge the color of the hair to be a blossoming of body and soul. A wife of our own complexion would have too good an excuse for possessing our own faults. We will not risk that, but place confidence in another tint. There is something impalpably ludicrous about complexion, anyway, a something that becomes obvious when we see two of a kind.

Mental companionship would be the supreme test, if a test were permissible. Therein is a slight departure from the sweet days of old. The pledge for living happily ever afterwards is no longer sought. Contemplation of "ever after" is in itself enough to give one the modern chills. Immaterial to the issue are those antique songs which tell of love to and including old age. That is the one improvement we have made. Eternity does not interest the two at a cabaret. Growing old together is not to be hinted. Marriage on that gigantic scale is out of favor for the simple reason that modern people are averse to never-ending argument and quarrel. The forefathers enjoyed it. It was their chief excitement.

Safe to say, though not in the lady's presence, men more than women look forward to continuous devotion. Most men would have it that they be married once for all; while many, many, women take to wedlock as an experimental bond, leading to the right man through erroneous ones. True enough, the erroneous one may be prolific in his errors; and, looking upon peccadillo as a masculine distinction, is resolved that the home be kept intact at all costs. He knows too well that an illicit love affair is not likely to become anything else; and he will cling to the home if home he loves on principle. Recognized or not, there is something of the old Greek idea in the head of the house. Instinctively he leans toward the statement of Pericles that the Greeks kept their concubines for passion, the hetairai for love, and wives for the honor of the family. This is purely a family matter. The unmarried male person is not as complex.

The happy bachelor, the raving spendthrift, is viewed as a menace to society. Yet the married man exceeds him. If we can trust the divorce record for what goes on in the world, the male correspondent usually has wife and children behind his litigious love-making. It is Mr. Paterfamilias in the main who goes about wrecking homes. The humdrum of his own home drives him to it. We may assume that the unmarried libertine is looking for a wife ultimately; but the married scapegrace is prone to concubines and hetairai. Any debutante will tell you that the fatherly fellows are the ready sentimentalists, the easy weepers, the most persistent.

Unpopularity of wedlock is due to the fact that its reputed power to bring happiness has been exploded. The more one analyzes wedlock, the less he thinks of it; oddly enough, for a study of anything else adds to the interest. We must love marriage as a broad expanse or not at all. Modern man and maid are overeducated on the sex conflict, the belligerent side of the attraction. There have been too many cynic's paragraphs, epigrams, problem plays, popular ditties, vaudeville jests, making light comedy of the heavy task. We know all the bitters of the experience. The bad boys of literature have shot away the reputation of matrimony. Epigrams, like swarms of stinging bees, have kept prospectors from the honey.

It is a remarkable fact that the wives of politicians rarely get into the divorce courts; proving that people can get along when they have a motive. Wives of public officials were apparently not chosen for spectacular effect; are disappointing usually. Besides that, if you know much about life at Sacramento and Wash-

ington, you can infer why these capital women have that worried look, smiling with difficulty when occasion requires that they lean on hubby's arm. Yet the two hold on to each other through life. The magic of popular esteem being sufficient to bring about mutual forbearance. Mayors and governors of American communities do not participate in tip-top society. Political preferment has its own banquets; enjoys its own publicity. There is no balloting for social recognition. That is one of the greatest moral lessons we have. But society itself, that merry-go-round of red tape, has a peculiar hold on the marital adventurer. We have a distinguished set, claiming to be independent of wealth, intellect, birth, public office and general worth, yet maintaining due factors of all those virtues. Its unwritten constitution and by-laws give a formal cast to amusements and assemblies commonplace elsewhere. He may be wealthy, entertaining, heroic, handsome and ambitious, who seeks the prerogative of that circle, yet if he have not the ticket, a certain glamor is missing from him as a matrimonial prospect. In a never-changing personnel of the classes, anybody's reputation may survive or perish. The doubling of a man's income brings about a complete change of his admirations, beginning with himself. Women have their own standards. Working girls do their best to imitate women of fashion. In dress, manner and accomplishments, the girl is several grades above the man of her own neighborhood. What more likely than that she accept him as a merely temporary advantage? Unless she is exceptional, in the course of time she must be contented with with her surroundings or resigned to her fate. Yet there is an ever-present eagerness for advance all along the line.

A man's intellect limits his ambitions. He may acquire wealth; yet society is apt to rank him not far from the point of commencement, if his grammar warrant not more. His sons and daughters have a better case in court. A woman's education is based rather on the idea that beauty is the main chance. She is less interested in the road than the destination. He, gazing at the mansion, studies the means to possess it. She lingers at the windows and

THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW WILL BE AN INSPIRING SIGHT

A pair of fine Prism Binoculars or Field Glasses will give you all the advantages of a "choice front seat" to view the pageant from the hills around the bay.

New Victory Binocular.....\$45.00
Military Binocular with ray filter... 47.50
Field and Marine Glasses at most reasonable prices.
Inspection invited—no obligation to purchase.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

learns the trick of what happens within. She compares her shoulders to those of the society matron, and awaits results. If she neglect not her hair and complexion, the game is hers.

Perhaps it is nothing more than honesty, therefore, that prevents people of today from early marriages. Why make a hasty choice, when tomorrow may bring a better assortment? While men are searching for beauty, and women for social position, the less fastidious marry and lead happier lives.

With some statisticians, death and taxes are linked with a further inevitability—divorce. One would fancy that in the course of some years the whole married population has changed hands. The age that sets its wedding ring with diamonds is not in the mood for plain, continued husbandry, and golden weddings are not in the outlook of romance. Not long ago, a gold napkin ring was a fine reward of marital merit. Today a complete dinner set of gold would not compensate for fifty years of dropping the napkin in the same scenery.

The ambitious youth opines that it is better

to go it alone for a while. He receives more encouragement at all hands. On the contrary, declare the cynics, the moment a woman is married, her popularity takes new impetus. Glancing back a few centuries, for comparison, we find Bacon saying: "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either or virtue or mischief." This was the thought that Kipling versified in his "Down to Gehenna or up to a throne, he travels the fastest who travels alone." Most of the population are not traveling along the social road. It would be a sorry thing for mankind if all were struggling toward betterment, for the majority would live in vain and die in despair. We can not say that that is not the sad, true state of affairs. Incompatibility with environment comes when men estimate themselves not as they are but as they long to be. They are eternally saving up for a sunny day; a glory that never comes, a woman that is not within their destiny. If the majority of people are thus hoarding their expectations, then mental arithmetic solves the hope-

lessness of their labor. Ordinary man and ordinary woman must be satisfied with each other. Commonplace to dwell with commonplace. The hardship of this is that the critical faculties are much keener than the inventive mind. We scorn the achievements of our equals. We can tell the defects in the picture we could not paint in better style. It is this criticism of marriage that has been educated at the expense of plain facts. The old serious custom was to marry and make the best of it; the modern, to make the worst of it, and then marry. Divorce is the result of not being able to quarrel casually, uninterruptedly and indecisively. It is a diversion, a change of environment, but hardly an escape. It merely leads to the conclusion that escape is useless, impossible, and that a final marriage had better be of the old-fashioned sort. Still, it is one's privilege to learn the lesson of life with a broken heart, a method that, all in all, for thoroughness and delight, for poetry and wisdom, from height to height and depth to depth, can not be improved.

Dark Sunset

By Lionel Josaphare

Too soon behind the heavenly web,
As cloud and cloud unite
In gray through which thou canst not probe,
Farewell, thou thrilling light.

Widely the river flows before,
Not riverlike in going,
But merely darker than the shore,
In flatness flowing, flowing.

It moans and flows with passions dead,
And lovely gifts neglected;
There like a demon darkly fled,
And there a god reflected.

On yonder shore, that high array
And insubstantial hue,
Of tree-topped hills and haze are they,
Or bulks of empty blue?

Not amethystine is that mist,
But with lost purples pallid;
Like those enchantments which resist
The touch of hands unhallowed.

Though such entrancing blue be cold
As winter's crystal breath,
On that chilled paradise behold
The fires of life and death.

Incessant sun, all flames containing,
Quench in thy globe one ray;
Thou ship of gold, forever sailing,
Bring never back this day.

Voluptuous gloom, almighty dearth
Of the heaven's jubilee!
Heaven-dazzling west is dull as earth,
Ere sundown is of thee.

A voice within the somber height
Calls to the glory under,
And shakes the hearts of two that wait
In sacrificial splendor.

Unto that calling, they reply,
And give their love to wasting;
They speak to sorrow in the sky,
With anguish everlasting.

To bless each lover, now alone,
Though joined in flaming wishes,
Imperial Woe bends o'er his throne
Of silk and twisted ashes.

His gorgeous canopies are dimmed
With mauve and silver gauzes,
Reeking with clouds, with shadows rimmed,
And scattered with gray roses.

A winding sheet for love not dead,
A veil of spectre bloom,
A bridal wreath for dying head,
Float from the gates of doom.

Those hills whose nuptial shrouds consist
Of twilight moistures trailing,
Will slumber soon, by mourners kissed,
And shapes of moisture failing.

A spirit with the eyes of night
Subduing sights of azure,
Obscures before them lure and light
And path to hills of pleasure.

Farewell, thou sweet, thy sweets withholding;
Thou name than all more dear;
Love-lips relinquished, years enfolding;
Life's fable only knows thee here.

Dream over dream is thinly laid,
As mist o'er mist yet passes
Night's mossy towers, urns of shade,
Faint songs and haunted grasses.

From highest glimpse of maddening light
To horror's maddest halls,
From startling unto shuddering night,
The chant of sorrow falls.

Farewell, thou lost and weeping wonder,
Thou cloud of every sky,
Silent in love's continuing thunder,
And lightning to the eye.

Arise, thou relic, monstrous bud;
Here flourish, pain, thou fadeless flower,
That will forever, where we stood,
Gleam in the ruins of this hour.

The Spectator

When Woodrow Wilson Comes to Town

The fine gloved hand of woman is conspicuous in politics these days. Big central committeemen, who formerly stopped at nothing, have been figuring how to approach some of the fair ladies that have studied political economy in San Francisco clubs. There isn't a doubt in the world that picture hats and lavellicres will figure in the next stump-speaking tours. In the meantime most of the women are agreed that President Wilson's arrival here is to be one of the momentous passages of his life. They want to take a look at the man who remained calm while mothers, wives and sweethearts had banners torn from their hands in the suffragette parade around the White House. They wish to behold that countenance and analyze its thoughts. They will discover whether Wilson viewed the parade incident with unholy glee, or did the best he could as a servant of the people. If the latter, then all will be well; if the former—then good-bye, Woodrow. What is the general attitude of the newly enfranchised sex toward the president? There is no ground for thinking all California women are at one on the subject. The statement is put forth thus sententiously because the same question has been applied to the women of the country at large. I have spoken to many on the subject, and the answers were as various as would be expected on any other matter. No doubt, in the memory of some, the torn banners are still a live topic, especially to those who were closely related to the participants. Mr. Wilson, yes, was cool; and even that is something against him in the hearts of women who can endure only ardent partisanship. Some have been outspoken in the sentiment that since he failed to glow with enthusiasm over female suffrage, they will turn an equally cold shoulder toward his League of Nations. But this attitude is deprecated by others. Mr. Wilson is an idealist, and some feminine enthusiasts have only scorn for the republican leaders who endeavor to make sordid politics before a grand scheme of things. With female suffrage practically won, the suffragettes will probably turn their minds to national politics other than the historical controversy over their ballot. Taken all in all, Wilson's popularity is no more a matter of unanimous viewpoint in one sex than in the other.

Awful Predicament of a Political Wizard

"May it please the court, I think your honor is a damphool." This choice quotation was offered me the other day by an extremely beautiful woman who is just as beautifully interested in the welfare of her country and the republican party thereof. She had in mind a statement given to the press by Raymond T. Benjamin, chairman of the republican state central committee. It appears that a reporter had asked Benjamin if he would select a hundred beautiful women workers to help the committee do politics in California. The answer was an emphatic negative; that good work and not good looks will be the desideratum. The upshot of this is that the chairman has cut down a lovely tree of opportunities, and he did it with his own little hatchet; so there is nobody to blame but himself. No sympathy goes out to him, because he should have seen at once the dilemma which the question thrust upon him. Had he said "Yes; I shall select a hundred

beauties," righteous indignation would have swept through the land. Even the farmer vote would forsake Hiram—good morning, Hiram—if his committeewomen should be found electioneering at the point of a powder puff; and the rejected women workers would swarm to the democrats. On the other hand (the hand that he played), the hundred women will feel that they are selected for their working qualities, not for their personal attractiveness. Rather, I mean to say, they will know that others were rejected for their beauty and themselves accepted for lack of it. And that will never do. My informant exclaims that Mr. Benjamin will hardly be able to collect a hundred on that basis. It will serve him right. "Does Hiram Johnson's chairman think we are vampires," quoth she, "that he will not trust us to do politics in a sensible way? Does he think we would ask for votes in an inscrutable way?" I should say not. This is the first little mistake of the campaign. They are beginning early. I should advise Hiram Johnson to return to California at his earliest convenience. If he be the broad-visioned man that some of his supporters claim, he will conjure up a vision immediately, lest a lot of good political material will go to waste—or to the democrats.

Mr Blanton of Texas

Bowed under the weight of world treaties and food investigations, congress was diverted last week by a representative from the Lone Star state. Thomas Lucullus Blanton asked the house to declare that a state of anarchy exists in the United States and that the president be empowered to free the mails from malicious interference. This is not Blanton's first congressional stunt—or attempted stunt, for not all of his brilliant ideas are accepted by the prudent representatives of the people. When Blanton was elected from Abilene, Texas, he told his constituents that he would make the house of representatives work eight hours a day; to do which it was necessary that the convening hour be changed from noon to 9 a. m. He received his first shock as a Washington reformer when the statesmen refused to get to work that early. Whoever has had occasion to criticise the house for recent procrastinations, will perhaps apologize on being informed that most of the delays have been caused by Blanton. Blanton's primary motive is to maintain the reputation of Texas as the hotbed of eloquence. He stays up late at night composing speeches, which, if not Websterian, are at least as good as Joe Bailey's, also a Texas production, and called the Boy Wonder. It appears now that Blanton's anxiety to have the house operate an eight-hour day was for no other reason than that the solons would have more time to hear him speak. When he can think of naught else, he arises to a point of order. Most of these are given the gavel. Now and then he carries his point, and then it is revealed that the lone star in the flag of Texas is a symbol of superb oratory, and that the matchless orator thereof is the imperturbable, impeccable and unblemished son of the southland, Thomas Lucullus Blanton.

Punch in the Presence of the Passenger

When Town Talk took a look into the future of the six-cent carfare in San Francisco, a few flippant words were devoted to the probable confusion that would result if the crowds should

not have the exact change ready. An absurdity of this very sort is now occupying the attention of New York, which city is experimenting on two-cent transfers. Many of the passengers find themselves without the two pennies, and the conductors are kept busy making change. The conductors have been provided with enough coppers to negotiate their trips, and were even instructed to stretch a point in favor of courtesy—cruel and unusual punishment for a New York platform man. But that part of the public which was kept waiting at the gate, whiled away its time by making unfriendly remarks to those who were not getting into the car with efficiency and speed. This happens wherever the crowds gather, and is supposedly due to unfamiliarity with the working of the system. Some of the arguments become so acute that the change-making is suspended to indulge in that repartee for which the metropolitan railway hero is famous. Most of the passengers have been yielding patiently to the tribute; but the small proportion of malcontents and public-spirited advocates of duty have gone so far as to present five-dollar bills, so as to give the scheme a true test. Some of the more enterprising opponents of the transfer tax have had circulars and placards printed, and these indicate what is in store for the innovation when public opinion shall be better organized. The placards read: "Five-cent fare or nothing! Demand transfer before paying five cents. If conductor refuses to give transfer, pay nothing at all. He has no right to put you off the car. Workers' Committee of New York City." As for the delicate question of a conductor's right to eject a non-desirable citizen from the car, time will tell, if some of the workers' committee will put the thing to trial. A platform man usually has enough worry

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

over the question: Did you or did you not drop a nickel in the box? When the complication extends to seven cents, every element of human nature will contrive to make the transaction as tumultuous as possible, with the exception of those persons who always do what is asked of them, and for whom all troublesome laws are made, and who are depended upon to show how gentle a thing public opinion actually is.

Prof. Punkfizzle's Lecture on Modern Art

Ladies and Gents: Excuse me for not being shaved. Soap and things have gone up so I couldn't afford it. I am nothing if I am not an artist! (A voice in the back part of the room was heard to say: "You are no artist, all right!") Youse people have been fooled about art for a long time. They have put it over on you—that's what they have done. Rembrandt and Velasquez and some of them so-called masters got in ahead of the photographers. But when photography was discovered they all took a back seat. Photography and movies have put the old time antiquated artists out of business. Art ain't painting what you see. It's painting what you don't see. People are tired of landscapes, marines and all that sort of thing. You can't improve on nature. Nature's free for everybody to look at and the colors are included. Art puts on canvas the things people can't see in nature—do you get me? Art has been defined by some of our intellectual moderns as the "expression of the unthinkable and unknowable—the suggestion of things unseen." A modern sculptor sculpts the head of a woman. He don't copy any real female woman's head, he just makes a head as it ought to be. It may be a block head or a fat head or any old head. Speaking of blocks reminds me of the block-head artists—sometimes called cubists. No one can understand a cubist picture unless he is a block-head, but when that desirable state of art education has been reached, Oh, my! how he do enjoy himself! To his vision everything is on the square. Birds (canaries) are square and trees are square. Men are square (except

when they are crooked) and nudes coming down stairs are square. Peas are square and one can eat them with a knife comfortably. Most people are color blind. They don't know color when they see it. Modern art takes this fact into consideration when it lays on color. What's the use of being particular about color when the average person can't tell green from red? A square horse painted green with a blue tail is all right. Us modern artists get the cheapest colors we can buy. When we go into an art store to buy colors we say: "Give me two dozen tubes of your cheapest colors—assorted varieties, and charge them." Color stimulates the imagination—that's its chief function. Occasionally we run across a person who is not color blind and then we have to do a little wool pulling. Besides having to do with the unseen and occult, modern art recognizes the principle of double sight. In looking at an object in nature—take a tree for example—I often see two trees when there is only one tree there. So I put two daubs on the canvas. This double sight is not so prevalent now among us moderns as it was a short time ago. Speaking of double sight—the anti-saloon league are trying to put us out of business. Just because our pictures are popular with saloon keepers and because so many of them are hung in saloons. These fanatics are trying to put through another amendment to the constitution prohibiting modern art. Can you beat that? My next lecture in continuation of this same subject will be entitled "I want what I want when I want it and I want a lot of it."

(Delivered recently before the Art Associations of Penns Neck, N. J.)—A. H.

A Wail from a New York Financier

"Every form of profiteering which the ingenuity of man can devise seems to be the order of the day at present. Rent profiteering is one of the money-grabbing methods which at the present time is annoying every one. Landlords are taking advantage of present conditions to mark up rents to unheard-of prices. One of two

examples which have recently come to my attention will illustrate this. A barber who has had a small basement shop near Sixth avenue and Forty-fourth street, has been paying a monthly rental of \$35 for probably the last fifteen or twenty years. This rental has now been increased to \$83 per month. The consequence is that the barber is forced to go out of business. He can not obtain another shop in that location and as his customers all live or have their business places somewhere near there, he could not retain his customers if he must move to a locality at some distance from where his present shop now is. So this is one case of a man put out of business by the increased rental. The barber can not increase his own income in any way because the price of everything he buys and has to pay for is fixed and the price which he is allowed to charge for the service he renders is fixed by the Barbers' Union. Therefore the advance in rent makes his expense exceed his income, and there is nothing left for him to do but go out of business. This same thing applies to other small tradesmen who have shops in this building. I know a case of an apartment house centrally located in New York where one of the tenants has been in the habit of paying \$133 per month. This rental was increased a year ago to \$146 per month. Now the rental has been advanced to \$200 per month.

High Prices Reign

The high cost of labor and building materials has made it unprofitable to build, and consequently there is a scarcity of apartments in most of the large cities. This scarcity makes it possible for landlords to profiteer and they try to excuse this on the old worn-out theory of "increased costs." They do not state that the advances they are making in their rentals would probably cover all their increased costs five or six times over. Profiteering in cafes and in places where food is sold continues to be rampant. A friend of mine was telling me of a small dinner for two which he ordered at a cafe recently. He said it was a very simple dinner and on learning that this cafe was still able to serve a mild wine punch with the dinner, he ordered a quart of claret punch. When his bill was handed him, he noticed that the charge for the punch was \$7.50. The whole dinner, which was a very simple one, cost him \$15. One has only to stroll through the markets to see how perfectly absurd are the charges for almost all commodities. A pint of raspberries costs 50 cents and a pint of huckleberries 40 cents, and within ten minutes' auto ride of the place where this market is located a person could pick six quarts of huckleberries in less than a half hour which would cost him nothing.

Fisherman Can Charge, Too

I might give the prices of meats in comparison with what they were a short time ago, but these prices are so familiar to every one that it would be a waste of time. The prices which fishermen ask for sea food are even more ridiculous than the prices of meats. Lobsters sell for 50 cents per pound right at the seashore within 100 yards of where they are caught. More than one-half of the weight of the lobster is shell. Plain ordinary fish which used to sell for 12 cents and 15 cents per pound now sells at from 40 cents to 50 cents. Soft shell crabs of a small variety, where there are not more than two bites to a crab, are \$2.50 per dozen. The fishermen justify their advance in prices by saying that their fishing nets cost them so much more now than they used to. The cord out of which the nets are made has had a con-

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

siderable advance in price, and probably this increases the expenses of the fisherman by at least a few dollars annually, so he feels that this justifies him in about a 300 per cent advance in his price. The fisherman also claims that he has to pay his hired man larger wages than he used to. There is no need to go into this matter further, because it is not only irritating but extremely ridiculous.

A Vicious Circle

Everything is moving in circles. When the landlord raises the rent, the grocer and the butcher and the fruit dealer all advance their prices. Every advance in the price of articles of food is immediately followed by increased demands on the part of help for higher wages on the theory that they can not live on the wages they receive. Every advance in wages is followed by a corresponding advance all along the line. Pretty soon it gets back to the landlord again, and when the landlord has to pay a higher price for coal and for gas, and higher prices for plumbing and repairs in his building as well as higher prices for the help he employs, he makes another advance in rents. And so on. We are moving in circles which constantly approach a higher altitude and the great question is, When will this fabric collapse?

Taxes Will Absorb Profits

That we are heading toward a terrific smash no sensitive person can deny for a moment. There is a huge volume of business being done. Almost every normal activity during the period of the war was required to shut down to make room for those activities demanded for the successful prosecution of the war. Now that the war is ended, all of these activities have sprung into life again. There is also a large export demand. Foreign countries need our raw materials. Business is extremely active and people do not seem to have time to figure their profits and losses. They know that the excess profits tax and various forms of income tax will absorb a large percentage of their profits. But people are so busy they hardly have time to figure on these things, and they probably will not realize to the full how much of the profits of their business will go to the government until the time for making out their next tax return rolls around.

Stock Market Is Abnormal

An abnormal condition exists in the stock market. Meny who have large profits in their stock holdings do not dare to sell their stocks because if they record a profit in the year 1919, this profit must be figured in their income tax return, and three-quarters of it will go to the government. This is a very nice thing for the government, but pretty hard on the speculator who has assumed all the risk and all the anxiety and who ultimately gets such a small portion of the profit which his venture has yielded him. It is a great question whether it pays to speculate in these times. Everything points toward high money rates during the next few months, and nothing gives such a chill to an advancing stock market as an 8 or 10 per cent call money rate. I believe that the wise speculator had better reduce his lines quietly and gradually just as low as he possibly can. This continuous advance in the stock market with all the unfavorable conditions which accompany it can not go on indefinitely.

The Railroad Outlook

I regard the outlook for the railroads as almost hopeless. I do not believe the railroads will ever again be managed by their directors

and stockholders as in the old days. There may be a partial return of the railroads to their old managements but any action which congress may take with the idea of relieving the railroads and helping them out of the predicament they are now in will be accompanied by so many restrictions and so much government supervision that it will practically mean that the whole policy of the roads will be dominated by the government and its various commissions. And no one wants either to invest or speculate in any business which is managed by the government. We have had much instruction and many opportunities of observing the effect of government management of business. Politics and socialism are still rampant throughout the country. The only man who appears to be important in the eyes of the politician is the man who does not earn any money, and the activities of politicians are directed toward transferring money from those who earn it into the pockets of those who do not earn it. The world is in a terrific muddle, and it is impossible to tell from one week to the next what will happen. I advise extreme caution and extreme conservatism at this time in one's financial ventures."

I Came Not Here to Talk

Presumably there will be a word of oratory when the fleet arrives at San Francisco; and what is to be written will stretch from here to the moon. The personal impressions of special reporters will be enough to stagger humanity. Committeemen will be so numerous that only the most aggressive will have a fighting chance for fame. There will be so many tributes, eulogies, epigrams and slogans that the English language will hardly admit of more than a few in a hundred being unlike the others. This and that chairman will be prouder than ever he was in the history of the nation. Heroes, handshaking and mirth-making will be everywhere, and Mr. John Henry Doolittle will do more than he ever did in his life. But those of us whose only relegated duty is to wave our hats and shout, might appreciate a little moderation from the magnificent ones. Let them not be too free with odious comparisons. There has already been manifest a disposition to belittle the reception at San Diego. The press has been eager to tell the country that the big welcome and the big speeches and the important decorations and overwhelming enthusiasm are to be transacted right here in the city of largest population. The boast may be true enough, but why boast it? San Diego is a courageous, enterprising California town, and has carried many brilliant plans to success—successes that have rivaled San Francisco's not in magnitude but at least in artistic attractiveness. We ought to be as proud of San Diego's western chivalry as our own. The coming of the fleet to San Francisco Bay will be such a superb event that all attempts to claim excess of honor would prove unworthy of it. Let us not strive to out-bombast the glory of those cities that may be visited by less of the fleet than salutes us with its glorious thunder. Let us not stand before the camera with that reverberant grin of the sportsman who poses beside the longest string of trout; nor let not us mock the city whose harbor did not catch the biggest warship. It is a big fleet and a big ocean. Let us look upon both with a great, an oceanic, a spontaneous and an all-powerful gratitude.

The Hog Island U. S. Plant

An officer of the U. S. N. writing to S. F. of his recent voyage from the Pacific to an

Atlantic coast navy yard said: "Passing the Hog Island plant of the U. S. Shipping Board today was a sight which I shall never forget. Where three years ago was all a swamp, now is a plant so extensive that there is nothing you have ever seen to compare it with. Where was once a morass, now is a gigantic industry in which thousands are employed. I dare say that 99 per cent of the workers are making more money than they ever did before—by this I mean that some good Americans at least profited by the war. Such an institution will not go into the discard during the reconstruction period. It is a symbol of what America can do, in time of need, and on the whole made such an impression upon me that I shall not get over it for many a day. Passed part of the Pacific fleet en route to the west coast—fine sight!—I wish I were going with them. I must close as the mosquitoes are so bad that they are making me dance. It is funny that the government which does so much to exterminate them in Panama does nothing here."

BOOKS—New and Old
Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

The Art of Advertising

The following is an excerpt from the page advertisement of a New York department store. The pictures offered for sale are marked from \$79.50 to \$165. This is what commercialism does to art (prices and painters' names are omitted): "August sale of oil paintings. Reductions about one-third. An event planned to accompany our August furniture sale. Pictures that will lend a touch of superiority to the home. The reason you can select pictures at Gimbels so easily is because we choose them with such extreme care. A few suggestions from our galleries are: Old Farm House, Landscape, Holland Scene, Cattle, Shipwreck, Figure Painting, Sheep, Feeding Baby, Sheep, Muskeeter, Sunset, Shaking Dice. Federal tax already included in these sale price. No C. O. D.'s—no returns."

Governor Stephens Pays a Compliment

Among the reports of gallantry in diction that graced the fleet banquet at San Diego, was a remark by our own governor. It was not a great remark, nor a witty nor even an embarrassing remark (the governor is never embarrassing), yet it caught the fancy of the newsgatherers as worthy of record amid the profusion of eulogies. What Stephens said was that Josephus Daniels is as great a secretary of the navy as the country ever had. Nobody raised an objection; and even Admiral Rodman, with his unspoken speech in his pocket per order of Josephus, was non-committal as an admiral could be. But the compliment set the guests to thinking—who the great secretaries of the navy could be. I confess, with the

exception of Gideon Welles, I had to look in a book for names. Paul Hamilton and William Jones served under Madison, with B. W. Crowninshield rounding up events of the War of 1812. Gideon Welles held office under Lincoln and Johnson; and John D. Long took the Spanish-American War. What has been called the New Navy began in 1883, when Arthur was president, and William E. Chandler secretary of the navy. Under Cleveland, William C. Whitney had a few maritime problems, extended the navy program, and maintained a resolute sea policy in spite of an insignificant navy, the personnel of the which in the war with Spain was only 13,000. From 1798 onward, not one of the line of secretaries became so famous as to remain a familiar name with Americans at large; nor did any one of them have a navy that, compared with Daniels' outfit, would have figured as more than a gooseberry to a watermelon. Josephus made practical use of a great, modern, complicated fleet, and, though he had not the opportunity of giving battle, his multiple duties exceeded the sum of the whole list before him. While American ships carried not more than 45 per cent of the troops to France, and much of the artillery was procured there, this war presented the unprecedented case where every detail of the land army was dependent more or less upon the navy. The cargo fleet was almost exclusively American. In 1917 there were 233,000 men in the naval service. Today we perhaps have more ships and more men than Great Britain had at the outbreak of the war. If a great navy, well conducted, makes a great secretary, Daniels thoroughly deserves the compliment that the governor paid him.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Lieut. Gen. Hunter Liggett: Only those who went abroad can appreciate the noble war work performed by our women.

Representative Hudspeth: The time has come when we should tell Carranza that he has not measured up to expectations, has not lived up to his obligations, and must get out.

William G. Lee, president Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen: An upheaval of greater magnitude than ever took place in this country, is assured if the profiteers are not crushed.

Carnegie: The saddest spectacle I know of is that of an ageing millionaire still grasping for gold.

Representative Igoe: The prohibition bill carries no provision for the giving of sacramental wine.

City Treasurer McDougald: The city treasury is so short of funds that we may have to consider pawning our liberty bonds.

George M. Cohan: Every dollar that I have will be on the table, and I will shoot them all at the striking actors before I surrender to this nefarious plot.

Francis Wilson: The theatrical managers are not yet aware how powerful the Actors' Union has become.

Madison Grant of New York: It seems grotesque to easterners that Californians should be building railroads into the redwood country at \$10,000 a mile, and then allow woodcutters to demolish those beautiful trees.

Benedict Crowell, assistant secretary of war: The president's cabinet should contain a secretary of the air.

Battle Hymn of the Chinese Revolution

Francis B. Gummer (translator), *Current Literature*, 1912.

Freedom, one of the greatest blessings of heaven!
United to peace thou wilt work on this earth
Ten thousand wonderful new things,
Grave as a spirit, great as a giant
Rising to the very skies,
With the clouds for a chariot and the wind for a steed,
Come, come to reign over the earth!
For the sake of the black hell of our slavery,
Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy sun!

White Europe! Thou art indeed
The spoiled daughter of heaven.
Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance!
For me, I love Liberty as a pride.

For her face is set to the great adventure,
Her feet are vowed to the utmost quest.
Bright is the star, tho' the mists may dim her;
Mists are fleeting, but stars endure;
Yet, ah, yet shall the golden glimmer
Wax to a splendor superb and pure.
To her shall our prayer be as pulsing pinions;
A winged sphere she shall soar above
Greed of gain, and of forced dominions
To the upper heaven whose law is love.

Land of Hope, be it thine to fashion
In joy and beauty the toiler's day;
Wear on thine heart the white rose of compassion;
Show the world a more gracious way.
Still by the need of that seed of the nation,
Cavaliers leaping with laughter to land,
Puritans kneeling in stern consecration,
Parent by child, on their desolate strand,
—Still by the stress of those seekers storm-driven,
Glad in strange waters their vessels to moor,

Through the day in my thoughts, through the night in my dreams,
I survey the woes of my fatherland.
But the inconstant nature of Liberty
Prevents me from attaining her.
Alas! my brethren are all slaves!

The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,
The flowers are so fragrant,
Men are becoming all kings—
And yet can we forget what the people are suffering?
At Peking we must bow our head
Before the wolf of an emperor!
Alas! Freedom is dead!
Asia the great is nothing else but an immense desert.

In this century we are working
To open a new age.
In this century, with one voice, all virile men
Are calling for a new making of heaven and earth.
May the soul of the people rise to the peak of Kwang-tung!
Washington and Napoleon, you two sons of Liberty,
May you become incarnated in the people!
Hin-Yun, our ancestor, guide us!
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us!

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Distinguished Paris Residents from S. F.

A recent Sunday edition of the Chronicle contained prints of famous portraits of celebrated historical beauties. Among them was that of Mme. Racamier. One of our prominent old French residents, upon seeing it, claimed to have a photograph posed after it of a San Franciscan equally as beautiful as the lovely Parisienne. She sent it to Town Talk, which verifies her opinion and takes pleasure in repeating the interesting story accompanying the picture. The San Francisco Racamier existed for a few nights at the old Mechanics' Pavilion in the "French booth" of the Authors' Carnival, a great spectacle arranged for charity. Her name was Mme. Alfred Gros and she was famed as the most beautiful woman in our city. She was a tall, willowy blonde and her perfection of form and feature vied for supremacy with her exquisite coloring and loveliness of expression. Her husband was a local druggist of considerable wealth; and as Mme. Gros had an infallible taste in dress together with the means to gratify it, she was upon all occasions a delight to behold. M. Gros mysteriously disappeared about twenty-five years ago from the steamer upon which he was voyaging to France to settle a family estate. His wife and four children had remained in San Francisco, but Mme. Gros, soon after learning of his disappearance, went to Paris to live. One of her daughters, said to be as beautiful as herself, married a French nobleman. Another became the wife of Stephane Lausanne, editor of Le Matin, whose circulation is the largest of any paper in France. Lausanne was a nephew of de Blowitz, the most distinguished English newspaper correspondent of Paris. This brilliant Pole perceiving the journalistic ability of his nephew Lausanne when the latter was but a youth, guided him at the age of twenty-three to the editorship of the great French daily, a position which he still occupies. It will be recalled that M. Lausanne was sent by the French government to this country to lecture on war conditions and gave some splendid and enlightening talks in San Francisco, about two years ago in the assembly hall of the French church. Mme. Gros' only son, Dr. Edmond Gros, who served during the war as colonel in the French army, had the honor of being chosen upon Victory Day to place upon the cenotaph before the Arc de Triomphe, a wreath commemorative of the French soldiers killed in battle. Mme. Gros returned to California shortly after the great earthquake to look after her

property here. She visited friends in San Anselmo and we have it upon unimpeachable testimony that, though sixty years old at the time, she looked not a day more than blooming thirty; and that upon an occasion at that time when she was the motif for an al fresco luncheon in the alluring garden setting at Pastori's Villa, her table was besieged by swarms of patrons who lingered to the point of rudeness to feast their eyes upon her pulchritude and exquisite attire. This lovely lady was born in Tuolumne county, the daughter of a modest upholsterer name Pouzadoux. She attended Notre Dame convent in San Jose and lived in San Francisco afterward until her tragic widowhood. It is said that she is still living in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Crellin are visiting the family of the former's sister, Mrs. A. B. Castleman, at their country home, Mesa Grande, Russian River.

Mrs. Helen Stephens will be at Del Monte after the departure of the fleet from San Francisco. She and her friends, the Rainsworth family of Boston, will entertain for Admiral Rodman and some of their personal friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter B. Coffey were hosts at a dinner at their home on Vallejo street Wednesday evening in honor of Lieut. Gen. and Mrs. Liggett. Twelve guests were invited. Dr. and Mrs. Coffey also presided at a table for twelve guests at the Liggett banquet at the Palace.

Mrs. John Gantner entertained Dr. Anna Lyle at the Liggett banquet. Mrs. Gantner attracted a great deal of admiration for her striking brunette beauty and handsome costume. Mrs. Gantner is a descendant of Gen. Vallejo and is one of the typical Spanish type; she is particularly noticeable for her lovely expression of countenance. She is a relative of Leo Carrillo, who resembles her somewhat.

Mrs. Ross Ambler Curran was, as usual, stunning, and Mrs. George Pope's blonde beauty drew many admiring glances to her table.

Messrs. and Meses. John Drum, George Pope, Willard Drown, J. Frank Judge, Samuel Knight, Henry Foster Dutton, Col. Thornwall Mullaly and Capt. John Walker were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan at the St. Francis before their departure for the east.

Miss Jennie Blair is in Coronado.

Preparations are being made for the elaborate entertainment for the officers of the new Pacific fleet when it arrives in Monterey harbor on August 25th. Many prominent persons in San Francisco society are planning to come to Del Monte to meet their friends in the personnel of the fleet. There will be a round of out of door features with social activities in the palm grill and at the Del Monte lodge.

The California state golf championship for men and women on August 30th to September 9th will attract one of the biggest crowds of

the season to Del Monte. These title events on the links are also surrounded by a number of social functions.

During the past week the fashionable gathering at Del Monte was treated to a very interesting and novel out of door entertainment in the form of a water circus in the picturesque open air Roman plunge. A team of swimmers from the Olympic Club in San Francisco performed on Saturday and Sunday in a full program of stunts in the water. Water baseball games between the Olympic Club and the Del Monte were features, and a bathing girl revue enacted by the Olympic Club brought forth many laughs from the fashionable spectators who lined the lawn.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hart and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Chase of Sacramento are spending their vacation at the Hotel Del Monte.

A party from Berkeley at the Hotel Del Monte is made up of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Robert and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robert.

Mrs. Fred K. Marriott of San Francisco, accompanied by Mrs. Rumelrush of Shanghai, has arrived at Del Monte to visit with her son, Eddie Marriott, who has been spending the summer months here.



A Rose-Petal Complexion

Smooth and velvety as the petals of a rose is the complexion aided by

Nadine Face Powder

This delicate beautifier imparts an indefinable charm—a charm that lingers in the memory.

The smooth texture of Nadine adheres until washed off. It prevents sunburn or the return of discolorations.

Its coolness is refreshing, and it cannot harm the tenderest skin.

Nadine Face Powder beautifies millions of complexions today. Why not yours?

Sold in Green Boxes Only. At Leading Toilet Counters Or By Mail 60c.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY
Paris, Tenn.
Dept. T.T.



HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open
entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual
instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all depart-
ments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday,
2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class
(Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

There was an interesting polo match played on Sunday with the Del Monte Reds inflicting an 8 to 3 defeat on the Del Monte Whites. Dick Schwerin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Schwerin of San Francisco, was the tsar of the contest in scoring six goals. Felton Elkins, who is having stables built at the polo field to accommodate his string of ponies, also performed here. A large crowd was in attendance at the game.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Flint and Dr. Holladay of Long Beach will arrive at Del Monte this week to take in the golf championship and other out of door attractions.

Col. G. H. Poole of Chicago has arrived at Del Monte to join his wife and children, who have been here for the past several weeks.

Mrs. Louis P. Hobart with her son, Master Jack Hobart, are at Del Monte.

The first outdoor rendezvous of the Naval and the Military social life of the Bay Cities will occur on next Monday at Recreation Park in this city. Gold braid and the Admiral's cockade are not often seen at Valencia and Fifteenth Streets but from all accounts there will be a brave show—a preliminary canter to the great dazzle now in the making for the Welcome Home Fleet Week. The occasion next Monday at Recreation Park is the Annual Athletic Equipment Fund Sports Fete. Not since 1916 has it been observed. The re-occurrence of the event will be marked by a ball game between the wonderful team from the U. S. S. Boston, Receiving Ship, Yerba Buena Island, and the United States Marines at Mare Island. It will be for the Twelfth Naval District Championship. Young "Slim" Crocker,

will pitch the game for the Marines and immediately leave for New Haven and Yale. Every Box has been reserved. The Navy will be represented by Admiral Joseph L. Jayne and Staff, Admiral J. P. Pond, and Commander Stanford E. Moses. From Mare Island will come Commandant Captain Ed. L. Beach and from Yerba Buena, the popular Commandant, Captain H. B. Price. Once again the women of society will have an opportunity of enjoying the latest vogue of the London season and also in France—the sport of boxing. In addition to the base ball there are to be innumerable and diversified features including a four round fight between "Johnnie" Webber, reputed to be the best man of his weight in the American Navy, and James J. West of the Naval Training Station. "Fatty" Arbuckle is going to contribute some more of his knockout comedy stuff too.

At the Cecil

Maj. Gillem left for Siberia Friday. His wife and little boy, and Mrs. Harrison of Arizona are guests at the hotel. Other army folk who are making their home at the Cecil are: Col. and Mrs. Charles Stanton. W. H. Evans is in town, coming down yesterday from Chico. He is visiting his parents, who are permanent guests at the hotel. Miss Alice Stickel, who has been visiting friends at Casa del Rey, returned yesterday to her apartment. Her parents are also guests at the hotel. Miss Elizabeth Porter of Unionville, Conn., is a recent arrival. W. T. Durham of Los Angeles will remain another fortnight. Mrs. C. L. Muller, Dr. V. A. Muller and Mr. W. W. Muller will make a prolonged visit. Mr. and Mrs. Watson, well known southerners from Georgia, are being entertained. Mrs. L. Harrison has been giving a series of automobile picnics.

U. C. Freshmen

These are very busy days at the University of California with eager youths and maidens getting ready to matriculate. A happy group of girls who were registered last week are Elizabeth Lacombe (sister of Rev. George Lacombe), Dorothy Queen, Edna Fennell and Helene Comte. These young ladies recently graduated from the Sacred Heart convent and were admitted without examination upon their school credits of the past five years, notwithstanding that their academy is not accredited to the university.

New Vocalists Well Received at Techau's

The new vocalists of the Techau Tavern show girl revue corps are winning golden opinions from the guests who are charmed by the freshness and quality of their voices and the variety of their repertoire. The popularity of this cafe among dancers, who may enjoy their favorite pastime every evening in the week including Sunday, is on the increase, chiefly because of the excellence of the floor and the perfection of the jazz music, but also because of the dance favors—large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes for the men and Kewpie dolls of extraordinary fascination for the ladies.

Boxholders at N. D. C. Game

The following are the boxholders for the Twelfth Naval District Championship Game at Recreation Park on Monday afternoon, August 18th, between the teams of the U. S. S. Boston and the United States Marines of Mare Island: Admiral Joseph L. Jayne, Commandants Edward L. Beach, H. B. Price, Stanford E. Moses; Brigadier Generals John B. McDonald, F. J. Strong, Major General Carroll A.

Devol, Colonel W. G. Gerrard, Major Fer A. Whystock, Captains William B. Cross, W. D. Potter, William P. Fries, Lieutenants F. G. Kutz, Max L. Smith, J. F. McMullin, Ellery A. Stone, A. Antrim, Messrs. John B. Casserly, Louis de C. Cebrian, W. J. Selby, W. C. Graves, Algernon Crofton, John H. Rosseter, E. J. Spalding, James A. Macdonald, H. J. Crocker, J. J. Gottlob, Loring Pickering, Dr. G. Childs Macdonald, Timothy Healy, Mark Requa, J. J. Tynan, C. O. G. Miller, Ferdinand Theriot, Max Sloss, and Mrs. David H. Scott.

"The viol, the violet, and the vine."—Poe.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee
WITH EVERY MEAL
If you wish a trial package telephone direct
SUTTER 6654
GEO. W. CASWELL CO.
442-452 Second St. San Francisco

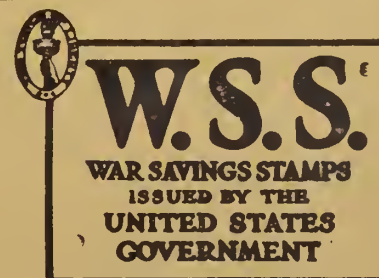
TECHAU TAVERN
CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including
Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly
favors are presented to our patrons, without competi-
tion of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances.
(Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 97928; Dept. No. 16.

WALTER J. BERGER, Plaintiff, vs. EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: EDYTHE E. C. BERGER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco State of California this 31st day of May A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHALMER MUNDAY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
519 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

A Chat With Leo Carrillo

By Helen M. Bonnet

One of the first things that Leo Carrillo said when I had the pleasure of a little interview with him on Tuesday at the St. Francis was: "Please say that there is no audience more responsive, more warm hearted, than the San Francisco audience. Actors returning east all speak of it. If you like us, it is good to come back to you—you make us feel your affection. My opening night at the Curran made me very happy. Although we had played 'Lombardi' for five weeks here last summer, the people were glad to see us back and let us know that they enjoyed the play all over again." And I told Mr. Carrillo that while I know San Francisco loves him and is proud of him (as it has good reason to be), and is delighted to see him and his adorable Tito Lombardi home again, that I think we are painfully undemonstrative and that I've often wondered how brilliant, gifted actors can play to us. Mr. Carrillo vowed he could feel waves of sympathy flowing from the audience across the footlights. Well, his full name is Leopoldo Antonio Carrillo, and maybe that's why. Besides, he is just like a big, handsome child—he loves the world, and people, and work; he is crazy about his art, for which Nature endowed him, and to perfect the technique of that art he has worked hard and wisely. He did not say very much about his future, but it does not take a very keen observer to perceive that he expects to have many laurels placed upon his brow as time goes on. He is equipped with an excellent education and fine breeding as valuable aids to further conquests in the dramatic world. If you have seen him act and know how good he is to look at—well, then you know how Nature has helped him. I continued that the only S. F. audience which made enough noise to suit me was that at the Mascagni farewell here. For it, the Italians were responsible, but the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts caught their enthusiasm and oh! it was lovely. And why can't we be like that always when we like people?

I forget whether Mr. Carrillo said that a Boston or New York audience is his other favorite. But I know that he said Boston was awfully good to him—packed his theatre and with all the city's reputation for literary culture, "took our little play 'Lombardi' to its heart." That's why, I suppose, because Boston knows a good play. "Lombardi, Ltd." is a fine little play. Its authors, the Hattons, took a splendid character, placed him in a real environment, and scientifically constructed vital situations about him. When the company closed in Boston, three hundred people went on the stage to shake hands with him and then he walked out in the audience and shook hands with everybody. Now that's just like Tito Lombardi and just like Leo Carrillo—he was so much obliged to everybody for liking him—as if they could help it. The Professional Woman's League dined him as its guest of honor in Boston.

We talked about his wonderful Italian-American accent. He said he had studied it from observation; and spoke about the difference between the pronunciation of the letter "r," for instance, as the Italian utters it in his own language and in ours (as it is spoken in America, especially in the circles where Tito acquired it). When I said that I do not believe that there is any other American actor who could play the Tito whom Mr. Carrillo created he said very earnestly: "I went at the heart of him

and I had the memory of my own father's character and manner to help me. What does Tito care for money, for tangible reward? Nothing! He lives to be happy, to make others happy. He is kind, simple, forgiving, generous with his love and his possessions. My father was just like that—he gave everything away and until shortly before his death knew nothing whatever of the value of money." Now Carrillo père was a scion of an old Spanish family of distinguished origin, one of the families which lived on broad estates in early California in feudal state. Their home was in southern California—I forgot to ask whether Los Angeles or Santa Barbara. Leo is also an immediate descendant of the de Bakers of that region. I am pleased to record that he is very proud of his Spanish-Californian ancestry, and so interested in the history and adventures of those strenuous, romantic settlers that I believe his energies, were they not absorbed in stage work, would be devoted to research and record of the times, events and manners of which Richard Henry Savage, Helen Hunt Jackson and Gertrude Atherton wrote glowingly. There is plenty of material yet left—almost as much as Washington Irving found in Spain. Leo's grandmother, Arcadia de Baker, and his two aunts, Josefa Bandina de Carrillo and Isadora Coutts, made the first American flag in California. They used material from the commissary of the rancho of his grandfather, Carlos Antonio de Carrillo, at Tia Juana: for instance, the red was flannel which they had to make garments for the Indians. The ladies presented it to Commodore Stockton when he entered the southern harbor.

Leo Carrillo was a student at St. Vincent's College, conducted by a Franciscan order in the south. He worked with the engineering corps of the Southern Pacific for two years constructing the coast line near Santa Barbara. Incidentally, Edward Rainey, Mayor Rolph's versatile secretary, worked with him. Here the ambitious Leo saved \$700 with which he came to S. F., paid his tuition at the Richard Partington Art School (over the old California market), and also his living expenses. Then he got a job in the art department on the Examiner at a salary of \$8 per week, which was raised by and by—a little, not very much. I asked if he had had any early struggles—I love to write about early struggles to encourage other boys. "Yes," he said, "I sat in Union Square with only twenty cents in my pocket, one day when the statue of 'Victory' was being placed upon its pedestal." "And were you discouraged?" I asked sympathetically. "I should say not; I was never discouraged in my life—I was happy. I don't care about money—it was to work, to work at what I wanted to do that was my only desire. I looked up to Victory and it gave me more courage." He used to do dialect stunts around the Examiner office, and one evening Mr. Ed. H. Hamilton introduced him at a Family Club jinks—that was his real debut. "I had also the honor, shortly afterwards, of appearing on the same program at the Elks' Club here and in Tiburon at the Corinthian Yacht Club with Judge Henry Melvin, now of our Supreme Court." Mr. Carrillo thinks that the justice did a song and dance—and I'm sure it made a hit. Shortly afterwards Carrillo was engaged for the Orpheum circuit at \$100 a week. He repeated, for my benefit,

bits of his act—Chinese, Scotch and French dialect stories. They were marvelous—as marvelous as his Tito's Italian-Americanese. He played this act all over the United States, England, Scotland and Ireland. He was appearing at the Victory Theatre in Portsmouth when the English fleet assembled in the harbor, ostensibly for a king's review; but it sailed away—somewhere. Two days later, Carrillo, hearing rumors of war with Germany, went with the crowd from Trafalgar Square to Buckingham Palace. The king, surrounded by the royal family, came out upon a balcony and read the declaration of war. As soon as possible thereafter, the American player returned to the United States. He was engaged by Morosco for "Upstairs and Down." He had a big success with it in New York and the next thing he was the star of "Lombardi." He says he loves to play Tito—can hardly wait for the hour of the performance, though this is his third year, the first of which was on Broadway.

For the future, I suggested "Romeo" because he has the appearance, voice and temperament for it. He said he'd rather play Marc Anthony, should there be a demand for a Shakespearean revival. Why is it actors won't admit they would love to do Romeo, when every actress owns she longs to be Juliet? And he said he doesn't want to be a matinee idol. One of the mannikins in his model shop would reason: "Boy, you can't get by—you are one right now. Girls pick a regular fellow for a matinee hero every time and you fill the bill just right." Although "Lombardi" is a designer of woman's attire, one never associates any thought of effeminacy with him. He is an artist in his studio, who dreams to adorn the beautiful body of woman. He is the Benvenuto Cellini of soft textures; delicate fabrics are the materials which he molds and weaves into colorful effects which he thinks of as dew drops, clouds, rainbows, moonlight, star-shine—to create an atmosphere in which lovely woman may move. He is pure of heart, clean of mind, generous of spirit. Leo Carrillo will go far afield in the drama, but he can always be proud that he created Tito Lombardi, who rewarded him by revealing him as one of our great American actors.

Mr. Carrillo knows everybody, it seems to me—all the stage celebrities and lots of social and political stars. He was a guest of Joseph Tumulty at the president's welcome home luncheon in Boston when he first returned from the Peace Conference. Tumulty's other guests were Senator Walsh, Admiral Grayson and our own other distinguished boy, Ray Baker. Afterwards he was presented at a private audience to the president in the Copley Plaza hotel. Carrillo is a great admirer of our president and holds William R. Hearst in high esteem. He asked me: "Won't you come out for our theatrical strike? Actors who are paid big salaries don't care for the money, but the chorus girls and small-salaried players do, and must be paid for rehearsals and extra performances; and we all want our Sundays. All demands are just." Yes, Leo, I am out for the strike and I like you for being strong for it. He pulled out a clipping from the Bulletin and read an interminable list of rich actors' names, Douglas Fairbanks, et al, who are being sued by the

managers. "Ha! ha!" he laughed, "they should worry!" The names of these thespians spell money—and Carrillo doesn't care for money. He will make heaps of it—says he's already "comfortable"—but the late Judge Coffey (who ought to have known, surely) once told me that the Californian of Spanish blood is acquisitive but can't keep his wealth. But Leo Carrillo is a

bit different; for instance, he has never touched his share of the de Baker estate because he wants to earn his wealth. And besides, any ambitious youth who could be comfortable with but twenty cents to his credit, while standing in Union Square with the luxurious St. Francis hotel for a background and his face toward "Victory"—well his ideas of comfort are de-

cidedly relative. I should say his ideas are just what they ought to be and that they account in great measure for his success. My ten year old son says that the best thing I do is to preach, so right here I write down that Leo Carrillo never drank alcoholic liquor nor smoked in his life and that he is proud of it; and so am I for him.

The Stage

Gala Week at Orpheum

We, the jury, find the defendants, Harry Watson and two unnamed maids, guilty of conspiracy to make a perfectly good audience die laughing. Harry has a telephone booth and a few bundles and a make-up, and tries to get a number. The two telephone girls are willing, but they don't try very hard. That's all there is to that part of it. Nevertheless, anybody who hates to be caught laughing out loud in public had better remain away. Harry also appears as the "Young Kid Battling Dugan," in a burlesque boxing act; but his big house-shaker is the telephone scene—a sight for the gods, should they happen to be familiar with nickel-in-the-slot telephones. Steve Juhasz (pretty name if correctly spelled) calls himself a "bunkologist." He does some terrible deeds with a pack of cards and two guileless youths from the audience; magician's tricks with a lot of nonsense up his sleeve; a black bag and an egg, which he will tell you he mislaid, and there you are. Madge Maitland returns with her lyric soprano-combusticated voice, which must be a total wreck twice a day. Her Irish come-all-ye is delicious as ever. Featuring the land of the harp in a more sentimental manner, Frances Dougherty, "The Girl with the Irish Smile," makes you think that the house must be packed with Mayo men. Talk about applause! Floral offerings besides. One of the Chinese band also received a bouquet, the other night. Personal tribute, no doubt; yet every one of the twenty is worth it. They are as good in light opera as the stormiest jazz. Then we have George E. Reed "and girls" in Pianoville. Think of it—"and girls." Three of them at three pianos. A remarkably beautiful and soul-satisfying performance. One feels that three girls at three pianos is the necessary thing in music. They deserve names on the program, and many bouquets. Billy Mason and Alice Forrest, in song and chatter, are billed as the T N T of vaudeville. At moments they almost meet the superlative attainment. Jolly pair, anyway. Mlle. Nadje, "That Girl," repeats her exhibition of gymnastics and pulchritude. Also in their second week are Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp, in the fascinating playlet, "Discontent."

—L. J.

The Street Called Rialto

When Lillian Russell declared herself gaily and solemnly in favor of the striking actors, she made some of the theatrical managers of New York City rush to the telephones and ask their friends what the rumpus was. Only a few days ago, the managers were saying that there was nothing to it, nothing worth talking about, and that actors couldn't strike anyway, and that it was all very ridiculous. Nearly a dozen playhouses were closed as a result of managerial cocksureness; and that is apparently only a beginning. The actors have changed their make-up for war paint, with every indication that some choice scalps and high-priced toupees

will soon be dangling at the belt of Francis Wilson, president of the Actors' Union. George Cohan, spokesman of the Producing Managers' Association, still takes a jocose view of the situation; but the thespians have invited him to jump out of the airship, or come down from his high horse, and are predicting more than one dull, sickening thud when managerial vanities take a tumble on Broadway. The strike came at a time when one by one the lovely stars were preparing to twinkle for the 1919-20 season. Some of them will join the walkers-out and some will stick to the pay envelope; the season promises to be numerous with money-back performances. At the Vanderbilt Theatre, Grace George announced the opening of her season for August 11th, with "She Would and She Did." The Century Theatre billed the second costume edition of "Chu Chin Chow" for August 7th ("positively next Thursday night"), and described by the advance agent as the most gorgeous production that ever was, returning to New York from its fourth year in His Majesty's Theatre, London. Last Sunday's open-air performance of "Aida" at Sheephead Bay Speedway, was heralded under the "high patronage" of the Italian consul, for the benefit of the Florence earthquake sufferers; Marie Rappold was Aida; Giorgio Polacco, conducting; and all personally directed by Fortune Gallo. Eugene Walter's Bolshevik play, "The Challenge," starring Holbrook Blynn, took its premiere on the 5th of the month at the Selwyn. Another Bolshevik effort is "The Red Dawn," by Thomas Dixon; it began at the 39th Street Theatre on the 6th. On the 7th, the Princess Theatre offered "Nightie Night," which makes no pretence at moral uplift. The Greenwich Village Follies, with Bessie McCoy Davis, has been running since July 15th. "A Voice in the Dark" began last July at The Republic. It is a novelty melodrama, in which certain characters testify as to what they witnessed, and the action portrays the testimony. In this case, one of the scenes is pantomime as witnessed by a deaf man; another situation is acted in the dark, as heard by a blind man. The author, Ralph E. Dyar, is on the staff of the Spokane "Spokesman-Review."

Foremost Actors Take Part in Strike

Just how amusing the managers regard the strike, appears from their rush into court with damage suits against the leading members of the Actors' Equity Association. More than a half million dollars, damages, is demanded, and the list of defendants lets us know for the first time the extent to which the strike sympathy has grown. Wilton Lackaye, Forbes Robertson, Alla Nazimova, Otis Skinner and Ann Pennington are summoned to trial for conspiring against the profits of the theatre managers. Other defendants are De Wolf Hopper, George Beban, Douglas Fairbanks, William and Dustin Farnum, Eddie Foy, Robert Mantell, Blanche Ring, Cyril Scott, Cyril Maude, Hartley Manners and Lauretta Taylor. The Shuberts

are the most involved of the plaintiffs. John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson and Raymond Hitchcock have allied themselves with the strikers. E. H. Sothers is charged with a ruse to wreck the train by resigning from the Equity Association and organizing another "to uphold the dignity of the theatre." The play people say that most of the costly productions are financed by Wall Street, and that those terrible contracts are dictated by money-mad millionaires. But the strike itself will not be without its angels of the check book. Vincent Astor and Mortimer Schiff have announced that the Wall Street-lucre will not be a one-sided proposition. They will write checks to get the strike well under way, at any rate. After that—well, a reading of the above names will indicate what influence the unionized nummers have in the money centers of New York; so that the conflict bids fair to become the most gorgeous spectacle of the season.

Caruso and Tito Lombardi

Leo Carrillo's fund of anecdotes of famous people is inexhaustible. His acquaintance with Enrico Caruso came about in New York through the great tenor's admiration for Carrillo's portraiture of the Italian character. After the performance, Caruso's secretary presented himself at Carrillo's dressing room, bowing many times before beginning: "'Scuse me, Mr. Carrillo, but Mr. Caruso, she's so happy you play the Italian so well. She say at last the Italian on the stage is a real man, with the man of goodness, of honor, of culture inside his heart which he bring from Italy. She say you have make something good for the Italian of America. She likes very much if you consent to allow him to join with your hosts, the Boseha champagne people tomorrow night and give banquet to you, all mix 'em up at same time." Carrillo expressed gratitude and pleasure at receiving Caruso's compliments and invitation and sent the message that he would be honored to be Mr. Caruso's guest or his host. "No, no!" replied the secretary, "Mr. Caruso wants we mix 'em up all together, please." "Mix 'em up" they did, and the banquet was a brilliant success. Carrillo describes the singer as a man with the joyous nature of a boy of sixteen. The quality of his voice is illustrative of the loveliness, the guilelessness of his disposition. He was equally enthusiastic over John McCormack, of Edwin Schneider and many other artists of exceptional eminence in music. "All great artists are simple," the American actor declares; "the greater the simpler." Simplicity makes Carrillo himself eligible for a place in the galaxy.

A Griffith Picture

D. W. Griffith, who gave the greatest motion pictures to the world—"The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," and others—has created a new sensation, "Broken Blossoms." It is a combination in artistic assembly of pictures, speech,

music and lights and will be presented at the Curran Theatre for a limited engagement beginning Sunday, August 24th. This will be the Pacific coast premiere of "Broken Blossoms," which has been given in New York and Chicago to enthusiastic audiences. The critics of the east have been more than eulogistic in praise of "Broken Blossoms."

Dr. M. W. O'Connell's Recital

Although Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell gave numerous recitals on the Civic Center organ while it was in Festival Hall at the Exposition, Sunday evening will be his first recital on the instrument in its present location. This will be the program: 1, Offertoire, E. Batiste; 2, (a) Cantilene Nuptiale, (b) Tocata, Th. Dubois; 3, Meditation de Thais, J. Massenet; 4, Pilgrims' Chorus from "Tannhauser," R. Wagner; 5, Elevation, E. Saint-Saens; 6, March Funebre, F. Chopin; 7, Abendlied, R. Schumann; 8, Grand Processional from "Queen of Sheba," C. Gounod.

Alcazar

Laughter and thrill race neck and neck at the Alcazar next week, commencing at the Sunday matinee, when its first presentation of "The New Henrietta" will possess special interest because Walter P. Richardson was featured in it two seasons in Australia before he became leading man of the popular New Alcazar Company. It will be final proof of Richardson's versatility to see him in the delightful role of "Old Nick" Van Alstyne, the irascible but golden hearted wizard of Wall Street, a classic of characterization immortalized by the dean of American

comedians, William H. Crane, whom San Francisco now claims as honored and well beloved resident. "The New Henrietta" has never been acted here except by Mr. Crane and his all star cast and is right up to the minute in this era of big money and frenzied speculation. The vibrant comedy drama is the work of Winchell Smith, author of "Turn to the Right," "Lightnin'" and many other popular plays, and Victor Mapes, whose craftsmanship was shown in David Belasco's comedy success, "The Boom-crang." Charming Belle Bennett, Vaughan Morgan, Jean Oliver, Thomas Chatterton, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter, Rafael Brunetto, Edna Shaw, Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson and other favorites are admirably cast. "The Brat," with Miss Bennett as the humorous little waif, drew such record breaking crowds during its single week that its revival for a farewell week August 24th will be good news.

At the Curran

With tonight's performance Leo Carrillo begins the final week of his engagement in Oliver Morosco's scintillating comedy, "Lombardi, Ltd." which has made the most emphatic sort of hit with San Francisco theatre goers; and press and public have been most prodigal in their praise of the unique comedy, of the clever work of Leo Carrillo and his supporting company, and of the elaborate production and costumery. Though "Lombardi, Ltd." has been termed a "comedy of frills and fashions," it has a serious touch as well, with a nice flavoring of romance to give it zest. But it essentially makes for entertainment of a light nature, and laughter almost constantly dots the action. D. W. Griffith's greatest achievement, "Broken Blossoms," comes to the Curran, Sunday, August 24th.

Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a great new bill composed of headline acts of the greatest popularity. Emma Haig, one of the fairest favorites that the Follies ever had, will offer a selective program of songs and dances. She will be assisted by that clever comedian Jack Waldron, who has just returned from France, where he was one of the Argonne Players of the 77th Division. Trixie Friganza, who shares the headline honors and whose recent success here is remembered, will, in compliance with a numerous expressed wish, play a return engagement and will indulge in new songs and witticisms. Her reappearance is bound to be the signal for an ovation, for she is deservedly one of the greatest favorites the vaudeville stage possesses. William L. Gibson and Regina Connelli will appear in Aaron Hoffman's comedy, "The Honeymoon," which has won golden opinions in the east. The Bradnas, comedians who hail from Europe, have just arrived from Australia, where they recently concluded a long and successful engagement. They will be seen in a quaint specialty which is principally hat manipulation. They are ambidexterous and at times all four of their hands keep a number of hats flying through the air. "Smiling" Billy Mason and Alice Forrest; "Pianoville," featuring George Reed and Girls; Juhasz, in his great hit, "Bunkology"; the latest Hearst Weekly, and Harry Watson, Jr., as "Young Battling Kid Dugan" and in "The Telephone Scene," will be the other numbers in a bill which can truthfully be described as illustrating some of the best in vaudeville.

We Must See This Comedy

"A Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented

last week by the Raja Yoga players in the Greek Theatre at Point Loma. The San Diego Union says of the play: "It has a message of instruction and delight for every mind. If you want philosophy in witty or fantastic guise; if you want a picture of Athenian life spread panorama-like before you; if you want melodrama and thrills, or glimpses of the mysteries of Nature's fairy-world; if you want enchanting music throughout, or if you want sheer merriment and fun, 'the play's the thing.' It holds all this and more. The entire drama is a scintillating medley of merriment and beauty and fun. From the royal and dignified opening, where Duke Theseus claims his conquered bride, to the eerie, witching close, when the last tiny spirit has tripped away and left you with only the dying embers and Puck with his little broom, the drama is a web of fascinating contrasts, of homespun threads mingled with starshine strands and gold. Two clumsy-witted craftsmen, 'who never labored in their minds till now,' are ludicrous beyond description and their farce beside Ninny's tomb is side-splitting in its humor. And the tripping, frolicking fairies give the final touch to a play radiant with both an inward and an outward beauty."

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 8-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.—No. 25386; Dept. No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.

KATHERINE CROOKS,

Administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. Crooks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 26, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON, Attorney for Administratrix, 505 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

7-26-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

A BILL OF HEADLINERS

EMMA HAIG and Jack Waldron in Their Own Original 1919 Conception of Song and Dance; TRIXIE FRIGANZA, New Songs and Witticisms; WILLIAM L. GIBSON & REGINA CONNELLY in Aaron Hoffman's Comedy, "The Honeymoon"; THE WRADNAS, Continental Comedians, in a "Quaint Specialty"; "PIANOVILLE," featuring George Reed and Girls; "SMILING" BILLY MASON and ALICE FORREST, "The T N T of Vaudeville"; STEVE JUHASZ, "Bunkology"; HEARST WEEKLY; HARRY WATSON JR. as "Young Kid Battling Dugan" and in "The Telephone Scene."

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"SINNERS,"

Vivid Emotional Drama of Modern Life.

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., AUG. 17

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Walter P. Richardson—Belle Bennett

In Wm. H. Crane's Comedy Triumph in which Mr. Richardson was featured in Australia,

"THE NEW HENRIETTA"

SUN., AUG. 24—One week Revival because of overwhelming popular demand, "THE BRAT." Hundreds could not secure seats before.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY EVE., AUG. 17

OLIVER MOROSCO

Presents

LEO CARRILLO

In the Sensational Fun and Fashion Success

"LOMBARDI, LTD."

By Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

NEXT—SUNDAY, AUG. 24—D. W. GRIFFITH'S
"BROKEN BLOSSOMS."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market the early part of last week had a severe break which carried prices in many instances below the break in June. The selling started on publicity given labor troubles and was increased by the agitation to lower the cost of living which had a depressing effect all around for commodities. The break in the rails seemed at first to be the most severe, but when the day's record was scanned, it was found that the industrials really had the severest decline. Many people with large profits have realized for some time that the market was in an overbought condition, but in preference to selling they put stop loss orders in to secure their profits in case a break did occur. This of course precipitated a much greater decline than would have otherwise occurred if profits had been taken when the market was strong. Tuesday morning the market opened very weak and there were further efforts on the part of the bears to depress prices still further but when little result was made in this direction, there was an effort to affect a covering of the short contracts with the result that there was little stock for sale and prices rallied sharply. Much of the selling recently was engineered by the shorts on bear rumors so well spread that it caught considerable real liquidation. The steel stocks in particular gave a good account of themselves under the leadership of Crucible. Steel mills are operating around 80 per cent of their capacity and should be around 90 per cent by September 1st. On Thursday fresh liquidation again started which carried prices even lower than the severe break earlier in the week. This time rails especially were well shaken down and the net result of the day showed that most of the standard stocks showed declines from 15 to 20 points from the high of a month or so ago. This last decline afforded a grand opportunity for the bargain hunters who rushed in and grabbed all the stocks that were being offered. Many people had orders in to buy under the last low price but were disappointed in their low bids. The result of this heavy buying which came from excellent sources was that prices advanced steadily Friday and Saturday, closing at quite a respectable price. Such severe liquidation as has taken place recently is bound to put a damper upon bullish enthusiasm for the time being and there is no doubt that people who did buy cheaply will avail themselves of a few points profit and sell instead of waiting for a big advance as was the case during last spring and early this summer. This condition will result in a choppy market, where small profits on either side will be taken, keeping the market within a narrow range for some time, in our opinion. We feel that comparative safety can be felt in picking up some of the

standard issues on the small breaks that will occur from time to time, feeling that the long side in many issues will be the safest. Many stocks are not selling above their cash resources and in this condition the short side would be the more hazardous. It is well to keep informed in regard to the labor agitation for in its settlement, business will improve. It is the uncertainty that keeps people uneasy, meanwhile the worst news seems to be out, and behind the market, while the possible good and favorable news is ahead of the market and has not, at these prices, been discounted. If the market continues steady around these figures for this month, we feel that early in the fall prices should do much better and quite a rally should ensue later on in the year. The liquidation, of course, has eased the money conditions so that this factor has been removed from the market and money should remain easy for a long time.

Cotton—Cotton fell under the hammer of high cost of commodities and the bullish cotton report of last week was forgotten. Prices fell sharply until a decline of five cents per pound under the high of last week had been reached. Around 30 cents for October there was considerable good support which was followed by a rally of over two cents per pound. Another discouraging factor as well as one of great surprise to the bulls was the announcement made by Secretary Hester of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange that the carry over this year would be 6,800,000 bales and that the world's takings of American cotton will be 10,600,000 bales. It was not anticipated that the surplus would much exceed 2,000,000 if it would that much, while it was thought the demand for American cotton would be around 15,000,000 bales. Depressing outside influences had been operating against any upward movement and when the estimates became generally known, prices sagged rapidly. The break in the stock market, too, greatly aided in depressing cotton prices and many people were obliged to liquidate cotton in order to protect their commitments in stocks. Cotton very seldom has any break after the 15th of August and it will bear watching very closely this year to see whether the year of 1919 is going to prove any exception to the general rule. We feel that since this is the fourth small crop in succession and the great demand that is bound to follow when the wheels of industry start all over the world, that cotton is not excessively high around 30 to 32 cents per pound.

Mr. Meek—What is the name of that book you are reading, my love?

Mrs. Meek—"A Fatal Flirtation."

Mr. Meek—Something like ours, I suppose.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets\$60,509,192.14
Deposits57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE & ORRICK, General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



68 Degrees and 100 Per Cent

A Word to Store and Office Managers: Have you ever noticed that business is better, that customers are better served and that errors are fewer, on the days when the temperature of your store or office is around 68 degrees?

The reason is that this temperature is the point of maximum human efficiency. A proven psychological fact that deserves the consideration of all employers. The

HALL JUNIOR GAS FLOOR HEATER

enables you to maintain this temperature of maximum efficiency without trouble and at minimum expense. It is designed to overcome the difficulties usually experienced in heating business premises. The feet of store and office workers are most susceptible to the cold. The Hall Junior warms the floor. The brains of your clerical force are clearer if the room is properly ventilated. The Hall Junior maintains a constant circulation of pure warm air to every corner of the room. The efficiency of your business is the efficiency of your employees. Our heating engineers are ready to co-operate with you NOW. Be ready for the cold before the cold comes.

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1419

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 23, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

Roofs---Joyce Kilmer
Stage, Society, Finance
Coming French Election
Hamlet on a Milk Ranch
Diego Lends Enchantment
Children of the New School
The Budget Sold Into Slavery
The Sunny Side of Profiteering
High Prices in Italy and France
Rice Powder Instead of Stockings
Shake Hands With Senator McNary
Senator Lodge Trumps His Partner's Trick

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, August 23, 1919

No. 1419

Published Weekly by

PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)

88 First Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Senator Lodge Trumps His Partner's Trick

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge never held Woodrow Wilson in that awe which less collegiate congressmen have shown in personal interviews with the president. Lodge is a Ph. D. himself, holds degrees from nine or ten colleges, has edited magazines, written books, is a member of the Mayflower Society, and is a Boston-born republican. He fears no democrat. But he exposed himself to a swift play of the political cards when he said that Philander Knox's sentiments on the peace treaty would have been intensely pleasing to the American people. The inference was that Knox's Pennsylvania courage would have been equal to the occasion, had he been at Versailles. Wilson promptly replied that if Lodge and Knox should carry their views through the senate, they would have the honor of being appointed plenipotentiaries in charge of the amended treaty, and could argue it all over again with the Germans. The united efforts of the greatest diplomats of Europe were required, leading the Germans to the waters of peace and making them drink, with Marshal Foch and his divisions casting hints along the side lines. What Lodge and Knox could do after undoing the treaty, is something we shall not attempt to predict. Knox was attorney general for McKinley and Roosevelt. Taft made him secretary of state. He also has the honor of receiving 68 votes at a republican national convention, and altogether is regarded as a bright little lawyer. Knox laid his highest card against the League of Nations, and went about smiling like a winner, when Lodge absent-mindedly trumped it with the aforesaid compliment. If they win, their honors will be a trip to Versailles or Berlin. After that, Lodge may write more books; but Knox would hardly be able to pass the hat again in the republican party.

The Sunny Side of Profiteering

It appears, after all, that a government of the people will be able to protect itself from the onslaught of high prices. Present indications are that there will be amusing incidents enough to satisfy a laughter-loving nation. Advance agents of good times promised such captivating episodes as the seizure of foodstuffs and disgorgement of stuffed profits. Fines, imprisonments, an all-star cast of disgorgees, and a wailing chorus of plutocrats were advertised to appear without fail. There has been no delay. Butter, coffee, meat, eggs, sugar have been routed out and captured by the government forces. At the first bugle of activity, the profiteers refused to be alarmed. It was inconceivable that Uncle Sam should enter a corner grocery and tell the groceryman how to run his business. The meat packers might be hailed into court for a public show, and the administration's war was to be only a stage play, a film farce, a burlesque of the law. But the arrival of deputy marshals soon convinced all parties that the raids are to be no comedy of the films. With long-cherished stocks in trade commandeered by the hundred thousand pounds, there is little for the audience to do but wait for the grand climax, which in this case is the grand slump of prices. High cost of living had worked the public to such a pitch of desperation that it hardly cared what happened. Its curiosity had to be aroused to see how far the prices would go. The profiteers showed no signs of let-up. Then came the show of force. Prices began to waver, to wobble, and evinced a marked tendency down, down, but not yet to the vile depths from which they sprung. We shall sit out the performance, and see if Uncle Sam is hero enough to fling the H. C. L. villain over the precipice. It is a big show, and the public, having paid for it in advance, is now almost glad that the whole thing happened. We shall be very glad to witness the mirth-provoking scenes around the cold-storage plants, when all the stocks are dumped into the channels of public use; the seven-reel comedy of a thousand laughs when bank accounts are handed over to the bailiff; and the side-splitting situation where a profiteer or two is led off to the cage. With no feelings of revenge do we say this. Revenge is naughty. But we firmly believe in the ups and downs of things. We can not extend praise to the man who said, "Make as much as you can:

the war won't last forever." He took a big chance, and we trust that his tickets in the lottery call first for blank amazement and then a blank account at the savings bank.

* * *

No Visible Means of Support

Returning travelers from abroad tell us that Europeans have lost the habit of work. Something is wrong with the populations from the Carpathians to Scapa Flow. Of the many comments on the situation, the one from Herbert Hoover may serve best, as he reduces his observation to figures. He says that Europe is producing enough to support 350,000,000 inhabitants with the necessities of life, and that 100,000,000 must rely on imports, if conditions do not improve; but that the American surplus will not suffice for such a demand. If truth be in these dismal horoscopes, then famine and rags are to be the fate of millions. It is hard to believe. The whole pessimistic story may have resulted from a desire of some well meaning persons to change our foreign banking system. For several years, bankers of more or less vision have been trying to mobilize our wealth for long-time credits in Europe and South America. The government has never been so active as Great Britain's, for one instance, in backing up our foreign trade with a strong commercial policy. The present emergency may be the right one for an experiment. The emergency exists, without question. Every country across the Atlantic is feeling some form of depression, idleness, unrest, food shortage, low morale, high prices, labor troubles, rioting and a few symptoms of nervous prostration. Is it the calm after the storm or the bewilderment after the conflagration? Probably a little of both. Who enjoys the commonplaces of life immediately after witnessing a tragedy? They say that vast multitudes in Europe refuse to labor; and that laborers will not do their work efficiently; that more than 12,000,000 are receiving an unemployment allowance; and that many of the employed have faith that slacking at the task will create a demand for additional workers. It is incredible that a large proportion of these thrifty peoples have suddenly become beggars, malcontents, vagrants, nondescript idlers obstinately and without heed to the future. Perhaps the poverty (in the deeper, national sense) is fictitious. Fictitious is the word recently applied by a Canadian banker to our prosperity here. Many of the

world critics have been so kind as to predict ruin upon the site of our success as readily as on the broken walls of Europe. If we permit Europe to open a charge account with us for necessities, logical enough is our request that Europe go back to work, so as to pay the bills when they become due. If great concourses have made up their minds not to exert themselves, then democracy is imperiled by pauperism on one side as well as plutocracy on the other.

* * *

Diego Lends Enchantment to the View

Mexico is a long way from most of us and from most of our selfish interests. Yet we can dutifully imagine ourselves at Juarez and give a threatening look to that hot tamale of a government which is Carranza's. His northern states are a bandit realm, and organized banditti have no place in modern society. Thus we have an affair Mexicano. The Mexicans take to tragedy without wincing, without even blinking in the sunshine of it. They take it as the usual thing. Our own state department, Anglo-Saxon in temperament, has resolved to do something out of the ordinary. We look upon the border as a bad, bad neighborhood, and can not endure the course of events that the Carranzistas take so jauntily. And yet, notwithstanding the morality that is on our side, we must acknowledge that there is some simple merit in the contention of Salvador Diego-Fernandez, head of the Mexican department for foreign affairs. He writes that foreigners, through imprudence, through ignorance of their wayfaring and eagerness for profit, live or travel in the dangerous regions, thereby becoming victims of the border chiefs. The Latin statecraft accepts Villa as a jungle beast whose tribe will be exterminated by gradual spread of civilized communities. We must realize that Mexico is a large country, scantily populated in some districts, which are policed with difficulty. If the Mexican government connives at these depredations, as is charged, then we go further and say that Mexico is a bandit nation, and should be treated as any out-

law. But we know that conditions in other sections are quite secure. Americans come and go, make large profits and live in splendor. Mexico City itself may not be New York or San Francisco. If it were, there would be no necessity for going down there. Diego-Fernandez also declares that escorts have been offered the paymasters of the Tampico oil regions, and have been refused on the ground that the soldiers do not conduct themselves properly. He claims too that secret relations exist between the rebels and some of the petroleum companies. This has been admitted by the Association of Petroleum Producers, their officers having negotiated with Manuel Palaez and paid money to him. The intrigues of this region are too complex for the remote critic. It is give and take, as you please, with whomsoever is on the spot. There are no guaranties. The foreigners have to meet every emergency as best they can, knowing that a certain amount of toll is collected on their enterprises. But we do not like to see those tolls taken in lives. The situation is not as pleasant as Diego-Fernandez tells it. He deprecates the outrages but is not horrified. He invites the Americans a little further south, to scenes more hospitable but lacking in oil and silver. At any rate, the opinion of a colder clime is that a nation unable to cope with the marauder must bear the consequences of being helped by a more powerful and more determined neighbor.

* * *

Incredible Insult to an Idealist

Whatever satisfaction Henry Ford foresaw in his million-dollar suit against the Chicago Tribune, an award of six cents was far from his mind. Slight though the damage to his reputation, he was nevertheless libeled when called an anarchist; and the jury financed the damages to the best of its ability. Nor will the vicissitudes of a libel suit make the Tribune eager to demand reparation for the charges of pro-Germanism which Ford as pamphleteer published against it. If the article headed

"Ford is an Anarchist" caused the automobile man any dismay in his senatorial ambitions, he at least learned what lawyers expect from a senatorial mind. The court proceedings and the questions of the attorneys went beyond his mental processes. It was an amazing experience. The main counter attack of the defendants was an effort to prove Ford an "ignorant idealist." His views on anarchism, idealism and a number of commonplace topics were unexpectedly juvenile. His previous attempts to educate the American people through the medium of press agents and special writers must be set down as the stupendous effect of wealth upon a busy brain. That he could neither popularize his ideals nor define the subject matter of the controversy must have convinced him that litigation is no game for an idealist. The trial brought to light several of his plans to become conspicuous as a quickener of public opinion. One of his projects was to have the Bible paraphrased into simpler words for the understanding of all. Perhaps he intended to read it himself. The outcome of the case makes irresistible the oft-cited award of a farthing in the libel suit of Whistler against Ruskin. Whistler enjoyed the court proceedings immensely, emerging from it with a greater reputation than before, and should have paid Ruskin for the publicity rather than accepted the coin. It is not unlikely that Ford himself had something like this in mind when he brought his grievances into court and the news dispatches. Who can say that he did not wish to let the country know all about the "anarchist" accusation? He has tried almost every form of publicity that money can buy, with the exception of direct advertising in the newspapers; and, as he testified his estimate of history as "the bunk" and is now a newspaper publisher himself, no doubt he had his own reasons for ignoring the press. As Ford is not one of our leading intellectuals (nor even a leading pacifist) and as the Chicago Tribune is not a paragon of newspapers, both participants may be regarded as content that the outcome was no worse.

Roofs

By Joyce Kilmer

The road is wide and the stars are out and the breath of night is sweet,
And this is the time when wander-lust should seize upon my feet.
But I'm glad to turn from the open road and the starlight on my face,
And to leave the splendor of out-of-doors for a human dwelling place.

I never have seen a vagabond who really liked to roam
All up and down the streets of the world and not to have a home.
The tramp who slept in your barn last night and left at break of day,
Will wander only until he finds another place to stay.

A gypsy-man will sleep in his cart with canvas overhead;
Or else he'll go into his tent when it is time for bed.

He'll sit on the grass and take his ease so long as the sun is high,
But when it is dark he wants a roof to keep away the sky.

If you call the gypsy a vagabond, I think you do him wrong,
For he never goes a-traveling but he takes his home along.
And the only reason a road is good, as every wanderer knows,
Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes!

They say that life is a highway and its milestones are the years,
And now and then there's a toll-gate where you buy your way with tears.
It's a rough road and a steep road and it stretches broad and far,
But it leads at last to a golden town where golden houses are.

Children of the New School

By Lionel Josaphare

Children being the chief product of the human race, much attention has always been paid them. How fortunate it is that fathers are better than men, and mothers nobler than women. The advent of a child is the signal for many sacrifices, to which even the brute creation responds.

The sacrifices are not all on one side. As soon as a child is able to understand something or other, it takes up the burden of its parents' honor. It is taught the dubious distinction between right and wrong—dubious to the child, at any rate; and the technicalities of organized society are sounded into the young ears ere the young soul has had time to pledge its loyalty. It is expected of him that he be not only a child but an adult, if obedience can make him such. Born with a genius for taking nourishment and sleeping off his milky debauches, he makes his first survey of childhood in total ignorance of his duties. Gradually he is impressed with the fact that those two huge servitors will not satisfy his every demand, but have rules and regulations to which he must yield. Ever struggling with authority, ever meddling with the wonders of his environment, the inquisitive toddler learns his world is a prison as well as a playground. Fences are built against his aggression; the hand of man is waiting to drag him back from adventure; thousand of his tiny rebellions are put down, and thousands are repeated by him with alacrity. If he escapes he is pursued relentlessly. Oft with bubbling statesmanship he accomplishes his fell purpose, but for the most part is without defense against vastly superior forces. Year after year his fight for liberty diminishes, until he sinks into the servitude of the home. He surrenders his flag and becomes a good child. Or if, in some cases, he keeps up the fight, maintains his own standards and insists on aboriginal freedom, he makes an enemy of all—all except the playmates who understand and perhaps worship him.

In educating this delightful paradox, parents have assumed that the enjoyment of certain things should come only with eligible years. That is the science of parentage. There is also a science of childhood for defeating it. A few thousand years of civilization confront the child at his first marked tendency to ignore the rights of others. He protests with a few million years of savage propensities. At first the battle is unequal, for the helplessness of the child makes him a ready victor. The next conflict finds the parents again at a disadvantage, as the infantile despot has no speech with which to meet peace terms. In the third campaign he uses his newly gained power of words to bespeak his rights as he sees them. Then may arise another and unexpected weakness in the strategy of the parents, if they give way to anger. They may look upon the youngster sometimes as a darling and sometimes as a willful brat, an illegitimate child of the devil. Love is not always patient; nor can love defer to every childish whim. It is better that the son and heir be grateful in after years for the discipline than thankful for every boon demanded by his untutored mind. In the history of home life, the virtue of the aforesaid cycle of civilization has been taken for granted; also that in the course of time the new member of society will so see it himself.

But while parents have carefully guarded the growth and education of their offspring, there is one detail that has been overlooked by parents

in general. Each home controls its own as best it can. Meanwhile the destinies of a world of homes are being worked out. The neglected point is this: as century followed century, and man improved upon man, the infantile contingent did likewise. Babe improved upon babe. The four-year-old of today may be no more intellectual than his playfellow of the past; he may not even be as quick in getting through the alphabet; but he is deucedly more sophisticated in the uses to which that alphabet has been put by the frivolous tongue of the twentieth century.

Amusement has been the means by which the feat was accomplished. Multitudinous amusement has made the modern child a critic of men. Precocious, fantastic amusement has given him an inkling into the affairs of women. And slang is the medium with which he talks about it.

It is not unbecoming to cite those historical chapters in which crime and sin were supposed to be the lot of those who catered to the amusement of mankind. Gladiators, actors, jesters, dancers, mountebanks, jugglers, puppet showmen, were considered more or less given to charlatanry of the mind and vagabondage of the morals. Young persons especially were kept away from their entertainments. Then custom underwent a transformation scene. The world became a world of amusement goers, and children have their undeniable place in the audience. Two hundred years ago, the little pal of the wildflowers brought out his toys and named them for the things of his imagination. There were no stage heroes for him. If he heard about such gaudy personages (and assuredly he did) he carried visions of them marvelously in his head, and waited vaguely to acquire the right of beholding them in the flesh. Here and there the pet of the household would play truant, witness a performance of towering passion, and return home shame-faced but glorious. Youth was ever prospecting the secret pleasures of maturity. He did it even when mature pleasures amounted to very little for the greater part of the population. About a century or so thereafter, the excited boy was scoured and polished to perfection, and conducted with due ceremony to a circus, a minstrel show or even a drama. It was a rare event, one that became family history for a year, when the next adventure was held.

These affairs took place at a time when fathers of families looked upon extraordinary mirth as a temptation of the devil, a necessary evil that with care and discrimination could be counteracted, and the soul be none the worse, or just so much worse as was allowable in a habitat of repentant sinners. The infant soul of the past came to earth garbed in gray amid scenes of trial, tribulation and prayer. He was vanquished ere he began to laugh. The child of this age steps showily to world, shaking the sleigh bells of his joy, babbling his omnipotent glee. He soon establishes himself in the places of knowledge. He has conquered in a way that his elders do not know. If at times he must concede a stronger hand, he does not fail to comment thereon with his invincible wit. His vocabulary is largely slang; and slang is supreme. There is no answer to it. If he swears a little, too, his enjoyment is to the full.

It was not altogether a peaceful revolution. The newcomer had to fight for his rights; and his achievement is all the more remarkable

when we consider that the demands of childhood had no means of intercommunication. Each household was a government and a rebel party in itself. There was no general slogan, no collateral support, no encouragement from the outside world. The child continued his propaganda, unaware that others were doing the same thing. Year by year he departed further from Mother Goose Melodies and approached closer to "The Vampire's Revenge." And he understands it. If he should not quite ideate the details when the vampire woman runs away with the other woman's husband, he at least finds it more congenial than the episode where the dish ran away with the spoon.

And, more to the point, he has been a gentle conqueror, a generous despot. There is much to be grateful for. He might have bettered his own condition and left the world as it was. But as soon as he felt the charms of supremacy, he set about doing something for his former captors. He let his mother become a girl again. He liberated his grandmother from black silk and white lace at the fireside to the jaunty gauzes of the ballroom floor. Now, revert to what the child of yore did to the dingy chateleine of his dungeon keep. She taught him that every year hath its toilsome and severe duties. She compelled him to respect old age as the breath of wisdom. Mayhap she had no gentle way of instruction. There was a whip. There were other emblems of chastisement for the wicked. And so great was his respect for all earthly matters, including his grandmother, that when he attained the full intellect of manhood, he would not allow her to leave the dignified shadows of the home. She had instilled his mind with obedience and systematic functions, and when he entered the world he made her a complacent martyr to her own system. She had made a place for everything, and he made her keep her own place. She instructed him in dogmatism, and he dogmatically left his instructor to the meditations of an ageing heart. When there was nothing more to teach him, and he had built a place for his own offspring, she had no recourse but to fill an armchair and become an old woman. But as soon as grandmothers relaxed their torments, as one by one the child was accorded the

(Continued on Page 15)

OUR NEW PACIFIC FLEET WILL SOON BE HERE

See the Great Naval Review through a pair of our superior Binoculars or Marine Glasses. Your attention is called to the fine display of these glasses now in our windows—attractively priced.

Field and Marine Glasses.....\$25.00
Prism Binoculars, 25 mm. objective..... 45.00
Military Binoculars, 30 mm. with Ray Filter 47.50
(War Tax 5 Per Cent Extra)

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St., San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

Fairies or No Fairies?

By Thomas Crofton Croker

John Mulligan was as fine an old fellow as ever threw a Carlow spur into the sides of a horse. He was, besides, as jolly a boon companion over a jug of punch as you would meet from Carnsore Point to Bloody Farland. And a good horse he used to ride; and a stiffer jug of punch than his was not in nineteen baronies. Maybe he stuck more to it than he ought to have done; but that is nothing whatever to the story I am going to tell.

John believed devoutly in fairies; and an angry man was he if you doubted them. He had more fairy stories than would make, if properly printed in a rivulet of print running down a meadow of margin, two thick quartos for Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street; all of which he used to tell on all occasions that he could find listeners. Many believed his stories, many more did not believe them; but nobody, in process of time, used to contradict the old gentleman, for it was a pity to vex him. But he had a couple of young neighbors who were just come down from their first vacation in Trinity College to spend the summer months with an uncle of theirs, Mr. Whaley, an old Cromwellian, who lived at Ballybegmullinahone, and they were too full of logic to let the old man have his own way undisputed.

Every story he told they laughed at, and said that it was impossible, that it was merely an old woman's gabble, and other such things. When he would insist that all his stories were derived from the most credible sources, nay, that some of them had been told by his own grandmother, a very respectable old lady, but slightly affected in her faculties, as things that came under her own knowledge—they cut the matter short by declaring that she was in her dotage, and at the best of times had a strong propensity to pulling a long bow.

"But," said they, "Jack Mulligan, did you ever see a fairy yourself?"

"Never," was the reply.

"Well, then," they answered, "until you do, do not be bothering us with any more tales of my grandmother."

Jack was particularly nettled at this, and took up the cudgels for his grandmother; but the youngers were too sharp for him, and finally he got into a passion, as people generally do who have the worst of an argument. This evening—it was at their uncle's, an old crony of his with whom he had dined—he had taken a large portion of his usual beverage, and was quite riotous. He at last got up in a passion, ordered his horse, and, in spite of his host's entreaties, galloped off, although he had intended to have slept there, declaring that he would not have anything more to do with a pair of jackanape puppies, who, because they had learned how to read good-for-nothing books in cramp writing, and were taught by a parcel of wiggy, red-snouted, prating prigs ("not," added he, "however, that I say a man may not be a good man and have a red nose"), they imagined they knew more than a man who had held buckle and tongue together facing the wind of the world for five dozen years.

He rode off in a fret, and galloped as hard as his horse Shaunbuie could powder away over the limestone. "Drat it!" hiccuped he, "Lord pardon me for swearing! the brats had me in one thing—I never did see a fairy! and I would give up five as good acres as every grew

apple-potatoes to get a glimpse of one—and, by the powers! what is that?"

He looked and saw a gallant spectacle. His road lay by a noble demesne, gracefully sprinkled with trees, not thickly planted as in a dark forest, but disposed, now in clumps of five or six, now standing singly, towering over the plain of verdure around them, as a beautiful promontory arising out of the sea. He had come right opposite the glory of the wood. It was an oak, which in the oldest title-deeds of the country, and they were at least five hundred years old, was called the old oak of Ballinghassig. Age had hollowed its center, but its massive boughs still waved with their dark serrated foliage. The moon was shining on it brightly. If I were a poet, like Mr. Wordsworth, I should tell you how the beautiful light was broken into a thousand different fragments, and how it filled the entire tree with a glorious flood, bathing every particular leaf, and showing forth every particular bough; but as I am not a poet I shall go on with my story. By this light Jack saw a brilliant company of lovely little forms dancing under the oak with an unsteady and rolling motion.

The company was large. Some spread out far beyond the farthest boundary of the shadow of the oak's branches, some were seen glancing through the flashes of light shining through its leaves, some were barely visible, nestling under the trunk, some no doubt were entirely concealed from his eyes. Never did man see anything more beautiful. They were not three inches in height, but they were white as the driven snow, and beyond number numberless. Jack threw the bridle over his horse's neck, and drew up to the low wall which bounded the demesne, and leaning over it, surveyed with infinite delight their diversified gambols. By looking long at them he soon saw objects which had not struck him at first; in particular that in the middle was a chief of superior stature, round whom the group appeared to move.

He gazed so long that he was quite overcome with joy, and could not help shouting out, "Bravo! little fellow," said he, "well kicked and strong." But the instant he uttered the words the night was darkened, and the fairies vanished with the speed of lightning.

"I wish," said Jack, "I had held my tongue; but no matter now. I shall just turn bridle about and go back to Ballybegmullinahone Castle, and beat the young Master Whaleys, fine reasoners as they think themselves, out of the field clean."

No sooner said than done; and Jack was back again as if upon the wings of the wind. He rapped fiercely at the door, and called aloud for the two collegians.

"Halloo!" said he, "young Flateaps, come down now, if you dare. Come down, if you dare, and I shall give you oc-oc-ocular demonstration of the truth of what I was saying."

"Old Whaley put his head out of the window, and said, "Jack Mulligan, what brings you back so soon?"

"The fairies," shouted Jack; "the fairies!"

"I am afraid," muttered the Lord of Ballybegmullinahone, "the last glass you took was too little watered; but no matter—come in and cool yourself over a tumbler of punch."

He came in and sat down again at table. In great spirits he told his story; how he had seen thousands and tens of thousands of fairies dancing about the old oak of Ballinghassig; he described their beautiful dresses of shining silver; their flat-crowned hats, glittering in the moonbeams; and the princely stature and demeanor of the central figure. He added, that he heard them singing and playing the most enchanting music; but this was merely imagination. The young men laughed, but Jack held his ground. "Suppose," said one of the lads, "we join company with you on the road, and ride along to the place where you saw that fine company of fairies?"

"Done!" cried Jack; "but I will not promise that you will find them there; for I saw them scudding up in the sky like a flight of bees, and heard their wings whizzing through the air." This, you know, was a bounce, for Jack had heard no such thing.

Off rode the three, and came to the demesne of Oakwood. They arrived at the wall flanking the field where stood the great oak; and the moon, by this time having again emerged from the clouds, shone bright as when Jack had passed. "Look here," he cried, exultingly; for the same spectacle again caught his eyes, and he pointed to it with his horsewhip; "look, and deny if you can."

"Why," said one of the lads, pausing, "true it is that we do see a company of white creatures; but were they fairies ten times over I shall go among them"; and he dismounted to climb over the wall.

"Ah, Tom! Tom!" cried Jack, "stop, man, stop! what are you doing? The fairies—the good people, I mean—hate to be meddled with. You will be pinched or blinded; or your horse

(Continued on Page 15)

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

The Spectator

The Budget Sold into Slavery

What is to become of the poor budget? The waif has been bandied about the City Hall until all respectability has gone from its features. Not one of the city fathers will confess fatherhood of this wayward child. As chairman of the finance committee, Supervisor McLeran devoted many loving hours to bring the budget into existence, and many of his comrades point to him as the responsible party. But everybody who could work upon his tender feelings had something to do with the case, and the budget is a child of the people, a forlorn thing wandering hither and thither for comfort and an increased tax rate. The municipal treasury has been hit by the high cost of municipal living. Particularly interested in the budget's fate is Supervisor Power, who himself was once chairman of the finance committee. At that time every detail worked out to the penny, and the people of San Francisco went to and fro with smiling countenances, with implicit faith in Power. One has only to ask him about it, and he tells the story exactly the same, every time; so it must be true. Supervisor McLeran, though, has his doubts about it. He has listened to Power when Power's reminiscences flew free. Many a time and oft in the supervisors' meeting, Power has rated him about his money and his usances. Still has McLeran borne it with a patient shrug. To satisfy all the demands of the budget, San Francisco would be living about \$600,000 beyond her income during the next fiscal year, and there are always bobbing up a few items that nobody thinks about. Nice little budget, but, Oh, what a tax rate! Couldn't the \$10,000 organist's annual salary be lopped off to increase that of underpaid clerks, for instance? For the clerks and their families "must eat," so have no spare change left for car fare and admittance fee to hear our own organ play. Other auditors are conspicuously absent in sufficient numbers to make our municipal music a non-paying institution. Maybe our practical public is so occupied hoarding pennies to pay its taxes that they needs must regard an expensive organist as non-essential these extravagant times as a concert grand piano paid for on the installment plan in their own humble flats of exorbitant rentals; or else they are listening to the organ in movie houses. Even our discriminating music lovers do not show any rapture over the organ. Last season we had Joseph Bonnet, the greatest organist in the world, at our Auditorium. He played to a handful of listeners and a broad expanse of vacant chairs. He was presented by an economical local management who considered advertising foolish. Window cards in the street cars were good enough for Lemare at 10c admission, so ought to suffice for the illustrious Bonnet at higher prices. The manager lost sight of the very important fact that Lemare is subsidized by the city, so it really doesn't signify whether he has an audience or not. In all the large eastern cities, the great French organist made money. Here one could fancy his saying to his local manager: "Keep the change, I implore you, sir."

Rice Powder Instead of Stockings

Those ultra-fashionable young women who are first to fight conventionalities, give brilliant excuses for having left their stockings at home. The psychology of this innovation is one of

the most edifying features of it. We learn first that the girls were quite perturbed by the interest they aroused in the streets of San Francisco. They could not understand why the crowds gathered. Nor I. The moment a man on the street finds something attractive to look at, the throngs follow suit. In this case, they scurried like Satan's brood from all points of the compass, and stared like hobgoblins at the queen of the fairies. "So silly," confided one of the stockingless to the newspaper reporters, who always happen to be on hand with their photographers when an actress or a dress mannikin takes a stroll in startling novelty. I agree with the fair novelteers. You would think that these look-see persons had never been in Paris, or never heard of Paris fashions, or were unprepared to believe that women have legs. The bare leg, regarded as a fad, had its origin in patriotism and economy. O economy! O patriotism! Why waste money on hosiery when Nature has conferred a silken skin of hue more delicate and effect more dazzling than the moon in Indian summer? War work and liberty bonds exercised one's patriotism for a while. The war is over, and there still remain the burdens of peace. The profiteer is to be fought. When the profiteer beholds a few inexpensive dabs of *poudre de riz* where he expected high-priced stockings, he will admit himself brought to a standstill, no matter what he deals in, because this is a novelty that will detract from everything else. As women continue to ask why they should waste money on this and that article of apparel, the men will reconsider their waste of money on theatres, cabarets and things like that. Fact is more entertaining than fiction. Peace hath its oo-la-la no less than war. And who would be a conscientious objector now? Not the profiteers, surely. But when the poodle instinct, for blocks around, works its way into the masculine mob, so that the leggy ladies are arrested for blocking the traffic, it seems that either the leg, the stocking or the male mind has been reduced to an absurdity.

Lady, Have You the Makings?

Whenever word comes from London that women are smoking, the devotees are found to be more numerous than before. It is no longer a question of how many of them puff the cigarette; the picturesque problem is their insistence to do so in public—thus changing the face of the universe, in the eyes of the staid critic. It is to be noted, in passing, that the staid critic is not to stay forever. He will pass away with the generations of men, for English women have been as militant with the cigarette as with the ballot. In both cases their opponents learned to become less and less. Railway travel is now perfumed by exhalation from feminine lips. British custom of the rail is much like ours. They have a smoking compartment where men congregate and make the air blue. The rest of the train is prohib, on the antiquated theory that women can not abide the odor of tobacco. When the dames drew forth their cigarette cases and whiffed on their own account, the men saw no reason for slinking away as per custom. Thus the prognostication that every car would be a smoking car by and by was rapidly verified. A cig between the lips of ladye faire—why not? The burden of proof is upon the objectors. Certain

allegations are now and then heard as to the unseemliness of it. The condemnatory words are usually stronger than the occasion requires. That spoils the criticism. The truth of the matter is that some men hate to see a woman do what she has not been accustomed to do. A distinct shock follows a glance at Diana trying on the helmet of Mars or toying with the prerogatives of any of the gods. A woman on her knees scrubbing the marble floors of office buildings was a familiar sight in every American city, not many years ago. It was far more objectionable than a saunter along the street enjoying the afternoon and blowing rings into the sunlight. Yet no reformer came to lift the drudge from her knees. Nobody made a public howl or growl or even a murmur. The scrub lady arose from the floor when she found that she had been a fool and that more remunerative employment could be had with less exertion. Smoking is a great improvement on scrubbing. May I not hope that some day, on a trip to Oakland, fingering my vest pocket with growing disappointment, I shall catch the eye of the lady opposite and meekly inquire, "Madam, have you a match?"

The Soul of Richard Hotaling

One can not read Richard Hotaling's letters to his mother without feeling that here was a great spirit out of step with the marching hordes of his fellow men. The man seems to be one who has walked in solitude, and, though capable of a certain grotesque mirth, did not half participate in the ideas of those he entertained. Active enough, and genial in every worldly sense of the world, all his written fancies, especially those of later life, tell a loneliness that could not be shaken off. In his youth he had many talents that in the nature of things should have contrived to establish him splendidly in his social environment. Whatever the mistakes to which he alludes in his letters, whatever may be the dark-winding zone in his career or the plague spot in his heart, I know not. His friends may know, and perhaps tell just why success did not come. It is obvious that Hotaling, in his home life, was intellectually distinct and separate from his kin. There was a Sleepy Hollow atmosphere which his wit could not penetrate. If there was a mistake in Hotaling's philosophy, it arose, like Hamlet's, from a too rigorous attitude toward the objects of his criticism. Like Hamlet, with all shrewdness, he lacked finessc. One passage of the letters will serve the point. At Christmas-tide he wrote his mother that his gift was good wishes, and that as she was already possessed of all material blessings, there would be no use adding to her possessions with a superfluous Christmas present. This misjudgment few men would make. I have no doubt that the son wrote in all sincerity. That some dainty memento of the season would have been quite acceptable, was beyond his impartial but nevertheless unjust way of thinking. It is readily imagined that others of the family had not the same cold decision; and it is therefore plausible that these others, of less mentality, yet more sentimental in their attachment, received credit for possessing a greater amount of good will. The letters are full of logic; and logic is not the best letter of recommendation to a man desirous of showing his love. Strict justice itself may operate as a hardship on those not quite equal

to the task of interpreting it. The rights and grievances under litigation have no interest for me, except as they seem to emanate from two factions that never understood each other. Had Hotaling been a poor man, the world might have welcomed him to the stage. Wealth seemingly added to his private and public disappointments.

Hamlet on a Milk Ranch

San Francisco society has for a decade or two been familiar with Richard Hotaling's infatuation for "Hamlet." There are many of his old friends who may recall the oft-repeated statement of his late brother Anson (the grandfather of little Jane, whom Richard has introduced into the case so appealingly): "Visitors to our house frequently hear vocal rumblings, then a heavy fall—we always warn them not to be alarmed, as it is only brother Dick upstairs studying Shakespeare." Once I saw Richard act Hamlet in Oakland, and a very acceptable, disagreeable Dane he was, notwithstanding the famous Henry Miller comment about Hotaling's having performed upon the stage "in the unfortified town of Oakland." From a perusal of Richards' letters to his mother, it would appear that Hamlet had gone to his head a bit. Instead of quoting, "Thou hast my father much offended," he questioned his mother as to what she thought his father would say to the circumstances of her never having seen her youngest great-grandchild. Even he suggested her contemplating the disapproval of his grandmother because she (his mother) was estranged from her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. He told his maternal parent that she was a sensible, fine old lady when Fred and his wife were out of town; but that, when they were around her, her behavior "caused comment." He reminded her of how chaste and exemplary his own conduct had always been; and related, with evident satisfaction, that his departed father, of whom, when occasion demands at this late date, a mention of his one-time existence, is referred to as "the father of

Richard M. Hotaling." When his mother's birth-day rolled around in 1918, he sent her a letter to inform her that he was mindful of the fact, and then seriously urged her to be as economical as possible and "to refrain from being prompted to anything expensive or useless." The only luxury he allowed himself, he wrote, was to keep open his Sleepy Hollow home in order to have his niece and her children around him. He closed his birth-day letter, not with a gift or his love, but with the good but icy wish that his mother might not have to undergo another "bitter earth-round" to learn life's lesson. Indeed, in all his missives he dutifully reminded mother of that thing called "Death." Another time, this considerate son admonished his aged parent to ponder well the seriousness of a court-room trial—that it would prove a difficult ordeal. He spoke of the two brilliant lawyers whose wits might confuse her. But if Mrs. Hotaling would take his side, his view, make up with her daughter-in-law, Ella, and let him remain in serene possession of Sleepy Hollow, she would avoid the painful necessity of exposing the family wrangle. He said naught of surrendering his own arms to spare her the bitterness of conflict. Mrs. Hotaling seems to be as tenacious of her ground as Dick is of his, for she is serenely perusing her own way in court. Do not psychologists aver that mothers transmit their marked traits of character very often to their male descendants?

Enter Fred

The public is waiting patiently to hear what that bad boy Fred has to say for himself for not being a good business man, and for daring to pick out a wife with business proclivities. Dick has it all "laid out" that in the future Sleepy Hollow is to be the manor of the descendants of the house of Hotaling. But suppose he never has any children; that Anson's descendants should die, and that Fred may have several children by successive wives, wouldn't Fred's little ones ever see the cows

roaming over the hills there? And if his dear babies just longed for the best Sleepy Hollow certified brand, would they be compelled to order it from the milk man? Again suppose that S. F. bay is tunnelled or bridged in the future, bringing the wonderful resources of that glorious county Marin (where Sleepy Hollow is located) in close touch with the world of commerce—must Fred (even solitary, without descendants) stand outside the pale and say: "What a silly boy was I not to insist on a slice of this as my right!—I'm father and mother's child anyway, even if I'm not good in business; and yes, even if I did act bad at parties a long time before we went dry. Dick didn't care about champagne because he had all the milk he could drink right on the ranch, which he thought mother ought to give him for keeps. Now that there isn't going to be any more champagne, why can't I have as much milk as Dick whenever I want it?"

Plum Outgenerals His Associates

An insignificant person by the name of Glenn E. Plum has forced himself into the lime light by publishing a plan for turning the railroads over to the employees. Of course no sane person would take the vaporings of such a man seriously. But railroad employees are not sane. They are bent upon ruining one of the greatest industries of our country and will stop at nothing to accomplish their sinister purpose. Plum's scheme is better than anything they have ever dared to hope for. It makes the I. W. W. blush with envy to think that a Plum should get the credit for thinking out such a brilliant idea. In the proposed new regime Plum will undoubtedly be rewarded: he may get a job as ticket seller on one of the Erie ferries or he may be made captain of a ferry boat. Who can tell? He thought it out and the glory is his. One question was not made sufficiently clear in the Plum plan. Will the owners of the railroads be allowed to ride on their own roads (paying the regular fare of course) or will they be compelled to build new roads for this purpose? Plum should make this perfectly clear so that the people can vote intelligently when the matter is finally decided. Another question is this: Will the present officers and directors of the railroads be eligible for such positions as brakemen and conductors under the proposed new management? If Plum will elucidate these matters the country will be grateful.

A Local K. C. Honored in France

Posted in a conspicuous position in our recorder's office is the following translation made by Mr. Godchaux of a recent article from "En Avant," a newspaper published in the city of Langres, France. The subject of the paragraph, the well known "Bert" Mahoney, was a clerk in Mr. Godechaux's office for twelve years prior to his departure for France last September as a K. C. secretary:

"The Knights of Columbus. We learn that the order of the Knights of Columbus will close its offices. The repatriation of the American troops being effected very rapidly, the order is seeking elsewhere a new field of action, where it will dispense the activity which we have seen it display here. Very few are aware of the services rendered by them and of the extent of their operations. Under the management of Mr. Mahoney, assisted by his sympathetic secretary, Arthur M. Healey, a great number of branches were established in the district; they all sought to replace the family with all the allied soldiers. In addition to their devo-

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

tion, they distributed gratuitously all the delicacies sent from America—tobacco, chocolate, sweets, etc. 'Everybody welcome,' such is the motto of the Knights of Columbus. Albert B. Mahoney was always welcomed wherever he went, particularly when visiting hospitals Nos. 53, 24, 23 and 28, where during long months he brought, with charming grace, consolation, encouragement to the sick. Col. Hart director of the Camp Hospital des Franchises has just rewarded his devotion by authorizing him to wear the emblem of the city of Langres. 'Here is,' said he with emotion, 'a beautiful souvenir from France, of which I am very proud.' May we not be permitted, before his departure, to thank him in the name of all, and to affirm to him that the work he so well incarnated will leave in our hearts a grateful and everlasting souvenir?" One of the causes of the gratitude of the citizens of Langres was the indefatigable service rendered by Mr. Mahoney to influenza patients of the city when medical attention and nurses were difficult to obtain.

That One Big Union

A. C. Hoffman of this city sends the following letter to Town Talk, which endorses the sentiments he expresses:

All signs fail in dry weather, runs the old adage, and by the same token all signs fail when a condition of unrest is created among the people of any country; it matters little what language is spoken, or whether the people owe allegiance to a king, an emperor, or a president. If conditions arise which disturb the even tenor of their thoughts, and persuasive influences are brought to bear which set the people to conjuring visions which are not in harmony with ideas they have entertained, or they are assured that they are not being justly dealt with; and that instead of being the governed they should be the governors, then there is trouble in the minds of the people, trouble and unrest, and the demand goes up for an answer that will solve the problem which has vexed their souls. All men whose lives are devoted to the one purpose of making a living and getting the greatest amount of comfort and satisfaction from the results of their labor are more or less blind to the real significance of the greater issues that affect humanity, or read the real interpretation of conditions which concern them but dimly. Constant devotion to the task of earning such comforts and satisfactions as they obtain must necessarily result in only a partial understanding of the real financial, political and social affairs of the country. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and a limited understanding is even more dangerous, especially when conditions are such that they present an apparent corroboration of the claims made by false prophets who attempt to become leaders, and often do. In which event it is the case of the Pied Piper over again, the blind leading the blind—a procession of misguided men on its way to nowhere, singing defiance to law and order, common sense and the general welfare, patriotism, and prosperity. Away they go, straight on to the ditch that is waiting for them.

Lesson from Russia

References to what has happened in Russia have become platitudes, but that has in no way lessened the truth of the platitudes, or decreased the danger that has threatened, and there is grave danger in this movement for "one big union." Bolshevism is bad medicine, let it parade under whatever name it will, and this "one big union" idea is Bolshevism, pure and simple. We have all expected, optimistically,

and with our optimism based upon past history, that something good and for the permanent good of mankind, other than the mere destruction of the "divine right of kings," would come out of the great war; but none of us have expected that an I. W. W. doctrine would be offered to us as one of the benefits, or as a return for the millions of lives that were sacrificed on the altar of the world's peace. We can not, knowing what I. W. Wism has stood for in the past, believe that it will stand for anything different in the future; nor can we believe that this "one big union" movement is merely for the purpose of solidifying labor of all classes into one big and constructive organization. What the movement really means is proposed destruction, not construction, or, in plain English, revolution. Revolution with Bolshevism undisguised—when the hour for tearing off the mask has struck. The red flag may not now be at the head of the parade, but it will be there when the radical element believes the moment has arrived for unfurling it.

Labor a Cat's Paw

Any movement for organization that proposes to establish an arbitrary power greater than that of the people as expressed through national and state legislation and the courts, and to make use of that power for selfish purposes at the expense of the general welfare, is a revolutionary movement with but one objective—the destruction of the prevailing system of government. Does any one imagine that the Bolsheviks of this country would be satisfied with the unification of all classes of labor if they did not have for their object a shifting of the balance of power?

Labor really forms the basis of civilization through production, and in one way or another all the world labors for subsistence, whether that labor be brain or brawn. It is the product that counts, and the maintenance of the conditions which provide a market for those products, and thereby keep labor employed. The wage system may not be perfect, the misunderstandings between employer and employee may present a problem that appears interminable, and neither the one class nor the other may be satisfied, but wrecking the present political, financial and social systems of the country to replace them with a chaotic lack of system is not the remedy, if a remedy is needed. But national disaster is exactly what the Bolsheviks behind this movement are after.

This "one big union" propaganda is an alluring bait which attracts those who do not understand the intricacies of the political, financial and social conditions under which the business affairs of the country are carried on. No program, showing how such an unwieldy organization is to be handled, has been perfected. The movement, if it were to succeed, to the end that the "one big union" becomes a fact, must be based upon nothing more tangible than a promise, and its members must, at least during the organization period, be content with glittering generalities. What would happen after the organization period nobody knows, but it is safe to say that the results would not be a solution of labor problems by any means or methods having a reverent respect for the general welfare and the rights of capital. Created for the specific purpose of obtaining an unwarranted and arbitrary power and nothing else, and in the hands of a radical element willing and ready to use that power for selfish purposes, it could not fail to become a curse. The "one big union" propagandists no doubt are seeking to convert the workers of all classes to the doctrine that all labor is underpaid and defrauded of its right to share to a much greater

extent in the product of labor, and that, to secure this greater share, there must be a destruction of the conditions affecting labor, and a division of the wealth of the land, now in the hands of the employers of labor. Naturally the onus of the blame for inadequate wage conditions would be laid at the door of the so-called "captains of industry," the manufacturing interests. This claim, that labor is being defrauded, invariably appeals to a certain non-thinking class of people, who do not realize that the surest way in which to destroy the prosperous conditions of any country is to place every man in it, even for a brief period, above the necessity of labor, or in a condition which forbids him the privilege of laboring, as would be one of the results when the "one big union" began its war against capital. The "one big union" promoters doubtless have some such purpose in view, although it is being very carefully concealed. The big idea, no doubt, is to wait until the amalgamation of the labor organizations of the country under one head has been accomplished, and then, in the usual insidious way, convert the members more generally, and through their unions, to the I. W. W. doctrine. Of course the leaders of the movement would see to it that long before this they would remain leaders and in actual control when the organization was perfected. To the directors would belong the spoils. The task of organization might require a number of years, in which event there would be hope of its real purposes being exposed, and that consistent, thinking men on both sides would recognize the danger and take steps to counteract it. Or, it might be accomplished within a comparatively short time under the influence of one of those sporadic and sentimental paroxysms that sometimes arise from no very definite source but sweep across the country like an epidemic and have their effect upon a majority of the minds of the people before restrictive measures can be taken. The moral of all this is that now is the time when organizations of both capital and labor must be more than ordinarily careful and alert, and, to as great an extent as possible, join hands in repelling the advance of a common and insidious enemy.

Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

The old-time query is shifted from boodle to booze. The interrogated political boss may have been more deeply worried than the undesirable citizen who seeds an automobile while enjoying a wartime prohibition jag; but it is time for the latter to cease taking his position lightly. Last week's record of arrests for that sort of offense fell just short of a dozen.

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
 1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
 Phone Franklin 4175
 Life Classes Day and Night
 No Vacations
 Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

FAIRMONT HOTEL
 "The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF
 and the
FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
 Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
 ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

Neither friend nor foe will attempt to excuse or palliate this misdemeanor, which too often is homicidal negligence. A man who rages through the streets under the double pressure of gasoline and alcohol is not one who will go gently with his home supply of liquor. Eight weeks of prohibition have subtracted visibly from private cellars; and sight of the depleted demijohns has had a sobering effect, as it were, upon the once-proud possessors. From now on there will be an effort at conservation in the home and plans to forage abroad. The first confusion and what's-to-do attitude have subsided, and almost everybody will tell you that he knows a little place where you will be accommodated—if you are known. Most of the anti-prohibitionists are known very well indeed along the route. They have been cultivating the necessary acquaintance for years. Millions of dollars' worth of the good old nectar still exists, and a steady undercurrent is going where all good liquor goes. The thirsty pedestrian, of course, is entitled to any rediscoveries he makes along life's highways and byways; but the automobilist that is well known from here to Mandalay, San Mateo or ocean shore, must be taught a little discretion. An automobile is a handy thing. It makes that miles-away resort look like a place around the corner. When the chap returns to the city, all corners look alike to him; and the next thing he knows he has swerved into somebody. Intoxicated men at the steering wheel were not unknown prior to June 30th; but the dry laws have aroused an impulse to take advantage of scattered opportunities. Every law has its own peculiar set of evasions; and we may now look to many novel paths of inebriation. Of these, the whiskey-eyed speedomaniac should be the first regulated.

Searching the Hotels for Liquor

The New York Hotel Association has requested attention from congress on an important matter. Many wealthy residents of the metropolis are without homes; that is, without such homes as would permit them to have a stock of emergency beverages. The poor creatures are hotel-dwellers. According to the prohibition bill as it went into the senate, a man's home is not his castle if, instead of being on a street, it is numbered along a hotel corridor. The hotel association considered this unfair, and asked the judiciary committee of the senate to protect permanent hotel and boarding-house residents from the right of search. Life in a boarding-house is bad enough as it is, exposed only to amateur snooping; but with well trained United States marshals on the job, the pursuit of happiness would be a fast and furious handi-cap.

The Fight With the Prices

An Italian correspondent wrote to the London Observer three weeks ago: The new mayor of Rome, Commendatore Appoloni, displays vigor and threatens war on the profiteers and the "starvers" of the people. He began his campaign the other day with an onslaught on a humble class, though not less greedy than the other shopkeepers—the green grocers. A maximum price was fixed for potatoes and green stuffs. The green grocers struck, and chose to throw their wares away rather than sell them at the new price. But in the end the mayor triumphed, and we have vegetables at last at a reasonable price. People are asking when a move will be made with other commodities such as ham, wine, cheese, and meats, to say nothing of clothes and boots. But there is little to hope for with these latter wares. A journey in

France and England during the last fortnight has convinced me that there is little to choose in the price of clothes or boots at present between England, France, or Italy. Food, at any rate, is more abundant and cheaper in England at the present time. On the other hand, the Italian working man does not have to tramp from house to house in search of a glass of wine as his English brother has to for his equivalent glass of beer. He can have as much as he likes and can pay for, only he must pay a long price. Wine that cost two pence a glass costs seven pence or eight pence now. Three lire the litre is the usual price in Rome: it used to be 80 centimes. However, there seems to be no sensible decrease in the consumption, at any rate among the working classes. It is the small professional men who have to give it up entirely.

Extravagance and Luxury

Against grumbles and complaints, high prices and extortion, we have evidence of an opulence and extravagance that are not a little disquieting. An Italian journalist friend, whose judgment I trust, just returned from Milan, tells me that the Lombard capital is a "river of money." The Corriere della Sera informs us that in one afternoon at the races at San Siro at Milan 1,900,000 lire were spent with the totalizer. A Neapolitan paper assures me that at the popular fiesta of Monte Vergine, outside Naples, one party of pork butchers boasted of having spent 40,000 lire on their outing.

Before such examples, isolated indeed but symptomatic, and not confined to Italy, one can understand how useless it is to expect prices to fall, especially in this country, where we have that genial institution called camorra—a kind of social Bolshevism, or defiance of the law. The profiteers of the war show every intention of being the profiteers of the peace. While there are folk in plenty who will pay any price, what chance does the average man stand in purchasing with only a maximum price to stand between him and the truculent nouveaux riches? These are questions which tomorrow may answer for us. Let us hope the answer may not be too violent. Logically it should be, but likely enough it will not, for the world has a gracious habit of avoiding extreme measures as often as it is possible.

The Outlook in France

The same paper's Paris correspondent writes: At the very time when Mr. Lloyd George has again to face the intricacies of home politics, the same thing is happening in France to M. Clemenceau. The parallelism between the situations is striking, though the home conditions in France differ in some respects from what they are on the other side of the channel. One fact is pretty clear. In spite of all the criticism that has lately invaded both the lobby and the Parisian press, the position of the Clemenceau cabinet is as strong as it ever was. This was, at any rate, the unanimous impression of those who witnessed the reception given to the old statesman by the chamber on Monday last. Of course, the opposition, largely composed of the socialists, is as bitter as ever, though even among the socialists some more or less tame members, such as M. Compere Morel and his little group of moderates, did not abstain from cheering the appeal made by Clemenceau for internal peace. It is a fact, however, that the irreconcilable attitude of the opposition has not hitherto disturbed the old veteran. It simply gave him an opportunity to prove that, unlike what happened in Great Britain, a war

could be won and a treaty negotiated without the extreme left being represented within the French government. The opposition do not conceal their intention to try to turn out the cabinet at the earliest opportunity, more especially when the debate on demobilization takes place. That they will fail is a foregone conclusion. Unless the unexpected happens the cabinet will keep the firm support of the majority, which has remained faithful to M. Clemenceau from the start.

Election in the Autumn

The internal difficulties are, however, great. Besides those which are common to most of the countries now emerging from the war, there are two special ones which must be dealt with without much delay. One is political. The French chamber having been elected in May, 1914, for a period of four years, has now outlived its normal mandate for well over a year. It lacks the authority for ratifying the treaty, which, under the French constitution, can only hold good after it has been approved by the representatives of the people. Though it has been found impossible to hold a general election before submitting the treaty to parliament, it is pretty obvious that a general consultation of the electorate can not be postponed much longer. From hints given by M. Clemenceau himself, it looks as if the general elections for the chamber will take place some time late in September or early in October. What will be the result of these elections? It is almost impossible to make any forecast at present, the more so since the electoral reform has been passed by the senate, and the scrutin de liste will probably replace the old scrutin d'arrondissement; that is, the deputies, instead of standing each separately for a small constituency, will have to form a list of several names for a larger constituency corresponding, roughly, to an English county. The next elections may be, therefore, a kind of leap in the dark.

High Prices and Discontent

The second difficulty is, however, much more pressing. France is going through a very acute

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS

Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café, on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly favors are presented to our patrons, without competition of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances. (Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

economic crisis, which is largely responsible for the strange despondency noticeable in many quarters. There is a very marked discontent concerning the management of the liberated regions, which, in spite of all efforts made to revive them, remain a kind of open wound throughout the north and northeast, and react badly on the whole national life. But the worst crisis is that which results from the ever-increasing cost of living. Never before have the economic conditions been in a more chaotic state. Every time wages rise as a consequence either of the eight-hour law or of strikes a corresponding increase in the price of commodities takes place almost immediately.

Shake Hands With Senator McNary

Everybody over sixty-five years of age to receive a pension if he needs it. Don't leave your seats. I am not a Bolshevik; yet I think it's a good idea. Senator Charles L. McNary of Oregon has a bill for the purpose. He must be one of those cranks. Not a bit of it; that is, not the kind with green and greasy frock coat and voice like the dying year. He is not a crank, and yet deliberately, ruthlessly and shamelessly he has called himself a "nut." It is his own word, a brief pen picture of himself, released for publication. McNary practiced law, and was elected to the Supreme Court of Oregon before he became a nut senator. As to that funny little word, it is to be taken literally as well as figuratively. The senator is an orchardist and a nut grower. He owns fifty acres of walnuts and about half that in filberts, besides a quarter section in fruit. He talks enthusiastically of prunes, pears and the public, as becomes a modern senator; but he is nuts on nuts. He is an enthusiast on the dignity of man everywhere but especially in the state of Oregon. It may be news to Californians, yet McNary has informed the good eastern listeners that the state to the north of us is the political, intellectual and agricultural pacemaker of the union. We take nine seconds to recuperate from the blow; but we can not argue the point here. McNary was a student at Palo Alto, and 'twas probably there that he learned how to say such things. He figured that if such sentiments would go in California, he would try them in Oregon. And they made him senator for it. No; he is not the Sol Smith Russell type of crank, but the new sort: blue-eyed, blond and blooming with optimism. He believes that the human race is a good thing and should be encouraged at every opportunity. In case of non-success at the age of sixty-five, a pension would show that the successful human creature has humanity for the fallen in the race. McNary did not discover the scientific principle of ameliorating the sorrows of old age, but like Edison with the incandescent light, he put it on the market.

Convictions in the Y. M. C. A.

Not all the Y. M. C. A. workers abroad were able to discredit the charges made by over-charged soldiers. Sixty-eight were recently convicted overseas, for offenses during the last half year. Of these, only one was a woman. Sixty-one, including the woman, were dishonorably discharged. The others, who were turned over to army officers for disposition, were sentenced to imprisonment from sixty days to fifteen years, the latter being for bigamy. Embellishment figured among the more serious infractions of Y. M. C. A. law.

A Hint for the Food Probers

The most puzzling feature of the high cost of living is the oft-repeated statement that American products are sold in Europe cheaper

than in this country. Is it because the European shop-keeper demands less profit, or is he able to make better bargains with the trust monsters? If there be a prize for the best answer, nobody has as yet put in a claim.

My Lord, the Carriage Awaits Without

Field Marshal Haig, in addition to his parliamentary grant of £100,000, received a title for his services in France. He is now Lord Haig of Blomerside. Blomerside is a hamlet in Berwickshire, Scotland.

Unionism in Italia Irredenta

A sweet and touching tale was that which came from Genoa, where striking longshoremen succeeded in boosting their day's wage to \$6.50. They immediately sublet their jobs to unskilled, unsuspecting and non-union fellow sufferers at \$2, thus having naught to do but sit on a barrel of olive oil and clear \$4.50 day by day.

Versailles and the U. S.

A great many newspapers both in America and England have recently made an historical mistake by stating that the recognition of the independence of the U. S. occurred at Versailles. The treaties of peace between England and France, and between England and Spain were signed at Versailles on September 3, 1783; the treaty of peace by which the United Colonies were recognized as the United States was signed on the same day at Paris. To this treaty neither France nor Spain were parties, nor was any reference to the recognition of the United States made in either of the treaties with those two powers. The king was steadfast on two points: he would not brook interference between himself and the revolted colonies; he declined to have their recognition forced upon him as a condition of peace with his enemies, and refused the proffered mediation of Catherine of Russia and the Emperor Joseph II in the settlement of his differences with his former subjects.

Tombigbee River

The bridging of the Tombigbee for the Dixie Highway has conjured up many a dreamy bridge to the memory of those who wandered far from sunny Alabama. One of the stunts to finance this enterprise was the auctioning of five game cocks. President Wilson officiated in the ceremonies when the roosters, "Wilson," "Foch," "Clemenceau," "Lloyd George" and "Orlando," were presented to Alabama citizens for disposal unto the highest bidder. We reprint the words of the song once revered by some as only second to "Dixie":

TOMBIGBEE RIVER

On Tombigbee River so bright I was born,
In a hut made of husks of the tall yaller corn;
And there I first met with my Julia so true;
And I rowed her about in my gumtree canoe.

Chorus

Singing row away, row, o'er the waters of blue;
Like a feather we'll float in my gumtree canoe.

All the day in the fields the soft cotton I hoe;
I think of my Julia, and sing as I go.
Oh, I catch her a bird with a wing of true blue,
And at night row her round in my gumtree canoe.

With my hands on the banjo and toe on the oar,
I sing to the sound of the river's soft roar;
While the stars they look down on my Julia so true,
And they dance on her hair and my gumtree canoe.

One night the old stream took us so far away
That we couldn't come back; so we thought we'd just stay.
Oh, we spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue,
And it took us in tow with my gumtree canoe.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Thomas A. Edison: Men who once earned \$2 a day are now drawing \$5 and more. Why shouldn't they pay a few additional cents to the trolley companies, which are vitally connected with the nation's and the workingman's prosperity?

Premier Paderewski: More than a million Polish children have been fed by the American Relief Commission.

Admiral Kolchak: I am fighting to free Russia, and the Bolsheviks have issued a decree declaring me an outlaw.

Alexander Graham Bell: I was invited to join the League for the Preservation of American Independence, and was surprised to learn that the league is mere a camouflaged attack on another league that is nobly attempted to bring peace into the world.

Police Judge Fitzpatrick: I could never see anything indecent in bare legs, and with the high price of silk hosiery, I think that the style of not wearing any would be justifiable in the interest of economy.

M. Nakabashi, Minister of Education: Japan is always ready to welcome new ideals; but we must be careful that some of the propositions received here do not take us back to conditions which we are striving to eliminate from a progressive nation.

Senator Phelan: The Dillingham bill for the regulation of the Japanese is grossly unfair to the people of California, who are trying to solve the question of the Japanese menace.

One of the leading Japanese statesmen says that Japan will take over the Philippines if we'll pay them a billion dollars. And yet some people persist in saying that the Japs are not inclined to do the right thing by us.—Southern Lumberman.

Living on Hope

An examination was being made in little Emma's school and the New York Times reports that one of the questions asked was:

"Upon what do hibernating animals subsist during the winter?"

Emma thought for several minutes and then wrote:

"On the hope of a coming spring."



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

George A. Kessler Decorated

King Albert of Belgium has bestowed upon George A. Kessler, founder of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund for Soldiers and Sailors of the Allies, and chairman of the fund's executive committee, the dignity of officer in the Order of Leopold II, a token of appreciation of the work done by Mr. Kessler in the cause of the Belgian blinded soldiers. The Blind Relief Fund established two years ago at the request of the Belgian government a home and training school for its blinded nationals at Port Villez, near Vernon, in France, where the wounded Belgians were being concentrated. Most of the men who had lost their sight were natives of Flanders and could not speak French. They had been scattered in various hospitals and in institutions for blinded soldiers throughout France and, being unfamiliar with the language, were unhappy and despondent. A remarkable change in their morale became evident soon after the fund was able to accommodate them in the training schools it had erected and they found themselves among their own people. King Albert was deeply touched by the help extended by the American public through the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund to his stricken army, and with the queen has frequently expressed his gratitude.

Mrs. Kessler a San Franciscan

George Kessler has a host of friends in this city, though most of his time is spent in New York and Paris. His wife, accompanied by Mrs. Mary Webster, visited S. F. in the fall of 1917 and enlisted many of our leading men and women in the interests of the thousands who were blinded in the war. Mrs. Kessler, as Cora Parsons, was as beautiful a young girl as any who ever made California famous for the abiding place of beautiful women. Immediately after graduating from the Normal School (then at Bush and Hyde streets) she became a teacher in the receiving class at Miss Boalt's private school. After a few months of teaching experience, she went to New York where she entered the theatrical profession for a while. Many years ago she married Mr. Kessler, wealthy American representative of a French champagne company. Her mother, who resides on Masonic avenue in this city, expects her before winter for a visit. At present Mr. and Mrs. Kessler are at Vichy Springs, France, resting after the strain of four years' hard relief work. Mr. Kessler was a passenger on the "Lusitania" on its fatal voyage. Nine times he was picked up by life boats and each time the boat with all aboard went down,—he alone being rescued. In the struggle, he received forty wounds, from which, together with the shock, he has never recovered. For some time after the horrible disaster, his wife believed him dead. When he returned, she declared that she would consecrate the rest of her life to alleviating the condition of war sufferers.

At the Fine Arts

Rarely has an art exhibition held in this city aroused more interest among the discriminating than the comparative exhibition of paintings by old and modern masters just installed by Director Laurvik in the Palace of Fine Arts. As the saying goes—there are exhibitions and exhibi-

tions: some good, some better, and some worse, but an exposition of an idea in an art exhibition is as rare as it is welcome, and in the present instance it is the "comparative idea" which gives interest and value to the collection of paintings, which is drawing increasing crowds daily to the Palace on the lagoon. The exhibition has an educational as well as an esthetic value far above the ordinary art exhibition, and is a striking illustration of the carefully thought out museum policy being developed in the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts. The judicious selection and arrangement of the exhibits in this collection brings out clearly the particular quality in the work of the old and the modern masters, as is so strikingly shown in the contrast between the large "Virgin and Child" by Murillo, lent by Mr. Louis F. Montague, and the brilliantly painted portrait of the well-known San Francisco society belle, Miss Pearl Hendry, by William H. Chase, which Director Laurvik has hung next to the Murillo for purposes of comparison. Nothing could better illustrate the change in the point of view as well as in the treatment of art since the days of the old masters than has been accomplished in these carefully considered juxtapositions of old and new ideas in art. And the curious and interesting thing about this exhibition is that it quite sets at naught the much quoted saying that "comparisons are odious." On the contrary, this comparative exhibition simply serves to emphasize the characteristics and virtues peculiar to each epoch of art, and we see how these qualities have been the direct product of the "time spirit" of the age in which they were produced. One has but to turn from the very beautiful biblical painting by Rembrandt, shown here, to the impressionistic realism of Child Hassam's "Yachts, Gloucester Harbor," or from the fine self-portrait of J. M. W. Turner to the portrait of the modern Hungarian composer, Bela Bartok, by Bereny, to realize how true this is. To know and to understand these points of agreements and differences between the work of the old and the modern masters is to have a better understanding of the fundamental and generating principles of line, color and design in the art of painting, which is what makes this comparative exhibition so entertaining and instructive to the layman as well as to the special student of art development. The collection is hung in a special gallery on the center rotunda, henceforth to be known as the "Comparative Exhibition Room," and is the first in a series of permanent museum galleries being prepared by Director Laurvik for the installation of other such long term loan collections.

Miss Sylvia Van Rensseler of New York has been visiting Mrs. John Barton (now of Alameda) and Mr. and Mrs. William Sproule.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has returned to New Place from an outing on McCloud River.

Mrs. Thomas H. Williams and family and Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Gallagher have as usual been occupying their lovely home at McCloud.

Mrs. Prentis Cobb Hale and family will return from their summer home in Shasta Springs the first part of next week.

Messrs. and Mmes. Louis Sloss and Leon Sloss are still at their summer places in San Rafael.

Mrs. MacDonald Spencer is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckles are at Spreckles Farm, Napa, with their children. They have entertained a succession of home guests during the summer.

Paul Elder Recitals

Announcement is sent out by Paul Elder of a series of six Historical Lecture Recitals of pianoforte music to be given by Ashley Pettis during the fall. The series will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery on Thursday afternoons at 3:00 o'clock bi-weekly beginning September 11th. The first program will be devoted to Bach and his contemporaries, and will be followed by the following groups: September 25th, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; October 9th, Schumann; October 23rd, Chopin; November 6th, Brahms, Liszt and MacDowell; November 20th, Composite program.

Dancing Entrancing at Techau Tavern

There is no more pleasing environment for the entertainment of guests than Techau Tavern nor is there to be found a more delightful program, taking it all in all, than that offered at this cafe. The Jazz Orchestra and a perfect dancing floor combine to make dancing entrancing and the favors bestowed upon both ladies and gentlemen are well worth receiving. The ladies are given Kewpie Dolls of positive distinction and the gentlemen large boxes of Mel-acrehrino cigarettes. New artists in the Show Girl Revue Corps have given zest and snap to this superior organization, their voices being of fine quality and training.

Diplomatic Machinery

"Papa, when you are a diplomat you try to make the other fellow believe everything you say, don't you?"

"Not exactly, my son. You try to make him believe just the opposite of what he thinks you really intend to say, and even then you are lying to him."—Life.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased—No. 27627 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAYETTE COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Stage

Carrillo's Versatile Company

Leo Carrillo, the star of "Lombardi, Ltd.," is exceedingly proud of the accomplishments of his company outside their dramatic work. Eloise (Lillian Franklin) and Daisy Mahoney (Marie Colebrook) are accomplished pianistes, the former having prepared herself for the concert stage. Mr. Carrillo diplomatically refuses to award the laurel for superiority to either, for obvious reasons. Lida Moore (Ethel Wilson) whose speaking voice is her principal charm on the stage, is an excellent singer. James Hodgkins (Hallam Bosworth) is (as himself) as indefatigable in the study of Shakespeare as he is on the stage in pursuing Tito with "little papers," which Tito calls the implacable bills. Mrs. Warrington Brown (Ina Rorke) is a major in the English army, an honor conferred upon her, together with the feminine equivalent for the Victoria cross, for her noble services caring for soldiers on the battle field during the Boer war. After hearing of Mrs. Rorke's heroism, I was sorry that I had said to Mr. Carrillo of her Mrs. Warrington Brown: "It is the one flaw in the performance,—an incongruous bit of farce which fits in as badly as a roughly hewn scrap of petrified wood thrust into an exquisite mosaic of enamel." Yet, were Gen. Pershing himself to stalk upon the boards as an unconvincing Macbeth or Othello, surely it would not be unpatriotic to inform the illustrious soldier that he is more convincing in real life. Last year Mr. Carrillo gave a special matinee at the Curran under the auspices of his cousin Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner. The sum of \$1500 was realized and donated to the Red Cross. Mr. Carrillo gave a number of impersonations and other members of his company contributed clever specialties to the program.

Too, Too Solid Flesh at the Orpheum

Trizie Fraganza, the comedienne who is invariably greeted by Orpheumites with "volleys" of applause is a martyr to popularity. For, endowed by nature with an exceedingly pretty face of the sparkling brunette type, and a graceful form built upon lithe gazelle-like lines, she conceived the idea that to make audiences invulnerable to her comedy she must be fat,—in layers, chunks and rolls. Had she not seen May Irwin and Marie Dressler pile up stocks and bonds and rent rolls? Was not their undeniable fatness a potent factor in their success? Well, she would cultivate it. She has been unswerving in her resolve and to-day her once graceful figure is a monstrosity. Miss Friganza is an artist in her line and ambitions; therefore, being convinced that fat would be an indispensable aid to her achievement, she deliberately pursued an opposite course to that prescribed for beauties desirous of reducing their avoridupois. "Pour etre belle, il faut souffrir" many a beauty seeker has resignedly exclaimed; but Miss Friganza utters triumphantly when she gazes at her reflection in a wide (very wide) cheval mirror: "I had to sacrifice my beauty, but the surrender makes me rich; and besides, I am so comfortable."

Orpheum

Madame Marguerita Sylva who opens at the Orpheum next week came direct from the celebrated Opera Comique in Paris and the Paris Grand Opera House to join as a guest star

the Chicago Grand Opera Company with which she sang "Carmen" and other operas last season. It required not only persuasion of diplomatic order, but the further inducement of a flattering financial offer to persuade the prima donna to enter vaudeville; but it requires less effort to retain her after her brilliant debut at the Palace Theatre in New York, where she aroused greater interest among vaudeville patrons and music lovers than any event for a long time. She pleased these critical music lovers as well as the regular vaudeville patrons by a happy blending of a programme of musical numbers, artistic, intelligent and popular. Her repertoire of songs, restricted to her own use, were composed by the best writers in their lighter but characteristic style and were rendered with the artistry for which this singer is famous. La Bernicia, America's youngest prima ballerina, with the assistance of Yvonne Verlaine and Therese Neilson, accomplished terpsichoreans and her company of classic dancers, will present a delightful programme. Marion Harris, who is called syncopation's scintillating star, twinkled brightly on Broadway in Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic." She has a knack of singing songs in the catchiest kind of a way, and is an expert as a ragtime vocalist. Bailey and Cowan, assisted by clever and charming Estelle Davis, will be responsible for fifteen minutes melodious entertainment. Cowan is an excellent singer of appealing songs and Bailey is a virtuoso on the banjo. Millicent Mower, who is the possessor of a fresh clear soprano voice, will be heard in a vocal fantasia with Ruth Avery en-prologue. Jack Gray and Marie Norman, clever novelty entertainers, will present a delightfully original act, in which they introduce their "Four Dancing Kewpies." William Gibson and Regina Connelli in their comedy success "The Honeymoon"; Oscar Lorraine, "The Violin Nuttist" and Emma Haig and Jack Waldron in their original 1919 conception of song and dance will be the only holdovers in a bill which reaches the highest standard of vaudeville.

A. E. A. Statement to the Public

The present deadlock in the theatrical business has been brought about by the flat refusal of the Producing Managers' Association to accept the Actors' Equity Association as the business representative of the actor. The managers prefer to deal with the actors individually, well knowing that in the event of a dispute, the individual actor has no opportunity to obtain fair treatment when opposed to capital. It was for the protection of the small salaried individual that the Actors' Equity Association was organized six years ago, and since that time by sheer moral force, backed by a large and ever increasing membership, it has eliminated many of the old injustices imposed on those who were not sufficiently influential to protect themselves. After three years of effort, the managers finally agreed to use the Equity contract, but only two out of forty developed any sincere intention to bide by their promises, and at the expiration of the experimental period agreed upon, they flatly rejected the contract and stated in the future they would use their own. All efforts to have the points at issue submitted to arbitration were rejected by the managers, although the Hon. William H. Taft and ex-Governor Hughes had generously consented to act as arbiters. At the last meeting

between the committees of the two opposing associations, the managers declared they would not deal with the Actors' Equity Association under its present affiliations, thereby creating a deadlock. All negotiations having failed, the Actors' Equity Association resolved not to render any further services for any member of the Producing Managers' Association until the latter would agree to recognize the Actors' Equity Association as the representative of the actor and to issue the equity contract. The peculiar aspect of the situation is that no question of wages enters into it, and also that the demands made are not asked to be granted until the season of 1920 and 1921, thereby providing the managers with the opportunity of adjusting their business relations with their actors. The present strike is an absolutely altruistic movement devoid of any materialism. For the first time in the history of bodies organized for mutual protection, the highest salaried workers, specialists, who have never had any grievances with employers, and have nothing whatever to gain but a great deal to lose, have gone out on strike for a sheer matter of principle and for the exercise of their God-given right to help their co-workers to secure a fair working agreement. One abuse we wish to remedy is that the chorus girls shall not rehearse longer than four weeks without pay, and that after four weeks, half salaries shall be paid them. Also they shall not have to pay for their stage shoes and stockings.

Bruce McRae,
Vice-Pres., Actors' Equity Ass'n.

Bruce McRae

Bruce McRae of the A. E. A. is one of the most beloved actors on the English speaking stage. He has often visited S. F. He will be remembered best in "Come Out of the Kitchen" with Ruth Chatterton and in "The Mollusc" with Hilda Spong.

Leoncavallo Passes

The death of Leoncavallo closed a life as mysterious if not as intense as Chopin's. The Italian's one spectacular success would have entitled him to better acquaintance than the majority of composers, had the facts of his career been such as might prove attractive to Americans. Leoncavallo bore with Mascagni a related fame, not only for the coupling of their two operas, but because of both "I Pagliacci" and "Cavaleria Rusticana" it was said at the outset that the composer had made and unmade himself: meaning that the music of each composition would prove so popular that its success could not be duplicated. Ruggiero Leoncavallo was a Neapolitan, born March 8, 1858. San Francisco had the pleasure of greeting him in 1913 when he conducted his own operas "I Pagliacci" and "Zaza" at the Tivoli Opera House with the superb opera company which brought us Botta and Montesanto (both of whom progressed immediately to the Metropolitan) and Carmen Melis.

Mme. Melba and Martinelli sang "Romeo and Juliet" last month at Covent Garden, London.

Joseph Coyne, the American comedian, has been appearing for the past two years in "Going Up" at the London "Gaiety."

Light opera in English holds the boards at the Drury Lane. "La Fille de Mme. Angot" is drawing well after a long run.

Sir Henry J. Wood has accepted the musical direction of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society, and will conduct their five choral concerts next season, commencing on November 5, 1919.

Brilliant Symphony Season Under Hertz Planned

Formal announcement of the plans for the ninth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra has just been made by the board of governors of the Musical Association, the symphony's sustaining body, giving renewed assurance of enjoyment for all lovers of music. Alfred Hertz, the peerless conductor, who brought back many new scores from New York, is now arranging his programs and will soon have ready the list of compositions to be performed. The season is to open on October 10th, in the Curran Theatre. From the official statement the following paragraphs are taken:

"Alfred Hertz has been re-engaged as musical director and will enter his fifth season as conductor of the orchestra, which assures the public of concerts of the highest artistic merit. Negotiations are now under way for soloists, and the names and dates of their appearances will be announced later.

"The board of governors trusts that the public will be mindful of the financial needs of the association. All should realize that the cost of symphony promotion has increased proportionately with other costs during the past four years. The burden of continuing the orchestra is becoming greater and should not be left to the comparative few who have supported it since its inception. That the orchestra has become an asset to our community is proven by the fact that 35 per cent of our ticket sales comes from persons living outside of San Francisco. The board of governors, therefore, feels that it is the duty of all public-spirited citizens to take a vital interest in the continuation of this splendid work by becoming guarantors of the association, thus doing their part toward perpetuating an orchestra of which any city might be proud.

"Since a substantial amount of our income is derived from the sale of tickets, all patrons are urged to purchase season tickets and contribute to the success of the season. The list of subscribers will be made public at a later date.

"Season tickets for members are now being sold at the offices of the Musical Association in the Prelan Building. The public season sale will open on September 22nd.

"Season tickets for the twelve Friday symphonies range from gallery seats at \$6 to orchestra seats at \$24; for the twelve Sunday symphonies (repetitions) from gallery seats at \$6 to orchestra seats at \$12; for the ten popular concerts at \$2.50 for gallery seats to orchestra seats at \$9."

Secretary-manager A. W. Widenham anticipates that attendance during the coming season will surpass all previous records of the orchestra. He directs the attention of members and prospective ticket purchasers to the fact that under the revised revenue act no tax is required on symphony tickets, so that the concerts of the orchestra will be the only local musical events the tickets to which will not be taxed by the government. "The Musical Association is this year giving its official endorsement to the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco," he said, "following a custom established in the east where symphony or-

ganizations often assist in the work of chamber music societies of standing."

At the Curran

It is little that the general public knows of the thousand and one niceties of technique that enter into the displaying, properly, of an artistic photoplay. In such a moving drama as Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," due at the Curran Theatre on Sunday night, August 24th, for its Pacific coast premiere, it is not an exaggeration to say that every move of the camera is times up to the hundredth part of a second. David Wark Griffith insists on nothing more strenuously than that the rhythm, the harmony between the musical score and the film shall be preserved, and from the very moment the first wailing notes of the Chinese orchestra are heard everything moves in perfect order. To be at one of the Griffith rehearsals of "Broken Blossoms" is to imagine yourself at the timing trails of some famous race horse. There are four stop-watches in the hands of as many men. Mr. Griffith has one; the musical director has one; the manager of projection has one alongside the projection machine and the stage manager has one. They each cost over \$400.00 and Mr. Griffith figures them as among the expenses of the production. Once a month these watches are sent to be overhauled by a jeweler, for one of the necessities is that all four of them shall perfectly synchronize; there is not a variation of a tenth of a second between them. So it is that if there is the slightest flicker or delay during a performance its cause can be instantly discovered by comparison of the timepieces and by discovering just what second it occurred. This time-keeping over projection of the picture is only a natural consequence of the time-keeping done by Mr. Griffith while he is producing; then after his players have been properly rehearsed, there is a stated second at which every gesture shall take place; at such a moment there shall be a smile; at such a moment a tear. And when it sometimes happens his players get wrought up over the scenes they are enacting and forget to be "on time" the whole strip of film has to be taken over again. And yet Mr. Griffith says, "That is the mechanical part of it all; the poetical part expressed by Browning when he wrote: 'We live by heart-beats, not by seconds on a dial.'"

Alcazar

The wheel of Alcazar success spins rapidly. Another of its lucky numbers will turn up certain winner again next week, commencing at the Sunday matinee, when an insistently demanded revival of "The Brat" is made. This whimsical, fascinating comedy exerted such charm a month ago that crowds could not be accommodated and that too when many were away on vacation. Requests for repetition, however, come from many who have already enjoyed it. It is one of the rare human nature plays that is wireless by spoken word, into wide popularity. The box office, as a practical business institution, is not deaf to the voice of the people. The story of a shabby little dancer, fresh from unjust ordeal in a fashionable household, has a curious psychological appeal that reached young and old in every class of the community. Belle Bennett in her delightful portrayal of the clish heroine, has registered a brilliant artistic triumph. She moves audiences to laughter and tears, dances, does contortionistic tricks with the skill of an acrobat and is wholly adorable. Walter P. Richardson's personation of the dissipated boy, reformed by the charm of love, is tender and

true. Thomas Chatterton invests the role of the cynical novelist with new meaning and Vaughan Morgan's bibulous butler is a gem of eccentric characterization. The entire cast, which remains unchanged, shows the fine class and quality of the new Alcazar company, now spotlighted in public favor. For Pacific Fleet Week, including a holiday matinee on Labor Day, the Alcazar will announce a play of great interest alike to city playgoers and the thousands of incoming visitors.

Stage Beauties

If the last ten or fifteen years has not brought forth any truly great actresses, the public has nevertheless been entertained by no lack of beautiful women appearing at the footlights. The various follies, reviews and scandals of annual production have drafted the charms of every state in the union. For some months, theatrical press agents have kept New York on the alert for the star of "Aphrodite," dramatized from the famous novel of Pierre Louys. The part calls, of course, for supreme beauty; and as for acting, listen to the tale of what the producing manager desires: the intellect of Mrs. Fiske, the beauty of Lillian Russell in her girlhood, the poise of Ethyl Barrymore, the dramatic versatility of Frances Starr, the thrills of Jane Cowl, the passion of Florence

(Continued on Page 15)

Oriphium Safest and Most Magnificent in America Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY
A NEW ALL STAR BILL
MADAME MARGUERITA SYLVA, Late Star of the Opera Comique and Paris Grand Opera Company, Paris, the Chicago Grand Opera Association and The Society of American Singers in a Repertoire of Her Exclusive Songs; LA BERNICIA, America's Youngest Prima Ballerina, assisted by Yvonne Verlaire, Therese Neilson and Company of Classic Dancers; MARION HARRIS, Syncopation's Scintillating Star; BAILEY & COWAN, The Banjoker and The Songster with Estelle Davis; MIL- LICENT MOWER in a Vocal Fantasia "The Spirit of Melody" with Ruth Avery en-prologue; JACK GRAY and MARIE NORMAN, Novelty Entertainers introducing "The Dancing Kewpies"; GIBSON & CONNELLI in "The Honeymoon"; OSCAR LORRAINE, "The Violin Nuttist"; HEARST WEEKLY; EMMA HAIG and JACK WALDRON in their 1919 Conception of Song and Dance. Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

ALCAZAR
"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.
THIS WEEK—"THE NEW HENRIETTA"
Thrills, Laughter and Romance
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, AUG. 24
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
Because of Great Popular Demand a Farewell Week Revival of
"THE BRAT"
Adorable Comedy of Humor and Pathos
PACIFIC FLEET WEEK—Extra Labor Day Matinee
A SURPRISE PLAY
That Will Delight Everybody
Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN
Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.
Last Time Saturday Night—Leo Carrillo in
"Lombardi, Ltd."
STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 24
2:30—Twice Daily Thereafter—8:30
DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
Personally Presents the Cinema Sensation
"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"
Night, 25c to \$1.50. Daily Matinees, 25c to \$1.00.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—As stated in our letter last week, the market since then has been a comparatively narrow one, and a very professional one. The public interest has greatly waned and the sales have dropped considerably under the million-share mark. There has been very strong buying in U. S. Steel Common around 101 to 102, as most people realize that at this price it represents about its cash value and besides the curve of unfilled tonnage has turned the corner of a constant decrease and is increasing every month very noticeably. Another encouraging bit of news is a compilation of the financial conditions of the various industries of the United States by the Wall Street Journal, which follows: "From December 31st, 1914, to December 31st, 1918, 104 industrial companies, after heavy expenditures for new construction and acquisitions and record breaking dividends, added a total of nearly \$2,000,000,000 to working capital. Practically all of this increase came from surplus earnings. This explains, in a large measure, the material appreciation in the market value of industrial securities. In this connection, however, it can be said that while certain industrial securities have advanced aggressively they are still selling far below their respective intrinsic values based upon actual addition to asset value over the past four years." The Wall Street Journal continues as follows: "Decision of the United States Rubber directors to renew common dividends at the rate of 8 per cent after a lapse of four and one-half years and to increase the common stock 100 per cent for the purpose of further expansion is as courageous a step and as definite an index of belief in these hazy times in the future of its industry as was the General Motors authorization of \$43,000,000 plant expansion last April. The rubber company has no particular need for additional funds at the moment, but the rate at which it is growing is bound to produce the additional working capital within a year. For instance, the tire company alone is planning an annual output of 6,000,000 tires, which means, at the lowest figuring, a turnover of \$180,000,000 or within \$35,000,000 of the gross sales of the entire system last year. It requires only a modicum of vision to picture United States Rubber doing a gross business of \$350,000,000 to \$400,000,000 a year or two hence when all three departments, mechanical, footwear and tires, are pulling together. The \$8 per year rate of dividend can be considered a minimum distribution and if the skies are fair next spring a very substantial extra dividend in stock is a likelihood." In view of such statements as the foregoing, it looks the more reasonable to array one's self on the buying side of the market, especially when stocks have had such a big setback as they have had the last two

weeks. Of course it is more or less guesswork to know just exactly at what price to buy, as few can pick the bottom, but we feel that if one would treat his purchases in a semi-investment manner, he could better his financial condition materially by picking up good interest paying securities at the present time. There should be a splendid rally of considerable volume this coming fall and the time to buy stocks is when they are down, not when they are up.

Cotton—The record price for a Cotton Exchange seat was paid recently, it being \$24,000, the previous high price being \$23,500 in 1905. The cotton market is still under the spell of the high cost of commodity agitation and remains depressed even despite the very bullish reports that are coming in every day. The weather has been too hot and dry for good growing conditions and the condition published by private concerns from time to time continue to show depreciation in growing conditions. It is very difficult to forecast whether the agitation against the high price of cotton or whether the very small crop will win out in the price. The one bullish factor aside from that of the poor condition is the time of the year. For a good many years cotton has been inclined to advance in price around the middle of August. Some people express the fear that the government may fix a price on cotton but we think this is merely the result of anxiety growing out of the recent violent fluctuations, but it will tend to make operators careful of making extensive commitments. Since the government did not fix the price during the war, there is little likelihood, in our opinion, of any interference at this period.

How She Classified Him

Mrs. Atkins, dissatisfied with the number of times one man came to see her cook, as the Ladies' Home Journal discovers, spoke to her about it. "When I engaged you, Martha," she said, "you told me you had no men friends. Now whenever I come into the kitchen I find the same man here."

"Bress yo', ma'am," smiled Martha, "dat niggah ain't no fren' ob mine."

"No friend? Then who is he?"

"He's ma husban'."

Neutral Dress

One does not often hear of feminine protest against the military note in prevalent fashions in dress. But the Baltimore American offers this:

"Why, my dear, how sober you look! There isn't a single bright color about you."

"No, I thought that now James is in the diplomatic service, I had better wear neutral tints."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
 GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
 A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
 E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
 WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
 A. H. MULLER, Secretary
 WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
 GOODFELLOW, ELLS, MOORE & ORRICK, General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
 Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
 E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
 E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
 from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
 Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
 Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
 EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

FAIRIES OR NO FAIRIES?

(Continued from Page 5)

will cast its shoe; or—look! a willful man will have his way. Oh! oh! he is almost at the oak—God help him! for he is past the help of man."

By this time Tom was under the tree, and burst out laughing. "Jack," said he, "keep your prayers to yourself. Your fairies are not bad at all. I believe they will make tolerably good catsup."

"Catsup," said Jack, who when he found that the two lads (for the second had followed his brother) were both laughing in the middle of the fairies, had dismounted and advanced slowly, "what do you mean by catsup?"

"Nothing," replied Tom, "but that they are mushrooms" (as indeed they were); "and your Oberon is merely this overgrown puff-ball."

Poor Mulligan gave a long whistle of amazement, staggered back to his horse without saying a word and rode home in a hard gallop, never looking behind him. Many a long day was it before he ventured to face the laughers at Ballybegmullinahone; and to the day of his death the people of the parish, ay, and five parishes round, called him nothing but Musharoon Jack, such being the pronunciation of mushroom.

I should be sorry if all my fairy stories ended with so little dignity; but—

—These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air—into thin air."

CHILDREN OF THE NEW SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 4)

pleasure of a fast-filling world, so step by step did he lead her along (or let her follow) until now the girls with silver hair move gaily with the girls of gold. Silver-threading the golden mazes of youth are those gay grandmothers; and they would not be there, were it not for the generosity of a youthful, playful and rebellious cra, a century that revels in the dance of life, never confusing the music with wickedness and the dance of death.

Foremost among saucy, audacious children of the earth, is the American child; and in the foremost row among matrons of both hemispheres is his own saucy grandmother. When he grows up, he will stick jewels in her hair (dyed red if she wishes it so); she will enrich her skin with white powder and scarlet, the whole gorgeous effect surmounted with a wide, slanting hat, and thus will sit in his theater box, floating in radiance and perfume, the progenitor that rescued his babyhood impulses from many an early to bed. He has done this for his grandmother, because when he was a four-year-old, she recognized him as a champion of liberty; she saw him as a very desperado of reform; she watched him level his unerring gun at superstitions, some of which she yet loved, and she let him have his childish way. A few years later, he went into the world and raised the devil. Somehow, he was able to let her into the trick of it, and there she is.

The log cabin and the castle are gone. Only in poetry do we find most of the things once revered as eternal. Or we can find the past in museums. The wanderer has half forgotten the boy he once was. It is no longer fashionable to die in the house where you were born. Poignant and piquant changes have been made in the household, which at the best of times has little to recommend it, unless one be a student. Man's abode is in the streets and the entertaining byways. If we can read character, men become books; and crowds, walking libraries. If desirous of truth or fic-

tion, we need not take a volume from the shelf, but merely look at a face. This is better, for the story can be read at a glance; which is in accord with modern rapidity. Furthermore, women's faces are beautifully colored pictures; so we have the story and illustration as one. The theme is youth and sophistication. One may be taught and emancipated by a child, but will not endure being outdone by him. Twenty-one and seventy-one battle for the same belles and beaux. To rejuvenate old age was a far more startling performance than forcing the ripeness of youth. Youth and age stand before the pyramided errors of antiquity or go slumming for the errors of a later day. Whether one does his thinking in the moonlight or beneath a crimson calcium, he feels that a few mistakes now or a thousand years ago are much the same in the unknown light of eternity. On Doomsday, man will come to judgment with a few unsettled theories, some unpaid bills, and some curiosity as to what the supreme court of eternity is thinking about it. For the present he is content to be a precocious child.

Stage

(Continued from Page 13)

Reed, the picturesque simplicity of Marilyn Miller. The latter is little more than a girl, yet has already attracted the attention of those interested in the stage, especially from a photographic standpoint. She has figured in all sorts of illustrated supplements, and is unquestionably a charmer. She is graceful, classic and girlish. The play of "Aphrodite" is a wild conglomeration of drama, melodrama, passion, costuming, tragedy, sensuality and improbability. It concerns the life of Demetrios, a sculptor of Egypt, in the year 70 B. C. Demetrios is loved by Berenice, the queen, but considers that a trivial thing in his young life. She heaps him with honors and gorgeous costumes, making him the first man in Egypt, the while he sculpts away in his studios, far more interested in his chisels than the daughter of the Ptolemies. He meets Chrysis, a courtesan of wondrous attraction, falls madly in love, and is peeved to discover that she will have naught of him. Eventually, upon his pleading, she makes acceptance conditional upon his committing three crimes: the theft of a golden mirror belonging to her rival, the theft of an ivory comb worn by the high priestess in the Temple of Love, and the removal of the sacred pearls which adorn his own statue of Aphrodite in the same temple. The sculptor undertakes the three hazards, and brings her the three boons she craves. The result only gives rise to further predicaments, and good honest tragedy fills the air. We shall be eager to see whether the American production is equal to carrying out the fatal situations without weaking. In such plays as "Zaza" American managers have been prone to sentimentalize the ending into rubbish. So in "Aphrodite" there is already talk that neither the operatic version for Mary Garden in Paris nor its French climax will be used. The American premiere of "Aphrodite" will take place at the Century Theatre some time in November. Costumes have been designed by Leon Bakst and Percy Anderson. Nearly five hundred costumes will be used, and about twice that number of designs have been made.

Destiny seems to be getting gay with mankind. And you can't stop her. All you can do is to get into the game.—Life.

Ella—You are always talking about your uncle, Jim. It's strange that I never met you with him.

Jim—It would be stranger if you did. When I visit my uncle I look out that nobody sees me.

Elle—Why, is he such a bad man?

Jim—Well, he has his redeeming features..

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the amended application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THIMOS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thimos, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 18th day of September, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open court this 13th day of August, 1919.

GEORGE E. CROTHERS,

Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-4

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.—No. 25386; Dept. No. 7.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, administratrix of the estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said administratrix, at the office of her attorney, Charles F. Hanlon, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of SAMUEL R. CROOKS, deceased.

KATHERINE CROOKS,

Administratrix of the estate of Samuel R. Crooks, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 26, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney for Administratrix,
505 Phelan Building, San Francisco.

7-26-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1420

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 30, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Stage and Finance

The Budget Burns

A Story Without Plot

Local Comrades of Lenine

The Thespian Brotherhood

Sketch of Admiral Kolchak

The Great American "Usurpers"

Unjust Demands of Union Labor

Revenge of the Man With the Hoe

Colonel Charles E. Stanton, D. S. M.

From Shop-Girl to Secretary of State

Friends, Yankees and Filipinos, Listen

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, August 30, 1919

No. 1420

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Revenge of the Man with the Hoe

The more one scans the tactics of the farmers, the less mystery do we find in that situation which we are pleased to call the high cost of living. Reverting from the farmers to industries in general, we find that everybody connected with the production and sale of everything is organized for profiteering to the limit of public endurance. They tell us about the cost of production; but has anybody figured the cost of organization? Here is where the man with the hoe took a hint and proved that the light within his brain was not blown out. Let us assume that we have an organization known as the Flapjack Turners' Union. They hire a hall, pay salaries to their officers, employ counsel, and begin life as a union by requesting a raise of wages, which they get. They spend considerable sums on printing and miscellaneous items; they join various defense associations, and accumulate an emergency fund against the time when they are out of work and making another request for increased pay; which they ultimately get. Should the doughnut makers walk out, the flapjack men tax themselves to support the doughnuts men's families. Money also goes to the national federation of labor. When a mysterious person dynamites a gingersnap factory, there are large contributions for his lawyers and for newspaper propaganda and many other agents. It all comes out of the price paid for the flapjack. In time the proprietors of flapjack houses organize for their own security. The doughnut and gingersnap manufacturers do likewise, and the whole system of contributions is maintained again, including the payment of fines, if the government dissolves a trust. Eventually the raw producers feel that they are being crowded to the sod; they organize, and once more the contributions come from the body of the poor flapjack, which can

do nothing less than rise in price. The quick lunch consumer pays for the flapjack, for idleness during the strike, for the lock-out, for infraction of federal law, and all that. In recent times, there have been more than three thousand strikes and lockouts annually, involving about two million workers each year, with a yearly loss of about 30,000 work days. The tiller of the soil could not neglect his opportunity. Everybody else was organized, and he joined the league of American price-expanders. A statistician figuring the cost of it, may find that a material part of the price is not only the cost of production and the cost of industry, but the high cost of organization, the expenses of industrial strife.

* * *

The Backbone That Became a Fist

There was a time when the farmer was an earthy person who produced food for us and read the Bible. He toiled from sun-up until the day went aglimmering. Occasionally he visited the city to gosh all his hemlock and buy a gold brick. Orators kindly called him the backbone of the nation, and nobody objected; for if the Rube was willing to grow our wheat at a loss, we did not begrudge the flattery to cheer him amid his mortgages. But farmers are no longer farmers. Some of them do not even live on the farm. The modernized hayseeds have no hay in their beards. They are smooth-shaven and employ smooth-speaking attorneys to persuade or threaten congressmen, as the case requires. One of these spokesmen has been appearing before congressional committees demanding baronial rights for the soil. Judging from the fact that the daylight-saving law has been repealed over the president's veto, because the tillers of the soil did not understand it and wouldn't study it, Uncle Reuben is shaking a mighty fist in the face of Uncle Sam. The country has been informed that price-fixing for the benefit of the city dweller will not be tolerated down on the farm. The National Board of Farm Organizations has demanded an end of war-board activity, excision of internal revenue from food products, creation of protective tariffs for farm crops, revision of rules that standardize food stuffs, recognition of farmers on federal commissions, and the enactment of various laws that shall be to the direct benefit of the producer. Just how little these organized land-holders represent the man with the hoe or even the man with

the mortgage, may be gathered from the anti-profiteering law. As originally drafted, it exempted the farmer whose annual business amounts to less than \$100,000. Upon organized objection, the food producers were stricken from operation of the profiteering penalty. When farmers do more than \$100,000 business a year, it is time to call them capitalists, and time for the orators to apply those courteous epithets usually applied to the capitalistic class.

* * *

Local Comrades of Lenine

The International Workers' Defense League has enlarged its outlook upon affairs in general. No longer content with demanding freedom for Mooney and Billings, the league is now going in for all sorts of sports, political and diplomatic. It has a platform that stands pledged to the liberating of conscientious objectors, convicts under the espionage act and prisoners under courts martial. Even this does not satisfy the broad vision of the league. Its secretary-treasurer, Edward D. Nolan, has taken a survey of the earth and the troubles thereof, and in the greatness of his heart has addressed a letter of sympathy to none other than Nikolai Lenine. This ought to show that the Nolan plan for world happiness admits of no boundaries. The letter to Lenine was transmitted by cable, indicating that the league is in a hurry to be understood. The messenger boy will wait for an answer. This missive salutes the Bolshevik head as "comrade," and informs him that America will be compelled to recognize the Russian soviet government. It must be a momentous occasion when an American institution can not find in the United States any criterion for its ideals but looks perforce to Russia as "the first labor republic in the world's history." Like all ideals, the Russian soviet government fights for existence. In this case, there appears to be no end of fighting. One of the obstacles to peace is the scowl of all mankind upon the slaughterous policies of the fighting government. The opposition, says Nolan, is aroused by spite against the Russians for having confiscated capital. Yet even Lenine must have noticed, by this time, that labor can not get along without unimpaired money when it shall have changed its method of self-support from plunder to industry. Legalized counterfeiting of paper money has made an awful mess of Russian finance. The dream of Bolshevism in Russia and elsewhere is to put a

jack-screw at one corner of the republic and give it a hoist. It is figured that the result will put the whole country on the incline, so that capital will run out at one end. Friend Nolan's letter makes no provision for American safety different from that engineered by Comrade Lenine. It may not be long before Lenine finds it agreeable to confiscate himself, as he has done before, and this time, like other political refugees, he may seek asylum in America. We shall know more about him when he sells his story to an American magazine and goes on a lecture tour—if his own infuriated followers do not turn upon him. In the latter event, the International Workers' Defense League may be without a foreign-made ideal.

* * *

Unjust Demands of Labor Unions

The trades unions of this country are digging their own graves. Every time they strike for more pay and shorter hours brings them nearer to the final collapse. Labor today is so preposterously overpaid that the present condition can not be sustained. An ordinary laborer is receiving higher remuneration for his unskilled services than the average college professor. Compare the mentality of the man who digs a ditch or pushes a lawn mower with that of a college professor who has spent his life in fitting himself for his work. The laborer is not worth the wage he demands today. Organized labor is ruining this country. Living costs did not begin to advance until labor started its insatiable demands for higher wages and shorter hours. Every fresh demand on the part of labor has been foiled by increased charges for all necessities of life. Rents, taxes, and every living cost have been jacked up year after year by these never ending demands of labor unions. A laborer today does not do a fair day's work for the high wages he is paid for it. The unions encourage him to turn out as little work as possible and the quality of the work too often deteriorates in quality. Our vote grabbing politicians in Washington as well as in individual states and cities are constantly angling for the labor vote—hobnobbing with demagogues, labor leaders and introducing socialistic bills in congress to rob the thrifty for the benefit of the undeserving. It is an intolerable state of affairs and means ultimate ruin for labor organizations.

The period of depression which even now is in sight and for which the avarice of demagogues is responsible will leave millions out of employment.

* * *

From Shop Girl to Secretary of State

This being a country where the imagination delights in the commoner's rise to fame, politics should no longer be a sex

question. There is already talk about the propriety of a woman in the president's cabinet. One can hardly deny the feasibility of it. Most of our cabinet officials are well behaved men. Some of them do not drink, smoke, chew, gamble or swear, and so the presence of a woman amid their deliberations should not prove embarrassing. The work of a cabinet official is not difficult. All that he has to do is read a trayful of communications in the afternoon, refer them to his assistants and secretaries, send important ones to the president, and ask himself how this or that proposed law would cause the votes to fluctuate at election time. Does the administration need new votes, or shall we present a dignified calm and perhaps acquire new friends? These are the questions. With practice, a woman could answer as satisfactorily as a man. Secretary of State Lansing was a fairly good lawyer when he entered Wilson's cabinet, having dabbled in international controversies, yet he found it necessary to study that he might keep abreast of diplomacy in wartime; and he forgot more about the peace negotiations than Senator Johnson ever knew or wanted to know. Wilson gave him a friendly hint occasionally, and any president would do as much for a woman. Baker was a man of avowed peace before becoming secretary of war. Josephus Daniels couldn't tie a sailor's knot when he was made secretary of the navy. Undoubtedly a bright woman could keep her eyes open and sit back with a stiff chin as some of the men do. Or say that she makes a few mistakes, like Postmaster General Burleson. Burleson knew very little about postage stamps when he was put at the head of the department. All these men had to be coached how to sign their names to an official document and even how to talk to reporters. That is the biggest part of their work. The rest is all done by assistants, who know more than the department heads. If the new officials wish to know something about their work, all they have to do is ask A. A. Ade. Ade is the chap with the Assyrian beard who became third assistant secretary of state when Chester A. Arthur was president. That was a long time ago. Under Cleveland he was moved up another notch to second assistant. And there he still is, having performed most of the work at the capital from Arthur to Taft; after which, Wilson assumed greater control. If you could recite the list of presidents by heart, you would know how long Ade has been on the job. If members of the cabinet had studied cabinetting in the days of their youth, Ade would have been fired long ago for knowing too much. The fact that he is still there, being one of the few statesmen whose permanent address is Washington, D. C., proves that cabinet

men don't know it all. And we don't expect much more from a woman.

* * *

The Grapes Are Sweet, Says Mr. Fox

William Fox, president of the Fox Film Corporation, is not a man to speak a bad word against the impossible. If we can not have alcohol, we can go to the movies for stimulus. Fox has gazed upon the fruits of prohibition, and considers them a luscious gift for the moving picture industry. He predicts that the movies will be accepted as a substitute for strong drink, and consoles us with the remark that it was the abuse, not the use, of liquor that caused all the evil. The same can be said of the movies. If you attend them once a month, no harm is done. If you go twice a week (some fiends get there almost every night) your moral strength dwindles away, film by film. Again, our interlocutor observes that the American saloon became a notorious political center. The movies are not destined for that: there are too many people going in and out. One's political opponents might be lurking in the shadows. If you attempt to hold a confab at a high-priced film, conducted on theatre time, you could not hold a rally, lest you obstruct the view of those behind you. But a seven-reeler could be turned into a republican triumph, showing some democratic leader as a villain operating a blind pig, and that would help the nation a little. The film president makes a good point when he says that man took up liquor to drown sorrow and that sorrow can be drowned just as easily at a Pickford comedy. But imagine a man saying, "I just lost a thousand dollars in stocks; what's doing in super-pictures tonight?" Or, "My wife has eloped with the chauffeur; get me to Theda Bara quick." The one trouble of the screen is that there are not enough dramatic situations in the universe to stand the strain of production. It is difficult for a dramatist to invent a plot once a year. With thousands of annual film releases, novelty can not be. At present, the only way to achieve something new is to pay some attention to the principles of dramatic narration; which the directors are loth to do. We have the word of Bayard Veiller for it that the directors have not recognized the dramatists as judges of dramatic effect, and that the best authors will abandon the films, upon finding that their plots are flimflammed into movie technic. Whether you see Rex Beach or Kate Douglas Wiggin on the screen, the effect is the same. Now, in liquor there was a great variety. There was a drink for every taste from straight whiskey to pousse cafe. In the movies, you have only two styles: a "sunny comedy" and a funny melodrama. This may destroy sorrow but never be a substitute for the other method of destruction.

Story Without Plot

By Lionel Josaphare

It was 3:30 p. m. Bradley stood on the cinders of the railroad track, and gazed where the rails turned into the distant foothills. In a few hours he would be a married man. Bradley had come from the city to intercept his poppy-haired bride on the 4:18 overland, and escort her in triumph to a quiet little wedding. She was traveling a hundred miles to meet him.

He recrossed the tracks and mused at the flower beds behind the station. He would have whiled away half an hour with a stroll through the village, but feared that the 4:18 might arrive ahead of time. Love plans are frequently annihilated by blunders of that sort. So he remained prudently near, stuffed his hands in trousers pockets, and laughed frankly at the telegraph wires, acknowledging to the high places that he was a lucky dog. He could almost kick himself, he was so lucky.

Within the station window hung a few magazines. The time could be passed in reading. He went in and selected the *Metaphysical Magazine*. Without a second look to the uninteresting female attendant, he thanked her for serving him, and turned to the benches.

A young woman was sitting in the shadows. She looked at him directly.

Bradley was a punctilious chap, and could not endure the hospitality of even a waiting room without some tribute of respect to one who had previous possession. The case demanded some courtesy as between hostess and guest. The proper thing was to ask permission that he might read his magazine.

She inclined her head, as much toward the drollery of the request as to assure him that he was welcome.

"Of course, I may sit on the same bench?" he asked.

"Why, yes."

Arranging his overcoat, he inquired casually, "Going to the city?"

"No; the mountains." Then she bit her lip, as one who has said too much.

"Well, I just rolled in from the city, and I return on the next train." He smiled blandly. "With my bride. Wedding tonight. Ever happen to be married?"

She was slow in answering, and slow intoning "No"—a "no" that was intended to end the parley. But he continued with animation:

"It's the greatest thing ever. I advise you—I advise everybody—to get married at the earliest opportunity. Nothing like it."

In spite of being safely enamoured with one who was approaching at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Bradley could not fail to realize that a comely young woman was nigh. At her challenging glance, he shifted his meditation from the base of her neck, that fascinating oval of flesh to which her dress fitted tightly. Pale oval and pallid face. And as her dress was dark and the waiting room darksome, he seemed to be looking at one of those severed marble busts which Italians make of the Beatrix.

"Do you know," said he, "that I was remarkably fortunate in meeting you. You must have been sent by an accommodating Providence."

This moved her to a quizzical frown, as if she were trying to locate his next thought.

"It is like this," he volunteered: "Here I am to meet my future wife, and you are the last person with whom I shall commune before being bound to her forever. We have here a little ceremonial in itself. You are part of

the promiscuous world which I am leaving. Thus you represent the world giving me away in marriage, so to speak."

"Well, I give you freely," said she.

He fingered the *Metaphysical Magazine*. "I trust you are an optimist—you who bid me farewell as I enter this heaven. You believe in Heaven, of course, because marriages were made there. Mine was."

"Be sure to have that mentioned in the marriage certificate," said she.

"Oh, I see; you are a cynic; and you were never married. I wonder how——"

"I am far from being a cynic. I am quite satisfied with the world."

"But you look upon marriage as just an ordinary event."

"Those marriages that I have looked on were just that."

"That's too bad. Some people think that everything is ordinary," said Bradley.

She eyed his magazine, and changed her position, resigned to the discussion. "I have nothing to say about your marriage, except that I hope it will be successful, and I am inclined to think that it will be."

"Thanks! There are two ways of looking at the future: one to hope and the other to predict the best."

"I see, in your near future, twin souls on an iridescent cloud floating wheresoever you will."

"That's my idea. Only, my roseate cloud is not shaped like a cottage. We will try love in an apartment. Three rooms and a kitchen. Space enough for an awe-inspiring summer of love that is to be summer always. As for the other viewpoint—how do you express it?"

"Oh, just looking at marriage as between the party of the first part and the party of the second part."

"What! Even before the honeymoon?"

"That is merely the scientific view. The scientific mind always considers the possibility of accident to roseate clouds. The man—or say the woman may have something in mind—I don't know what—something unforeseen. Has your roseate cloud a steering wheel?"

"Automobile? We can have one, if necessary, if that is what you mean."

"And then you are to live in apartments; so you won't take literally what I say. But sometimes the man is shocked at seeing his lady wife slide down the banister of what you least expect. I tell you this only that you should not take it seriously, if the time come. I don't know why I say it, except that, being spoken to, I speak."

"Your excuse is charming, even if unnecessary. But I hope you don't assume that there is a mystic incompatibility between every two souls that ever were in the world, and that marriage is a practical means of discovering it."

"Marriage, my dear sir, is a means of discovering a sublime world. So is birth, for that matter. How few persons take advantage of either."

"Yes; happiness is one of the things that seem easily achieved, if the other party would help a little bit. May I ask if you were ever happy?"

She laughed seductively. "I am, frequently. If not happy in fact, then in imagination. There is always that refuge. If the world looks dismal from the windowpanes, or if the universe goes wrong in the pantry, one can sing

herself into a fanciful voyage—down the Suwanee River, for instance, and stay there until the storm blows over."

"Now, that is a good way. My own trick is to think of the days when I was poor—when I promised myself that even a humble livelihood would make me shout for joy."

"Did it?"

"Well, I forgot to shout until about a year afterward. Then a certain disappointment caused me to reflect upon those bad old times. So, instead of cringing before a trivial misfortune, I kept my promise to shout at a slight good fortune, and I deliberately shouted."

"Ha! I was not as forgetful. I underwent a personal panic at one time. When the money market recovered to the extent of twenty dollars, I was so excited I wanted to issue a proclamation to the world."

"I don't know that you had my bad spell," he muttered. "You have heard about those household economists who pennywise the minimum a day they can live upon. Lovely competition! Well, I could challenge the winner. I once got along on eleven cents every twenty-four hours, and was figuring on a nine-cent basis, and I could have done it, when I suddenly became the sole owner of \$25. I knew then that poverty was a thing of the past. In the struggle to accumulate more wealth, I forgot my vows of happiness. Isn't it great, though, to be hungry, and to look upon the flourishing metropolis as a succession of food palaces where there isn't a single beefsteak you could call your own."

"It is, as you say, akin to greatness of outlook. But what impressed me most was the sense of utter detachment—that mood of wandering through the crowds, your fellow mortals, mingling and unmingling, working and prospering, and you yourself unrelated to anything that is going on. You feel that the world takes a grim humor in getting along without you."

"And you went through all that. How like my own thought!"

"Yes; I became so tired of searching, searching, for a day's food, so tired of walking past the houses and still more houses, that they all seemed unreal, enchanted, belonging to a world with which I was unfamiliar. A kind of de-

(Continued on Page 15)

THOUSANDS WILL VIEW FLEET FROM HILL TOPS

When the great Pacific Fleet comes through our Golden Gate the hills surrounding the Bay will be crowded with thousands of interested spectators. Never in the world's history has there been such a naval demonstration. To thoroughly enjoy the pageant it is absolutely necessary to have a good Field Glass or Prism Binocular—one that will be a pleasure for all occasions in after years. If you don't have a good glass for the Fleet, you will always regret it. Our stock is large and moderately priced. Inspection invited.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

Colonel Charles E. Stanton, D. S. M.

By Helen M. Bonnet

Of the countless stories and incidents about the Marquis Marie Jean Paul Roche Yves Gilbert Motier de Lafayette, the two which linger most ineradicably in my memory are: first, the one of the nine year old boy at Lafayette's public American reception in 1824, when the great Frenchman (at the age of sixty-seven) revisited the country whose independence he so valiantly helped to win when he was but twenty-four. The American child, when asked his name by Lafayette, looked proudly into the eyes of his interrogator and announced at the top of his young voice: "George Washington Minns!" Tears glistened in the eyes of the French soldier as he rested his hand upon the boy's golden head and said: "A good name, boy. Deserve it!" That little Minns boy lived to be over ninety years old and until a few years before his death was a professor of history in U. C. and also in the Girls' High School of this city. I have heard it said that this Lafayette incident of his childhood was retold with great dramatic intensity to every one of his classes, and with telling effect. The other story is that of the American soldier, who, upon the occasion of the Fourth of July celebration in Paris, after our country had entered the war, stood at attention before the tomb of our gallant ally and said, in stentorian tones: "Lafayette, we are here!" Those words uttered in 1917 have reverberated around the world; and the soldier who pronounced them was Colonel Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A.—our own Colonel Stanton, who, during a long residence at our Presidio, endeared himself to large sections of our population; for the colonel is a man of forceful personality, a well-stored, active mind, genial nature and a disposition to do well by the community and the individuals who travel his same pathway or who cross it. He is a being of wide vision, of keen governmental grasp and insight and a loving patriot of this great U. S. A. He returned a few weeks ago from his duties in France and has been "rushed" ever since by his friends and admirers here who seem to feel it incumbent upon them to feast and toast him as often as he can give them opportunity. Of course, the Lafayette story is revived whenever the colonel is mentioned—even he has acquired the reputation as "the man who made Lafayette famous." Then, of course, immediately arose a doubting Thomas or two who said that Gen. Pershing was the author of the famous apostrophe—that they had read of the general's having been presented with a plaque commemorating the event. Then recently an article appeared in Leslie's restoring the credit to Col. Stanton. As the colonel is stationed at Fort Mason where he is in charge of the army's financial department of the "Western Division" which includes California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho and Montana, the most authentic way to decide the controversy was, obviously, to ask the colonel. Accordingly, on a lovely morning this week, passing through a roomful of busy secretaries, I found the colonel in his sanctum at Fort Mason. We began by my telling him how glad his friends are to have him home again. Then of course he said he is very happy to be here and that he was never in better health than he is now at the age of sixty-one. I expressed amazement at his youthful appearance for such a large number of years, and thought he was joking and suggested that he may have

discovered a Ponce de Leon secret. He presumed it might be the possession of a clear conscience and a life of activity; but was positive that a happy married existence with the best of wives for thirty-five years must be an important factor in his not looking his age. I appealed to Major Horace G. Foster, his executive officer, to know if he didn't agree with me that men retain their youthful appearance much longer than women. The major said (wrongly), "O, no!" And then the colonel remarked that he considers woman most interesting at fifty—that before that she can not do herself justice (I presume he meant mentally, so it is to be supposed he admires "brainy" women). Then I said that in that case he would have few women angling for his favor because seldom will a woman admit she is fifty until perilously near to sixty—by which time she would have lost all appeal to his discerning vision. The colonel looked resigned and said simply, "Well, old age is honorable."

And now, Lafayette was introduced: the colonel said that he had heard of Gen. Pershing's plaque but had never given the matter a second thought and that he was sure the general had not, either. "It was all in the day's work," he laughed. Twenty years ago in the Philippines when Gen. Pershing was a major adjutant general of volunteers and the colonel a major paymaster, the latter had at his superior's request delivered an oration at two Fourth of July celebrations in Mindanao. In Paris, 1917, General Pershing said to the colonel: "We are to celebrate this great Fourth in Paris. As I am no orator, I appoint you to deliver the address. If you do as well as you did in the Philippines, I shall be satisfied." The ceremonies took place at Picpus cemetery, where Gen. Joffre, many other distinguished French officers and troops, and a large American contingent assembled, many persons finding points of vantage on surrounding monuments. First, Brand Whitlock, U. S. minister to Belgium read in English a fourteen page address. Then came Stanton's eight minute speech. He ended (and one can visualize with what sincere, dramatic eloquence) "Lafayette, we are here!" The French who could not understand the other spoken words, understood that sentence and joined with the Americans in a demonstration of affectionate approval. General Pershing caught the enthusiasm and added spontaneously the following words:

"I did not intend to speak today, but the occasion is rather overwhelming. No one could have attended the ceremony at the Invalides this morning and witnessed the touching scenes that occurred there, no one could have followed the procession from there to this cemetery and witnessed the enthusiasm with which our own troops were greeted without having a swelling of the heart, without having a feeling of pride, to which he could not adequately give expression, in the fact that we have joined hands and arms side by side with France in the great struggle for liberty. It seems fitting that the entrance of our troops into this war should be made an occasion to celebrate or to commemorate the memory of the great patriot who set out from France to obtain our liberty. Today really marks the entrance of the United States into this war. Our troops have really appeared and we are hoping that we may be able to do our share in the shaping of a liberty and a free-

dom that we and our posterity may enjoy for ever."

Col. Stanton was appointed by Gen. Pershing as chief disbursing officer of the A. E. F. in Paris. He was responsible, in this capacity for the expenditure of 180 million dollars. In the first eight months he personally signed checks to the amount of half a million dollars, when he divided the arduous work into four departments. His last official act in Paris was the signing of checks to the amount of 19 and a half million dollars for the U. S. in payment to the Y. M. C. A. for groceries. Maj. Foster was chief paymaster of the 2nd army under Lieut.-Gen. Bullard.

In his two years' service in Paris, Col. Stanton attended but four theatrical performances and went to church but once—that occasion when he helped to carry out the dead from the church of St. Gervaise, which was shelled by the enemy on All Souls' Day. Seventy-nine women and children were killed and their bodies, often in scattered pieces, were carried out by the American soldiers.

Colonel Stanton praised General Pershing—his generalship, his splendid character, even his appearance. "He is the best groomed man in the army," thanks to his magnificent build and carriage. When the commander-in-chief appears unannounced at a post it is never later than 8 a. m., when he expects to find everybody and everything spic and span. I wanted to ask the colonel what he thought of Pershing for president, but knew it would be a useless query, owing to army regulations about government comment. And I longed to ask: "Do you think it true that the general is engaged?" But I remembered the inquisitive woman who asked an irascible captain of an Atlantic liner if the weather was always stormy off the coast of New Foundland: "How the devil do I know, madam?—I don't live here." Of course, Colonel Stanton wouldn't be rough like that, but he would doubtless have made me aware that he was not concerned in the general's love affairs. There is no doubt that those affairs are at present of paramount interest to the American and French feminine population.

Col. Stanton paid high tribute of praise to the late Col. Carl Boyd, the general's chief aide, a West Pointer who at the beginning was a captain of cavalry but was quickly, for his brilliancy and French fluency, promoted to a colonelship.

How Col. Stanton praised the services of the Salvation Army, the Knights of Columbus and the Red Cross! When he said "the salvation army" there was a salute in his very voice. He called them "The best bunch of fighters in the world." They walked on the battlefield distributing doughnuts and hot coffee totally

(Continued on Page 15)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS

Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café, on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly favors are presented to our patrons, without competition of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances. (Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

The Spectator

Mlle. Godchaux Translates "Au Colonel Stanton"

Paul Ferrier, honorary president of the Society of Authors and Dramatists, published a "War Fortnightly" a little Paris paper entirely devoted to war poems. The original of "Au Colonel Stanton" was copied in Town Talk when it appeared in 1917. Mlle. Rebecca Godchaux of S. F., who is an officer d'instruction publique for her services in teaching French to American soldiers, has just made the following translation for Town Talk:

TO COLONEL STANTON

I love the clear, brief, unadorned words
Which, as a sword clash, send forth a spark.
I love among all words the "La Fayette, we are here!"

Uttered at La Fayette's grave.

It is America's most thrilling salute.
And what could all the flowers of speech
(In this most fraternal of tributes),
Add to these words of this colonel?

It is the true eloquence in Sparta born;
It is the language that befits the soldier;
It is concision: the ideal legacy
Which Leonidas to Bonaparte bequeathed.

'Tis the heroic appeal to the responsive soul;
It is simple, sublime, it is electrifying;
'Tis the word that says all; 'tis the soldier's
"Present!"
Answering the bugle call.

Yes, La Fayette, "they are here." Down with the
pirates,
The cut-throat Caesar despoiling Spartacus!
Oh! that he might have heard—this freedom loving
marquis,
In the Picpus cemetery!

Oh! that he might have heard the magnificent
saying
Which—mounting high and clear over the fields
of rest—
Better than all orations, better than floral
wreaths,
Could have awakened the hero!

"They are here!" Burning with superb ardor,
To hunt out, to defeat and to crush the monster.
"They are here!" Calmly, without any display,
They have come to the "rendez-vous."

And they declare it! The star-spangled banner,
Already with terror fills the imperial bandit.
Their fleet, indeed, is "today's" answer
To La Fayette's "yesterday."

The new world is now paying a debt to the old.
So, history indeed, has not been made in vain.
A century has ripened the harvest of the seed
Sown in the fertile soil.

"They are here!" The United States are in the
ring.
All the strong arms, all the resolute hearts.
They have come to serve the holy Liberty
For which our Poilus are fighting!

They have come to help us gain our freedom,
And to defend "Right" against "Iniquity."
They have crossed the seas for the love of
France
And the love of humanity.

America will fulfill her glorious task.

She will accomplish the word "Honor" assigned
to her.

Was there aught else you could have said,
Colonel Stanton?

No!—"La Fayette, we are here!"

Friends, Yankees and Filipinos, Listen

During the war, the big nations fought for their existence. Since then, the question of the hour is concerned not so much with the great-winged republican eagles as the restfulness of the eaglets in the nests, the content of small nations. Great powers always had the habit of sending their flags to remote parts of earth and maintaining colonial rights, spheres of influence, hegemony, suzerainty or what not. Oft the requirement was a coaling station at least. Now the world having become safe for straight-shooting democracy, the small nations have taken to heart the logic of it, and some of them can argue like Patrick Henry at his best; when they can't, they quote him. One might side with the wee lands at once, were it not necessary to define the word "nation." That definition is the swamp where a number of the belated Patrick Henrys make their stand. From this muddled condition, a huge bouquet of declarations of independence would be thrown at the feet of the quintet known as the great powers, if rebellion against the big ones and their big guns were not a present impossibility. Resort is therefore had to propaganda, the ammunition of the soul. We see, for instance, the logicians of Ireland saying to John Bull, "You have championed the cause of the small nation, and here we are. Open unto us the door of the seas and the heavens." Great Britain replies that Erin is a separate nation only in poetry and song; political a part of the British Empire. The United States, urged by Hibernian sympathizers from within, sends over a few hints or feelers, inquiring if there might not be some merit in the cause of Ireland; and the word are hardly uttered when at our back door is heard a rumpus, and there stand the Filipinos, hat in hand, declaiming to Uncle Sam, "Well, how about it? You have made the world safe for such as us. Kindly, execute the technical details and let us govern ourselves." Japan looks into the matter and declares that she would be the first to sign a neutrality pact if the United States be willing to grant freedom to the Philippines. Then Korea cries, "Behold us!" And so it goes around the world. The Filipinos maintain at Washington a commission of independence, that issues press bulletins to the American people, and tells us that all is to the merry in Mindanao, and that the Filipinos, though crude in many ways, are equal to the emergency of self-government. Jose P. Melencio, in an article written for the Philippine Bulletin, says: "We have the poise, the intelligence and the aplomb that are essential in a democracy." Maybe you have, Jose; but there is too much aplomb now in the world. It is a cautious, well conducted aplomb following the nervousness of wartime; and until the worldly wiseacres on the boulevards take to swinging their canes in the old, insouciant manner, the small nationalists will have to be patient and study the art of the coaling station agent.

A Sketch of Admiral Kolchak

It was in March, 1917, that the Russian Empire exploded and fell in a shower of Bolshevism. Kolchak was in command of the Black Sea Fleet. Anybody possessing a title under the former czar was in danger of rough handling. On the sea, it was no uncommon sight to see a group of officers tossed overboard. At one time, Golchak was approached in a manner that betokened such a ceremony. He leapt into a true Russian rage, denouncing the men as enemies of the country, and assuring them that he would never hand over the sword he had won in defense of Port Arthur and which even the Japanese had not asked him to surrender. Then he whirled the sword into the Black Sea. The act so appealed to the dramatic sense of the mutineers that they sent divers to recover the blade, and restored it with an apology. Kolchak, in the midst of his honors under the czar, never lost his innate republicanism, and so was always more or less admired by the people. In 1912 he was chief of staff in the Baltic, and took charge of the mine defenses along that coast. At the outbreak of the war he was sent to the Gulf of Riga, and, as a result of his activities there, was made rear admiral, at the same time being presented with the Cross of St. George, the empire's highest naval honor. He was soon promoted to be vice-admiral in command of the Black Sea Fleet. After escape from the mutiny there, he went to Petrograd and reported at Kerensky's headquarters. Kerensky sent him to the United States for naval assistance to the provisional government. Unsuccessful in this, Kolchak interviewed the British and by them was put in command of the Mesopotamian Fleet, from which he resigned to become minister of war at Omsk. On the downfall of the directorate, he

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

declared himself in supreme command, and conscripted an army. Alexander Vasilovitch Kolchak was a young captain at the defense of Port Arthur, where he distinguished himself, and the incident of the Japanese refusal to take his sword was the only one of its kind at the fall of the fortress. His present ministry contains some capable men, who from the outset disdained sharing their deliberations with the Bolsheviks.

Trail of the Lonesome Grafter

A rapid advance is predicted from the City Hall elevator man who has been collecting wedding fees from unsuspecting bridegrooms. Political leaders will not let such brilliant material go to waste, and some day we may hear of a New York mayor or Kansas governor who tells the interviewer that he began life as an elevator operator. The method of this genius was to question likely looking couples and say that he could direct them to a nuptial tie without equal on the Pacific coast. He was an adept with the happy pilgrims from the Italian colony, addressing them in the sunny tongue of the olive groves. When detected by county clerk Mulcrevy, this impressario was telling an Italiano two that under the laws of California a priest could not perform a ceremony such as a careful groom would select for his honored bride, but that a civil judge was necessary, and that all money should be paid in advance, at the gate, right in the elevator, to make it legal. No great harm was done, except that some high-minded magistrates might come under suspicion of being partner to the deal. The lives of municipal elevator men have never been an open book. They are exposed to temptations from which the ordinary citizen is free. Think of carrying politicians up and down all day long! Think of the language that is heard week in and week out! It is enough to blunt the morals of most men, and only the staunchest should be accepted for the job. It is not the place where we should like to see our sons. If any culprit is more to be pitied than blamed,

here is the man. Perhaps when the idea first came to him, he resisted it with all his moral impulses. Then on a day came a couple who forced the money into his hands, or at least made the pickings too easy to withstand, and thenceforth the down grade was swift and easy as to Avernus. If this man has spent the money, nothing can be done. If it is in a savings bank, then he might start a conscience fund and donate it to the first dozen couples who ride in his elevator. If an elevator is no longer a thing in his young life, he might stand at the door of the marriage license bureau and return his ill-gotten gains to the channels of honest matrimony.

Schmitz Fiddles While the Budget Burns

Well, the \$3.08 tax rate did not pass, because Eugene E. Schmitz discovered he had the finest chance in modern times to stand alone and have his name enrolled on something where no other names might appear. As the proposed tax rate required the unanimous vote of the supervisors, the former mayor decided to muss the unanimity and vote unanimously with himself. Thus San Francisco will stand among American cities as begrudging a few thousand dollars for its public works, and skimping here and there on an \$18,000,000 budget. Last week Schmitz voted that the budget be passed to print as formulated by McLeran. Then came a whole week of suspense, during which everybody had a chance to wonder whether or not Schmitz would carry out his threat to cut the city's bank account should he so desire. He desired just so. No doubt the motive had something to do with his wild plan to become the next mayor of San Francisco. He will tell the people that he saved them from the perdition of high taxes. He will pat them on the shoulder and say, "I, Schmitz, pitied you poor San Franciscans, and will never allow you to be overtaxed. I will never let any harm come to you. You know me, Schmitz." However, in such personal canvass, it would not be wise for the non-unanimous Eugene to call upon any

of the families whose income was lost from the board of public works; it would not be wise to call on the fire department nor school teachers' families, who, though fairly secure in their new salaries, might not view with favor a budget that keeps their departments begging for pennies to be kept up to date. Something besides salaries is demanded by those who have the city's welfare at heart. Improvement in a modern city requires constantly the expenditure of a few thousand dollars in the course of a year. There are also hordes of people whose taxes would be raised from ten to twenty-five cents under the proposed rate, and multitudes to whom the difference would be about a dollar. These people might have enjoyed municipal advantages, might have received benefits under a larger budget, for which the well-to-do classes would bear the expense. But the well-to-do classes, the well informed people, the citizens who read, spend, remember what's what, and know what San Francisco needs, are not likely to make Schmitz mayor in any event. They wouldn't vote for him if he could make their taxes fifty cents a hundred. They would feel that they might lose something in some other way. So as far as concerns making himself popular or the reverse in the eyes of San Francisco, Schmitz has done just the right thing. It is too bad, though, that he was given the opportunity to cheapen the expense account of the Pacific Coast's wealthiest city. That is the fault of the charter, in which everything could not be foreseen. The real estate board has reasons of its own for desiring to keep down the tax rate. While the real estate board does not represent the people of San Francisco, it obviously has some weight with the ex-mayor, and the bureau of governmental research might be doing better by searching the city's future rather than the statistics of the past. Progress is the watchword of the improveemnts, as we understand watchwords and slogans. If the bureau is so good at probing the past, it might favor us with a few other items more to the point than a penurious policy of the financial committee and its budget. Schmitz now stands with Mooser and Eliel; not that he particularly admires either, but they have presented him with a few figures which are handy in case of argument. San Francisco also knows where it stands, and the only argument it approves is one calculated for public advancement in the great competition of western cities. Los Angeles and Seattle will heartily agree that Schmitz have his way, not north or south but in San Francisco.

Robertson Publishes Sanskrit Poems

Whoever translates a volume from the oldest of Indo-European languages is certainly making a gift to the world. When A. M. Robertson published the Sanskrit translation of "Women's Eyes," he proved his interest in the verse of bygone ages not incompatible with his penchant for Pacific Coast rhapsodies. "Women's Eyes" was put into English by Arthur William Ryder, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit at the University of California. The Professor is also credited with Kalidasa's "Sakuntala," from the same source and brought out by the Duttons in Everyman's Library. Robertson has now in press for Ryder some rhymed effusions of the Hindu mind long before the advent of the Christian era. The title poem, "Relatives," from the Ramayana, gives us an idea of what the poets were thinking about in those days. The thematic purpose is taken up by the song of an elephant herd, and we find that men and elephants were no less acute observers in the great past than in the more frivolous present. Ryder

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

has not attempted to cast a poetiz haze over the quatrains; but offers them in a form which manifests a certain lack of sophistication, either in the original or else occasioned by the vicissitudes between Sanskrit and English.

RELATIVES

I saw some great white elephants who
Were gathered in a ring;
They saw some men with a lasso,
And they began to sing:

"We fear no fire nor goad nor sling,
Nor any man that lives;
We do not fear a single thing
Except our relatives.

For relatives are selfish, mean,
And always setting traps;
We understand what we have seen;
Perhaps we know—PERHAPS.

Girls give us hopes, too often vain;
Cows give us tallow-grease;
Our relatives give us a pain;
The clergy give us peace.

A thirsty bee will kiss a flower,
And then extract the honey;
A relative will praise your power,
And carry off your money.

An elephant will bathe his skin,
Then dust it till it's black;
A relative will praise his kin,
And stab him in the back.

We fear no fire nor goad nor sling,
Nor any man that lives;
We do not fear a single thing
Except our relatives."

Scenery All the Year Round

When one wishes to get away from steam heat, cafeterias, bearskin rugs and things like that, he has only to jump into his automobile and sing ho! for Yosemite Valley. Its scenery has recently enjoyed widespread advertising, in the interest of building a good road to get there. If some of us should never have the excitement of gazing from Glacier Point, we can still add our bit of enthusiasm to the Merced road, trusting that the future will put an eight-cylinder machine and a vacation in our stocking. Otherwise, we can ride the trains, or even hike it. In the meantime we can admire the genuine oil paintings of El Capitan from the brush of artists who have either been there or took inspiration from a photograph. One of the reasons for Yosemite's popularity is that words fail to describe the place with its towering earthworks and potent factors of entertainment, to use an advertising phrase. And a reason for its unpopularity (there is a little of that) is the smug raptures with which the so-called middle class from the middle west with middle intelligence tell of their experiences there. Besides

that, some artists declare that Yosemite is a freak of Nature, and that there is no more advantage painting freak landscapes than Siamese twins or five-legged calves. Howbeit, there will always be multitudes who rejoice at abnormalities or near-miracles of geology that can not be seen elsewhere. Show some men a hill top that resembles an elephant or a lake that could be mistaken for a sheet of glass, and they are immediately glad that they have lived to see the day, while a noble expanse of prairie or a picturesque group of trees would be passed by as one of Nature's platitudes, the result of her workaday mood. There are some splendid reaches for the eye in Yosemite, even if one wanders from the chartered route of the post-card manufacturer; and good times are to be had there, despite numerous regulations from the Department of the Interior. Yosemite is something more than a scenic parlor of Californian curiosities; but, like grand opera, which receives the loudest applause for the more emphatic rather than the finer strains, the national park has been celebrated for points of interest that are not so interesting to the true lover of wildwood. Each visitor must track the most pleasing places for himself, and will doubtless find what he most desires.

"Aida" to an Audience of 30,000

Various disasters have followed "Aida" in the open air, and came near breaking up the New York production. First, were the St. Smithin rains, which have been deluging the east; then came the actors' strike, and finally on Saturday, August 9th, the strike on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit caused postponement for a week. On the night of the 16th, all the participants held contracts furnished by the Actors' Equity Association, and 30,000 persons gathered at Sheepshead Bay Speedway, the old race track just beyond a commuting district of Brooklyn. It is said that 10,000 tickets were sold in the Italian Colony around Grand street, Manhattan. About 2,000 performers had their time on the stage, which was a city block in width, decorated with palms and flanked by two huge lotus-topped pillars. Four hundred soldiers, whose preliminary training was in the 14th and 23rd regiments, went through the martial strides of the opera. The trumpet scene brought about the greatest display of mimic splendor known to the American stage, and caused the vast audience to howl with delight, the Italians being particularly jubilant. Elephants, camels, monkeys, horses, oxen, sheep were led across the triumphal area, till one could hardly distinguish between realism and the scene as Verdi saw it. Marie Rappold sang the songs of the slave princess; Cyrene Van Gordon was Amneris; Marie Tiffany, the priestess; Manuel Salazar, Rhadames; Riccardo Stracciari, Amonasro; Pietro de Biasi, Ramfis; Natale Cervi, the king. Giorgio Polaceo conducted. Open air performances of "Aida" have been held in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Berkeley, and in the bull ring of the City of Mexico, also in Egypt, where the pyramids and the desert were background for the opera made to order for a Khedive.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Marconi: It will not be many years before wireless telephone will be possible between any two cities of the world.

Sen. Reed Smoot, of Utah: According to Revelation in the Mormon "Doctrines and Covenants," universal peace will not be had before the second coming of the Lord. It is therefore untenable that the League of Nations will prevent war.

H. Wang, vice consul at S. F. for China:

Shantung must be returned to China, if not through diplomacy, then by war.

Herbert Hoover: The American government must quit pussyfooting, or the Hapsburg conspiracy to rule central Europe will materialize, our victory will be lost, and democracy jeopardized throughout the world.

Cardinal Gasparri, Rome: A few fanatics are trying to arouse Bolshevism in Italy. These hot-headed extremists constitute a small percentage of our common-sense population. The rural districts will always be a barrier against organized folly.

George Bernard Shaw: I am a Bolshevik in so far as the word has any sense other than vulgar abuse. To me, Lenine is by far the most interesting statesman in Europe.

Rev. John Roach Stratton, Baptist, N. Y.: Almost every class of workers, except the undertakers and preachers, have gone on a strike. The preachers have grievances, and only a sense of duty prevents the clergymen of America from forming a union, calling a strike, and telling the country to go to hell.

Premier Nitti, Italy: Than any other nation in the world, we possess a greater number of men able to work. This is more than gold. But our labor must not go to American markets and slump them with offers of low wages.

Lloyd George: Let us demonstrate to the world that Britain can solve her problems without resort to anarchy.

Sen. Walsh, of Mass.: We want the president to send us a list of all who have profited during the war. Some of these names appear on income tax returns. If we do nothing else, we will set up a roll of dishonor proclaiming those who enriched themselves while others made sacrifices.

Superior Judge George A. Sturtevant: "Direct action" is contrary to the American theory of government. I will not grant citizenship papers to any one who does not believe in our resort to the ballot box.

Sen Hiram Johnson: They didn't want to let me dot an "i" or cross a "t" of the Peace Treaty.

Excellent Entertainment at Techau Tavern

The new members of the show girl revue corps have added a distinction to this organization through their admirable vocalization and the high character of their repertoire. It is truly a delight to listen to their program. The jazz orchestra is at its best and the dance floor is crowded every evening including Sunday. At two periods during each evening, at dinner time and after the theatre, dance favors are presented to both ladies and gentlemen; Kewpie dolls of quite exceptional beauty to the ladies and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen.

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco

The Great American "Usurpers"

Washington, Lincoln and Wilson

By Theo. H. Price

The vociferous vigor with which Woodrow Wilson is now being assailed as an "usurper" by some who disagree with him recalls the attacks that were made on Washington and Lincoln, both of whom were also reviled as "usurpers." Perhaps it may reassure those who are at times disturbed by the bitterness of the president's opponents to read again the story of the malignant attacks that his two great predecessors had to meet as they led the nation through previous crises in its history.

Curiously enough, Senator Lodge, who is one of the chief antagonists of the administration, wrote a "Life of Washington" in which he deals at length with what his detractors had to say of "The Father of His Country." He says:

"In his lifetime Washington had his enemies and detractors in abundance. During the Revolution he was abused and intrigued against, thwarted and belittled, to a point which posterity in general scarcely realizes. Final and conclusive victory brought an end to this, and he passed to the presidency amid a general acclaim. Then the attacks began again. Their character has been shown in a previous chapter, but they were of no real moment except as illustrations of the existence and meaning of party divisions. The ravings of Bache and Freneau, and the coarse insults of Giles, were all totally unimportant in themselves. They merely define the purposes and character of the party which opposed Washington, and but for him would be forgotten. Among his eminent contemporaries, Jefferson and Pickering, bitterly opposed in all things else, have left memoranda and letters reflecting upon the abilities of their former chief. Jefferson disliked him because he blocked his path, but with habitual caution he never proceeded beyond a covert sneer implying that Washington's mental powers, at no time very great, were impaired by age during his presidency, and that he was easily deceived by practised intriguers. Pickering, with more boldness, set Washington down as commonplace, not original in his thought, and vastly inferior to Hamilton, apparently because he was not violent, and did not make up his mind before he knew the facts."

Then telling of the democratic opposition to the treaty with Great Britain negotiated by Washington in 1795 Lodge says: "Their (the democratic) orators did not hesitate to say that the conduct of the president in this affair had been improper and monarchical and that he ought to be impeached." After the treaty had been signed a New York newspaper, the Aurora, declared that the president had violated the constitution, and made a treaty with a nation abhorred by our people; that he answered the respectful remonstrances of Boston and New York as if he were the omnipotent director of a seraglio, and had thundered contempt upon the people with as much confidence as if he sat upon the throne of "Industan."

Commenting on this Lodge says:

"It is not probable that the writer of the brilliant diatribe just quoted had any very distinct idea about either seraglios or 'Industan,' but he, and others of like mind, probably took pleasure in the words, as did the old woman who always loved to hear Mesopotamia mentioned. Other persons, however, were more definite in their statements. John Beckley, who had once been clerk of the house, writing under

the very apposite signature of 'A Calm Observer,' declared that Washington had been overdrawing his salary in defiance of law, and had actually stolen in this way \$4,750. Such being the case, the 'Calm Observer' very naturally inquired: 'What will posterity say of the man who has done this thing? Will it not say that the mask of political hypocrisy has been worn by Caesar, by Cromwell, and by Washington?' Another patriot, also of the democratic party, declared that the president had been false to a republican government. He said that Washington maintained the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant; and that the concealing carriage drawn by supernumerary horses expressed the will of the president, and defined the loyal duty of the people."

In February, 1796, thirteen months before Washington's retirement, the house of representatives refused to adjourn on his birthday for half an hour, in order to go and pay him their respects, as had been the pleasant custom up to that time. The democrats of that day were in no confusion of mind as to the party to which Washington belonged, and they did not hesitate to put this deliberate slight upon him in order to make their dislike apparent. This was not the action of a partisan mob, but the well considered procedure of the representatives of a party in congress, and on March 6th, 1797, two days after Washington's final retirement from the presidency, the Aurora printed the following editorial:

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," was the pious ejaculation of a pious man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing in upon mankind. . . . If ever there was a time that would license the recitation of the ejaculation, that time has now arrived, for the man who is the source of all the misfortune of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington ceases from this day to give currency to political insults and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us, an era which promises much to the people, for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect has been taken of the Washingtonian administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have cankered the principles of republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the gulf of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, the day ought to be a jubilee in the United States."

Commenting upon this editorial, Lodge says: "This was not the outburst of a single malevolent spirit. The article was copied and imitated in New York and Boston, and wherever the party that called Jefferson leader had a representative among the newspapers. It is not probable that stuff of this sort gave Washington himself a moment's anxiety, for he knew

too well what he had done, and he was too sure of his own hold upon the hearts of the people, to be in the least disturbed by the attacks of hostile editors. But the extracts are of interest as showing that the opposition party of that time, the party organized and led by Jefferson, regarded Washington as their worst enemy, and assailed him and slandered him to the utmost. They even went so far as to borrow materials from the enemies of the country with whom we had lately been at war, by publishing the forged letters attributed to Washington, and circulated by the British in 1777, in order to discredit the American general. One of Washington's last acts, on March 3, 1797, was to file in the State Department a solemn declaration that these letters, then republished by an American political party, were base forgeries, of English origin in a time of war."

And in a paragraph which the Senator might perhaps reread with profit today he comments upon Washington's unshaken hold upon the masses in the following words:

"Yet despite all these attacks there can be no doubt that Washington's hold upon the masses of the people was unshaken. They would have gladly seen him assume the presidency for the third time, and if the test had been made, thousands of men who gave their votes to the opposition would have still supported him for the greatest office in their gift. But this time Washington would not yield to the wishes of his friends or of the country. He felt that he had done his work and earned the rest and the privacy for which he longed above all earthly things. In September, 1796, he published his farewell address, and no man ever left a nobler political testament. Through much tribulation he had done his great part in establishing the

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Government of the Union, which might easily have come to naught without his commanding influence. He had imparted to it the dignity of his own great character. He had sustained the splendid financial policy of Hamilton. He had struck a fatal blow at the colonial spirit in our politics, and had lifted up our foreign policy to a plane worthy of an independent nation. He had stricken off the fetters which impeded the march of western settlement, and without loss of honor had gained time to enable our institutions to harden and become strong. He had made peace with our most dangerous enemies, and, except in the case of France, where there were perilous complications to be solved by his successor, he left the United States in far better and more honorable relations with the rest of the world than even the most sanguine would have dared to hope when the constitution was formed."

In his life of Washington, Sparks tells much the same story and Washington Irving confirms it in his biography, but it is related in greatest detail in the chapter on "Slandering of Washington" that is to be found in McMaster's History of the People of the United States in the volume covering Washington's administrations.

Those who are shocked by the virulence with which President Wilson is being attacked today should read this chapter. They will be comforted; for Washington was accused time and time again not only of violating the constitution and trying to set up an autocracy and an aristocracy but of "debauching the country," "seeking a crown" and "trying to pass himself off as an honest man."

"One libeler took great pains to prove that the president had committed murder. Benjamin Franklin Bache reprinted a series of letters which many years before had been forged and published under Washington's name. Bache says that when Fort Lee surrendered, a mulatto servant of General Washington fell into the hands of the British. With him came a portmanteau, and in the portmanteau were seven letters. Some were addressed to Mr. Lund Washington, some to John Parke Custis, and one to Mrs. Washington. In them Washington was represented as looking on the cause of the colonies as hopeless and lost. Both the story and the letters were false. The servant had never for a moment been in British hands. Not one of the letters had come from the general's pen. Yet now, after nineteen years of oblivion, the slander was again spread before the country. Washington was deeply hurt, and, as the fourth of March approached, drew up and placed in the hands of the secretary of state a solemn declaration that not one of the letters was his."

Meantime, Thomas Paine, famous as an infidel and the author of the "Rights of Man," had fled to France where he joined in the French Revolution and entertained himself the while by writing pamphlets attacking Washington as chiefly inspired by "a sort of non-describable, cha-

meleon-colored thing called prudence" which was in many cases a substitute for principle and indistinguishable from hypocrisy. He alleged that "once in the presidential office the natural ingratitude of Washington's character appeared and that he assumed the merit of everything to himself; swallowed the grossest adulation; traveled America from end to end to put himself in the way of receiving it; had in his chest as many addresses as James II and had supported monopolies of every kind from the moment his administration began." The gist of the attack was given in one sentence: "And as for you, sir, treacherous in private friendship (for so you have been to me, and that in the day of danger), and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an imposter; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any."

But the attacks upon Washington were mild when compared with those of which Abraham Lincoln was the object. On the floor of congress he was again and again assailed as a "tyrant," "a usurper" and "a despot as absolute as the czars of Russia."

Senator after senator charged that for much less arbitrary acts kings of England and France had lost their heads. One of them termed Lincoln "the most weak and imbecile man" he had ever met. Benjamin R. Curtis, a former justice of the United States supreme court, described Lincoln's powers as "a military despotism" (Curtis pamphlet on executive power, October 18th, 1862), and Joel Parker, a former chief justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire, wrote, November 1st, 1862, that: "The president is not only a monarch, but that he is an absolute, irresponsible, uncontrollable government; a perfect military despotism." A foreign observer, Schleiden, wrote to Charles Sumner:

"One of the most interesting features of the present state of things is the illimited power exercised by the government. Mr. Lincoln is, in that respect, the equal, if not the superior, of Louis Napoleon. The difference consists only in the fact that the president rests his authority on the unanimous consent of the people of the loyal states, the emperor his on the army." (Rhodes's History of the United States, III, p. 442.)

On September 23rd, 1864, under the heading "Is Mr. Lincoln Honest?" the New York World printed the following editorial:

"The greatest claim of Mr. Lincoln to the confidence and support of the people has been his reputation for honesty. Strip him of this and there is nothing left but vacillation, imbecility, and obscene jesting. Will this claim of honesty bear examination? The very prefix of 'honest' to a man's name indicates that he will bear watching. Robespierre caused himself to be called 'the incorruptible.' Henry Clay said that 'Honest John Davis' (of Mass.), meant 'Canny John Davis.' What does it mean with Mr. Lincoln? Let us look at Mr. Lincoln's honesty. He held on to Secretary Cameron until compelled by public indignation to remove him. Secretary Floyd was a pigny to Mr. Cameron in speculation. And yet Mr. Lincoln, knowing all about Cameron, sent him to Russia, compelling the emperor (the only potentate in Europe who had been our friend) to consort with this disgraced cabinet minister. Moreover, the president sent his own private carriage to take this ex-secretary to the White House, and offered to send him to Russia in a frigate when the Nashville was committing her depredations, and we had not successfully

blockaded a single southern port. Furthermore, Mr. Cameron is now managing the Pennsylvania election for Mr. Lincoln, and disbursing the secret service fund.

"If Mr. Lincoln is 'honest' why has he taken such pains to give to his personal friends letters to generals commanding departments, ordering them by his signature to permit these friends to go whither they choose, and to get out what cotton they can?"

"If Mr. Lincoln is 'honest' why has he, for friends of worse than doubtful reputation, requested contracts and special trading privileges?"

"If Mr. Lincoln is 'honest' why has Master 'Bob' Lincoln had a share in the profits of Senator —'s and Senator —'s cotton expeditions, whereby he has been enabled to outshine shoddy itself at Saratoga this summer?"

"If Mr. Lincoln is 'honest' why does he pay himself his salary in gold certificates when other creditors have to content themselves with depreciated greenbacks?"

If Mr. Lincoln is 'honest' why was the McKinstry courtmartial dissolved immediately after the evidence had traced \$90,000 into the hands of a female relative of Mr. Lincoln's sister? Did our 'honest' president fear lest the public might push the inquiries nearer home?"

This was followed on the 1st of October of the same year with another editorial attack under the caption "The Ambitious Buffoon," in which the man so revered today is thus assailed:

"Some time ago we took occasion to say that Mr. Lincoln was a buffoon, whereat mightily shocked were the sweet-mouthed republican organs. We brought forward some evidence that Lincoln is a buffoon, and have ever since waited for a reply. Here it is again. Will somebody undertake its rebuttal?"

"If to prove publicly, therefore, now, in this crisis of our politics and of the nation's fortunes, that Mr. Lincoln is a buffoon, i. e., 'a person who makes sport by low jests,' will prevent any number of votes, no matter how few, from being cast for his re-election, then that proof is a public duty; and mere questions of decorum must stand aside as trivial and untimely.

"And now, for the proof that Mr. Lincoln is a buffoon, we appeal to every man of good sense and intelligence whom public or private duties have taken to the White House frequently during the last three years

"We appeal to all the gentlemen on the republican side of the United States senate.

"We appeal to that republican senator whose self-respect would not permit him to stay in Mr. Lincoln's presence and hear from his lips the language which he was there compelled to hear.

"We appeal to the one hundred and fifty clergymen who went in a body to the east room, in order to present to Mr. Lincoln the resolution of one of the largest and most respectable religious denominations.

"We appeal to the eminent divine who was deputed to make their address, and who has publicly and repeatedly pronounced the president's deportment on the occasion the deportment of a 'buffoon and a gawk,' so sickening in its offensiveness, and so humiliating to his patriotic pride, as to have made him quite

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open
entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual
instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all depart-
ments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday,
2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class
(Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

despair of the fortunes of a republic whose helm is in such hands.

"We appeal to the gentlemen on the republican side of the house of representatives. Let the Tribune ask them what is the fact.

"We appeal to the blackguards there—for such there are on that floor, though few—whose staple of talk in their midnight orgies is the low and obscene stories daily retailed to them in the chamber of the chief magistrate.

"We appeal to the gentlemen who feted Mr. Lincoln here, and escorted him to the elubs, when he last visited New York.

"We appeal to that eminent republican who left the room where the future president was recounting some experiences of his early life, rather than that his ears should be defiled with the echoes of such filthiness.

A series of editorials in the same paper, which was then supporting General McClellan for the presidency, were headed "Mr. Lincoln—has he or has he not an interest in the profits of public contracts." The question was answered affirmatively—by implication, at least, and followed by a final fling at him as responsible for the high prices then ruling in the following:

"If Mr. Lincoln's three years' misrule has run up the prices of coal to \$15; flour, \$16; butter, 60 cents; coffee, 60 cents; clothing to five times its former price—and everything that people eat, drink, and wear, in a similar proportion—what will be their prices if Mr. Lincoln is re-elected? Under McClellan and a democratic administration the people will once more be able to live as in times past, on cheap coal, cheap flour, cheap coffee, cheap clothing and cheap everything that they want. In other words, one dollar of real money will buy as much as four dollars of greenbacks."

At the democratic national convention in Chicago McClellan was nominated for the presidency. Many of the speakers were absolutely unrestrained in the violence with which they attacked Lincoln. S. S. Cox, later nicknamed "Sunset," delivered an address in which he said:

"Abraham Lincoln has deluged the country with blood, created a debt of four thousand million dollars, and sacrificed two million of human lives. At the November election we will damn him with eternal infamy. Even Jefferson Davis is no greater enemy of the constitution."

Congressman Stambaugh of Ohio declared:

"You might search hell over and find none worse than Abraham Lincoln."

And the Hon. Henry Clay Deam of Iowa made an oration from which the following quotation is taken:

"The American people are ruled by felons. With all his vast armies Lincoln has failed, failed, failed. And still the monster usurper wants more victims for his slaughter pens. I blush that such a felon should occupy the highest gift of the people. Perjury and larceny are written all over him. Ever since the usurper, traitor, and tyrant has occupied the presidential chair the republican party has shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the blood. Blood has flowed in torrents, and yet the thirst of the old monsters is not quenched. His cry is ever for more blood."

Horace Greeley's petulant faultfinding with Lincoln in the columns of the Tribune will be recalled by all students of the history of the Civil War and need not be reprinted. The editor of the Tribune continued these attacks until the president finally silenced him with his famous letter of August 22nd, 1862, in which he said:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
August 22nd, 1862.

"Dear Sir: I have just read yours of the 19th addressed to myself through the New York Tribune. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it any impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

"I would save the union. I would save it in the shortest way under the constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the union will be 'the union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

"Yours,
"A. Lincoln."

It is, however, worth remarking that it was not until after Gettysburg when the war had been really won that the cabal against Lincoln took organized form and the opposition to the man who had saved the union became most enormous and bitter.

On August 5th, 1864, Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, the republican leader of the senate, and Henry Winter Davis, one of the republican leaders of the house, issued the following manifesto to the people:

"The supporters of the administration are responsible to the country for its conduct; and it is their right and duty to check the encroachments of the executive on the authority of congress and to require it to confine itself to its proper sphere.

"A more studied outrage on the legislative authority of the people has never been perpetrated.

The president has greatly presumed on the forbearance which the supporters of his administration have so long practised, in view of the arduous conflict in which we are engaged.

"But he must understand that our support is of a cause and not of a man; that the authority of congress is paramount and must be respected.

"If he wishes our support he must confine himself to his executive duties—to obey and execute, not to make the laws."

The specific act that provoked this outburst was Lincoln's refusal to sign a reconstruction bill which would have imposed very harsh and inhumane terms upon the south. He persisted in his refusal nevertheless and he lived to rejoice in the generosity with which General Grant treated the leaders of the Confederacy when they surrendered to him at Appomattox on the 9th of April, 1865. Five days later Lincoln was assassinated and now he is canonized.

The record is one which the critics of the president will do well to ponder; for, though Washington and Lincoln are immortal, much research has been necessary to identify their detractors.—Commerce and Finance.

AT THE CECIL

Concluding an enjoyable outing in Yosemite Valley, Mrs. George Ives and daughter, Miss Sally Fox, have returned to their apartment at the Cecil. Gen. and Mrs. Edward McClernand gave a luncheon at the hotel Sunday. Mrs. R. G. Rogers is receiving a cordial welcome from her San Francisco friends. Mrs. Rogers will be remembered as the popular Alma Thane, and is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan came up from Los Altos and will remain over Fleet Week. Mrs. Louise Brunning and her daughter, Miss Ruth, are domiciled for the winter; they have just returned from Lake Tahoe. Mrs. S. S. Deem of Memphis, Tenn., will remain until after Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haswell motored up from Santa Barbara and will remain for several weeks. A dinner was given by Dr. Hart Sunday. Miss Gussie Ames, who is a guest of the Warners at Casa del Rey, will return shortly to the Cecil. Mrs. L. R. Ellert, widow of one of San Francisco's most popular mayors, is a permanent guest at the hotel.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the amended application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THIMOS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thimos, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 18th day of September, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open court this 13th day of August, 1919.

GEORGE E. CROTHERS,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased.—No. 27627 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAILLE COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-5

The Stage

Real Variety at the Orpheum

There is a bill on at the Orpheum this week as varied and delightful to the modern vaudeville appetite as the performance at Vauxhall was to Joe Sedley when he took Becky Sharp there. There are the dyed-in-the-wool vaudevillians Bailey and Cowan, whose act is snappy, sparkling, and punctuated with applause. Marion Harris, "in a class all by herself," sings songs like "I'm a Jazz Baby." Can any one else sing them as she does, making funny faces, angular gestures and looking like a Sis Hopkins with her hair brushed out and "Sunday clothes" on? Is she a favorite? "I'll say so"—and so will you. Jack Avery and Marie Norman are very entertaining and so is their novelty Kewpie specialty. Mr. Avery on Sunday rather spoilt the impression of his personality with "Skating," a song not of the Orpheum class. Dainty Emma Haig, a stylish bit of dancing thistle-down, and Jack Waldron repeated their alluring performance. La Bernicia, a charming young ballerina, and a company of ladies, including a violinist, presented a lovely moving picture of grace. Oscar Lorraine is called "a violin nuttist." He is one. Yet he appeals—he is not a solitary dweller in Nutville. He introduced a saw and a stick of wood into his act on Sunday. If he would use that implement upon a good bit of his act, improvement would ensue. Gibson and Connelli repeat their comical skit, "The Honey-moon," which arouses much interest in the minds of past and prospective honeymooners. I missed Millicent Mower's number. Marguerita Sylva, the prima donna, ingratiated herself into the hearts of the audience. Were it not for a very inartistic coiffure, she would have looked handsome. She was radiantly gowned and sang a number of dainty songs very charmingly. Also she gave the Habanera from Carmen in a marvelous Spanish shawl. She has an appealing, intimate monologue running through her act and she knows thoroughly how to reach her audience, an art which she must have learned in comic opera. Once Miss Sylva sang in the cast of Alice Neilsen's "Fortune Teller" and "Singing Girl," later starring in "Princess Chic," and it must be owned that the attractive Marguerita sings even much better now and looks quite as beautiful. Since then, she has had grand opera distinction and it can not be denied that she is a bright vaudeville star.

—H. M. B.

Griffith Picture at the Curran

In presenting the motion picture, "Broken Blossoms," David W. Griffith has made emphatic the artistry of the unhappy ending, and for this is entitled to many thanks. Mr. Griffith, who is nothing if not didactic, assures us, in the program, that our greatest and most popular plays, from Hamlet and Camille to Uncle Tom's Cabin, have been plays of sorrow. It is well, therefore, that the public is asked to pay for this lesson at a first-class theatre; for, had the picture been screened at a 25-cent house, the moral effect would be less. The material part of the story takes place in London's Chinatown and slums. A lowly, shrinking, whipped girl is enacted by Lillian Gish. Her father, who does the whipping, is a pugilist, and his film life is devoted to fighting, eating, dallying with women and beating his daughter. From this hideous existence, the terrified girl staggers to the home of a Chinese shop-keeper, and there receives the first kindness she has known. We have the unpleasant spectacle of a romance growing between the Chink and the slum-child,

although effort is made to show that the noble Mongolian's motives are pure. Lillian Gish takes the role of the girl, and is completely realistic. When not pathetic, she is terrific. In fact, I can not recall any actress who could have done better in the part called for by the scenario. To look for nobler work, one must go to nobler situations, and memory is readily directed to Nance O'Neil in "Oliver Twist," especially as the pugilist in "Broken Blossoms" is a Bill Sykes type; he is satisfactorily done, with a slight exaggeration, by Donald Crisp. A defect in the production is the lengthy beginning, which utilizes for portraying the Chinaman's origin, reel-space that should have been occupied by the main action of the tragedy. This illustrates the principle that dramatists should beware of preaching from the stage, and we note how Mr. Griffith was misled by a desire to rebuke what the program terms "our vaunted civilization holding itself superior to that of other nations . . . forgetting that every moral precept we know was spoken thousands of years before our civilization from the lips of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher." Thus "Broken Blossoms" becomes technically the narrative of a Chinaman, whose dreamy, somnolent and yearning attitude, dramatic though it be, must ever be held secondary to tragic adventures of the white race with which he comes in contact. Richard Barthelmess makes a thrilling picture of the oriental, and comes to a superb climax just after his attempted rescue of the girl, when he confronts the enraged father. This situation, though necessarily short, was a note of tremendously true dramatic value. The acting of all the principals was so good that every spectator must have begrudged the time consumed with immaterial even if relevant and picturesque byplay. The picture is preceded by a thematic dance of a slim and graceful damsel accompanied by a prologue utterance from the Master of the Show. Unfortunately, the prologue is misleading. Prologue, Fate, Master of the Show, tell the dancer that if she breaks her chain and embraces the blossoms of love, she must also taste the purple grapes of passion. This with the curtain legend that we are about to witness a play of love and lovers, leads the spectators to believe that they will see portrayed a life of pleasure during some part of the reels. There is nothing like this in the course of the pictures. The only moment of happiness is when the Chinaman gives the astonished wail a silken array, a doll and a chrysanthemum. There is a moment when the opium-soaked soul of the Celestial moves toward the recumbent girl with leering passion; but she is horror-struck rather than receptive, and he retreats meekly. While the onlooker is kept in a state of expectation for the thematic promise that is not fulfilled, and the ending is therefore abrupt, there is, in the film, a fund of good material from the standpoint of pictorial composition, and the misty blue backgrounds add to the somber effect. If one eliminate any erroneous idea gained from the prologue with its gorgeously appareled figurante, the conclusion is that Mr. Griffith has given us a moving picture of higher standards than displayed by any of his previous productions.

—L. J.

An Interesting Debut

On Sunday afternoon, August 31st, Mrs. Estel Deshon, a mezzo-contralto whose unusual talent has been often displayed in social circles during the past few months, will emerge once more

from private life, and make her San Francisco debut at the Orpheum, with Mrs. Thomas Nunan as accompanist. Mrs. Deshon has already made an engagement to produce records for the Victor Company in Philadelphia; but on hearing her sing Mr. Meyerfeld of the Orpheum offered her a tour on the Orpheum circuit at a tempting figure, and what is better still, placed her on the metropolitan program without the usual series of trial performances in the smaller towns. After two weeks at the Orpheum, the California towns will be visited, when the tour will continue eastward, ending at the Palace Theatre in New York, the Mecca of vaudeville artists.

Alcazar

The only strictly dramatic entertainment in San Francisco during joyous Pacific Fleet week, commencing next Sunday afternoon, with a special matinee on Labor Day, Monday, will be George M. Cohan's famous comedy, "The Miracle Man"—the original spoken play, not a picture. It will reveal to visiting thousands the splendid quality of staging and acting that has given the New Alcazar Company wide distinction in this country. "The Miracle Man" not only snaps and sparkles with Cohanesque humor and radiates wholesome romance, but it conveys a great message of abiding faith, gladness, good cheer, and clean living. It is peopled with graphic American character types of city and country, picturesque and vitally human. Lovely Belle Bennett and versatile Walter P. Richardson, personate the leaders of a band of New York confidence crooks who invade a simple Maine village, and are made to walk straight, through the influence of a patriarchal old faith healer whom they seek to use as a dupe for wicked purposes. "The Miracle Man" is more than laughing diversion; it is a great psychological study, abundant in dramatic surprise and thrill. The long cast also includes Thomas Chatterton, Henry Shumer, Vaughan Morgan, Rafael Brunetto, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Enda Shaw, Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson, Graham Earl and others in vivid characterizations. To follow, Sunday, September 7th, with special matinee on Admission Day, comes the first San Francisco presentation of "Young America," a delightful humanity comedy about a bad boy of a neighborhood and his dog, and the newly weds whose suburban home is thrown into an uproar when the plucky little bride rescues the urchin from a juvenile court.

S. F. Symphony Season

With the return of Alfred Hertz from his summer vacation, plans for the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have been given impetus. Conductor Hertz acquired many new scores while in New York. The season will open with a symphony concert in the Curran Theatre on Friday afternoon, October 10th. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's sustaining body, states that the members' season ticket sale, which has been in progress during the past week, has been highly gratifying. The sale is being conducted in the offices of the association in the Phelan building. The season ticket sale for the public will open on September 22nd. Season tickets are being sold for the three series of concerts announced for the season—Friday symphonies, Sunday symphonies (repetitions) and Sunday "popular" concerts. The fact

that under the revised provisions of the United States revenue act no tax is required on tickets of admission to symphony concerts should make for added stimulation of the seat sale. The performances of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be the only local musical events the tickets to which will not be taxed by the government. Following are the concert dates for the season: Friday symphonies: October 10th and 24th, November 7th and 21st, December 5th and 19th, January 2nd, 16th and 30th, February 13th and 27th, March 12th. Sunday symphonies: October 12th and 26th, November 9th and 23rd, December 7th and 21st, January 4th and 18th, February 1st, 15th and 29th, March 14th. Sunday "pops": October 19th, November 2nd, 16th and 30th, December 14th, January 11th and 25th, February 8th and 22nd, March 7th.

At the Curran

The genius of film art, David Wark Griffith, has startled San Francisco into appreciation of the artistic with the newest film masterpiece, "Broken Blossoms," one of the simplest and certainly the most esthetic work of photography and story-telling this city has known. The Curran Theatre has been taxed to capacity since the opening last Sunday night, which marked the Pacific Coast premiere of "Broken Blossoms." Griffith once more sets the artistic standard; he again compels comparisons which will lift the competitive screens to a higher level. There has been a severe decline in the art in recent months, largely due to the hunger for the sensational. It was Griffith who held the attention during the war period with his "Hearts of the World" and it is Griffith again in these days of reconstruction who leads to turning to the broader international viewpoint with his "Broken Blossoms." He arrives in time to preach again the gospel of art in motion pictures; to redeem that dignity of the screen for which he was largely responsible. The lover of the beautiful, disgusted with the viciousness which runs wild on the screens these days, must turn once more to Griffith for satisfaction. "Broken Blossoms" marks an epoch in the realm of the photodrama.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present next week a special bill in honor of the arrival of the Fleet, which will be headed by the soldier-stars and original chorus in the New York He Musical Comedy, "Putting It Over." Almost every division of the American army had a soldier show. These were encouraged by the War Department in fact, the Morale Corps was created, whose principal business was providing diversion for the troops. Two of the most successful soldier shows were "You Know Me, Al" and "Let's Beat It" produced by the 97th Division. "You Know Me, Al" was rehearsed at Camp Wardsworth and produced in New York and "Let's Beat It" was rehearsed in Flanders and produced at Oudezule. The opening performance of "Let's Beat It" given in Flanders just back of Mt. Kimmel was attended by King George of England, Field Marshal Haig, General Plummer, in command of the 2nd British Army, General Pershing and numerous other distinguished officers. When the division returned to America and was discharged, seventeen soldiers who had taken part in either one or the other shows formed a little company of their own, selected choice bits from both shows and produced "Putting It Over." It was such a hit that the men were persuaded to remain actors for a season. This they did with

the result that "Putting It Over," played by soldier stars and a chorus, is now a vaudeville headliner. However, every one of the seventeen ex-soldiers in the cast of "Putting It Over" saw service overseas. Five were founded in action and five were cited for bravery. "Putting It Over" is a musical revue with pretty girls who are not girls, but soldiers; prima donnas and in fact every kind of principal know to a musical production. Lloyd and Christy, "The Two Southern Gentlemen," will present a clever, witty and amusing duologue which has proved a great hit in the theatres of the Orpheum circuit in which it has already been presented. Estelle De Shon, a mezzo soprano of fine voice and culture, and Eula Howard Nunan, a gifted pianist, who was soloist with Madame Schuman Heink, will present a delightful program. "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin will introduce a novelty singing and dancing act entitled "Sweaters." The Clinton Sisters are two exceptionally clever girl dancers who present a series of interpretative costume dances. La Bernician, assisted by Yvonne Verlaine and Company of Classic Dancers; Marion Harris in new ragtime ditties, and the famous prima donna, Madame Marguerita Sylva, in new songs will be the remaining numbers in the bill.

The Thespian Brotherhood

The tired business man's sure refuge has failed him. Even on Broadway there is no peace. On the evening of August 7th, the play goes at more than half the theatres of Manhattan were greeted by dark houses and the sign "No performance tonight on account of strike." Many other amusement seekers had to be content with limping performances, the result of impromptu efforts to fill great gaps in the casts. Rehearsals of thirty forthcoming productions have been stopped. The Actors' Equity Association, composed of more than 4,500 players of the legitimate stage, has joined the American Federation of Labor and is employing labor's recognized weapon to enforce its demand for recognition by the managers and the eight-performance week. Recognition is the real issue, since the managers have declared that they are willing to concede that a week's work shall be limited to eight performances, but at the same time insist that in the event of a dispute they will settle with the individual actors and not with the Equity Association. The strike is the direct result of the managers' action in breaking off negotiations that had been going on since May. Bruce McRae, vice-president of the Equity Association, expressed the viewpoint of the actor of prominence:

It's a case of brother actors standing together and the big brothers looking out for the little ones. The high-salaried actor can always get the kind of contract that he wants, because he is difficult to replace, but not so the rank and file of the profession. The commercial manager, who does not serve an artistic ideal and who considers the actor only as a more or less necessary employee, has forced the less independent actors to submit to unfair terms, not so much in salaries as in the conditions under which those salaries are paid. There is no truth in the reports that we are asking for the standardization of actors' wages or the closed shop. That is only propaganda put forth to make our cause ridiculous. Every effort is being made to belittle the strike, which is in fact the culmination of the effort to remedy injustices extending over twenty years.

Many of us looked askance at the idea of joining with organized labor, but the managers,

by their refusal to submit our controversy to arbitration, forced us to take the step of affiliation with the A. F. of L. Now we will never draw back from the stand we have taken. And we are finding sources of support that we never dreamed of. Last night when strikebreakers were brought in, at once theatre the stagehands struck—their union principles forbade their working with scabs. And think of the support that will be given us by the organized musicians—68,000 strong!

The actors are entering into the struggle with verve and enthusiasm. Their picketing is of the most spirited variety and attracts almost as many spectators as the plays themselves. They collect in joelular throngs outside strike headquarters, waiting their turn to put in their applications for membership which the Equity's office force is overtaxed in handling. John Drew and Robert Mantell are among those who have written to indorse the association's fight. The British Actors' Association has sent a cablegram which places English actors, of whom there are a great number in New York, under the strike jurisdiction of the Equity. The managers have formed a merger of theatrical, vaudeville, burlesque and motion picture interests to carry on their side of the struggle. They have attempted to organize a "vest-pocket" union, to be known as the Actors' Co-operative Association, and have approached leading actors of the Equity without success.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

A VERITABLE SENSATION!

2:30—TWICE DAILY—8:30

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S

Orchid Miracle of the Cinema

"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

The Mighty Griffith in the Glory of a New Inspiration!

Night, 25c to \$1.50. Daily Matinees, 25c to \$1.00.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—Last Times "THE BRAT"

The Adorable Humanity Comedy

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, AUG. 31

Extra Mat. Labor Day, Monday

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
Presenting as Spoken Drama Geo. M. Cohan's Wonderful Comedy of Faith, Humor and Gladness,

"THE MIRACLE MAN"

The Original Play—Not a Picture

WEEK, SEPT. 7—Extra Mat. Admission Day—First San Francisco Presentation of "YOUNG AMERICA," the Famous Juvenile Court Comedy. A Year at the Astor and Gaiety, New York.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent in America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

SPECIAL FLEET WEEK BILL

"PUTTING IT OVER," A He Musical Comedy presented by the Soldier Stars and Original Chorus of the two big New York Musical Comedies, "You Know Me, Al" and "Let's Beat It"; LLOYD & CHRISTY, "The Two Southern Gentlemen"; "SKEET" GALLAGHER & IRENE MARTIN in "Sweaters"; ESTELLE DE SHON, the Popular Contralto, and EULA HOWARD NUNAN, Late Piano Soloist with Schuman Heink; CLINTON SISTERS, Interpretative Costume Dances; MARION HARRIS, Syncopation's Scintillating Star; LA BERNICIA, America's Youngest Prima Ballerina, assisted by Yvonne Verlaine and Company of Classic Dancers; HEARST WEEKLY; the Famous Prima Donna, MADAME MARGUERITE SYLVA, in New Songs.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was an irregular stock market the first week with prices generally lower at the close of the week, although the undertone could be called strong. The professional element were generally in a pessimistic frame of mind and tried hard to bring about liquidation in the general list by making drives at first one class of stocks and then attacking another class. There were numerous weak spells, but when this selling had exhausted itself, rallies were quick and the action of the market would indicate that the floating supply of stocks had been reduced by the outside investment demand. The labor question was injected into the stock market somewhat suddenly and violently last week and the effect upon prices temporarily was not beneficial. Further breaks in sterling exchange were not calculated to inspire the bull spirit and the result of the conference of the members of the U. S. senate foreign relations committee with the president at the White House was not productive of best results. Wall street would like to see the peace treaty disposed of at the earliest possible moment; the sooner it is out of the way the better for business. As to the threats of a strike in the iron and steel industry, the conservative element, which includes the financial interests, is not specially apprehensive. Agitation on the part of the labor leaders has been looked for and that it has increased of late is not surprising. Beginning with the week it was noted that scale buying by influential interests was in progress and its effect was not immediate. Naturally it would not be, as it was accomplished so quietly. All offerings were absorbed and liquidation was taken off well and this was what heartened the bulls more than anything else. At this time the floating stocks are not large and the steady buying on the part of the public for investment, more particularly in small lots, is decreasing this supply. Liquidation during the week was in the main speculative, few large blocks coming out. The fact that holders of real stocks are in no mood to sell is the most encouraging phase of the situation. Investors are buying stocks whenever a favorable opportunity presents itself and are not alarmed at the day to day news. We have had a good reaction from the best prices and while the present news is not encouraging it never is when stocks are on the bottom. We believe advantage should be taken of all drives to get some cheap stocks and not wait until the market has advanced to higher levels, when the news will no doubt then be more favorable.

Cotton—General selling of cotton by the professional element as well as some hedge selling by the south brought about lower prices early in the week, but at the close of the week sentiment seemed to have changed again to the constructive side of the market and all of the

loss was regained. The principal factors that served to unsettle the market were growing labor troubles, agitation against the high cost of living and the weakness in sterling exchange. The latter seemed to carry more weight, especially in view of the pessimistic speech made by Lloyd George, in which he warned British business men of the weak economic conditions of the British empire. The break in sterling exchange would mean that on 30 cent cotton here it would cost England 35 cents per pound. French spinners would have to pay 42 cents per pound and when Germany enters the market the present value of the mark means that they would have to pay 53 cents per pound basis New York without taking into consideration the insurance and freight costs. The English are prepared to take cotton and other necessities, and to pay the extra price which at the present rate of exchange amounts to 14 per cent. Taking these facts into consideration, the trade's interest in exchange is obvious as foreign buying in all commodities had dropped to a point where buyers can not figure on anything but absolute necessities, and an added factor as far as the British are concerned is the fact that factories are short of fuel. Crop reports were slightly more favorable early in the week, but later rain again set in, which means additional complaints as well as fear of insect damage, as the boll weevil is said to increase in damp weather. Already crop experts are calling attention to the poor outlook for the crop and some are estimating the condition at present as low as 61. If the government confirms this low condition, it will undoubtedly mean much higher prices, as it will indicate a very short crop. With the world generally bare of cotton goods and with such a poor outlook for the present crop we believe prices will advance to a much higher level regardless of the present pessimistic outlook.

The nation has to lie upon a new bed, and we must not be surprised if our slumbers are sometimes disturbed.—Earl Curzon.

We have to start at once in the race for the markets of the world. The man who gets off with a bad start is lost.—Col. Sir Rhys Williams.

Friend—Because he can't bear to see us suffer. Tommy (at Red Cross concert)—What's that man got his eyes shut for while he's singing?

One of our army poets, in some satirical verses, writes:

They spell their Kultur with a K.

Perhaps you've heard the wheeze, sir?

The reason is, I've heard folks say,

'Cause British rules the C's, sir.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, FIELDS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christensen L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

COL. CHAS. E. STANTON, D. S. M.

(Continued from Page 5)

oblivious to the shell-fire about them. "Where the boys led, they followed, unafraid," he said. Many were killed. "Some were women?" I inquired. "Yes, women!" he answered with great reverence.

Col. Stanton said that when he retires he may live in Shanghai or Tahiti. The former place he calls the best governed city in the world. Its executive council is an advisory board of accredited foreign consuls. He spoke of the Chinese city as the Paris of the orient where there are all home comforts, Paris fashions, sports, amusements, fine climate, splendid people, and liberty to drink a glass of wine.

"Then, colonel," I asked, "I may say that you are an anti-prohibitionist?" "You bet you may!" was his emphatic answer. "I regard prohibition as a blot upon the escutcheon of our country and I don't drink. Since the war I've been voluntarily upon the water wagon. If our people drink too much whiskey sometimes—then they want to get out and fight; if French drink a bit too much white wine, they only want to kiss you—wine but accentuates their affectionate tendencies. But I never saw a French man or woman drunk in France." Colonel Stanton sometimes dreams of Tahiti as a place of residence, notwithstanding its quietude—for he says he has been a long time a soldier and might like quiet. He praises the Philippines more than any one I've ever heard. Indeed, he called the place a paradise. He said that Mrs. Stanton loves Zamboanga in Mindanao (the largest of the Philippine group) where he served in 1900 and for some subsequent years. The islands, he told me, raise a rice crop sufficient to supply the entire world's population; that an industrious people could cultivate the fertile soil and furnish territory for excess population; I longed to exclaim: "What idiots we would be to present independence to the Filipinos and allow them to sell out to the Japanese! Even supposing that Japan and the United States are the natural guardians of the Pacific, there is no reason whatever for us to be foolishly generous." But governmental topics are tabu when military men are present, I believe; so I'll say it now, when soldiers may merely read this—I hope they will, anyway.

When Col. Stanton retires in a few years, I'm sure there are many San Franciscans who wish that after visiting the Philippines, and Tahiti and China, and maybe Paris again, he will come back to San Francisco where many hearts have a place for him. He was only a baby when his parents settled in Sacramento (his father having been one of the contractors who built the U. P. road). Later, he and his widowed mother came to San Francisco. He attended the Lincoln School and afterwards for five years Santa Clara College—I forget when, but he was a classmate of Downey Harvey. I know the colonel thinks a lot of this city—enough to vote anyway, which is the reason he resides outside the reservation. I will close with his own words, which, together with Gen. Pershing's, were transcribed by the colonel's stenographer (a soldier of the American army), at the tomb of our beloved French brother, Lafayette:

"Never can be forgotten the fidelity, the courage, the loyalty of the women of France, who bore her sons uncomplainingly and gave them up unflinchingly. Their presence here, in the sombre garments that denote their loss of loved ones, should cause the pulse to quicken, the arm to grow stronger while declaring their sacrifices were not made in vain, and they shall not be called upon again to endure them.

At some future time, another genius of your country will compose an anthem which will unite the moving cadences of the Marseillaise and the quickening warmth of the Star-Spangled Banner. This Hosannah will be sung, in martial strain, with glad acclaim by a liberty loving people, the melody rising to a diapason, sinister to tyrants but soothing as a mother's lullaby to a people who cherish honor for itself and their posterity.

America has joined forces with the allied powers and what we have of blood and treasure are yours.

Therefore it is with loving pride we drape the colors in tribute of respect to this citizen of your great Republic, and here and now, in the shadow of the illustrious dead, we pledge our hearts and our honor in carrying this war to a successful issue.

La Fayette, we are here!"

STORY WITHOUT PLOT

(Continued from Page 4)

lirium came to relieve me of responsibility over myself, and I half wished that I might fall on the street stones, to have the pleasant experience of being carried away."

"Ah, and that was in my world, of which I have been proud."

"In your word, sir. But what of it. I for one am glad that it happened. Life becomes painful when you call it a puzzle and exhaust yourself in the explanation. To transform your soul into a toy marble in a toy labyrinth, and stagger hither and thither for the way out—that is the mischief. The only way out is to be glad of what and where you are. There's happiness—to have no desire."

"No desire?"

"Not to wish for anything. Perhaps foolish to you, since your life is a system of attainments. Why eliminate the wish to attain?—you might ask."

"It does appear to me that acquiring the supreme something through marvelous nothing is a paradoxical and joyless ordeal, a roundabout folly."

"Yet it is not. You can not experience the beauties of the null and void until you enter. It is like passing through the gates of the fourth dimension to a view of paradise. There is no entrance to happiness other than the way of negation, the denial of all. You can not peek through the fence, but once within you are where you always longed to be."

"This by not wanting to be anywhere?"

"That it is," said she.

"Is it not hallucination?"

"What if it is? Everything is hallucination. And yet, my dear sir, in the land of no desire, you walk upon true earth, you rest on real chairs, the air is good, and the food is nourishing."

"I think I know what you see there. I think I know."

"It can not be told. The sights are those which are now about you, and yet they are different. Something else becomes visible."

"There are air castles."

"To the clouds."

"Who has not seen them?" He turned his eyes to the ceiling.

"Still better, you behold the clouds themselves. I am a cloud-worshipper. There is no chicanery in the heavens, unlike earth, but among those white or fiery shapes is an ever-changing and eternal peace. The River Styx flows beneath the graves of men, and the clouds pass above the living homes."

"And we walk between. Who can tell of happiness?"

"Why," said she, "only those two that know all there is to be known, the only two that ever do or say anything worth while, the fool and the philosopher. Hark!"

From the hills came the long roar of his train.

"I may see her through the window," she said. Slowly he arose from the bench, and she asked:

"May I say one thing more?"

"I shall always remember it."

"Then, whatever you do, give all your heart, but lose none of it. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said he. "I shall always remember. Good-bye."

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 10265, N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH FLYNN, sometimes known as ELIZABETH SMITH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administratrix of said estate of Elizabeth Flynn, sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the seventeenth day of September, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

All that certain piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Bush street, fifty-five (55) feet distant thereon easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Bush street with the easterly line of Scott street; running thence easterly along said line of Bush street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northerly line of Bush street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 875. Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & De Martini, Room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. Dated: August 25th, 1919.

ANNE McCAFFERTY,

Administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Flynn, sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Administratrix, Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318

Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5

Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1421

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Wilson and Daniels

Fancies of the Fleet

Plumb and His Plan

Stage, Social, Finance

After Dinner Speeches

This Tourist Belongs to Me

Psychology of the Dictaphone

Aspirations of Movie Magnates

Has Lenine Hoaxed the World?

Frank Healy Explores New York

The Overworked Prince of Wales

Nondescript Politics at Washington

An Experiment With Public Opinion

A Governor's Answer to Railroad Labor

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, September 6, 1919

No. 1421

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Nondescript Politics at Washington

This is a year when patriotism requires a supplement to its dictionary. The old phrases and ideals (and some of the older politicians) are out at the elbows. In the new world-wide vision, states have become as counties, and the old timer is pleading state sovereignty for his country. Although former political boundaries have become uncertain, there is still republican party sufficient to demand a non-democratic president for 1921. The republicans are foraging Europe and Asia for the 1920 platform. If the Taft survivors retake Washington by storm of ballots, what will be their foreign policy? Presumably the reverse of the present administration's. The disciples of Mark Hanna having suddenly become virtuous as New England's rockbound coast, would have us beware of Parisian fashions in diplomacy. If you hearken to some of the senators, you will hear that the United States is in honored theory a hermit nation, to be kept uncontaminated by transatlantic high life; that Europe is ramified by the roots of evil; and that George Washington will not rest easy in his tomb unless Uncle Sam return to play in his own back yard. This is the inside out of other years, when the pleasure of the democrats was to ridicule their opponents for apeing European fads, for being too chummy with foreign aristocrats and entering too congenially the confabs of knickerbockered, medal-clicking diplomats. There was a fear among the corn-eating purists that a few famous Americans were slowly and surely sinking into the flames where broad red ribbons are worn diagonally on shirt fronts. It was the republican party that had to answer these charges. Now, Fate having waged a war during the incumbency of a democrat, the republicans found themselves out of power during the most spectacular period

of the nation's history. There was nothing for them to do but join in the shouting with the president. To use a newspaper term, the war broke bad for the republicans. Unto the democrats came the courtesies of kingly magnificence, the pomp and announcement of medieval masters of ceremony. A disciple of Jefferson was abroad, banquetting and potlucking with potentates, and bestowing favors from Piccadilly to Ponte Vecchio. It was no more than natural that the opposing party should heckle and hoot, since hooting is no longer treason. It was natural but imprudent. They are hooting not only at their own past but at their future; for we can not imagine that the G. O. P. gentlemen could ever eliminate their elephantine love of splendor. Their leaders crave the rose-strewn way of the elephant, the gilded panoply and crimson trappings. There is always one faction leaning toward, if not composed of, wealth, and the republicans will ever be that party, unless the present critics of the administration seize the name of the democrats, as happened once before in the annals of our ballot. A repetition of this phenomena is the only way in which Senator Lodge could become an authentic imitator of Andrew Jackson. If Lodge can lead his party to a Jacksonian triumph, Wilson would automatically become a republican, which some people think he already is. Taft has so hinted in his book on the presidents. Until this exchange takes place, we must look upon the republicans as the down-and-outers, and the Wilson party continuing for more than a year, at any rate, smiling and content, aristocratic and hated, censured yet serene, allowing its opponents the luxury of an appeal to the people for moral support.

* * *

A Pig in a Gilded Cage

The pork-barrel senator is supposed to say to his colleague, "You vote for corn for my pigsty and I'll vote for yours." Reliable figures proved that in this way one's own state could be developed at the expense of the country, without the loss of a dollar anywhere. It was profitable statesmanship from a municipal standpoint. This porcine idea can be extended beyond the borders of one's country. We have heard statements to the effect that patriotism at present consists of keeping our flag at home and letting the other nations fight it out among themselves. But other ideals have radiated from the sun of the twentieth century. There are as yet lingering cries

of distress around the world. Some of our anti-mundane senators have seen fit to proclaim that they are neither idealists nor world philanthropists for the purpose of assuaging these tears. They view the international whist party as a defensive, not a friendly game. They say we can win the big prizes by letting the other fellows lead and play into our commercial hands. The peoples of the world are making too great demands upon us. Our own Senator Johnson considers foreign soil a sloppy track and no place for an American's son. As he puts it: "Let's get out of the whole mess and be just plain honest Americans again." Again! That's a sad word in the precipitated ruins of time. Nor is there any need that Americans be plain and honest as they were when Johnson made a livelihood by defending and prosecuting grafters. But why pity Johnson? He is having the time of his life. The foreign relations committee of the senate is having oodles of fun with the peace treaty, and showing the president what a senate is for. Our flag-following constitution has it that the president, "by and with the advice and consent of the senate," shall have power to make treaties. Advice and consent are now being demonstrated from a republican standpoint. George Washington might well have admonished the country to beware entanglements between a president of one party and a senate of the other. As he neglected this, Wilson himself, prior to the last congressional election, pleaded popular support of the administration. The people rejected his advice; and so we have an anomalous condition at the capital: a democratic executive struggling amid the strings and snares of a republican senate. In their zeal to undo what the president has accomplished, the republicans have committed a few inconsistencies. We have men like Senator Henry Cabot Lodge declaring Wilson's world vision an insidious and entangling folly, and at first opportunity they go on record as opposing Japan's grab of Shantung. What is Shantung to us, if we are to refrain from all international debate and prestige? We hear Senators New and Johnson crying, "Give us the good old U. S. A. minding its own business." Wherefore then the present orientation of Hiram's eye, and why does he persist in becoming a League of Nations in his own right while denying the privilege of the president to become entangled? The foreign relations commit-

tee is giving vent to a succession of ill-natured grunts, without defining any general policy for the United States among the victorious nations. It is unfortunate for both parties, and perhaps the country, that republican leaders have not hit on a more consistent attitude with which to commence the campaign of 1920.

★ ★ ★

Lafayette, We Are in Siberia

In this masterpiece of mystification at the capital, no one has appeared to great advantage. The leaders have had their say, without constructing a perfect pedestal for America's honor in world politics. Even the president failed to make clear why he could not induce all the statesmen of Europe to take their lessons from his book. Perhaps he will be more enlightening when he speaks to the people on tour. The arena is gradually being tidied up for a blood-curdling clash of political gladiators. After fifty-two years of republican sway at Washington, broken only by the two terms of Grover Cleveland, Wilson entered to give the democrats their division of the spoils. It then became pathetic to see the republicans as waifs at the bakery window, the cry-babies at the capital, the wishbone party, fervently hoping that Wilson would perpetrate a blunder that would call the democrats back to oblivion. The two main points against him are the Siberian campaign and the Shantung deal. Now, let us assume that the Yankee soldiers are maintained in Russia and other European danger spots until March 4th, 1921, when a republican will ride up Pennsylvania avenue to unpack his trunks in the White House. Would this republican withdraw our troops and refuse to protect the Russians until they are able to protect themselves against the plundering Bolsheviki? Would he take the White House out of European politics and make Uncle Sam renowned as a shrewd Connecticut Yank who conducts his grocery on a spot-cash basis, minds his own business and saves his soul by weekly contributions of ten cents to the heathen? It is not absolutely necessary that we save any soul but our own. Bringing salvation to the Senegambian was once a popular industry. It declined when we found that thousands of white, blacks, yellows and browns were languishing for food rather than New Jerusalem. What has the stay-at-home republican party, many members of which have saved the heathen, to say about the Armenians? Lloyd George remarked that the treaty with Turkey was delayed by Americans who were in doubt whether or not they should protect the Armenians from massacre. We take it that the Christian Armenians have some claim upon humanity, and that all humane principles have some claim upon the United States. Clergymen have taken their note-books

and cameras to that cadaverous realm, and have spoken that unto us, unto everybody, anybody, here, there and everywhere, appertains the duty to rescue those women from the blood lust and passion loot of the Musselman. If we are esthetically content with seeing Turkish atrocities in the moving pictures, and opine that Armenia is a press agent's story, then our conscience need not stir. The Armenians are waiting, less and less numerous month by month. Apparently the democrats are willing to carry out their ideals. If the republicans wish to do something for the world besides sell it our surplus products, now is the time for them to conjure against Wilson something more than his unsuccessful attempt to make the world a garden of idyllic peace.

★ ★ ★

An Experiment With Public Opinion

The railroad strike of last week was too near the fleet festival to be above suspicion. Of late years, union leaders have not scrupled to strike while public necessities were hot. On this occasion the government at Washington also became hot about it, without more delay than was occasioned by flight of the news over the telegraph wires. The railmen, in returning to work, perhaps realized that the more sedate of the brotherhood were not in favor of a confused fleet week. At the present time, railroad matters are in such a muddle that the local strike could not have been calculated to improve the situation. The one attractive opportunity was to throw a scare into San Francisco just as the decorations were going up. There have been labor troubles when public sympathy was with the workers, when wages were low and hours long. The present walk-out was not for such relief. Union officials have been figuring up the salaries of corporation directors, and strikes are nowadays more for the purpose of equalizing the earnings of big and little employees. The merit of this could be discussed without preventing people of the surrounding countries from viewing the grand entry of the cruisers. Neither ourselves nor our guests could look with patience upon this tie-up. If the railroad brotherhoods have become so numerous that they consider themselves the most important part of the public, they seem to be taking (in the light of this convulsive strike) little interest in the glorious events of the nation. Perhaps the railroad men did not care to see the fleet, and wished to discourage others from the frivolous pursuit of staring at battleships when more moral profit might be had in attention to the Labor Day celebration. But the government acted promptly, and the people are evidently satisfied with the result.

Aspirations of Movie Magnates

It might not be thought that the director of a moving picture concern would or could be anything but a pale twinkle amid the flashing omnipotence of movie stars. Yet such is far from the filmy fact. So great is the pride of directors in their work that they have come to a quarrel with exhibitors who withhold from the public the names of those talented persons who have directed a picture, who have photographed it, who have filmatized it, supervised it, stigmatized it (if that be the word) or done anything that makes the picture a super-product of the screen. Many exhibitors came to the conclusion that the spectators do not care a tinker's tiddledewink about such matters; and so the practice has been to take a large, editorial scissors and clip from the reel many of those legends that vibrate with the facts of production. This, declares one director, is unfair to everybody. "You would have no idea," he goes on, "how many people go to a motion picture not only because of the star nor yet so much because of the plot, but because a certain director has directed it." It seems that a great wrong has been done. But if it is as the director says, and the public attends for such reason, then the public already knows who has done the directing, and there is no use taking up further time on the screen; for such titles irritate the eye, being noticeably a shock to the optic nerves. It is the experience of most spectators that the pictures themselves are not as hard on the eyes as are the abrupt presentation of the printed explanations. Most of the pictures are exhibited at no particular time. The people just come and go. Not one person in a hundred enters at the moment when a film begins. In the lobby there is no way of telling whether you will enter in time for the beginning, the denouement, the climax or the fatal moment when all is over but the kissing. This is at the cheaper shows, where less attention is paid to the director by the casual moviegoer. And there is where the director is, on that account, most desirous of foisting his name on the public. Why not paint the producer's name on a sign-post in the foreground of every scene? Then there would be no possibility of its being removed. In some houses, the time gained by cutting the films is utilized for the interpolation of vaudeville performers. These are frequently more troublesome than the titles. As between the two, most of the public would choose reading the directors' tales of how they did it. In fact, a long vaudeville program, of the sort employed by movie houses, is apt to keep some persons away altogether.

Fancies of the Fleet

By Lionel Josaphare

On my own account I would no more tell what I thought of the fleet than publish the dreams of a secret love. But as the suggestion was made from a commanding source, I obey with alacrity and misgiving. The fleet inspires utterance but not such deliberation as one gives to the written word. Not that it is either impossible or indiscreet to expose one's humility before vastly superior forces, but there is a disposition not to put into canny paragraphs a delightful chaos of impressions.

I was in a crowd that included foreigners from all the leagued and unleagued nations of Europe, mingling with the jargon of Chinese, negroes, Japanese, Filipinos—a world upon a hilltop. And I should prefer their comments to anything I could write. I even thought of transcribing them for this page; but then, as some remarks were grotesque as well as sublime, witty as well as patriotic, I desisted. Most readers would be averse to humor based on a battleship.

There is something personal in a big event, otherwise I should not foist my personality upon a festival that makes of the proudest the humblest spectator. There is something personal; yes, something that magnifies our infinitesimal outlook, something that plays incomprehensibly upon the feeble reason for which we live. We behold the earth suddenly decked in honor of things we surmised in sombre days. It is for this that we were born, and for this we labor day by day. Nearer than the everyday world to our everyday soul, are the celebrations of a century. These archangelic holidays are especially fit for the eyes, and alone satisfy our self-esteem. Our daily tasks are a fraud if we can not occasionally give vent to ceremonies like the one on that gray September morn, when a new glory, like a naked woman, bathed in the astonishing waters of our bay. Wedged in the populace, I realized that such occasion makes every man a writer, an observer of seen and unseen images, a worker in figures of speech, and he aches to tell what he sees and feels, comparing it with the fantasies of his memory. It is all quite personal, egoistic, and therefore not so much for careful statisticians as the confessed addict of open-air dreams. He may expand the epithets that his elbowing neighbors crudely planned or oft, while gazing, in utter poetry exclaimed.

Because these days of grandeur are so strange, they merge into a sense of unreality, and we mark in the people a glamour beyond themselves. They speak with a spiritual grace for which there are only a few half-forgotten precedents. In the very air are tidings for which we listen yet can not altogether know in words. So if one capitulates to his imagination and the imaginations around him, he does better than he would with reality. He is obsessed with the meaning rather than the seeing of the spectacle. He becomes extemporaneously different—another person. That new personality is more truthful than the old. Thus, in the passionate reflections of the fleet, one would rather hearken to the celebrated visitor from Mars, or the astounded ghost of Julius Caesar, or even an infant or an idiot, in order to get away from what actually happened (which can only disappoint in its circumstantial evidence), and be nearer to what we meditated, which is all that we can remember.

For weeks I had thought of the fleet, more

impatiently every hour. Yet, when I left the house, last Monday morning, all superb notions were gone. I was in a matter-of-fact mood. Years of newspaper work had struck an average between marvel and commonplace. There was no thrill. Instinct, as I walked along, sought a sentence or two, as introduction to this story of what I might see. As far as I know it is the habit of newspaper men to adjust their feelings in advance. On this occasion, I determined to write from a single standpoint, a single field of vision, because others would be standing and writing ubiquitously, with one foot at the Presidio and the other at the ferry tower, interviewing naval officers on Market street and reading programs at the Civic Center. Thus I tell very little, and apologize much.

About 10:30 o'clock, at the corner of California and Taylor streets, some of the crowd material was being collected by an invisible hand. No doubt the same phenomenon was taking place elsewhere. The street cars went their ways with more crowd than car. Most of the automobiles had departed earlier. Pedestrians were not numerous at the moment. There was the lone sightseer with his cane; the romantic two with their simple expectations; families with and without lunch-bags. And there, too, was the fur-muffled boylet with his tiny flag and a request to ride on daddy's shoulder.

At Taylor street I gazed into the basin of the city, and glanced at Mission Heights; thence walked up the slopes to Vallejo street, amid throngs augmented from all directions. Behind was a rabblous procession making its way to the summit which overlooked bay and city to the north and east. Foggy panorama of Marin shore, Alcatraz, Angel Island, Telegraph Hill, Ferry Tower, intervening skyscrapers and misty distance, half circling the lookout point. In all glimpses of street, a shuffling metropolis was making its way to the high places, escaping the floods of deadly calm in the lower levels. Housetops, public roofs, tower, shed, became pit and galleries to an uncurtained stage. Telegraph Hill, now and then looming like an island in the haze, was a jungle and thicket of human kind. All the higher buildings were colonized. Roundabout and on less advantageous places, the watchers filigreed off to tag-ends and couples in windows and on cornices innumerable. Revealed was the poet's boast of San Francisco sitting on her seven hills. Withal, the poets did not say that a large part of San Francisco would bring newspapers to sit on.

The ships were late, if one could take anybody's word for it. Meanwhile, another fleet, a frail miscellany of colors had come out of the rainbow and sunset sea, floated over the city, rested on the flagpoles, festooned the thoroughfares, and embossed the doorways with signs of welcome. Gold leaf, bunting and tinsel would greet men from the ironclads.

Over the bay came gondolas of the sky. The crowds tightened for the first eye-catching gleam of the flagship, and the New Mexico appeared to us through the screen of a tall eucalyptus. The Ship of State had arrived.

One by one, the battlers named for the states, moved through the northern channels of the bay, coasted Telegraph Hill and reappeared near the ferries, followed by war-defying structures of the navy.

At sunless moon, the siren was heard, and bells. And just then the clouds evaporated. The ships took to brighter currents of the harbor; and in azure solitudes, men whose billows are the blue and silver sky, flew from distance to distance. From faraway fort and passing broadside, the salutes bubbled softly along the beaches; white smoke floated from evercoming craft, and we gazed from the still rumbling summits of the floating shots to the anchorage where the first-comers were not yet placed.

There was no cheering on the hill, but from below the ecstasy of screaming children, and all around that weird singsong of the multitude, like voices of the night, arising we know not where. A thousand minds were attempting to describe what they saw, to translate from fleet to speech what was transpiring before them. The fleet was like a string of gray-white cameos on a gray-green sea. It was like a trail of twilight swans on an enchanted lake; like visible chords of music from a straining demiurge; like a herd of mechanical angels, messengers of peace and trumpeters of war; superdreadnaught pleiads of the deep, pursued by minor constellations to the end.

Then over the seafarers came a broader vision, and great spirits took wing not over turrets and guns of beautiful ships, but over beauty, order, democracy, power, glory, nation, peace, war, the supreme effort of land piercing the watery magnificence. For, solemnizing on this gray, gray senate of the sea, as it swung from the sparkling distance and took session in the nearer shadows, one could not wish to understand it. There was no curiosity for its engines, but a froth of imagination followed the foam-lifting prows. These gray guardians of the greatest ocean gleam with the light of one joy and glow with the fires of another. They are beautiful, yet charged with the vigors of destruction. Serene, they are stored with convulsions and thunders. Peaceful in mission, they can roar with carnage. Decked with the latest fashions of science, they still have the outcroppings of primitive hate. Cold and unemotional on the billows, they are fraught with all the lightnings. In their friendship unto all the races of man, they can turn fiends if an

(Continued on Page 15)

New and Improved Eyeglasses

—something different and better than the old style that you have been wearing—that's what you need
—what you will have if you wear the newest type of invisible double-vision glasses—"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals—made from a single piece of glass. Cost no more than the old style—but far superior.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

The After-Dinner Speech

By Edwin Sanford Martin

A contemporary who discourses from day to day with zest, and often with wisdom, on all topics under the sun, said something the other day about the after-dinner speech. He pointed out how it must not be wholly facetious, nor frivolous, nor silly, nor too long-winded, nor highly exciting, nor over-heavy, nor ultra-argumentative, nor entirely statistical, nor in the least rancorous, but that it may contain some essential thoughts, some strokes of humor, some scraps of knowledge, some bits of fancy, some sound reasons, and a little fat. He guessed that as many as five thousand after-dinner speeches had been made in New York during the season then closed, and recorded that one man had made ten in a single week and three in one evening. He said he had heard a few tip-top after-dinner speeches, but they must have been a few out of many, for he spoke of hearing a considerable variety of others that for stated reasons were not tip-top. He remarked that a good many men had won renown by making clever after-dinner speeches, and mentioned four distinguished New Yorkers among whom the palm for after-dinner discourse was thought to lie.

There is no doubt that the after-dinner speech has grown to be an institution of serious magnitude. Its requisites are recognized to be such as the contemporary quoted has set forth. There are certain particular things that ought to go into it, and a lot of others that ought to be kept out. To combine the requisite ingredients so as to produce the proper flavor, and to serve the whole with felicity and grace, is a matter of such profound dexterity, and so few people ever attain it, that there seem to be reasonable grounds for the belief that the after-dinner speech, unqualified by a special purpose, is, for sober-minded and responsible citizens, little better than a trap. Indeed, there be those who hold that as an institution it is a fetish to which our sacrifices are altogether out of proportion to the returns. For a dinner with a special purpose some premeditated after-dinner talk is doubtless excusable. If we dine in the interests of politics, it is a legitimate part of the plan that some one should talk politics to us, and that we should sit under it. If we dine for charity, some one has a right to talk charity; and so analogously if we dine in the interests of education or trade. But if we merely dine for fun, why should we sit under any one? It would seem to be a needless disparagement of the inward working of any company of gentlemen, that after they had eaten their food it should be necessary to have persons especially deputed to think their thoughts for them. Why do they eat? Why do they drink? Is it merely to fatten them? Is it not that pleasant emotions shall be stirred inside of them, and that their individual tongues shall wag and their souls flow? But whose tongue can wag while Jones or Robinson is standing on his legs making oratory for the company, or whose soul can flow while Smith's psychological expansion is taking up all the space?

It is admitted that when there is really something to be said after dinner it is excusable to say it, but there is no lack of evidence that stated oratory, merely and exclusively for the promotion of digestion, is perilous alike to the gentlemen who undertake it, and to the object

which it is intended to effect. For, as to the speakers, not every ordinary after-dinner talker understands that his function is to say nothing, but merely to talk. Some say something because they know no better; some because they have not the gift of utterance without communication; some from malice prepense because the devil prompts them; and some because they are carried away by the allurements of the opportunity. There is a story about a man in Philadelphia, a physician, who got up at a friendly dinner to talk digestively about nothing at all, when unexpectedly, not being enough on his guard, he let slip an idea. Once it was loose, he could not break away from it. It took possession of him. In a minute or two he was standing on his chair. In a couple of minutes more he was standing on the table, with all the after-dinner sleepers awakened up, and all the company silenced and fixed upon him with their eyes. He made a great speech, the memory of which still survives, but as an after-dinner speech it was a failure, for it stopped digestion short in over forty Philadelphia stomachs, and a dozen worthy gentlemen went to bed that night with dyspepsia.

And besides the risk of saying something, there is always the hazard of saying the wrong kind of nothing. That is a peril to which serious-minded men are particularly exposed, and is the one to which, a year or two ago, Justice Brewer and Justice Brown of the United States Supreme Court fell victims. Justice Brewer, it seems, went to a Yale dinner somewhere during the Christmas holidays, and appreciating, perhaps, the propriety of suiting his discourse to his auditors, he said things, the condemnation of which greatly abounded in the newspapers for some time afterward. So with Justice Brown, who was charged with sacrificing to his after-dinner necessities the sacred dignity of the very bench on which he sat, and with making allusions to his brother judges fraught with reprehensible gaiety. It was not really the fault of these worthy and learned men that they got into such a scrape. The blame belonged to an indiscriminating institution which exacts intellectual skirt-dancing from elephantine intelligences.

Of the personal distress which after-dinner oratory brings on the unaccustomed after-dinner orator, it is hardly necessary to speak. Most

of us know too much about that from personal experience. Between the necessity of saying something and the obligation to say nothing in particular; between the need of drinking enough to be fluent and the importance of not drinking enough to be incoherent; between the obligation to be entertaining and the hazard of being indigestible, it is not surprising that broken rest and an uneaten dinner should be the raw orator's lot. When he has become thoroughly hardened he doesn't mind. But think of the cost of hardening him! It is another case of the hatful of spoiled eyes which bought the oculist his experience.

For all the sorrowful hours which the contemporary American has spent or may live to spend sitting under after-dinner orators who know not what to say nor when to stop, he has himself to blame. The constitution guarantees him a fair chance for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But—

"who would be free
Themselves must strike the blow."

If he insists upon thrusting his neck under the yoke, he must drag the load. If he insist upon toughening the natural tenderness of the budding orator till it is callous to his squirming, he must sit under him to the bitter end. If he begins by sitting courteously under the considerate Smith, if he sits submissively under the judicious Jones, if he sits cheerfully and with manifest approbation under the witty Robinson, he has forged his own gyves, and in due time, victim of an artificial duty, must sit and sit, without remonstrance or revolt, under the inexorable Jenkins, who never has anything to say, and never knows when to sit down. Slavery was not only bad for the slave, but demoralizing for the slave-holder. It is so in some degree with after-dinner speaking. It is a serious responsibility that each of us takes when he sits consentingly under an after-dinner speaker, since we not only weaken our own powers of resistance, but we help on the abnormal toughening of his. Our safety and his lie in the strength of our resolution to nip him in the bud. We should sit on him, not under him. We must crush him while he is still young and tender, that in his age his prolixity may not overwhelm us, nor his ill-advised levity bring reproaches upon himself.

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square

San Francisco, Cal.

The Spectator

Plumb and His Plan

Glenn E. Plumb, attorney for the railroad brothers, is not what might be called a conservative thinker. The most interesting feature of his plan is that it calls upon the government to invest about \$20,000,000,000 as an experiment in keeping railroad employees satisfied with their jobs. The fate of the railroads is not taken into consideration. The little sum which Plumb requests for his clients is about one-twelfth of the country's wealth. As was pointed out by Senator Pomerene of Ohio, the great public was not taken into the confidence of the railroad brotherhoods; and this plan is vaunted as being in the interests of the people. The people have not joined with the brotherhoods. And the reason for this is that the people would have no desire to bond themselves for \$20,000,000,000 in the interests of 2,000,000 men. The chief concern of the latter is to retain all surplus earnings, and let the rest of the community pay the bills of any deficiency. The Plumb plan is a partnership in which one faction is guaranteed all the profits; the other gets all the losses. In the first half of 1919, such losses amounted to \$29,000,000. Plumb's directorate would consist of fifteen men: five to be appointed by the president of the United States, five to represent the officials of the roads, and five to be elected by the employees at large. At the very best, this would place the people at a disadvantage of two to one, should any voting take place wherein all the railroad directors take issue with their twenty-billion-dollar angel. In most cases, though, we should have the classified employees bulldozing the lonely five railroad officials, for the latter seem to be nothing more than a milksop quintet, without capital, without interest, and without reason for being, except as a compliment that would be extended by Plumb to the demolished corporations. When we consider how modest railroad employees have been in their wage demands under the present system, we can predict fairly well what they will do under officers elected by themselves. On the whole, if Plumb had walked into the White House carrying his plan behind him, and without the prestige of representing a strike brigade, he would have been kept under examination. From all accounts he is the violent, boiling-over, Debs-gesticulating type, and his photographs do not belie the charge. Perhaps he would not deny it himself. Physically he is the contrast of Debs, who would look spiritually attenuated beside him. Plumb is thick-set as his plan, bovine of neck and seemingly ready to gore; his eyes have a staring effect; his lips are tightly pressed (when not engaged in denunciation of government methods); even to his close-cropped mustache he betokens the man who is given to angry declamation rather than analysis. Like all of his type, he grows especially aggressive when confronted with arguments of higher executives in the federal government. The postmaster general is one of his special animosities—not Burleson in particular, but any postmaster who happens to be at the head of the department, which he characterizes as a corporation maintained by feudal autocracy. Plumb is also of the opinion that had enlisted men been permitted to elect their officers during the war, we should have had more efficiency on the battlefield. Under the same impression he asks that the railroad employees elect their

higher-ups. All in all his scheme has been described as a kaleidoscope of glaring impossibilities. With each turn of the wheel, another glittering design comes to view, only to tremble and fall in the roll of another; and that would be the fate of his financial efforts with the railroads of the country, until at last, in panic, he would toss aside the twenty-billion toy and desert its engines at the watering tank of public patience.

A Governor's Answer to Railroad Labor

Shortly after the appearance of the Plumb plan of railroad control, Governor Cornwell of West Virginia wrote to the governors of other states, calling attention to the loss in tax receipts which the states would suffer if the Plumb plan were adopted. He estimated the yearly loss for his own state at \$3,000,000. His action was criticized by the officers of certain labor unions at Hunting, W. Va., to whom he thereupon wrote the following letter:

"Charleston, August 11th, 1919.

"Mr. E. Brennan, president.

"Mr. J. H. Williams, secretary,

Federation of Labor Employes,

Huntington, W. Va.

"Gentlemen: Of course I regret that any of my fellow citizens should disagree with, or feel aggrieved with me because of my views upon any public question, but that can not deter me from having and exercising the same freedom of opinion that you have. When you asked for an eight-hour day, I was with you, heart and soul.

"I was then, and am now, in favor of your securing not only a fair, but a liberal wage, but when you ask the farmers and the laborers in other lines of work to go in debt twenty billions of dollars through the medium of the federal government to buy the railroads and give them to you to operate for your benefit and to use as you please, you are making a proposition that is neither sane nor fair.

"To me it is little short of amazing that men possessing the intelligence of the trainmen I meet should be gulled into making such unreasonable and outrageous demands.

"If the people bought the railroads and gave them to you to run for your benefit, telephone and telegraph employes would demand the same thing of those properties. They have as much right to it as you have. Then the coal miners would demand that the mines be purchased and given to them, and they have as much right to make that demand as you have.

"Then the farm laborers, with even better right, would say 'We produced the food you live on—buy the farms and give them to us.' Then we have, not socialism, but chaos. They are trying to run things that way in Russia and we know the result.

"I intend to try to present to the people of the state what this plan means. First, as to the shifting of the burden of taxation, or some four million dollars of it, in West Virginia from the railroads on to the farmers and home owners if the Plumb plan were to go through. It would make Cabell, Wayne, McDowell, Mercer and Mingo counties unable to pay the debt they are creating to build public roads. It would stop road building, building of school houses, and all public improvements.

"I have been a laboring man myself—carried a dinner bucket—for a dollar a day. My labor

now is not regulated by eight, ten or twelve hours, but often sixteen and sometimes eighteen. I am not now and never expect to be a capitalist, but I am an American, not a Bolshevik. I stand for law and order and I am not asking somebody to buy property and give it to me, but want to work and give honest service for every dollar I receive.

"Very truly yours,

"John J. Cornwell,
Governor."

Beg Pardon, This Tourist Belongs to Me

Of all the squabbles that have recently disturbed the north temperate zone, the most edifying is that between the bankers and hotel men for the body and baggage of the tourist. Bankers are now interested in rehabilitating Europe, at a reasonable rate of interest, I presume. The Bankers' Trust Company, which has the odium of maintaining headquarters in that financial slum known as Wall street, has been sending posters to banks for the purpose of stimulating foreign travel, so that Americans can see what they have been fighting for. There is also a little rake-off on travelers' cheques. Arithmetic tells us that the more persons go to Europe the fewer will visit the sublime scenery of the west and middle west, where hotel associations are effervescing with local pride. But arithmetic is wrong here. Travel begets travel, and, the habit once formed, the tourist is likely to take a sudden freak and go anywhere. I am doubtful, though, that the term "tourist" should be applied to all those who go abroad. One might as well be scientific when he calls people names. Railroads award the epithet to second-class passengers. True enough, anybody on a tour is a tourist; but somehow I prefer to think of the genus as one who patronizes interstate commerce, who flushes with scenic patriotism and inspects points of interest and pays high prices that he can

Wanted

AT THE OFFICE OF TOWN TALK

An Advertising Solicitor

Town Talk has a large, high-class circulation in San Francisco and the Bay Cities, and is read to wide extent in other states, Europe and the orient.

Our subscription list reads like a transcript from the Blue Book. News-stand sales attest the popularity of Town Talk with the casual reader.

We have a good proposition for an active advertising man, one who is accustomed to meet leaders of industry, capitalists, men of big business.

In its charm for the reader, Town Talk is second to no paper published east or west. It is a favorite with the intellectual classes, the well to do, the professions and all who are related to public life—people who discriminate and buy. Its educational value and, if we may say it, influence among politicians, among federal, state and municipal officials, and, thereby, its educational force among those who take interest in public affairs, has long been admitted. We have, therefore, always an attractive offer to subscription agents.

88 First Street, San Francisco

not flush or inspect or pay at home; and wouldn't if he could. The genuine tourist is infatuated with machine-made and fragile souvenirs: pin cushions carved of tree bark; slices of local woods with statistics on one side, an oil painting and thermometer on the other; frying pans embossed with the state insignia. These baubles are displayed in the living room at home, and later are consigned to the lower chiffonier drawer; thence to the top shelf of the closet, and from there to the great unknown. This is the way that the tourist broadens his mind, if there be insufficient space in his own town. He spends his money freely, and the combat for his possession is pardonable if not quite justifiable. What is more heart-appealing than the struggle of two hotel runners for the suitcase of a stranger who appears unarmed at the depot of a large city? Some days, a kindly fate distributes the strangers equally among the reception committee; at other times, there are not enough to go round. Public-spirited citizens are usually interested in seeing that travelers are apportioned first to home industry; after that, the surplus may be sent to Europe. There they are called cosmopolitans and globe-trotters. Some trips to Europe are for the purpose of seeing curious and famous people. That is a matter which the local hotel managers forget or ignore. The inhabitants of western cities are carefree, gallant and progressive—not curious; yet they are worth a good look. Why not see the American profiteers first? And yet, why first, as long as the globe-trotters eventually come to this part of the globe? We should not get peevish and advise intelligent persons what to look at and where to spend their money. If you have never been in the Champs Elysees, you don't know the attraction. If, gentlemen, you have been there, how much of America did you see first?

Seven Reasons Why I'm Poor

Cover charges. Hat boys. U. S. railroad administration. The packers. My needy landlord. The tooth paste tax. Henry Ford.

Who's Who With the Authors This Year

Heroes—Aviators. Distinguished Service men. Young district attorneys fighting profiteers. Poor but honest young inventors, authors, etc. Intelligence officers. Second lieutenants.

Villians—M. P's. Bolsheviks. Members of the quartermaster's corps. Slackers. Profiteers. "Top" sergeants. German spies.

Heroines—Canteen workers. Sweet young things. Poor girls from poor families. Rich young girls from rich families. Nurses.

1920—A Dreary Prospect

No more meatless days. No more chorusmenless choruses. No more war drives. No more official communiques. No more wine lists. All the sugar you want. No more "Win the War" clubs. No more draft boards. And no more four-minute speakers.

Has Lenine Hoaxed the Word?

Is Nikolai Lenine a fanatic of Russian liberty or has he all along been afflicted with Napoleonic ideas of grandeur? The question is pertinent to those who view him as the champion of the working classes. Recent events indicate that the master Bolshevik is not altogether sympathetic with Bolshevism. We need not be ashamed that we do not quite understand Bolshevism, when we hear that he and his followers have had a dispute about it. It is not unknown that ambitious leaders make great show of popular feeling at the outset of their

activities, and subsequently lay claim to imperial power. In fact, there are few exceptions to the rule. Along the path of lowly and hazardous beginning, they vaunt such sentiments as appeal to their lowly surroundings, taking impetus from the cheers of the multitude. Lenine, for all practical purposes, is a militarist, and he permits no demands of the workingmen to interfere with military requirements. Workingmen of the world may be interested to learn that the Bolshevik council is opposed to labor strikes. It has manifested its displeasure by executing more than a hundred strikers. Shortly after the outbreak of the revolution, workingmen's committees took charge of the shops, giving way to a laxity that threatened famine and other miseries. Later it was discovered that continued success of the Bolshevik arms depended upon constant production and distribution of necessities. The Supreme Economic Council, the People's Commissary, the Central Executive Council and the National Economic Office have so many branches, technical elections and appointments that even the Russian mind failed to grasp the intricacies thereof; but the Russian mind was made to understand that a certain amount of obedience was demanded by a system of powder and shot. For the most part, the factories are now conducted in a manner familiar to those who have studied capitalistic output. Piece-work and bonuses are the rule in many shops. A minimum production is established, with wage penalties for falling below. Well-known efficiency methods have been recognized by Lenine and his associates to speed production. Circulars have been issued to the effect that the fate of the proletariat is bound up in increased output, and it is for this that decrees have been promulgated that strikes are a disturbance of national welfare and will not be tolerated. It thus appears that the revolution has wheeled around to the point where a strong hand controls the people against self-injury. This is the essential of government, and, accompanied by force, militarism. Lenine at present is a military dictator, provisional or

permanent. Dictatorship is not a permanent institution. Still, some one as drastic may take his place until the machine-gun government finally gives way to the ballot, when the Russians will have patience to await the next election as a remedy for grievances. But this far, we must recognize Lenine for what he is: a supreme controller and not a representative of the people. The soviet government is a military government, and the Russians, on one side or the other, are a military people.

Psychology of the Dictaphone

The use of a dictaphone to trap a New York gambling coterie was not such a clever trick as will appeal to popular sentiment. Whatever be our attitude toward gambling, we are heart and soul with the man who gambles that no one is listening to him when he is privately engaged. The burglar in the walls, the wired ear listening for crime evidence, perhaps from an innocent man, is one of the things that meet no warm reception from the admirer of the twentieth century invention. We had one remarkable case of burglarized privacy in San Francisco, and few persons other than direct Mooney sympathizers were enthusiastic over the result. It is doubtful if even these now believe that they served their purpose by a ruse that, in the abstract, is contrary to the love of fair play, whatever its revelation in any particular case. If there is one remaining sacred right which man cherishes amid the hurly burly of modern life, it is the right of privacy, and so dear is it to us that we will not even deny a criminal its use. Without it, civilization would blow up like a fairy dance beneath the foot of a scientist. A man who conducts himself in an honorable way knows that he is still more or less under the suspicion of his fellow creatures. They suspect that he is no saint. The honorable gentleman himself might supply the evidence, had he a mind to; but he enjoys his good repute on the theory that he does as well as the best. He is on guard against the commonplace, tangible, palpable environment of eyes and ears,

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

and he assumes reasonable security in his business confabs, friendly jests, small talk with his wife, and other personalities. We have an abhorrence of any incursions means that would creep around such confidential relations and give the world the prospect of an investigation, which, after all, might lead to nothing but chagrin on both sides. Imagine the embarrassments if every witness in a case at law, instead of being called to testify, should first be confronted with a rigmarole of what took place in his home for about a month preceding the trial. He might have no interest in the court proceedings, yet a district attorney could presume him possessed of guilty knowledge. The dictaphone records are exposed to courtroom audiences, published in the newspapers as human documents, and the victim is humiliated before his fellows. It gives one a clammy feeling. There are some laws against infringements of privacy, the next one should be an elimination of that Peeping Tom witness, the dictaphone wire.

Is Wilson Booming Daniels for President?

Hard-thinking, hard-boiled and hard-hearted politicians are saying that President Wilson has postponed his trip to the coast for the benefit of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. The idea is that the secretary take all the civil honors that pertain to the fleet week. From all this cannonade and shouting, the secretary is presumably to store up thunder for a presidential boom. I don't know whether the story began on Broadway or Powell Street. When Daniels was in Honolulu he was asked if he would run. Run is the word. With becoming prudence, he answered that any innocuities of that nature should come from the people. He would fulfill any demand that the people make. The inference is that if the sovereign people issue a pronouncement, Josephus will obey with alacrity. Meanwhile, the president remains in the east to receive General Pershing. This is a gracious act, for Pershing is the big gun at the reception, even beside the commander in chief of the army and navy. The president is a more familiar figure in the east, and will not create the stir there that San Francisco would have given him. Here, as we have it, Secretary Daniels received his salutes of nineteen guns, returning seventeen to Admiral Rodman, a clear profit of two guns. Not only that, civilians are making Rodman the lion, and Daniels the pet. The secretary is a man of the people and stands for everything like a good fellow. Good fellow and good mixer. So is Rodman, for that matter, but an admiral is ever likely to have rules and punctilio of his own, so that you never know whether or not you are committing a breach of naval etiquette. Then, too, being the interior in the navy department, Rodman's conduct is largely a matter for higher-ups—the higher-up, Josephus Daniels aforesaid. Recall the speech incident at Coronado where Daniels passed the tip to cut it out. Perhaps Rodman had presidential pre-

works in that speech. Daniels himself suffers no lording over him. He does what he pleases and says what he pleases, and as long as the American eagle is not offended, there isn't a word of official criticism. Daniels has always been on good terms with the eagle, and it would screech for him like a steam siren, should he get the nomination.

The Overworked Prince of Wales

If the Prince of Wales has not helped to make history, he has seen enough historical evidence in Canada to discourage any ambition for adding to the melody. The heir to the British throne is making his way slowly across the dominion, and will go to Vancouver. This would look like a good opportunity to come down the coast and give San Francisco a trial; but in so doing, he would be setting foot on our soil without first saying something to our president, and this would be unprincely manners. Sometime in November, when Edward Albert gets to New York, he will be a very tired prince. With the right parentage, it is easy to be aristocratic or democratic; but combining both is nerve-racking. From what we learn of his travels, the heir apparent's both prince and puppet, as far as personal rights are concerned. In and about Quebec, he attended all sorts of legislative functions, received the homage of dominion leaders, giving and taking speeches in French and English, acknowledging prelates and priests, turning his luncheons and dinners into annals of the empire, telling everybody how meritorious was the day. According to the pace that has been set, he must visit hospitals, pay his respect to princes, praise railways and say a good word for bridges. If there is a historical spot and Quebec is dotted with them, he must come with his retinue and be exceedingly glad or solemn, as the case require. He has placed wreaths on the Montcalm and Wolfe monuments, and expressed devotion to portraits of his ancestors, unveiled statues and perused bronze tablets, spoken to cornerstones and trod new roads. Every municipality with an important ceremony on hand, says, "let the prince do it." If a banquet is on the calendar, they postpone it for his arrival, and let the prince eat it. Not a stalwart young man, he will, when entering the United States, be thankful that a republic's relics are comparatively few. Yet many tasks are awaiting him. In New York he already is wanted to pin about fifty British medals on heroes of the 27th Division, A. E. F., who fought in Flanders. Thus it goes, he really needs a snappy American wife to protect him from the dedication fever.

To Be Shot at the Dawn of Progress

Fulfillment of his wish is hardly for the Berkeley professor who said he would like to be dictator of San Francisco for a while, and reduce expenses one-third. Prof. Thomas R. Reed was formerly city manager of Los Angeles or San Jose, I forget which, at any rate, he cultivated some garden city to its present state of perfection, and was neither shot nor dynamited but allowed to become a respected professor of political science at the University of California. From the ramports of this institution he makes another bid for a place in the wide wide world. He would thereby relinquish, he says, all claims to peace and comfort, become the most hated man in San Francisco, and expect in the end to be shot or blown up. Just why the professor wishes to be blown up is not clear. Life in a university is not always peaceful; perhaps the routine

tells on one's nerves, and anything else would be comparatively welcome. There is no provision in our charter for a dictator, and the professor ought to know it. Now and then a mayor or supervisor attempts to become one in an offhand way, whereupon the competition becomes so keen that it is no use. Abe Ruef was the nearest to dictatorship in recent years. But, alas, he did not make a specialty of running the city on a business basis, as Prof. Reed promises. That is the way it is supposedly run, anyway. Mayor Rolph is a very good business man, we understand; yet Supervisor Schmitz yearns to take the job off his hands. I don't know whether Schmitz considers Ruef a genius or a grafter. However, the budget imbroglio of the last few weeks is enough to indicate that the ambitious supervisor has the professor's idea of slowing the payroll, but makes no mention about being blown up. What we desire is not to screw less but get full value for our outlay. We need a liberal city government negotiating progress.

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS

Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Cafe, on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly favors are presented to our patrons, without competition of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists, between dances. (Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at TECHAU TAVERN

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET

in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15. Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

BEST DRUGS SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS 14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14 SAN FRANCISCO

W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

under honest weights and measures. The impulse to take things apart and put them together at less expense and greater good is inherent in the human race. Omar Khayyam made a quatrain about doing as much for the universe. Omar claimed that he could improve the universe, if given the opportunity, but said naught about saving 33½ per cent of the running expenses. While never given a try-out, he became famous for his offer. If Prof. Reed will put his proposal in versified form, he too may achieve renown. And if Schmitz would set the words to music, no doubt Emmet Hayden would arrange for a performance at the auditorium. While claiming no knowledge of political science, I consider this proposition the best for all concerned.

Parade of the War Women

Despite the interest attaching to the fleet, the War Women Workers' parade on Tuesday attracted all the attention that had been predicted for it. In fact, one might say that the fleet brought the people to the hills and waterfront, and the war women celebrated in the dales of the city. The latter was distinctly a celebration in which the city saw more of itself and its visitors, while on the previous day most of us saw nothing else but the fleet. It was noticeable, though, on Tuesday, that the admirers of the war women were more conspicuous than the noble women themselves. In the line of march were thousands of soldiers, sailors, automobiles of military and naval officials, state and munici-

pal office holders, but not many floats of the fair sex. When the latter did appear, they were roundly cheered by an otherwise not very noisy populace. The publicity of the affair was badly managed by the press; so that the crowds expected a view of the war women themselves, as in the Red Cross parade. This week's outpouring was not of, but in honor of, the war women, and the chivalrous Colonel Mullally had that point ever in mind. He wouldn't permit the fair ones to do a stroke of work, hardly a stroke of riding through the streets. It was all a tribute—a toast. Perhaps only second to the occasion were the boys from the visiting fleet, and remarkable enough, the gallant ones from the flagship were held entitled to the greatest acclamation of the populace. There was little choice, however, among the paraders, each succeeding company being as fine a lot of men as one would ever wish to see or cheer. The marching of these heroes was more than we knew a tribute to the war women, for only the fighters realize what American women have done for American wounded, to say nothing of the other work, at home and abroad. Our generals have frequently told us that only those who were in Europe could comprehend the sacrifices made by these women, and the celebration of their deeds, inspiring as it was, could be but a faint signalization of the magnificent labors that inspired it. Unto Colonel Thornwell Mullally, who aided the patriotic enterprise from the outset and gave to its various details his well known powers of organization, is due the gratitude of all San Franciscans.

Many Visitors at Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern has been thronged with visitors to the city all through the festivities of Fleet Week, for this cafe has a reputation that is national. The jazz orchestra made a hit, of course, and the dance floor was crowded every evening including Sunday. The novelty of the dance favors was a winning feature, the ladies

receiving beautiful Kewpie dolls and the gentlemen large boxes of Melarchrino cigarettes. The show girl revue corps was at its best with a repertoire which included all the latest popular songs.

Amelia Bingham, the actress, tells an anecdote to illustrate the difficulties the capable woman has beside the pretty and frivolous woman when it comes to catching a man:

"I recall the story of the Gerton girls. The four Gerton girls were all good-looking; indeed, the three younger ones were beautiful; while Annie, the oldest, easily made up in capability and horse sense what she lacked in looks.

"A young chap, very eligible, called on the girls frequently, but seemed unable to decide which to marry. So Annie put on her thinking cap, and, one evening when the young chap called, she appeared with her pretty arms bare to the elbow and her hands white with flour.

"Oh, you must excuse my appearance," she said. "I have been working in the kitchen all day. I baked bread and pies and cake this morning, and afterward, as the cook was ill, I prepared dinner."

"Miss Annie, is that so?" said the young man. He looked at her, deeply impressed. Then, after a moment's thought, he said:

"Miss Annie, there is a question I wish to ask you, and your answer will depend much of my life's happiness."

"Yes?" she said, with a blush, and she drew a little nearer. "Yes? What is it?"

"Miss Annie," said the young man, in deep earnest tones, "I am thinking of proposing to your sister Kate—will you make your home with us?"

"Why did Clark resign that railroad presidency?"

"He wanted more money, so he joined a railroad men's union."—Life.

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St.

San Francisco

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Fleet Ball

The long-anticipated Victory ball materialized and passed into social history as a brilliant affair. The uniforms of the navy lent color and dash to the scene, which was a garden of girls—lovely girls in ravishing frocks. There was a riot of refreshing informality. Many dinners preceded the affair. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, still our official hostess of society affairs, presided at a dinner in her Broadway home. Secretary and Mrs. Daniels were the guests of honor. The naval officers at the dinner were Rear Admiral Charles W. Parks, Rear Admiral Josiah S. McKee, Rear Admiral Joseph L. Jayne, Commander Percy Foote, Commander James C. Hilton and Lieutenant-Commander E. H. Williams. Others present were Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, General and Mrs. Hunter Liggett, Mrs. Joseph L. Jayne, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Helm and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin.

After the ball the hotels and cafes were gay with supper parties, as were also the homes of many society people. Miss Mollie Phelan entertained for the distinguished visitors in her Washington street home during the week.

Canteen Hospitality

During the summer when Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale was at her home in Shasta Springs, she organized a Red Cross unit in Dunsmuir. Fleet week she asked permission to invite them to serve at the Ferry Canteen and a most cordial letter came from headquarters inviting Red Cross members from all over the state to participate. Monday morning, twenty ladies from Dunsmuir arrived with pounds of real country cookies and many home-made cakes. The ladies remained two days and assisted in dispensing the canteen's hospitality. On Tuesday, from 7 a. m. until 12:30 at night, the big room was crowded with gobs, resident and visiting. Everything was free and the boys made welcome to remain and make themselves at home. One can gauge the appetites of the young salts by a glance at the quantity of "dainties" consumed: 500 dozen hot buttered rolls, 3,500 pounds "hot dogs," 100 pounds coffee, 50 pounds sugar and countless gallons of ice cream, besides the cakes and cookies galore. Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale is at the head of this popular canteen. She has a large staff of charming assistants. Those on duty Wednesday were Misses Wm. C. Lynch, A. B. Strauss, Wm. S. Sperry, A. P. Bonner, A. W. Scott, Richard Jose, F. W. Stephenson, Sargent, Russell, Sampson, Wade, Hazard, Grigsby, Norman, Clark, Fuller, and Misses Masciormi and Fallon.

Fleet View Receptions

On Monday, a marine view spelled open house in San Francisco. "Any one who wants to see the fleet from our windows, welcome." There were countless luncheons of all degrees of formality, as well as innumerable buffet receptions and there were parties progressing from house to house to see the fleet at anchor from different viewpoints. The roof gardens of the apartment houses in the fashionable districts swarmed with gay onlookers and in many a home, luncheon was succeeded by an all afternoon daint, with later on a big dinner at

home or in one of the down town hotels or cafes. It was San Francisco's day at home.

Party on U. S. S. Boston

Lieutenant and Mrs. Frank Kutz entertained at a delightful party on board the U. S. S. Boston last Wednesday evening in honor of Lieutenant Commander James F. Kutz and Miss Alice Buckingham, whose wedding is to take place early in September. The guests were: Judge and Mrs. Koford, Major and Mrs. Arthur Crist, Miss Alice Buckingham, Lieutenant Commander James F. Kutz, Mr. Charles Kutz.

Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit entertained at an elaborate dinner at her apartment, 840 Powell street, in honor of several officers of the fleet. She and her guests, Misses Rainsworth of Boston, will be entertained aboard the New York on Friday. Mrs. Stephens and the Rainsworth family have many relatives in the navy and an extensive acquaintance among the officers now in port.

William H. Crocker was another host at a dinner dance in the Palm Grill at the Hotel Del Monte in honor of his charming daughter, Miss Helen Crocker. Among the invited guests were Miss Helen Keeney of New York City, Lansing Tevis and Edward Eyre.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary La Boyteaux, Helen Crocker, Marian Baker, Arabella Shworm and Mrs. Jane Selby Hanna are devoted to equestrian diversions during their Del Monte visit.

Misses Eleanor and Claudine Spreckels give promise of the radiant beauty of their mother, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, who, as Nellie Joliffe, was quite the handsomest girl in San Francisco society. We have, in this city, countless pretty girls and handsome women, but a real beauty is as rare as she was in the days of Miss Joliffe's belledom. Though the large Joliffe family of daughters are all very good-looking, none of them approached their sister Nellie in pulchritude.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Handlett and Misses Alice and Lucy Handlett, Messrs. and Misses S. F. B. Morse, Geo. T. Cameron, E. C. La Montagne, Vincent Whitney, Frank V. MacPeak, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Terry were among the many who enjoyed the golf championship games at Del Monte.

Charles E. Maude, who won the first golf tournament staged at Del Monte twenty-four years ago, and Mrs. Maude have been prominent in the social activities during the past week. Mrs. Maude is as brilliant as her mother, Mrs. Clara M. Darling.

Guy Bates Post

The great American actor, Guy Bates Post, will be seen at the Curtin Theatre, beginning Sunday night, September 14th, in "The Masquerader," by John Hunter Booth, and under the management of Richard Walton Pully from all accounts, "The Masquerader" represents Mr. Post's best starring vehicle. "The Masquerader" originally appeared in book form

and was written by Katherine Cecil Thurston. It was one of the most attractive novels of the year and achieved wide popularity. In the dramatic adaptation the same element of suspense is said to have been secured which made the book so successful.

Lieutenant A. C. Kidd, U. S. N., attached to the dreadnaught Idaho, is to be married to Miss Charlotte Melcher of New York City by Dean Gresham of Grace Cathedral in San Francisco on September 15th. Miss Melcher is the daughter of F. O. Melcher, late vice-president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad. The bride-to-be is accompanied across the continent by her mother, and the wedding in San Francisco promises to be a social event of importance.

Herman Oelrichs, Jr., staged one of the largest dinners of the season at the picturesque Del Monte Lodge during fleet week. The table was artistically decorated with pink dahlias, the blossoms lying flat on the table, combined with the greens making a very pretty picture. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent, Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow, Mrs. Robinson Duff, Mrs. Marie Wells-Hanna, M. H. de Young, Martin Taylor and Commander Wm. C. Van Antwerp.

Jack Neville, Vincent Whitney, Frank Kales and Harold Mack took the lead this year in making it possible for six players of the Municipal Links in San Francisco to make the trip to Del Monte this year in order to strive for championship laurels. Sam L. Soulan, Jr., George Ritchie, Milton Curry and Claude and Wilbert Edwards are in the championship.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Guernsey of Stockton entertained Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lindoley, Captain Workman and Commander Venable at Del Monte recently. The Guernseys and Holts have a beautiful home in the Pebble Beach society colony.

At the Cecil

Mrs. B. F. Keith, who has been visiting relatives in Vancouver, B. C., returned Monday to the Cecil, where she makes her home. Mrs. William Franklin Morris has been the incentive for much entertaining during the past week. This attractive woman has many friends among the navy officers and their wives, who have made her the motif for several dinners on the flagship and the U. S. S. Texas. Mr. and Mrs. G. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Turpin and Miss Jeannette Turpin are recent arrivals from Portland. Commander R. P. Edwards, U. S. N., is a guest. Mrs. J. R. Folsom, who has been visiting in Portland, is being greeted by old friends. She returned to the hotel Sunday. Mrs. A. C. Glenhoff of the U. S. navy is being extensively entertained. Miss McFarland of Washington, D. C., will make an indefinite stay.

Experienced man will take a few persons soon to show sights in large eastern cities and Canada. Reasonable rates. Address: Room, 610, Hobart Bldg.—Adv.

Frank Healy Explores New York

By Helen M. Bonnet

Frank Healy, our San Francisco concert impresario, returned a few days ago from New York, whither he wended his annual way to cull flowers of melody to offer at our local shrine of music. The indigenous or transplanted San Franciscan dearly loves a transcontinental pilgrimage with New York as his Mecca; and, judging from Mr. Healy's present jubilant mood, he is no exception to the rule. It was Fleet Day when we met, shortly after he had returned from his welcoming part of the festivities with the K. C's on the bay. He was moved to recall the late welcome home to President Wilson in New York on his return from Europe. Fifth avenue, from 9 a. m., was lined with waiting thousands, though His Excellency was not expected until 1 p. m., but did not arrive until 3:15 p. m. When they saw him the crowd went wild with enthusiasm—the thousands who turned out to see him evidently idolize him. He looked tired and had aged considerably within a year. He appeared very serious, but stood waving his silk hat in response to the cheers along the route. Mr. Healy noticed that the Union League Club's home at 39th street, where the president turned into Fifth avenue, was innocent of decorations in honor of the chief's arrival. While on the subject of political stars, Mr. Healy said that Mayor Rolph of this city has quite a following in New York. In the Hotel Belmont, over whose destinies James Woods, erstwhile of the St. Francis, presides, if one hailed from San Francisco, he was greeted by: "We have met your mayor here," who seemed to have left a beneficent impression all along his route. Even a Belmont barber announced: "I shaved your mayor every day. We want me to get a new song:

"Tony, the wop,
Close up the shop
And go over the top."

Some of Rolph's New York admirers predict for him another term as mayor, then an election to the U. S. senate, and finally a term (or two) in the White House. How much of this propaganda might be due to the friendly enthusiasm of mine host James Woods had not occurred to Mr. Healy. But when Mr. Woods dwelt among us, his influence gave impetus to numberless local ambitions. Mr. Healy said that prohibition has taken all the pep out of New York Italian and French restaurants; that food costs its weight in gold in the fashionable cafes and hotels, but that there is an immense population ready and eager to pay the price. He and Mrs. Healy were present at the wedding supper of Georgio Polacco, whose bride is the beautiful blonde American soprano of the Metropolitan, Miss Edith Mason. After the deposing of Herr Muck, the Boston Symphony offered its conductorship to Polacco, who declined, as he was already under contract to conduct an opera season in Cuba and South America. Fortunio Gallo was recently knighted by the Italian government. At the ceremonies, Dr. A. P. Giannini's speech was a big hit. The doctor has made the East River National Bank a branch of the Bank of Italy here and prosperity is the consequence. Henry Hadley is another recent Benedict, his wife being Inez Barbour, a fine concert soprano. The Hadleys have a wonderful home in Greenwich Village. Hadley made such an impression as guest leader at the Stadium concerts that he has conducted at three subse-

quent concerts. Mme. Alda is to create the leading role in "Cleopatra's Night," Hadley's opera, which will have its premiere at the Metropolitan in January. He is also writing an opera with a Chinese theme for Scotti, who scored as the Chinaman in "L'Oracle." Myrtle Donnelly, the charming young San Francisco soprano who studied two years in New York with the famous teacher, Brady, is now coaching with Mme. Sembrich, who predicts a great future for the young singer. In October, Miss Donnelly will either go to Europe or come to California for a vacation. Other Californians whom Healy found on the big white way were: Frank Bacon of "Lightnin'"; Lillian Lorraine, again the hit of the Midnight Follies and now upon amicable terms with Ziegfeld; Fay Bainter, as the Chinese girl, Ming Toy, the star of "East and West"; E. J. Blunkall, star of "On the State Line"; James Gleason (formerly of the Alcazar) a hit in "Five Million." Mr. Healy could not find a ticket for sale for The Lambs' Gambol, but the wizard Max Hirsch accomplished the impossible in his inimitable way and Healy saw and heard the great show, including George M. Cohan's song, "I'm a Manager Now," the realism of which is now keeping that brilliant person in boiling water, under the A. E. A. fire.

Good news—John McCormack's brother, whom Healy met in New York, has just come over from Ireland and brought with him a lyric tenor voice which John vows is better than his own. James is about twenty-eight, a fine-looking chap, taller than John and perceptibly more slender. Manager McSweeney counsels two years' more study and predicts name and fame for the brother of John, the peerless. The managers whom Healy met in New York agree that the American concert stage owes more to John McCormack than to any singer of the past or present. He has been a potent factor in making musical art a recognized part of American national life and in cultivating the musical taste of the people. At present, the Irish tenor is enjoying a strenuous vacation, putting in hours daily of physical culture with a trainer. Edwin Schneider, his splendid accompanist, is living a more easeful period of relaxation with friends in the Adirondacks, and he probably spends happy hours composing.

Tetrazini will come to San Francisco this season under Healy's management. Jules Daiber, her representative, sails September 5th for London, to conduct the diva to America. Italy holds her high in idolatry, for as Italy's fortunes were at lowest ebb when conquest seemed doubtful, the singer requested a representative to send an envoy to her castle at Legnano, Switzerland. To him, she turned over all her Italian securities and her jewels. She received bonds in acknowledgment. "If my country falls, I shall be satisfied to be impoverished," she declared. But today, the lovely voice rings out as joyously as in the days when she took the music world by storm. Tito Ruffo not only offered his worldly possessions, but went to the front with his countrymen.

Galli-Curci will sing here in May under Healy's management, her only other concert in northern California being at Stanford. Rudolf Ganz is now in France visiting the battlefields; after a rest in his Swiss home he will come for an American tour. Only Hoffman and Rachmaninoff equal him in popularity with

American audiences. The latter's box office success has never been exceeded even by Paderewski in his first tours. The Russian could not be induced to give a San Francisco recital, pleading that he had come to California for a rest; he is inexorable in his resolve not to play here this season. Emmy Destinn and Mary Garden, both Wagner stars, can not come west this season.

Mlle Lazzari, a beautiful contralto, was unknown until May, 1917. She also was a pupil of William Brady, who directed her footsteps to the Metropolitan. She is on Healy's list of attractions, as is Leginska, the pianiste. Clarence Whitehill, adored by our Bohemian Club, is at present under contract for a London "Parsifal" season, and will sing here later under Healy's direction. Bonci, engaged as tenor by the Chicago Opera Company, is considering a western concert tour. The American Syncopated Orchestra of "40 sly and salubrious showmen," under the skillful direction of Will Marion Cook, recognized as the greatest musician of the Ethiopian race, is on the Healy list.

The most interesting part of my talk with Mr. Healy was that in which he said nice things about Will Greenbaum, the late impresario who did so much to cultivate musical taste among our concert goers, and about Doc Leahy of Tivoli fame. Healy and Greenbaum were rival concert managers; yet not only consulted about the dates of their respective imported attractions, but upon more than one occasion exchanged stars, when the mood of the artist seemed to be more in accord with the methods of the manager with whom she (nearly always it was she) had not signed. I rejoiced to hear Mr. Healy pay tribute to the musical discernment and operatic achievements of William H. Leahy. Indeed, Mr. Healy was extravagant in his praise: for he said that Leahy is the greatest impresario in America and that he is convinced that Leahy could do wonders if he had the resources of the Metropolitan Opera House at his command. If you ever knew "Doc" Leahy and saw him in the process of opera building—as director of the mechanism of scene construction, mediator at an orchestral rehearsal, censor of costumes, consultant of disputed stage business, authority upon vocal execution and referee in all questions of artistic temperament, native or foreign (notwithstanding previous conditions of waning popularity as against ambition of budding genius to shine).—well, then only you could appreciate Mr. Healy's admiration for Mr. Leahy as an impresario. Personally, I would be willing to wager a lot of money (if I had it) that Mr. Leahy has a more comprehensive theoretical knowledge of orchestral and operatic musical literature than any director of any musical conservatoire in North or South America. But I will leave Mr. Healy to continue along this line of praise—he was more specific the other day than I could ever be. For Frank Healy exults in the fact that he developed his managerial talents under the critical Leahy eye and boldly claims that the much lauded "new" methods of ultra modern producers were practiced at the Tivoli by Leahy twenty years ago or more.

Frank Healy (when an amateur of the Joseph Grevin Choral) joined the Tivoli road company as understudy to the leading tenor. While

awaiting an opportunity to sing, he acted as business manager. But as the tenor (Teddy Webb) had indestructible health, Healy had to concentrate in the business office, where he anchored. Later on, he conducted the concert and tabloid opera tour of Collamarini; and, with Leahy, accompanied Tetrastini on her sensational eastern tours. After the earthquake, Healy took out the Tivoli company under his

own management for four years, playing east as far as Halifax. He cancelled an engagement with Henry E. Savage to assume the management of the San Francisco Symphony—three years with Hadley conducting and one with Hertz. Since then, Frank Healy has managed concert tours of famous artists for the Pacific coast with great success. Healy is young, very ambitious, and progressive. Not only does he

know the business side of his work, but he has an excellent musical foundation upon which he builds uninterruptedly. As the musical outlook in the west broadens, he will travel with it; and unless I am greatly mistaken, his vision has already set him upon a high place in the managerial world. It is arduous work and the fortune that goes with it is well won. Good luck to him!

The Stage

Miracle Play at the Alcazar

Any play that has at least one thrill for the spinal column is worth while. Few modern dramas essay to go that far. We get a little talk and titter—not to mention gowns; and that is all. In "The Miracle Man" are none of what are technically called gowns, though I did not have to depend upon remarks around me to know that Belle Bennett was charmingly dressed. The miraculous person (Rafael Brunetto) minister's to the aches, pains and morals of a village, way down in Maine. He has a long white hermit beard and hair, and is linen-clad. Unto this goodly character comes a friendly group, bent upon using the healer for their own profit. Walter P. Richardson is the leader of the gang, and does some good acting in a sharp, straight part, crooked though it be from a moral standpoint. Thomas Chatterton appears as "Pale Face Harry," an amorous dope-fiend of gentlemanly persuasion. The hit of the performance is Henry Shumer as "The Flopper." If there be an especial thing that an Alcazar audience enjoys, it is to see one of its favorites in a totally unexpected and grotesque make-up, making remarks that one would never expect a favorite to make. And in this instance we have Henry Shumer, stage director of the company, wheeled about in an invalid's chair, his feet pigeon-toed with pain, his fingers twisted in his lap, his lips and eyes rolling in agony that George M. Cohan put on a comic basis. The trend of The Flopper's intelligence may be appreciated at his astonishment when he heard that the dainty and sedate Jean Oliver was "handy with the needle." His mind, at that part of the ceremony, knew only that needle which cheers as well as inebriates. Belle Bennett assumes the role of a golden-haired adventuress. From her gentle manners, even with a cigarette and slang, one would hardly foresee the adventure upon which she is engaged, and which seeks to make a dupe of "The Patriarch," miracle man, faith healer and beloved of the village. I have been told that this is a drama of which the Christian Scientists approve. And well they might, for it shows us the power of faith against seemingly overwhelming odds. One does not become a Christian Scientist by acknowledging such a thing as faith, which is in the creed of the human race, anyway. Still, there are moments, during the course of The Miracle Man, when the spectator feels that he is becoming a more virtuous person than he was when handing his checks to the ticket-taker. Maybe the influence does not last long. Perhaps when one returns to the other air, the fumes of virtue have already passed away. Nevertheless, little jolts like this to the conscience or the soul, or whatever you call it, may accumulate to some good end. And then, there is that thrill. It is more in the way of the miracle than of theoretic drama. Yet it is there; and what matters how you get a thrill, so long as you get it? In fact, there are two thrills, one from a fraudulent, one from a gen-

uine miracle. And so we may say that the fraudulent is the dramatic one; the other, thrown in for spiritual effect. Al Cunningham and Graham Earl supply the rural simplicity as background to the visiting sharpers. Edna Shaw, as proprietress of the Congress Hotel, successfully undertakes a humor that fits with the scenery. Emily Pinter unfortunately has but a trivial part. Russell Medcraft, Vaughan Morgan and Nate Anderson round out the village cast, and do it well.

—L. J.

The Orpheum's Jolly "Fleet Show"

There is a gay program at the Orpheum this week to entertain the gob. His friendly rivals, the doughboys, rollick through a lively sketch—the very same with which they cheered up their comrades between trench raids. The psychology of the battlefield's imminence is partly responsible for the receptive mood of the theatre audience; the vim, naturalness, and evident enthusiasm of the soldier actors are accountable for the laughs and big applause which the act receives when the curtain falls on the lively heroes. The boys are refreshingly unprofessional, but never gauche. The "girls" in the skit are boys, but free from any realistic or deceptive feminine traits. They are frankly burlesquers of the fair sex and as such "bring down the house." When, at the close of the act, they remove their feminine wigs, they are perfectly good-looking American boys; but, crowned with girly coiffures, their pulchritude is so conspicuously absent—that their audience has to be given time to laugh away the impression. Connie O'Donnell seems to be the leading man; Albert Crawford, uttering strange phraseology and wearing weird vampire frocks and Titian wig of fearful and wonderful arrangement, is the leading "lady." Every boy in the group has an opportunity to exhibit his grotesque stage individuality. This act alone is an afternoon's entertainment in itself even had it not the insinuating appeal of a personnel who have seen actual service in France. Some of the boys were wounded, and others decorated for bravery. "Skeet" Gallagher and Martin have a little time of rapid fire jollity. Lloyd and Christy do an amusing dialogue (mostly on the money question) in fascinating southern accents. La Bernicia, the dainty and lovely young danseuse, floats about in a voluptuous atmosphere as winsomely as a nymph in a Parnassian glade. The Clinton sisters dance themselves into favor, and Marion Harris goes right along syncopating and scintillating, to the joy of her many admirers. Once again the Orpheum powers that be have been given convincing demonstration that a large section of vaudeville admirers can stand a generous offering of good singing numbers. There is, in the present bill, the unusual circumstance of two prima donna acts each "going big"—Marguerite Silva and Estell De Shon, both with beautiful voices, in fetching songs artistically

rendered. They are fine looking women of the robust, Juno type; Mme. Sylva has dark hair and great brown eyes, while Miss De Shon's pretty head glistens like corn in the sunshine. Likewise, Solomon would have been perplexed to find upon his looms raiment more dazzling than these ladies wear for our gratification. There is as logical a place for Mme. Sylva's limpid soprano and another for Miss De Shon's rich contralto on the same vaudeville bill, as there has ever traditionally been in an opera in which is always lacking something essential if one or the other voice is missing. Clay M. Greene is the author of the words of Miss De Shon's nautical number, of which Uda Waldrop composed the music. Enla Howard Nunan is a charming accompanist and her piano solo is received with enthusiasm. The Orpheum pictures of late have not been so entertaining as they might be—for instance, there is nothing particularly edifying in seeing piles of film boxes in process of shipment. Such a sight brings one back with a thud to the hard, practical affairs of everyday life. One likes to leave the variety theatre with a bit of the glamour of the brighter, easier aspect of existence.

—H. M. B.

"Broken Blossoms"—Curran

With the matinee and evening performances of Sunday, September 7th, David Wark Griffith's cinema masterpiece, "Broken Blossoms," will enter upon the third and positively final week of its tremendously successful engagement at the Curran Theatre. Although hundreds are literally turned away at every performance and the production could obviously hold forth for a long time to come, there is no possibility of an extension of the engagement as Guy Bates Post is scheduled to appear at the Curran on Sunday evening, September 14th, in "The Masquerader." Whether it is the direction of simple story of delicate affection of a man for armies in battle scenes, the visualization of pages torn from history, or the delineation of a woman, Griffith is ever the master. He can stagger the brain with his stupendous scenes of slaughter and madness, as he did in "Intolerance"; he can follow the tracings of a child's thoughts with loving touch, as he does in "Broken Blossoms."

San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

That symphony followers have some glorious musical feasts in store during the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which opens Friday, October 10th, in the Curran Theatre, is demonstrated by the list of works to be performed, which has just been issued by Conductor Alfred Hertz. It is a most notable list in its entirety, representing all schools of music. While in New York Hertz secured many scores of standard works and novelties which were unavailable last year because of war conditions. The forthcoming programs will also include works announced for last sea-

son but which were not performed because of the shortening of the season caused by the influenza epidemic. Included in the list of novelties announced by Hertz are many works which have not been performed here before. Among them is scheduled Ernest Bloch's "Poemes Juifs," which is declared to be wider in its appeal than that composer's "Schelomo," through which Hertz served to introduced Bloch to San Francisco music lovers last season. Berlioz' most extraordinary work, his Fantastic Symphony; the Tragic Overture of Brahms, one of that composer's most important accomplishments; and "Samson," recently given with success in New York, are also included. The latter was written by Rubin Goldmark, distinguished American composer. A most interesting number will be six variations on a Russian theme, by six famous Russian composers—Liadov, Rimski-Korsakov, Galzounov, Sokoloff, Artciboucheff and Wihtol. Louis Persinger and Arthur Argicwicz will perform Bach's double concerto. An exceedingly interesting posthumous work by Tschaiakowsky, "The Voyvode," will also be performed.

Following is a complete list of the works to be played at the symphony concerts during the forthcoming season, which have not had place before on the programs of the San Francisco Symphony: Berlioz—Fantastic Symphony; Enesco—Symphony E Flat Major; Balakirew—"Thamar"; Liadow—"Kikimora," "The Enchanted Lake"; Tschaiakowsky—"The Voyvode," "Mozartiana"; Ernest Bloch—"Poemes Juifs"; Ravel—Introduction and Allegro; Debussy—Danse Sacre, Danse Profane, Fetes; Busoni—Symphonic Suite; Rubin Goldmark—"Samson"; Saint-Saens—"Rouet d'Omphale"; Handel—Concerto Grosso B Flat Major; Cesar Franck—Symphonic Intermezzo from "Redemption"; Dupark—"Leonore"; Lully—Ballet Suite; d'Indy—"Summer Day in the Mountains"; Bruneau—"La Belle au Bois Dormant"; Liadow, Rimski-Korsakov, Galzounov, Sokoloff, Artciboucheff, Wihtol—Six Variations on a Russian Theme; Brahms—Tragic Overture; Gretry—Overture, "L'Epreuve Villageoise"; Volkmann—Overture, "Richard III"; d'Albert—Overture, "Gernot"; Bach—Double Concerto; Schumann—Overture, "Genoveva"; Debussy—Petite Suite; Stillman-Kelly—"Aladdin"; Jaernefeld—Prelude and Berceuse; Arensky—Intermezzo; MacDowell—Scotch Poem, Poem Erotic; Liadow—"Tabatiere a musique."

Other works selected for performance by Conductor Hertz are: Cesar Franck—Symphony D Minor; Brahms—Symphonies No. 2 and 4; Beethoven—Symphonies Nos. 4, 5 and 8; Haydn—Symphony "Militaire"; Dvorak—Symphony, "The New World," Overture, "Carneval"; Rachmaninoff—Symphony E Minor; Schubert—Symphony C Major; Kallinikow—Symphony C Minor; Tschaiakowsky—Symphony No. 4; Mozart—Symphony, "Jupiter; Sibelius—"The Swan of Tuonola"; Wagner—Siegfried's Death, from "The Dusk of the Gods," Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Spell, from "The Valkyries"; Schubert—Overture, "Rosamund"; Mozart—Overture, "Magic Flute"; Gluck-Gevaert—Ballet Suite; Rimski-Korsakov—"Sadko"; Bach—Brandenburg Concerto; Mozart—Concerto for Flute and Harp.

Conductor Hertz will shortly announce the compositions to be played at the series of popular concerts. Orchestra rehearsals will begin on September 22nd, on which date the sale of season tickets for the public opens. The sale of season tickets for members of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's maintaining body, is now being conducted at the offices in the Phelan Building.

E. D. Crandall Concert

Club and musical circles are greatly interested in the "concert of appreciation" to be given to Edwin Dunbar Crandall at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Tuesday evening, September 16th, by his friends and associates of the Bohemian, Loring, Athenian-Nile and Orpheus Clubs. For a score of years "Pop" Crandall, as he is affectionately known to his intimates, has directed the Orpheus Club and he has also drilled all of the choruses employed in the plays at Bohemian Grove. To show in what esteem he is held, the Loring and Orpheus Clubs have decided to sing together at this concert, for the very first time, which in itself is an event of remarkable musical interest. Mackenzie Gordon will also come out of retirement and raise his fine tenor voice in behalf of his old friend, and the famous Neapolitan Trio, composed of Gordon, Charley Dickman and William Hopkins, will carol joyously to the accompaniment of their stringed instruments. The best instrumentalists of the Bohemian Club will go to make up the orchestra and Wallace A. Sabin and "Pop" Crandall himself will direct the choral numbers of the evening. The Bohemian Club band will also be in evidence and many surprises are in store for the immense audience which will undoubtedly fill the theatre. Seats will be ready at the stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. in San Francisco and Oakland next Friday.

"Young America" at Alcazar

"Young America," a genuinely human and appealing comedy, will have first San Francisco representation by the flexible New Alcazar Company next week, commencing Sunday afternoon, with a special Admission Day matinee on Tuesday. It is by Fred Ballard, suggested by Pearl Franklin's whimsical "Mrs. Doray" stories, and was accorded enthusiastic welcome in New York and presented at the Astor Theatre and transferred after several months to the Gaiety. Its juvenile reform theme went straight to the hearts of the people, because of its novel treatment, irresistible humor and tender pathos. It deals with that generation who, while the children of today, form the citizens of tomorrow. There is roaring fun and gentle pathos in the play's complications which almost disrupt the neighborhood. Belle Bennett and Walter P. Richardson, Vaughan Morgan, Fred Weiss, Thomas Chatterton, Rafael Brunetto, Orville Caldwell and Emily Pinter, Al Cunningham, Henry Shumer, Edna Shaw, Gertrine Ahrens, Nate Anderson, Billie Glynn and a brood of clever child players are in the cast. To follow, September 14th, is an elaborate production of George Broadhurst's gripping emotional drama, "The Law of the Land," an April shower play of laughter and tensely thrilling melodrama, a blend just now very much to the taste of theatre goers.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be of exceptional merit, novelty and variety. It will be headed by Bessie Clayton, who has achieved fame as a danseuse and who does not entirely depend for success on her toes, for she is the possessor of an inventive brain which is always devising something original and thoroughly in keeping with the highest artistic standards. For her engagement at the Orpheum next week she will present her 1919 Dance Creations, which excell anything in the terpsichorean line ever witnessed in vaudeville. She has secured dancers eminent in their respective lines and she has staged a production beautiful and fascinating. "The Current of Fun" is the appropriate title of an ingenious and novel act which introduces

Madame Burnell, the scientific enigma, who amply demonstrates the new kind of fun which can be evoked from electrical currents. Miss Elfrieda Wynne, the possessor of a beautiful and cultivated soprano voice, will be heard in "Songs of the Day." She will be assisted by Raoul Paniague, a celebrated Guatemalan pianist. Blanche and Jimmie Creighton, a clever and versatile couple, will introduce a funny skit called "Mudtown Vaudeville," in which Jimmie cleverly impersonates a Down East Yankee farmer and Blanche a rosy-cheeked village maiden who asks stupid questions in order that Jimmie may wittily and amusingly reply to them. Tommy Hayden and Carmen Eccelle style their offering "Artistic Oddities." Hayden, recently of the Royal Flying Corps, is an exceptionally clever English comedian, while Miss Eccelle is a violin virtuoso. The Vivians—Harry and Ada—are American sharpshooters with an international reputation. Sutter and Dell are comedy cyclists who perform exceptional trick riding stunts. In their line of work they are peerless. The only holdover in this novel and remarkable bill will be the soldier stars and original chorus in their great musical comedy hit, "Putting It Over," which has proved a tremendous success.

And Gets It

"What's the difference between a socialist and a specialist?"

"A good deal. A socialist wants half of all you possess, and a specialist wants it all."—Life.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE MIRACLE MAN"
The Spoken Play—Not a Picture

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, SEPT. 7
Extra Matinee Admission Day, Tuesday
First Time in San Francisco of the
Delightful Juvenile Court Comedy

"YOUNG AMERICA"

Full of Laughter, Pathos and Humanity

WEEK SEPT. 14—George Broadhurst's "THE LAW OF THE LAND," a Great Emotional Drama.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c
Extra Matinee Admission Day, Tuesday

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL bet STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

BESSIE CLAYTON presents Herself and Those Incomparable Spanish Dancers ELISA & EDUARDO CANSINO in Her 1919 Dance Creations with Musical Comedy's Best Eccentric Dancers, James Clemons, Arthur Gordon, Wilbert Dunn and a Company of Clever Artists; "THE CURRENT OF FUN," Presenting MADAM BURNELL; ELFRIEDA WYNNE, in Songs of the Day, assisted by Prof. Raoul Paniague, Guatemalan Pianist; BLANCHE & JIMMIE CREIGHTON, "Mudtown Vaudeville"; TOMMY HAYDEN & CARMEN ECCELLE, English Character Comedian and Prima Donna Violiniste; THE VIVIANS, Sharpshooters; SUTTER & DELL, "Look Out"; The Soldier-Stars and Original Chorus present "PUTTING IT OVER," a He Musical Comedy. Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY, SEPT. 7
2:30—TWICE DAILY 8:30

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH'S

Orchid Miracle of the Cinema

"BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

Night, 25c to \$1.50. Daily Matinees, 25c to \$1.00.
ALL SEATS RESERVED

NEXT—COM. SUN. EVE., SEPT. 14—GUY BATES
POST in "The Masquerader."

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A number of perplexing problems face Wall street for the present which have had the effect of slowing down speculation and keeping the volume of business under the one million dollar share a day mark. The upward and downward movement of prices has been erratic and apparently without any direct relation to the news from day to day. The market has been almost wholly professional in character, with the daily fluctuations representing the momentary balances between the two factions. The street is waiting for the settlement, or at least for an outline of the policy, with reference to some of the bigger problems which not only this country but the world at large is contending, but in the solution of which we shall have to take an important part. The minor problems, such as the threatened steel strike and numerous labor troubles as well as the weakness in sterling exchange seem to be the present market factors and have an immediate effect on the minds of the traders. There are a number of other problems such as the agitation against the high cost of living, but these might be called secondary problems. The falling exchange rate seems to be uppermost in the minds of the trade and the pessimistic speech made some time ago by Lloyd George, in which he painted such a gloomy picture of Great Britain's future, made a profound impression on this side and was no doubt the principal cause of the decline. If this exchange is allowed to remain at the present discount or even work lower, as a number of our leading bankers are predicting it will, it will mean a big curtailment in our exports of all kinds and might later on produce a very unsatisfactory condition in sales of our manufactured products. This decline in sterling exchange is far-reaching, inasmuch as it will not only affect our exports to England but to France and Italy as well. Our country is a country of surplus production and the clogging of its foreign outlet will result in a congestion on our markets here, unemployment, and a general shock to our social fabric. However, toward the close of the week there was better feeling in exchange circles and some of the recent decline had been recovered and some were of the belief that we had seen the worst and that a steady recovery would now be in order. This had a favorable effect on the market for stocks and a good rally was in progress at the close of the week. Some of the trade are inclined to leave the steels and the railroads alone and confine their trading to the oil and specialties. The oil land decision in favor of the Southern Pacific against the government and the feeling that the Mexican situation was clearing gave the oil stocks a boost and a big bull market in oil shares was predicted.

The oil companies continue to prosper and as yet are not having labor troubles, neither has the high cost of living agitation hurt them. There seems to be a demand for all the oil we can produce at satisfactory prices to the producer, and this class of stocks should be the leaders in a further upturn in the general list when conditions speculatively become more normal.

Cotton—There was not much life to the cotton market the past week and trading was mostly for the local professional account. News was about evenly balanced and there seemed to be no incentive to take either side of the market except for fractional changes. Crop reports were mixed. Some sections of the belt showed an improvement due to more settled weather, while reports from other sections showed further deterioration due to excessive rainfall and boll weevil damage. The general opinion among the crop experts is that the present condition of the growing crop is around 62, which would indicate a crop of around 11,300,000 bales. Exports showed a slight improvement for the week and on the whole the Liverpool market was somewhat higher, but exchange rates did not show any recovery. England must have cotton despite the premium forced on her merchants by the adverse exchange rates. But commercial leaders in the United Kingdom are advising the British trade to buy only such stocks of all kinds as are absolutely needed. So far there has been absolutely no disposition on the part of English business interests to take any steps to stabilize exchange. The rates not only form an effectual barrier against exports to that country, but also to France and Italy, where the premium is even higher. Until this situation is cleared up, the market is not expected to show more than a nominal advance, and if holders in the south should increase their offerings in the way of hedge selling against their coming crop, a lower level of prices can be expected. We are not bearish on the market at this level, but believe it would be just as well for the buyer to wait for more favorable conditions on which to take hold and be ready to take advantage of any decline that might come should exchange rates fall to a lower level.

Mistress—You must really break off that dreadful habit, Norah, of always wanting the last word.

Norah—But how am I to know, ma'am, that you have nothing more to say?

She—What's the trouble between Cleve and his wife? I thought she was the light of his life.

He—Yes, so she was, but she went out too much.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

CEASE SMILING, DEAR

Dum nos fata sinunt, oculos Amore.

—Propertius.

By Ernest Dowson

Cease smiling, dear! a little while be sad,
Here in the silence, under the wan moon;
Sweet are thine eyes, but how can I be glad,
Knowing they change so soon?

For love's sake, dear, be silent! Cover me
In the deep darkness of thy falling hair:
Fear is upon me and the memory
Of what is all men's share.

O could this moment be perpetuate!
Must we grow old, and leaden-eyed and gray,
And taste no more the wild and passionate
Love sorrows of today?

Grown old, and faded, sweet! and past desire,
Let memory die, lest there be too much ruth,
Remembering the old, extinguished fire
Of our divine, lost youth.

O red pomegranate of thy perfect mouth!
My lips' life-fruitage, might I taste and die,
Here in thy garden, where the scented south
Wind chastens agony;

Reap death from thy live lips in one long kiss:
And look my last into thine eyes and rest:
What sweets had life to me sweeter than this
Swift dying on thy breast?

Or, if that may not be, for love's sake, dear!
Keep silence still, and dream that we shall lie,
Red mouth to mouth, entwined, and always hear
The south wind's melody,

Here in thy garden, through the sighing boughs,
Beyond the reach of time and chance and change,
And bitter life and death, and broken vows,
That sadden and estrange.

The Great Salesman of 1492

In the year 1465 Christopher Columbus began his career as a salesman, selling the output of his father's wool-weaving shop in Genoa. Later he entered into partnership with his brother in Lisbon as a chart and map maker. It was while selling charts and maps that he conceived a big idea, the sale of which was to put his name into history. Like most men with an idea that is really worth while, he did not try to develop it in a small way, but made a presentation to his best prospect—the king of Portugal.

Modern masters of salesmanship tell us that there are three steps in a sale—the approach, the presentation, and the appeal. It is evident that Christopher made use of scientific salesmanship four hundred years before the principles were "discovered." He made use of his wife's relatives to secure the approach—his introduction at court. History tells us that his presentation was good and that he offered fact after fact which the king could not dispute. Then he made the appeal that the natives of these distant lands might be converted to the Christian faith. Just as the prospective customer was about to put his name on the dotted line, he decided that he was not in the market and the sale was off.

Christopher was disappointed at the turn-down, but with a salesman's persistency he went after other prospective customers—the king and queen of Spain. Again he made the approach and presentation, and we are told that his appeal made such an impression that he got on the royal pension list to prevent his offering his goods elsewhere. Business was bad at the time and it was six years before the

customers were in a position to make the investment. In the meantime Christopher got impatient and started off with the idea of offering his proposition to others, but he was recalled and the sale was made. That is the reason we are all here today.

Most of us have had the ideas and ambitions, but our trouble has been that we lacked the quality of sticking to it. After getting a turn-down once or twice, we contracted cold feet and came to the conclusion that we lacked sales ability or that our goods were unsalable, or for some other reason or no reason we quit.

FANCIES OF THE FLEET

(Continued from Page 4)

insult be offered to their flag. Reflecting on their blue emblems the blue of heaven, they are practiced to send their foes to the sea bottom. Representing democracy, they yield throughout their fibers to the word of one man. Challenging the eternal pressure of the nations, they seem to be nothing more than the celebration of a moment. Surely a paradoxical coterie of visitors; who come to bless and are yet haunting with the ghosts of their own possibilities.

They are here to enjoy themselves after the mystic manner of the sea. I can not see them plainly. I hold a hand at arm's length, and in the perspective my little finger fills the space between the basket masts of their largest dreadnaught. I barely discern that the men are in blue, capped with white. How many heroisms are locked in the muscles of those men? What unborn reverberations of war are clouding upon those mastheads? What battle-fronting breasts are now jostling for the dance? Ships are but ships. These men are both ships and nation.

We do not always measure ourselves as part of the national expanse. We consider east and west, and they are said to be one. So now we come to know that this benefaction, from its deep keels to its heaven-hearted heralds, is partly from ourselves. We are both giver and receiver; therefore both generous and grateful. As love is a sacrifice, and the best possession is embraced by the act of giving, so the fleet is our surrender and our conquest. We are to take its patriotic food and apply ourselves to its appetite; cherish its powers and become part of its forces; yielding our dusty lives unto its brazen paradise; calling it to our playgrounds and answering its call to judgment.

After all the waiting, they are with us—the admiral, the flagship and the fleet. The union of states is riding our tides. It is only at the shore that men share in all the riches. Half the glory of earth is the fame of its waters.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased—No. 27627
N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAILLE COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the amended application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THIMOS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thimos, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 18th day of September, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open court this 13th day of August, 1919.

GEORGE E. CROTHERS,
Judge of Said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 10265, N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH FLYNN, sometimes known as ELIZABETH SMITH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administratrix of said estate of Elizabeth Flynn, sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the seventeenth day of September, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

All that certain piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Bush street, fifty-five (55) feet distant thereon easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Bush street with the easterly line of Scott street; running thence easterly along said line of Bush street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northerly line of Bush street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 875. Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Gara & De Martini, Room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. Dated: August 25th, 1919.

ANNE McCAFFERTY,
Administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Flynn,
sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased.
O'GARA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



IT IS NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING if you know that your heating troubles for the day are ended by simply touching a handy gas valve. It is not so nice if---but that is another story. The

HALL JUNIOR GAS FLOOR HEATER

is lighted, extinguished, or adjusted to give any desired room temperature by simply touching the handy valve; and because of its flexibility and high efficiency the cost of operation is very small.

The Hall Junior is quite inexpensive and can readily be installed in any home. It is absolutely safe and the fumes can not come in contact with the air of the room.

Your winter-long comfort is worth a postal. Send your name and address TODAY for descriptive literature.

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1422

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 13, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Mexico and Mescal

Pitfalls of Great Men

Stage, Social, Finance

Will the Methodists Dance?

Divorce Not Yet Eradicated

The Sailor's Nom de Guerre

The Show Girl Gives a Show

Carranza's Dopey Government

From Champagne to Raised Bread

Statesmen Saving Their Corkscrews

The Greatness of Woodrow Wilson

Can We Learn From the Bolshevik?

Major Cadwalader Talks of Argonne

Is the World Safe for the White Race?

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, September 13, 1919

No. 1422

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Divorce Not Yet Eradicated

"Something must be done," says Chief Justice Charles W. Hoffman of Cincinnati. The justice refers to the divorce evil, which some people consider no evil at all, especially when it frees one party from another who should never have undergone the delicate operation of marriage. One of the perplexities of popular science is to ascertain those individuals who are temperamentally fit for matrimonial strife. There is evidently a marital as well as a military temperament, and the two are frequently confounded. When both parties are studying to be the top sergeant, the result is poor discipline. Judge Hoffman told the American Institute of Criminology at Boston that there will be 400,000 divorce cases filed this year, and that the aforesaid but uncertain something must be done to save our family life, "which is the greatest civilizing force we have." Undoubtedly marriage was one of the prime factors in civilization. It can be said that the idea of marriage and civilization must have originated at the one moment in the one brain. Both were good ideas, and both have done much for the world. One populated it, and the other did everything else to keep the home fires burning. It now appears, however, that while civilization was busy building skyscrapers and fitting them with sanitary plumbing and inventing airships and wireless telegraphy and all sorts of labor-saving machinery, certain members of the community were getting divorced on the side. There is no proof that the divorcees did not believe in marriage; they merely flouted the importance of that particular one. Most of them take another chance. Thus the fractures in the foundation of society are soon mended, and as easily as a broken heart. Therefore, society does not go to pieces. The temporary fragments readjust themselves, and the

structure is as good as before; better, in fact, because surely married people must learn by experience; so a second attempt is just as likely to be an improvement on the preceding as is a second game of golf. Why not improve one's first and only marriage? Why, one would rather progress in his powers of selection. Nor can we agree with the judge's idea that the divorce courts be an extension of the system by which juvenile courts are managed. Marriage is not a case of juvenile delinquency. Often one of the parties is too, too wise. It is the vanity of judges to lecture the litigants at bar, who dare not talk back. One of the pleasures of the bench is to treat the community as babes and sucklings, chastening them with platitudes and talking to the newspapers through a court proceeding. Judges are paid to interpret the law, and not to give advice. This is a power which they usurp at the point of a sentence for contempt. Thus repartee between the people and the bench has become a lost art since that remote day when an old woman appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. But when a judge off the big chair says that divorce is eating up the profits of civilization, it is time to bet him ten dollars or ten days that he is wrong.

* * *

Awful Effect of Oratory on Orators

The Communist Party deliberations at Chicago were all topsy turvy and vice versa. About seventy-five per cent of the members were suspected of being allied with the forces of law and order. This was treason to Debs. The party is made up of Socialists, Anarchists, Bolsheviks, I. W. W. and a few high-class lunatics. Some of the members, it was discovered in the nick of time, are property owners, and collect rents; others have become addicted to profit-making investments not sanctioned by the dollar-defying elite of the party. The ragtag and bobtail of the Communists have good homes, while the aristocrats of it sleep around watering tanks, in flop houses and peradventure in jail. One would imagine that Rose Pastor Stokes, after acquiring a jail sentence in behalf of I. W. W. propaganda, would be considered one of their star performers; yet she has been ostracized because of her wealth. Victor Berger also was a rip-snorting Socialist, and had the distinction of being convicted of pro-Germanism. He too has not lived up to party ideals, having received cigars from wealthy brewers or

committed equally disloyal acts against sworn paupers of communism. Berger resigned from the national executive committee and declared that all the good he ever got from it was a twenty-year prison sentence. What more did he expect? Consorting with the lower classes for twenty years ought to satisfy any communist. Also out of the party are cast lawyers, physicians, editors and all those who reap a profit from living in a democracy. The communists are bent on a republic based on the Russian model. About seventy-five per cent of the communists have their doubts about the feasibility of it. Hence the lock-out. There will be an absorbing suspense while the majority faction is being hurled into the outer darkness by the violent minority, which has only one vote each but is more powerful in adjectives. Some of these epithets are unendurable to men with a little money in their pockets. If one has a bank account, he does not like to spend it in a criminal trial. With Rose Pastor Stokes, Debs, Berger and others under the law's fist, some of the former higher-ups of the party began reaching around for a little conservatism. Due respect for the place where one has his bed and board showed instinctively in the Socialist Party as soon as it found that the United States is in earnest about anarchy and goes further than breaking up a parade. As these higher-ups have lost their courage and retained their ignominious profits, they have become the lower-downs. The great, rough, gruff, huge bears of the Communist Party are the moneyless, jobless, homeless, fearless and countryless. They are willing to take a chance with Lenine and Trotsky, if the latter gentleman is still doing business, and so we may have the pleasure of seeing the Communist Party gradually becoming smaller, as its more strenuous faction gradually throws the others out of the community.

* * *

Pitfalls of Great Men

Among the many wholesome remarks made by Josephus Daniels was one to the effect that a century has passed since the signing of the armistice—a century in everything save the calendar. The secretary of the navy might have said "the calendar and a few senators;" but he left that to the imagination. These statesmen have not observed that the world is now different from the one that sat figuring how to crush the oncoming Germans. France, Great Britain and the United

States having done the trick, it seems plausible that they should get together and obviate the necessity of going through the whole performance again. For the purpose of making this plain, President Wilson is now touring the country. Just as he was leaving the capital, a few senators were telling one another that they would follow him up and tell the people that a mistake is being made all over the world. It was soon discovered that there was no fund for paying the traveling expenses of such debaters, and they would have to debate on their own money. The president has an annual traveling account of \$25,000, and Representative Newton (a Republican, although of Missouri) thinks that the senators ought to get about \$15,000 for trailing him. This, too, after the sullen coterie had declared that the chief executive was needed at Washington, and should not go out at all. If Washington can afford to keep the president on the wire for about a month, the senators will have to submit to the inevitable. They cannot vote by telegraph, while the president can do most of his work that way. There is no reason why a president should not roam the country, as a mayor the city. With modern methods of travel and communication, the White House might just as well be on wheels. If the constitution follows the flag, there can be no confusion. It will do the constitution good to take an airing across the continent. Wilson has arrived at a point where he cannot be mewed in a Vatican. Other presidents were timid about their travels. When they did get away from Washington, they performed their errand as quickly as they could, and scurried home like the country mouse in the fable. But, as Daniels says, the world has peeled a hundred years off its calendar. If some of the senators have not noticed the change, they may take a tumble into that badly illuminated and uninteresting place known as oblivion.

* * *

Is the World Safe for the White Race?

Sometimes it looks as if the white man's burden were on Senator Phelan's shoulders. He is losing no opportunity to convince the government about every move of the Japanese. Washington is not agitated except when it has the misfortune to be embarrassed; and talking to the Mikado is no easy matter. Britishers say

that the United States is unduly sensitive over everything that pertains to the progress of Japan. But the Britishers are not as curious as Senator Phelan when it comes to peeking under the Japanese umbrella and trying to read the Mikado's thoughts. Aside from California's viewpoint (a close-up comparatively speaking) there is in the controversy something that ought to be interesting to the world at large. This is an old matter. It has been discussed from time to time by thinkers everywhere. When the colored races were less powerful than now, there was talk of the yellow peril. This was mysteriously dropped about the time that Japan gained recognition as one of the great powers. Perhaps the world was bored with the phrase, and the book entitled "Yellow Peril" went out of circulation. A few days ago, a New Zealander, Colonel William E. Collins, said of the Pacific Fleet that it could be regarded as a bulwark of the white race against the yellow. Without paying strict attention to ethnologic distinctions, we can include all the other colors of man under one head. In that classification the white race is outnumbered. Any superiority must be gauged not by numbers but by achievement. But how can one assert that what Japan has done the other colored nations cannot do? How would the Caucasian world figure if there were three Japans? If India and China, with combined populations about seven times that of the United States, should strive for military honors and try conclusions on this side of the Pacific, the United States would have to rely on something more than numbers. This is something the white race has hitherto possessed. In mere "rifle power," the supremacy would be with the other side. When the time comes that the other yellow nations can afford a rifle for every man of fighting age, the bulwark of the white race will have to be stronger than it is now. Admiral Rodman says that it eventually will be, and Senator Phelan is determined that the Japanese be kept on the other side of the bulwark. The uprisal of the yellow races is a long time off; so is the cooling of the sun. But Asia will warm up before the sun cools.

* * *

The Sailor's Nom de Guerre

The war being over, it is a good time

to dispute the appropriateness of the word "gob." Interviews with the officers and men of the fleet do not settle the matter, yet are elucidating for all that. The officers, like Secretary Daniels, do not consider the word respectful to the fine qualities of the sailors, and most of the latter take it with characteristic indifference; their attitude being, "if you think I'm a gob, why, keep on saying so." As with all nicknames, there is a tinge of superiority in the mind of the person using one. If "Brick," "Skinny," "Fatty" and "Pieface" of school days acknowledged no other appellation, they met on their own terms. Familiarity breeds a nickname, and the slight contempt that goes with it should not be offered a stranger, especially such a one who comes to protect us with his life. We may mean no harm; we may be showing our friendliness; yet we draw more than a bit on the amiability of the one who allows us the word. The merit of all nicknames depends upon the phonetic value of the word as well as the actual meaning of it, if any. In the case of gob, the meaning is lost, and the phonetics intimate something undignified. If one will run down the alphabet for words that rhyme with "gob," he will find that most of them have unpleasant associations. The sailors may not have been able to define this phase of the discussion, yet they must instinctively feel it. The British soldier at one time referred to his mate of the sea as "baggies," for his wide trousers. That was more picturesque and less objectionable, having also a foundation in fact. By calling a man a gob we insinuate that he may be a pretty good fellow but does not amount to much after all. Only two classes of men would speak flipantly of a fighting man: those of proven courage and those who have no interest in such honor; in other words, they who hold courage lightly for their familiarity or unfamiliarity with it. "Gob" was a handy word for the headline artist, and the newspapers thus brought about the sobriquet in which civilians might otherwise not have cared to indulge. We should therefore say that "gob" is a delightful word between one sailor and another, when speaking in easy fashion; but the easy-going civilian has not earned the right to use it, and only his better nature will prevent him.

Rondeau

By Ernest Dowson

Ah, Manon, say, why is it we
Are one and all so fain of thee?
Thy rich red beauty demonnaire
In very truth is not more fair,
Than the shy grace and purity

That clothe the maiden maidenly;
Her gray eyes shine more tenderly
And not less bright than thine, her hair,
Ah, Manon, say!
Expound, I pray, the mystery

Why wine-stained lip and languid eye,
And most unsaintly Maenad air,
Should move us more than all the rare
White roses of virginity?
Ah, Manon, say!

Can We Learn From the Bolshevik?

By Lionel Josaphare

Let us imagine that an abnormal and hitherto unknown creature should suddenly emerge from the swamps of Florida. Fancy for the moment an ogre taller than a donkey engine, with a round, exorbitant and wicked-looking head. He subsists on human flesh. He fares intermittently near the Great Lakes, the Valley of the Mississippi, Rocky Mountain passes and the watersheds of California, abducting women and children, and devouring them. Let us also assume that this reeking colossus pretends to be a philosopher; that his umbrageous head is buzzing with dreams, and his crimson jowls move in greedy explanation of his career. And assume, finally, he informs an affrighted audience that he has a message for the world. After these preliminary assumptions, we may assert that an army would seek out and slay the monster, without so much as inquiring what his message might be. For, naturally, we should opine that this inhuman, misshapen protagonist of all that is unholy could not by any possibility have an idea that would be useful to humankind. We do our own thinking, and are getting along.

Now we have a monster at the gates of civilization, and he is quite an ordeal, and his name is Bolshevism. He does not breakfast on human flesh, yet he might as well for all the abominations that are heaped upon him. He rejoices in disorder, loots for a livelihood, kills for a whim of statecraft, and does almost everything that a good citizen does not do. He has the queer qualification that he claims to have a message for the world. The intended recipient rejects all and every part with scorn.

Unlike our lonely giant, Bolshevism is not to be slain at a single blow. He has even enslaved hordes that were sent against him. He has captured some with his weapons, and captivated some with his bombast. Presupposing a mad world, he has endeavored to fascinate it with a more extravagant madness. Unfortunately his is not that lunacy which jumps off a roof or into the bay. It is the mania of revenge, not self destruction. It is an earth-born ailment, not a cloud-gazing hallucination. Unavailing is our attempt to cast the devil out of him by muttering in another direction, hoping that when we return our eyes the hideous object will be gone. He may be growing weak under the strokes of civilized armies; he may wince under the trades of well-meaning statesmen; but he still clutches the sword, still arguing and still communicating with his brotherhoods in other lands.

Since he is there, and will not go of his own accord, it may not be undignified to inquire by what gaudy rhetoric he has worked on the minds of his hearers; by what abysmal arithmetic he has figured on the minds of the lowly. We may be able to conjure him away by learning some of his magic. For if, among his thousand vicious ideas, there be a brilliant one by which he catches the attention of faraway mobs, it behooves us to know what that is. What are his black art and his temptations that speak to ears foreign to his tongue? Fight him with fire, extinguish the heat of his flaming followers; but do not exterminate without first questioning him and ourselves about it. The beast in the blood of every man has an appeal to the judgment of angels. If the appeal be to us, we may learn something to our advantage. If not, then

we are done with it, and our conscience is clear. There are men who say, "I am not a Bolshevik, yet the Bolsheviks have made declarations that I have thought of more than once." Thus far the righteous wrath of other men has not deigned to be curious about the rest of the statement. We do not recognize the soviet government by asking the soviet people what they are crying about. Or, if we do not choose to do that, why not investigate the minds of our own restless (as they have it) people, and ask what the trouble is? For there is a glamour missing from our lives, no doubt about it. The question then is—Has the diabolical Bolshevik discovered a false gem or a vacant spot in the crown jewels of civilization? These red rioters, in their ill-starred way, have been shouting at a black hole in our glory. They tried to fill the void, but they filled it with chaos. If we can understand the difficulty, we may do better. Surely we can give the people (ourselves) more than the Bolsheviks can. We have an abundance of material, and they are impoverishing themselves. In the pursuit of happiness, we are the wealthy snitor.

What is there to be admired in the Russian annihilator? He has shown himself a ready and untiring warrior. The world wants peace. He goes in for slaughter. Bloodshed is repulsive. He is a looter. Who that has a home would not have the home sacred? He has confiscated wealth from the wealthy, peace from the poor, lives from the living, and even attempted to steal honor from the dead.

The Bolshevik has demolished almost every institution that he could lay his hands on. Yet our judgment would be as blind as his malice if we deny the existence of his building plans, drawn to the best of his ferocious and trembling ability. He has not constructed a financial system, although attempting to do so with a printing press. He has not reconstructed society, although aiming that end with a bomb. Yet he must have some intelligence, else he could not have withstood even the haphazard battles of the Allies. Old World statesmen bid us fear the rise of a Bolshevik Napoleon. But more to be feared than a Bonaparte of the steppes would be a Shakespeare of Archangel, a bard of the Volga, or a poet of the Ukraine. If the sceptered peasants of Russia should find and laureate the right man, the world could do no less than toss its own wreath. Strange as it may seem, in the tracks of his pillage, by some freak of his preposterous brain, the Bolshevik has tarried long enough to leave traces of a literary passion. The soviet government, in its hasty establishments, has found time to bedizen the walls of art. These moral paupers are not intellectually poverty-stricken. If no genius be among them, they have nevertheless been appealing to genius; and this was a clever stroke. A ruse, maybe, yet a clever one. Perhaps it was a forethought; perhaps it was because the Russian mind is basically, and even in the basest, artful and artistic. Whatever be the motive or instinct, the game of the fine arts is being played alongside the avenues of destruction.

Here we have the germ of an idea. Men have made a reputation on art; nations have done so; abstract periods of time have done so. Our own government has neglected the opportunity. The czar, in his weak fashion,

but with an empire of resources, did much for the sake of art. As long as a Russian genius said nothing against imperialism, there was no limit to his artistic impulses; and if he added a tribute to the czar, there was no end to emoluments. For a time, all was gorgeous and golden in Russia. But the proletariat considered themselves the goose that laid the golden egg, and they thought that the czar was trying to kill them. Only a goose would lay a golden egg, anyway. If one be so constituted that golden eggs come naturally, there seems to be no way of stopping the phenomenon. Yet these ignorant people were vexed to see the gleaming product placed on sale where they could not get at it. But if corrupt Fate said they must not enjoy the results of production, they could break up the sale of the output. Thereupon they disrupted the shops, interrupted commerce and went ahead to nullify commercialism.

We did not repine when the Russians overthrew their empire; nor grieved deeply when they shot their czar; nor felt a pang at the loss of their commerce; but we did feel a twitch or a thrill, according to our standpoint, when they undid the strings of commercialism. We had thought the feat impossible. So there is a counterpoint melody in the rattle which the terrible infant of a republic is shaking at the world: the knell of commercialism and the chimes of art. The Bolshevik authorities are publishing books, dedicating statues, animating the drama, and going on with the Russian dance. This melodious rattle may have been snipped from the czar's Nihilistic snake, which at least rattled before it struck; and the czar did not like the sound. The hand that brandishes it now is not known as a master musician, and the martial strains are not pleasant to the humane sense of hearing. Yet critics are wondering at the future of an art freed of commercialism.

The United States, in peace time, is a commercial nation. The main body of the people have little to do besides manufacture things and sell them at a profit to one another. What commercialism is, how far it must go, how much profit is required for a country's financial welfare—who can say? What we know is this: merchandizing is not the aspiration of our

(Continued on Page 15)

YOU CAN WEAR THEM.

If you use separate glasses for reading and distance, it is no longer necessary for you to do so since the advent of the newest and most improved type of double vision glasses—"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals. Probably you could not wear the old style bifocals, but "Caltex" are constructed on entirely new principles, enabling you to wear them with comfort and relief. If you are not wearing the invisible "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals, you are not wearing the newest improved double vision glasses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Major Cadwalader Talks of Argonne

By Helen M. Bonnet

When Major Bertram L. Cadwalader was asked the other day to tell us a little about his overseas experiences, he said that he felt that people everywhere had been "fed up" with the impressions of returned soldiers and that his contribution would not add zest to the appetite for a continuation. That is the modest attitude of all men who participated in the great event. But we who remained at home during the conflict are insatiable in our demands for the accounts of the soldiers from all points of view; and while the soldiers still have vivid impressions of the strife in Europe, their narratives are of abounding interest, as they will continue to be as long as the narrators live. Major Cadwalader entered the first officers' training camp at the Presidio as soon as possible for a man of his age, which was one month after our entrance. He passed with the rank of major and then went to Camp Lewis, later going to France with the 363rd infantry. He was a line officer of the 91st division and participated in the battle of the Argonne, of which more anon.

"The Pacific Coast Defense League was a splendid influence for this part of the world," he remarked. "It was responsible for imbuing our remote section of the country with the need for preparation for war. The Preparedness Parade was a potent factor, notwithstanding the disastrous bomb throwing episode accompanying. Col. Thornwall Mullally, who led the parade, at the League's suggestion, organized the Grizzlies and took them over to France, and I saw him a few days after my return, leading up the same route, the procession of victory in honor of woman's participation. We have now the Pacific Fleet, a measure of defense always advocated by the League." Major Cadwalader believes that an immediate need of this country is a military policy based upon the experiences of the late war,—a policy dictated by the technical military advisers of the government; i. e., the General Staff; for, as a nation, we seem to be losing the benefits gained by our war experiences, owing to a pacifist reaction usual after United States wars. "War," said the major, "is a highly specialized and technical art with arms and means constantly changing; so, in time of peace it is essential to keep abreast of the latest developments in warfare. The pursuit of such policy does not mean militarism, but amounts to scientific management of the country's defense." Almost the first evening newspaper which the major saw upon his return to his San Francisco home contained an editorial scoring the officers of the regular U. S. army in Europe for militaristic methods and heedlessness of the men's welfare. He thought the article decidedly ill-advised. The high standard of efficiency required in the regular army was shown by the drastic way in which officers not up to the A. E. F. mark were eliminated. The admirable system of training camps for volunteer officers was initiated and carried out by the regular officers of the U. S. army. The regular army was our nucleus, all we had to build upon, and the superb equipment and achievements of the A. E. F. were the results. There exists, among certain civilian officers who volunteered for the war's duration, a dissatisfaction because their perfectly legitimate military aspirations were not gratified.

For this the coming of the armistice was responsible, not the regular army officers. The whole A. E. F. official family was at the boiling point of patriotism and burning to distinguish themselves individually,—that promotion was not forthcoming was due to peace. From General Pershing down, the regular officers were animated by an aggressive, offensive spirit toward the enemy, a spirit harmonizing with the desires of the enlisted men and volunteer officers.

I was eager to hear about the Argonne battle. The major said that it was a magnificent offensive conception and executed at a moment when a more cautious commander would have hesitated. I inquired if General Pershing alone planned the battle and was told, "General Pershing and General Liggett with their chiefs-of-staff, Generals Harbord and Drumm." The American officers broke the hinge of the German army on the line Montmedy-Charleville-Sedan, which cut the great railroad system in rear of the German lines and was one of the most potent factors in forcing the armistice. From the zone of attack of the 363rd infantry (91st division), attacks of the 79th, 37th, 35th, and 28th could be watched;—lines of skirmishers advancing over bare hills between the main forest of Argonne and the dominating height of Montfaucon with its large ruined village on the summit. The country between the river Meuse and Argonne forest slopes upward gradually to Montfaucon, and is a wonderful panorama viewed from one of the hill-tops. The great American concentration for this battle took place immediately after the Saint Mihiel drive, the Americans marching up by night-stages and taking over the line of trenches from the French. However, a small screen of French troops was left in place to deceive the Germans. Of course I wanted to know if the officers realized that this battle was to be decisive and was told that military policy demands the utmost secrecy, that an officer in the front line troop understands only what is going on to his immediate front. But the men engaged felt this battle to be the supreme test of the American army,—everybody was eager to go and no one doubted the ability of the Americans to break through the German line; but the actual attack was carried out in the most workman-like way. "Of course the men shouted joyously when they saw victory ahead of them?" I asked. A most emphatic "No!" was the answer. "A lack of spectacular features, such as flags and cheers are conspicuous by their absence in the modern battle. The men showed most wonderful élan and dash in attacking trenches and machine-gun nests, through heavy wire entanglements." As to privations, the hardest features were the cold, rainy nights, when the men slept in "fox holes" (dug by themselves), or shell holes, and without covering. The 363rd infantry fought and slept in the open fields for nine days. They had no blankets, overcoats or "slickers" (raincoats). They lived on corned "Willy" (canned corn beef) and hard tack; they had water from the springs, streams and shell holes. Their clothing was not removed all the nine days. Shelling would stop around nine or ten at night, being resumed with great vigor about four. The sight of a hill-side at day-break, with American soldiers crawling stiffly out of their holes for the morning "stand-to" was heart-rending, but spoke volumes for their powers of

resistance. The battle lasted from September 26th to November 11th. The 363rd infantry, after nine days, was relieved by the 32nd division.

Major Cadwalader was a line officer of the 363rd infantry commanding the 1st battalion during the entire engagement. His battalion, I was told upon inquiry, consisted of four rifle companies, one attached machine gun company, an attached Stokes mortar platoon and a detachment with one pound cannon. This battalion had twenty-two officers, of whom five were killed and ten wounded. Capt. Alberson of S. F. and Lieut. Everett Leisure of Berkeley were of the killed. "Wee" Coyle, the most celebrated foot ball player of the north-west was the intelligence officer of the battalion. He was wounded while lying in the same shell hole with Major Cadwalader watching the battle. Lieut. Coyle received the D. S. C. for capturing a German trench with fifty-two prisoners and seven machine guns.

After the armistice, Major Cadwalader was given opportunity of attending courses in international law and jurisprudence for four months in the Sorbonne. As he knows French, Italian and German fluently, besides a little Spanish, he found his linguistic knowledge extremely useful. While in France he studied constantly French institutions and constitutional government. From fourteen to nineteen, the major was a student in a French school near Geneva, Switzerland. He returned to America to a prep school at Laurenceville, N. J., later graduating from Yale, in '98. Since taking his degree at Hastings' Law School, he was associated with Charles F. Hanlon in the practice of law, but is now opening his own offices in the Mills Building.

"Do you believe in the League of 'Notions'?" I asked. Major Cadwalader smiled, said that he had not heard the League called that before and answered non-committedly: "There will be future wars. The country must keep prepared. War with Japan? It is not imminent, but in-

(Continued on Page 15)

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café, on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly favors are presented to our patrons, without competition of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances. (Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

The Greatness of Woodrow Wilson

By Theodore F. Bonnet

In pronouncing certain great men great, one confesses one's soul, since greatness is measured by the means to the most desirable end; the most desirable end to most men at present is social stability, and we should pronounce him the exceptional man who proved his ability to lead us into the promised land. Speaking of greatness, what about Woodrow Wilson? Here is one of the arresting figures of our tumultuous times. Surely he is not conspicuous merely in consequence of the star part Fate has summoned him to play on the palpitant stage of an eventful epoch. His own personality compels attention, his own performances proclaim him that heroic type which appears once in a century, which towers like an oak tree above bramble bushes. True, concerning him there is some diversity of opinion. All men have not the gift of appreciation. To many he has appeared small and narrow, but even such have at times questioned their own vision, and the searcher for truth has had to admit to himself that the President has that definite quality which has characterized those great democrats of every age whose theories have destroyed favorite enthusiasms and moulded a vast society to their will. At least, then, he has the great and exceptional power of will. Assuredly this man has some of the signs of greatness, a most notable one being the secret of equanimity which lies in the conservation of energy. No vain exertion or excitement marks the conduct of Woodrow Wilson. By these the body and mind are weakened. Not to be moved by the conflicting moods of the hour, Mr. Wilson has that philosophic calm which excludes from the balance all the weights that prevent equipoise of intellect and reduce stamina. Neither hating with vigor nor loving with passion, he pursues his exalted purpose steadily, doubling his opportunities by using them. In the beginning of his administration he was accused of being a bad judge of men, but perfect tools

are not essential in every instance; and though Frederick of Prussia was greater than Voltaire, he wrote bad poetry and didn't know it. It is enough to ask ourselves, "Is he a successful agent of social progress?" Surely he is superior to the majority in producing a given result, and he excites our intellectual and ethical admiration by the way in which he got the American people behind him and won the confidence of the world. Once we were afraid he was misleading the nation and that he did not understand the German menace. He spoke, it seemed, like a weak and timid Executive. His words seemed to imply a misapprehension of his duty to mankind. Now we see that he was an astute politician, a master of the game with wit and imagination to understand the European situation and with an eye continually on the public opinion of his own country. It was this opinion wherewith it was important for him to deal, for it was perilous since we were pacifists for our own sake, and it was perplexing by reason of its want of correlation. Always Mr. Wilson, we now see, appreciated better than any of us the vast and widening whirlpool of the Great War into which he feared we were being dragged. Of his sympathy there was no doubt, but we have a big German population, and it was working overtime trying to influence the President. It went so far as to try to force him to violate international law by refusing to sell munitions to the Allies, and all the while there was many a feudal riot in which we had no concern. At no time did Mr. Wilson lose his head. Always he was the Chief Magistrate of all the people, and at the right moment all the people were behind him, pacifists no longer, but genuine Americans. At times some were ashamed of his utterances, but read his utterances now, all of them, including the note of December 10, 1916, in which he urged the belligerent Powers to consider the terms upon which peace might be made and virtually offered his mediation. Read, and it will be found that he spoke with unerring judgment, with the foresight indeed of one who was at once a great statesman and a Man of Destiny. That December note read, in connection with the speech to the Senate containing the startling formula of "Peace without victory," might seem to involve an insoluble riddle; but when note and speech are read together and along with the speech of June 14th, when Mr. Wilson had decided that it was time for Uncle Sam to assert himself, it is clear that the President was uttering himself consistently and sanely. Gradually he arrived at the point where he could speak as an Executive who no longer doubted that he had the united support of the American people. How easy now to perceive the intensity of his conviction from the beginning of his political career! It was as Governor of New Jersey that he first acted on the theory that the American statesman, to be sure he is right before going ahead, must first mould public opinion to his views. Now, in that speech of June 14th, 1917, we hear talking the great playwright and stage manager who has prepared everything for the going up of the curtain.

"The war was begun," he says, "by the military masters of Germany who have proved themselves to be also the masters of Austria-Hungary. Their purpose has been long avowed. The statesmen of other countries to whom that

purpose was incredible, paid little attention and regarded what the German professors expounded in their classrooms and the German writers set forth to the world as the goal of German policy, as rather the dream of minds detached from practical affairs and the preposterous private conception of Germany's destiny than the actual plans of responsible rulers. But the rulers of Germany knew all the while what concrete plans, what well-advanced intrigues lay at the back of what professors and writers were saying, and were glad to go forward unmolested filling the thrones of the Balkan states with princes, putting German officers at the service of Turkey, developing plans of sedition and rebellion in India and Egypt and setting their fires in Persia."

The President went on, as he has been going on ever since, consistently with the statesman-like purpose of moulding public opinion to his will. He was the first to perceive the importance of going over the heads of the German rulers, and now, with revolts in Germany, we see that even the Germans have come to appreciate his wisdom. At first he was laughed at by the junkers of Germany, who figured that the dupes of the military power were inaccessible to foreign appeal. Revolt everywhere now is making them serious. Revolution in Germany, once thought impossible has been achieved, and the densest Britisher in England, who once thought it absurd to differentiate the German people from the boorish boss of German politics, is now applauding Woodrow Wilson. Surely this college professor has not studied history in vain. Surely there is the rare quality of greatness in the President of the United States. Call him narrow, if you will, but it may be well to reflect that the intellectual stream flows strongly when it is confined in a narrow channel. And after all the main thing to do is the proof of greatness when done. Nothing much else matters. And after all, greatness is what the times call for. Abate prejudice, for anyway the man we dislike may incur our obligation.

The mean man with the little thing to do
Sees it and does it.

The great man with the great end to pursue
Dies ere he knows it.

Wanted

AT THE OFFICE OF TOWN TALK An Advertising Solicitor

Town Talk has a large, high-class circulation in San Francisco and the Bay Cities, and is read to wide extent in other states, Europe and the orient.

Our subscription list reads like a transcript from the Blue Book. News-stand sales attest the popularity of Town Talk with the casual reader.

We have a good proposition for an active advertising man, one who is accustomed to meet leaders of industry, capitalists, men of big business.

In its charm for the reader, Town Talk is second to no paper published east or west. It is a favorite with the intellectual classes, the well to do, the professions and all who are related to public life—people who discriminate and buy. Its educational value and, if we may say it, influence among politicians, among federal, state and municipal officials, and, thereby, its educational force among those who take interest in public affairs, has long been admitted. We have, therefore, always an attractive offer to subscription agents.

88 First Street, San Francisco

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

The Spectator

Will the Methodists Dance?

This being an age wherein everybody tries to influence the other fellows, dancing masters think that they can reform the Methodists. Briefly stated, the American National Association of Masters of Dancing has passed resolutions directed at the next general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and advising that the congregation be permitted to revel in a terpsichorean way. The dancers met at New York, and their position, further detailed, is as follows: they stand primarily for dancing that is in accord with decency, and which could not come under criticism of the police; they pledge themselves to maintain (as far as possible) the standard of their profession, and to decry all jazz and other music that tends to degrade, voluptuize, tingle, tickle or sensualize the movements or the participants of the dance; they believe in dancing as an art; they consider the ban on art (dancing) an anachronism; they believe that the greatest evil to the dance was intoxication, and that such danger has been removed, dry dancing being o. k. and wet dancing n. g. So they request the Methodist Episcopal Church at its next conference in Des Moines to reconsider the objections. Upon which the masters of poetic motion engage to endeavor to keep to a high plane where neither the church nor the state could find fault. This looks good on the face of it; but beyond that we find that these heel-and-toe gentlemen were powerless to keep their special form of amusement free from bacchanalian tremors of the flesh. Even bacchanalia without Bacchus, as one might call the wineless dance, is not without its world, flesh and the devil. Prohibition may yet apply to music; but until that time there will be intoxicating melodies. If the resolutions promise to clear from the path all jazz music and jazz quivers, jazz kicks, wiles, winks and smiles, and jazz hugging to boot, they undertake something that is beyond the power of man or chaperon. It is an odd predicament. For here we have a large and pious percentage of the people set against a custom that has been enjoyed by others from time immemorial. If the Methodists had cast their lot with dancing from the outset, there might be less jazz now—if only a little less. Jazz music is a warwhoop, from a savage whooperup at that. And, though the war is over, the joy war still continues. This armistice in favor of the Methodists is a very delicate matter. The Methodists may see fit to remove the ban. But honestly, who could promise that the terms can be complied with? As far as that is concerned, people of one mind worship in one church; they might also dance in one hall; and thus everybody be satisfied.

From Champagne to Raised Bread

He must be hiding his head in shame who first said that men would prove more thankful than women for prohibition, because the masculine mind would be better able to see through woman's wiles and woman's rouge. And he advised women to pay less attention to colorful makeup so that men could see the lips and cheeks which they had been worshipping, and be disillusioned once for all, and the art of homemade bread come again to its own. Presumably the moral critic dwelt in the hills of Vermont, psychologically if not actually; yet his

idea was taken up by many a newspaper scribe, who essayed predictions of what would happen when society should no longer take inspiration from the sparkling glass. Any crusade against the lipstick and powder puff would be futile, if led in the interests of bread-baking or the old-time batch of cookies or similar aids to comfort. When the nation sobered up, so to speak, there was no general recognition that women were different from what they had been. There may have been isolated cases of mistaken identity where men had been supposedly courting a Venus; but that could have happened any Monday morning under the old system. Of course, even married women who rouge have succeeded in evading any surprise attack by which they are found in their natural complexion. Not that they deny the artistic touches, but some of them dislike to make an appearance in monochrome. Some schools of facial art were so pretentious that even an intoxicated admirer could not fail to notice; but even the sober suitor has not learned anything, nor is there evidence that he wishes to learn. Woman remains the mystery that she was in Kansas and California. If prohibition has had anything to do with it, the time is not yet ripe for judgment. Those couples who seek the tropical fruits rather than the plain apples of life and love, may still be in possession of the nectar. Neither all the countries of the world nor all the characters in it could be crowded into the north temperate zone. The liquid material for following the equator and leading a torrid life, is fast ebbing away. Some of the glitter is gone from the gay places; but the vistas of hope are still radiant. One who knew the world at its wordliest can hardly believe that the festivity is quenched forever. The silver lining to the cloud may yet be manufactured into wrapping for champagne corks. There are several indications that some of the congressmen who voted for prohibition are not as sure about their position as they were when they pledged themselves to the teetotalers.

Statesmen Saving Their Corkscrews

Amid all this talk about victory, peace and leagues, the people feel that they would like to drink to the glory of something or other—give a toast. To paraphrase an old proverb for the thousandth purpose, peace begins at home. It may be urged that in some homes there has been more peace since there has been less or no beer. But in others, the head of the house pauses before his fine array of crystal, and he wonders how he can find out which of his representatives in congress were responsible for the disaster. As soon as prohibition was out of the way—as they thought—our congressmen became quite fussy and eloquent over any old thing. Their excitement was ascribed to the peace terms and the next election, important items in their way, but not the whole bill of fare. Astute observers took occasion to remark that the congressmen, like little children, having done something which they knew they ought not have done, became violently interested in another direction, so as to distract the attention of their people. Those representatives who all along were known to be against liquor, have nothing to conceal; and they are no longer conspicuous. But those who were supposedly acting in behalf of pleasure-loving communities (who too are worthy of representation) and

then surreptitiously went over to the grenadine faction, have a few explanations to make. When the time comes that these statesmen go on the stump for re-election, they may be stumped for an answer. Somebody will ask how they voted on the prohibition bill. And it will come to pass that a number of Washington habitués, who consider themselves necessary to the nation, will be relegated to places where they can get all the homemade bread they want. If these orators will carry their vote to a logical conclusion, and tell the people how to improve their spare time, some practical advantage may result. But man has ever associated his physical thirst and his thirst for an ideal, so will hardly relish the suggestion that the men folk spend their leisure with good books, and the women in the goodly kneading of dough, as their grandparents did. Paint and powder will wear off quickly in kitchen duties. The old-timer likes to see his girls powdered with flower and painted with the makings of jelly-cake. Prohibition was a sop to that sort of citizen. Your congressman is suffering as well as you. As to his notions of the future, you might write and ask him if it be true that he has not thrown away his corkscrew nor filled the old flask with arnica.

Mexico and Mescal

A secret service man has reported that a large percentage of Carranza's army and the bandits at large are dope fiends. They smoke, he says, mariguana, a derivant of the loco weed, its effect being similar to that of hashesh, which they also use. Others among them are addicted to the better known mescal. Mescal and hashesh are not frequently mentioned in accounts of American drug addicts, there being no general supply here. Experts declare that

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

these two narcotics are even more fantastic than cocaine, morphine or opium in their operation upon the brain. Reference to a medical magazine of 1897 finds the narrative of a physician who experimented with the Mexican mescal. He sat at his window on a summer afternoon. Before him flitted hundreds of butterflies, iridescent of wing, some gleaming with a light that was neither here nor there, some heavy and somber-winged, and some larger than he, even in his befuddled state, deemed necessary. He took up a pen to make note of what was going on, but could not write. He groped for a pencil, and found it easier to manipulate. As he wrote, the paper became suffused with a soft, golden radiance, merging to pink at the edges. His hands were as luminous bronze, the finger nails gold and mother-of-pearl. He thought he wrote pages, but, on coming to, there was less than a score of words, most of them illegible. Another physician experimented with hasheesh. He sent a message to a fellow practitioner, and then took a large dose of the drug. The first sensation was one of strange excitement. All fatigue was gone. A joyous mood possessed him. One bizarre idea after another crossed his mind, and presently these changed from the subjective to the objective, ostensibly, greeting his eyes with a series of visions. They were marvelously beautiful, grotesque, seductive, threatening. Then his brain seemed to operate with two distinct functions, one urging him to absurd performances, the other advising restraint. Ever and anon he recalled that he had sent for medical aid, and this was his only connection with the world of reality. These lucid intervals each in turn became overwhelmed with chaotic dreams. A concourse of animals exotically hued and a procession of entrancing women entered and departed, now in solemn stride, now ludicrously rolling. There was an impulse to mingle with his charmers, and then a horror of their entreaties. He remembered the physician again and tried to collect his thoughts. Finding his watch, he endeavored to follow the course of the second hand, but the task was hopeless. Each effort to trace the passing time drew him to an eternity. At that, the exertion seemed to work upon gloomier forces of the imagination; the visions became more terrible, more animalistic. Huge beasts of prehistoric visage and even fabulous outline came to him. He fancied himself crawling toward a black abyss, from which his friend suddenly appeared, just as the sufferer was relinquishing himself to a sense of impending death. For hours he lay exhausted, and on the following day experienced all the symptoms of recovery from a long debauch.

Carranza's Dopey Government

The secret agent above referred to is Dr. Paul Bernardo Altendorf, a Pole, who journeyed through Mexico for four years as a German, his excuse being that only the Germans are safe there. Altendorf's story was given to the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, after he had made report to the Military Intelligence Department. He traveled mainly afoot, but took advantage of all casual opportunities, and at one time was a colonel in Carranza's army, which, he says, is hardly to be distinguished from the bandits. Furthermore, this observer found the Mexican government a joke where it was not criminal, the slogan of all being plunder. The bandits (or rebels) are not less than 100,000, and these are divided in bands numbering from fifty to five thousand, under about forty known leaders, who usually keep to territory assigned or

tacitly awarded them. There are also many smaller groups, owning no allegiance to the chiefs, except when they desire protection, whereupon some provision for them is made. The most important part of the tale is that about half the bandits are lined with the rebel chiefs or government forces, as occasion requires. This has been charged before, but not with the same circumstantial detail. The government troops, under their own colors, also rob and kill for a livelihood, says the informant, and the larger income of the colonels and majors is maintained by robbery. Another assertion is that Mexico is practically a ruined realm, all the big institutions, as factories and railroads, being reduced to the lowest state of efficiency. This is not the testimony of all observers, some of whom think that Carranza has modeled his official character on Roosevelt and in some ways has gone further. The Mexican president has devoted himself to the elevation of the peon in agricultural pursuits, has originated many laws for the benefit of the working classes, especially women, and given the wealthier people all the luxuries that the Latin temperament demands. I do not go to a decision between the Altendorf document and others. But in fairness to a country which we do not know throughout, it must be said that the record of this traveler is extremely pessimistic, and does not give the reader much evidence of life in the more populous and wealthier cities. It must also be remembered that Carranza is popular at home, and that affairs down there are acceptable to many who do not live by crime, both in the municipal and rural districts. No country could exist under the conditions that all the fault-finders find in Mexico. Millions of people must be engaged in industries that are not even incidentally augmented by money nicked from the wallets of American paymasters in the oil regions. However, the proportion of good and evil in that perturbed republic is not for the distant commentator to appraise.

Roy Carruthers of New York

Roy Carruthers, who arrived from New York several days ago, has been spending as much of his vacation in San Francisco as his friends in other coast cities would let him, and a happier home comer it would be difficult to find. An army of friends have been looking him up at the Palace, which he managed so successfully before migrating to New York to direct the destinies of the Pennsylvania, the largest hotel in the world. This hostelry, located on Seventh Avenue, between 32nd and 33rd streets, occupies a ground space of 200 by 600 feet. It is 22 stories above ground and 5 below, has 2200 rooms with baths and employs 2002 employees. Last week it housed 3112 guests and its tariff for rooms is from \$3.50 to \$30 per day. Mr. Carruthers' contract to preside over this caravansary is for four years, but his face is already set toward the west. He declares very emphatically, with as much vigor as his soft, southern drawl will permit, "I'm coming back here,—this is where I want to live." Before Mr. Carruthers left San Francisco, he wore his clothes with such an air of distinction, that when he appeared in an assemblage of other San Francisco men, he looked as if he had just arrived from New York; and now that he really has, he lives up to the part. For Mr. Carruthers has remained brilliantly thin, either by inspiration or as a result of managing acres of hotel. En passant, it is no disparagement to say that San Francisco men do not wear their clothes with such an air of elegance as the New

Yorker. It is not their fault, poor dears! because they are really finer looking fellows than the New Yorkers; but frankly, New York tailors have a great deal more style than ours. When our men outfit themselves at smart New York shops, they eclipse the residents of the metropolis. But Roy Carruthers always managed to look as stylish as Dudley Field Malone,—even when he dwelt on the edge of the Pacific Ocean as boniface of the historic Cliff House. Mr. Carruthers is enjoying the society of his only child, a son of fourteen, who is a student at Hitchcock's Academy, San Rafael.

A Devoted Father

A few years ago, Carruthers fils lived in the east with his grandparents. His father, always devoted to him, sent for him to come out for a visit and promptly started upon a motor tour with the boy and his grandfather, who accompanied him. One evening at Del Monte, Roy's critical eyes were riveted upon the boy's unhappy expression while in the process of eating a delicious morsel of duck. Father-like, he said: "Why do you make such extraordinary faces when eating meat?—you make me nervous," and then dismissed the matter from his mind, doubtless remembering that all small boys depart, whenever possible, from the way they should go in the accepted line of table manners. (Except King Alfonso of Spain who, when aged ten, conveyed his food on many occasions to his mouth with his royal fingers, whereupon he was admonished by his duenna that kings do not eat with their fingers. "But this king does," he declared). Roy's boy, not being royal, resorted to different tactics. For breakfast, he ordered chocolate and ice cream; lunch, soup and ice cream; dinner, soup and ice cream, vowing he preferred such viands to anything else. This menu upset Roy more than the boy's meat masticating expression, but he considerably refrained from further comment. Shortly before their departure he took the grandfather into his confidence and urged him to induce the boy to eat more substantial food. "O, that's all right!" said the understanding grand-père, "I've been taking him out to eat whatever he likes after our meals with you; but you see, the boy was having a tooth treated when you wired him to come out and he knew

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

you would want him to continue with a dentist if you knew it, so we agreed not to tell you." After the boy's departure, Roy was so remorseful that he was a picture of woe whenever he heard the words "soup" or "ice cream."

The Show Girl Gives a Show

Press agents on the show-girl circuits are bowing their heads in humble tribute to their brothers in Paris. The latter, about a month ago, challenged the musical comedy stage of America to produce legs as voluptuously curved as those of Parisian footlight queens. To decide this supremacy in the leg of nations, a world of newspaper copy and photographs is required. Hitherto a comedienne's portrait was published as a matter of general information, the costume indicating the style of stage play. If legs were in the picture, their presence was merely incidental. The reader could look or not, as he chose. In this controversy, express mention is made of those attachments which are useful for the purpose of standing, walking, dancing, etcetera, and which Nature occasionally makes beautiful to substantiate the theory that the greatest beauty may be combined with the greatest utility. Sometimes we have an actress or her press agent informing the public that she is of an intellectual turn, is fond of home life, cooking, reading and all that. Mentality always helps. It is supposed to be popular. Now and then, one fears that the lady's intelligence is better off the stage than on, for she has paid more attention to Ibsen and Shaw than her own playwright. So there is always an uncertainty about intellect as a footlight attraction. With legs, it is different. They are good or not, without cavil or procrastination. If the winsome beauty is willing to stand inspection, the public can judge at a glance. Some of the most intellectual women of the stage were found to have capital underpinning when the exigencies of drama called for a revelation. And some famous draped beauties have proved inadequate thereunto. If it be not impertinent

to name her, since there was considerable mention at the time, so renowned an actress as Mary Garden disappointed her admirers during the lapses of her gown in "Thais." Her calves did not even have an intellectual cast, although Mary is a brilliant woman. Perfection of forehead and thighs is not incompatible. But a controversy based on the "Folly" flesh of Paris and America will benefit the reader's neither legs nor brains.

Is Your Alimony Due?

The so-called Alimony Club of New York City has ended its hilarious career. The Alimony Club consisted of near-husbands who failed, refused or neglected to support their wives according to the order of court. Thus they were misnamed, anyway. The headquarters of this fraternity was Ludlow Prison, otherwise known as the Ludlow Street Jail. There was a branch on Raymond Street. On the one occasion when I visited Ludlow, about fifty members were present, playing checkers in the corridor, reading newspapers, strolling in the courtyard, and engaged in other pastimes peculiar to club life. The master of ceremonies introduced Theodore Roberts, the actor, who was taking the rest cure. Roberts was pacing the garden, clad in a dressing robe, and looked quite fit. He took us to his room on the second tier, where the walls were enlivened with green-room decorations, portraits, mementos of many a success. He had a typewriter, too, and was writing a play. Happy? Oh, yes. He claimed it was the only life. Nothing to worry one. The demobilization of the club is due to a recent New York statute by which any number of sentences may be imposed for contempt of alimony. Up to that time, a six-months sentence rendered one immune from further annoyance, and a husband holding credentials from Ludlow could go about the city untroubled in mind and theoretically uncontentious of the law's decree. He had done his bit. Now that

the immunizing procedure is no more, it is legally possible for a New York husband to spend his life in jail, if he refuses to comply with the demands of his divorced wife as aided and abetted by the trial judge.

Ben Scoville, "Y" Entertainer

The following is an extract from a letter received by Mrs. E. W. Crellin, president of the Stage Women's War Relief, from Ben Scoville, who did his bit overseas as an entertainer in the "Y" huts:

"Since seeing you, I have been very busy. Would have written long ago, but was unsettled and on the move constantly. Two trips to Siberia, entertaining troops on the transports, and so forth.

"How do you feel now that the big fighting is over and our big troubles at home have just started? The returned men think it stopped too soon for the safety of the world.

"I go to Seattle and Portland from here. Really and truly, I have had three long years of it, and I want to settle down and make a real, honest-to-God living.

"If you have a nice suit of pajamas left from your stock, I can use them. I would have frozen in Russia but for those you gave me.

"It is heart-rending to see the many, many returned sick, wounded and disabled men in Canada."

Child—So you're my auntie?

Aunt—Yes, dear; I am your Aunt Nell, on your father's side.

Child—Well, you're on the wrong side; you'll find that out!

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Honor Mrs. G. A. Kessler

In recognition of the work of the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund of 590 Fifth Avenue on behalf of the blinded soldiers of Serbia, says the New York Times, the Prince Regent has conferred upon Mrs. George A. Kessler the Gold Cross of Charity of the Kingdom of Serbia. Advices from Bucharest announce that Mrs. Kessler also has been decorated by the Queen of Rumania with the Order of Queen Marie.

In the Royal Party, a San Franciscan

Mr. and Mrs. George Kessler sail from France on the 13th and are expected to arrive in New York on the 22nd. The news comes to San Francisco that they will accompany the royal party from Belgium and that Mrs. Kessler will be a member of the queen's suite when their majesties arrive in San Francisco. Mrs. Kessler was born in Sacramento, but reared in San Francisco and is a graduate of the Girls' High School. She has lived abroad for nearly twenty years. Since her wonderful activity as a member of the Belgium, France and Britain permanent relief fund, she has come in intimate contact with leading members of European nobility and with royalty. Her splendid helpfulness, personal service to the cause, and generous monetary endowments to it have won her recognition, and her charming personality has earned her the personal friendship of many of these personages, notably the queen of Belgium. Mrs. Kessler's relatives reside in this city, and though they know from her letters that she is soon to be here, had not heard of her coming in the royal party.

Dr. Chung's Korean Discourses

For the second time in seven years the Commonwealth Club members and their friends filled the Pompeian dining salon at the Palace Hotel on last Saturday to its extreme accommodation, even the four alcoves and guest boxes being requisitioned for the occasion. The Club entertained Dr. Henry Chung, a Korean born, but American reared and educated. It might be nearer the exact fact to say the guest "entertained" the host, for Dr. Chung's after-lunch-dinner discourse delighted and enraptured his numerous auditors. His talk was the cultural treat of the season, and to those who missed him the word of advice is to hear him at all hazards before his departure for Washington. Dr. Chung spoke on the topic, "The Asia of Tomorrow." Within an hour the writer learned more intimate and authentic facts concerning Japan's real aspirations in Asia than from all the books and lectures of the past four years. The consolidation of Asiatic races under Japanese "cordial dominance" is the whole point in the Asiatic question today. This is the national policy of Japan's statesmen today. This is the real menace to the United States and eventually the Anglo-Saxon. The situation in Korea is simply the thin edge of the wedge and the challenge of Buddha to Christ. Not a guest at the luncheon felt otherwise as Dr. Chung finished his presentation of a remarkable series of facts. In 1912 the Pompeian room was filled when William Howard Taft, then President, arose to speak, but on Saturday fully as numerous an

assemblage heard the young Korean, attesting in no uncertain way the engrossing hold the Japanese question now lays upon our hopes and fears in the years of the future. Dr. Chung is a young man, under 30 years. Coming to America shortly after the murder of the Korean Empress by the Japanese emissaries, he became the protegee of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Robey at Kearney, Neb., where he was afforded the finest sort of an education. He is a Fellow of Northwestern University at Chicago, and also holds an interne fellowship with the American University, Washington, D. C., in the department of research. His life is a living consecration to freeing his fellow Koreans from the yoke of Japan. Silas Palmer describes him as the "Kosciusko of the Orient." That his zeal is tense and his hopes set high as ever those of the Polish liberator, no one hearing him can doubt. The Korean movement is gaining astonishing headway in California. The whole campaign is built upon a background of cultural artistry and correct educational worth, which is bound to awaken the highest sense of appreciation and interest up and down the Pacific Coast within the very near future. The League of the Friends of Korea came into being but a short while back, yet through its activities the California people are learning more real truth concerning the "menace of the Orient" than through all other agencies combined. Today the Korean question is the Christian question. It is our civilization opposed to the religio-military philosophy of Nippon. The black iron hand of the Mikado is ungloved and plain as day in Korea. By the way, the "League of the Friends of Korea" is observing a "Night in Korea" in the Colonial Salon, Hotel St. Francis, early next month, when it may be possible to again hear Dr. Chung, whose recent book, "The Oriental Policy of the United States," is creating some furor in Washington, London and Tokio, as did Dr. Charles B. Wells' "After the War, Then What?" This function at the Hotel St. Francis is to be invitational and in character depicting of the folk and cultural life in Korea. An evening of rare artistic possibility is in store for the guests.

Hospitality of W. C. C. S.

Last week there was no busier unit in our city for the entertainment of the fleet than the W. C. C. S. at Market and Second. Sailors and marines dashed merrily in and out all day and smilingly asked for and obtained tickets and invitations for all sorts of gaieties. Home dinners appealed to them poignantly; therefore, home dinners were spread for their delectation. The telephone rang constantly with such messages as: "Four marines for two o'clock dinner for Mrs. Fox, 28th street. Tell them to come in the morning." There were many such invitations and the matinee often included an auto ride and a lunch. Several persons had boys to lunch and dinner every day, among them Mrs. O'Donnel, of Union street. Judge John Hunt had three marines Wednesday at dinner to help him celebrate his jubilee on the bench. Mrs. J. Cowen of Grove street entertained four boys every day for dinner, lodging and breakfast. Mrs. M. L. Spiegel, McIntosh, Neideck, Robinson, Witte, Herman, M. Cohen, Steinbant, Richard Gibbons, F. Brittain, A. P.

Sargent, A. C. Dyer (of Larkin street), Misses Dorothy Dempster, Clara Beard, Selita Jane, Rainsworth and numerous others invited from two to five boys every day for at least one meal. Some of the hostesses took the boys later to dances or to call on friends, or to drive about the city. Mme. Ruffieux had a table reserved for four boys at every meal in her Powell street boulangerie. C. O. Swanberg was a generous host, as was C. Sorensen. Mrs. McGeoghan of San Mateo kept open house for all boys passing through her home town. All the movie houses had open doors for sailor spectators and the Orpheum offered a special morning performances for seamen only—only the boys didn't know it, so failed to materialize.

Mrs. Miriam D. Eisner was chairman of this popular unit. Miss Bernard directed the boys to home dinners, Miss Ware to dances, Mrs. Stevens and Miss K. Roth distributed theatre tickets. Meses. Blumenthal and Dyer, Misses Beilhes, Ware, Goldaracena, Dyer, Carmany, Grant and Murphy were all indefatigable in directing the boys how to go, where and when.

After a series of polo games played last week at the Del Monte field, Harry Hunt entertained Miss Arabella Schwerin, Miss Josephine Grant, Mrs. Jane Selby Hayne, Richard Schwerin, Laurence McCreery, at a dinner dance in the Palm Grill in the Hotel Del Monte.

In order to encourage more youths for the game, the California Golf Association has scheduled a Juvenile State Championship for the Del Monte course on Thanksgiving Day. Boys and girls under the age of 16 years are now barred from the championship events and this tournament in November will give them an opportunity to break into serious competition, which, it is hoped, will have a tendency to improve their game and bring along new champions.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl S. Stanley entertained at a party at the Del Monte Lodge. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gregory, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Prentice, Mrs. Wm. Hart Wood, Miss Alice Gross, Commander Monihan and Lieutenant Commander Ingram.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Marcus are enjoying a motor trip to Coronado. Mrs. A. J. Marcus of Menlo, accompanied by her sister and nephew who are visiting her from New York, are motoring with them.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose came up to welcome the fleet. They have many friends in the navy and were hostesses to some of the officers at their lovely home "Paradise" in San Jose on several occasions during the week. Their brother, Dr. Henry E. Morrison, who served in the army in Siberia, has located with Mrs. Morrison in the city of Sacramento.

Maitland Playhouse

There was a house-warming at the Maitland Playhouse on Wednesday (too late for review this week) when many of our drama enthusiasts called to admire the exquisite little "theatre unusual," for whose artistic decoration Edgar

Walter is responsible. Arthur Maitland will direct a company of professional players in one-act and longer plays, with a weekly change of program. The theatre seats only 200. A lounge, tea and smoking-rooms will be features. The general public will be admitted except upon one night each week, which will be subscribers' night, when special features will be introduced. The following patrons of the drama are announced as having made possible the being of the artistic little theatre: Mmes. J. B. Casserly, A. A. Moore, Jr., Wm. Fitzhugh, Jesse Lilienthal, Messrs. Ed. Brandenstein, John A. Britton, John I. Walter, Richard Hotaling, Frederick A. Wilson, E. V. Saunders, E. P. Baker, I. N. Walter, Irwin J. Wicl, Edgar Walter and Major Mark Gerstle.

Memorial Museum Lecture

The San Francisco Club will hold its thirteenth talk on arts at the main gallery of the Memorial Museum Saturday at 3 and the paintings of the following artists will be discussed: Luigi Bezzani, Carlton T. Chapman, W. E. D. Stuart, Henry Smith, P. T. Heller and Julian Dupre. Miss Vera J. Limbeau is the speaker and the interested public is invited free. Hon. president, M. H. De Young; president, Miss Cecile Sorbier; vice-president, Mrs. Christine Breon; secretary, Mrs. John F. Cunningham; assistant secretary, Miss Mary Connors; treasurer, Mrs. Vincent Walsh. Endowment committee, Hon. M. H. De Young, chairman; William H. Metson, Morris Herzstein, M. D., Oliver B. Martin, E. de Los Mages, R. P. Schwerin, William H. McCarthy, Herbert Fleishhacker, Fred Talbot, George A. Pope, George Haviland Barron.

Mrs. Dent Robert spent fleet week at the Palace. Her many warm friends were delighted to see her looking blooming. Mrs. Robert is a charming hostess of her beautiful home in Coronado.

Théâtre Français

The Théâtre Français season for 1919-1920 will begin Saturday, September 20th, at Knights of Columbus Hall. The numbers will be "Un Voyage de Noces," a comedy bouffe by Bilhaud and the Offenbach operette, "Le Mariage aux Lanternes." André Ferrier will be dramatic director, M. E. Puyans will be chef d'orchestre and there will be a dance from 11 p. m. to 1 p. m. in which the artists and public are invited to participate. Reserved seats \$1, 75 and 50 cents. Season tickets \$10 and \$5.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo M. Avenali are living in Rome, Italy, where Mr. Avenali represents the Du Pont powder interests. Mrs. Avenali is a sister of Major Bertram L. Cadwalader.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

After a delightful visit with Col. and Mrs. Walter Wright at the Cecil, Mrs. John Lambert returned this week to her home in Dallas, Texas. Lieutenant Carroll was host at an enjoyable dinner Monday. Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Anderson and Miss Anderson will remain for several weeks longer. Lieutenant Chas. Bruning is visiting his mother and sister. These two charming women make their home at the hotel. A dozen friends were entertained at dinner by Mrs. L. R. Greenley of Pasadena. The hostess was assisted by her daughter Mrs. J. H. Brett. The latter will leave shortly for China to join her husband who is one of the leading bankers in Shanghai. Admiral Rodman entertained a score of Cecil Hotel guests at tea.

His sister Mrs. Walter Wright poured tea in the admiral's cabin. Among the guests were Mesdames Charles Graf, Lynd Harrison, W. L. Clapp, Elizabeth Pratt, G. J. Henry, B. F. Keith, H. Damkereggen, W. F. Morris, H. Morton, E. B. Rodger and W. F. Thompson. Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stanton were dinner hosts Sunday. Mrs. Rodgers also entertained on the same evening.

Renew Your Acquaintance With Techau Tavern

If you have not spent an evening at Techau Tavern recently, you should renew your acquaintance with this famous cafe at the first opportunity, for the program which is now offered is far superior to many for which stiff prices are charged: Yet at the Tavern it is all part of the entertainment to which you are entitled with your dinner check. Dancing begins at the dinner hour, and at this period and also after the theatre there are dance favors for both ladies and gentlemen; elegantly gowned Kewpie Dolls for the former and big boxes of Melachrino cigarettes for the latter. The Show Girl Revue Corps is the attraction between dances and offers a vocal repertoire of the first class.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Gen. Pershing: Please do not embarrass me by asking political questions.

Sen. Hitchcock: You must remember that the treaty becomes a living thing when it is ratified by three nations. I am sure there are senators who will consider their objections of much less importance than the prospect of diplomatic isolation from the world.

Baron Otori, Japanese Ambassador to Mexico: Japanese business concerns would be only too glad to co-operate with American interests for the commercial development of Mexico's natural resources.

President Wilson: On the field of the world's war were let loose passions that are not yet quiet, and will not be for a long time.

Damages

A Chicago lawyer tells of a visit he received from a Mrs. Delahanty, accompanied by Mr. Delahanty, the day after Mrs. Delahanty and a Mrs. Cassidy had indulged in a little difference of opinion. When he had listened to the recital of Mrs. Delahanty's troubles, the lawyer said:

"You want to get damages, I suppose?"

"Damages! Damages!" came in shrill tones from Mrs. Delahanty. "Haven't I got damages enough already, man? What I'm after is satisfaction."—Current Literature.

LITTLE BOYS

I like rumpled little boys,
With collars upstanding
And buttons missing;
Little boys with rough red cheeks
And freckled noses,
And restless hands
That are never still.

I like neat little boys,
In Norfolk suits
With white collars and dotted windsor ties;
Little boys with shining, soapy faces
And slicked back hair, still wet,
And restless hands
That are never still.

I like little boys.

—Margaretta Scott.

Love and the League of Nations

The Bishop of London, in an address at a memorial service in St. Pancras Church, North London District of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, said:

If in public as well as in private life there were manifested a genuine spirit of unselfishness and determination to attain a noble ideal then, sooner than they expected, there would appear the real Angel of Peace, and love would rule the world.

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

- For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

The Stage

Humor and Pathos at the Alcazar

Twenty players were required for the Alcazar production of "Young America," to say nothing of a group of skylarking children and two dogs. In some intangible way, the presence of children on the stage always has a stimulating and human effect upon the elders, and this performance is chock full of rollicking incident, to which every one of the cast responds with good will. Belle Bennett does a sweet little just-after-the-honeymoon wife. If there be one thing in which this popular actress outdoes herself time and time again, it is in the gift of sweetness. And who can get enough of that? Certainly not San Francisco audiences, to whom the Alcazar is the dramatic mainstay of the Pacific Slope. While Walter P. Richardson and Belle Bennett are the leads, their leadership in this comedy is rivaled by Young America himself, admirably acted by Vaughan Morgan. Morgan manifests a strong note in the parts he has thus far essayed. One detects in him a vigor that is due for drama with a big, emotional appeal. In the present instance he is allotted an abused, ragged orphan type, bewildered on the verge between good and evil. The dictates of society weigh lightly upon him, his sentiments being directed mainly upon a dog. Not a highly original touch in American comedy-drama, yet forced beyond the ordinary by Morgan's innate strength of purpose. Thomas Chatterton appears as a cynical, irascible friend. Between him and the title role is an example of what character parts will do to leading roles in the best regulated performances. An audience is quickly attracted to personal peculiarities, and when straight leads are not dominant with plot interest or passion, interest wanders to the support. Richardson is quite adequate as the obstinate husband, and has some good comedy lines himself, but could not compete with the glorious revel that goes on around him. There are just two ways to manage a play of this sort: either subordinate the lines of the title role to the drama of the leading man, or trim the latter as a support of the more violent character part. One or the other must dominate, for good stagecraft, though in comedy, as in this case, the interest may be scattered with good effect, the result being amusement and entertaining situation rather than sustained interest. The trial of Young America for chicken-stealing brings about a court-room scene superior to most efforts at comedy in that department. And here we have the commanding figure of Henry Shumer completely disguised as Isaac Slavinsky, vegetable peddler. Despite the orgies of real fun herein, we should advise playwrights that a few raps of the gavel and fines for contempt do not maintain the legal aspect of a judge's domain. Fancy a disappointed witness grasping a policeman by the chest-buttons, and thrusting him out of the way, as does Richardson to Billee Glynn, who was making a fine debut as a cop, only to have his histrionic dignity outraged by a fiction of the drama that the bigger the part the better the right of way, regardless of law and order as practiced off the stage. For all that, Young America is a charming serio-comic bagful, with so much wholesome entertainment and laughter that one hesitates to point out the brighter spots, or set one performer above another. Emily Pinter has a small part, but whatever this young woman does, no matter how humble her lines, come glimpses of something more stupendous. Memory of her smashing

good work in "Yes or No" substantiates the assertion that the next time the management lets Miss Pinter loose in an appealing role, she will—in the language of the racetrack—romp home a winner. All in all, young America is a broad, splendid, American play, and brings out the Alcazar players to their pink of perfection and brilliance of stage management.

—L. J.

San Francisco Symphony

Music-lovers will find particular pleasure in the announcement that negotiations are practically completed for the appearance of two really great American artists, Albert Spalding, violinist, and Clarence Whitehill, baritone, as



DR. HENRY CHUNG

The poetic zealot in the fight for Korean freedom from the Japanese yoke. A master orientalist and scholar.

soloists with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, during the first part of the new season, which will begin October 10th, in the Curran Theatre. Spalding, who takes rank with the foremost violinists of the world, has been out of the music world for the past two years, during which period he served his country as an aviator "over there." He was decorated for distinguished services by the Italian government. Just before the war Spalding had planned a grand tour of America, which included appearances with the Boston, Chicago and St. Louis Symphony Orchestras, the Symphony Society of New York and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. These engagements as well as about fifty concert appearances, will be filled by the young violinist during the coming season. Spalding was born in Chicago in 1888. He studied in New York and Florence, Italy, graduating from the Bologna Conservatory. He has made eminently successful concert tours of France, Italy, Russia and Germany as well as his own country. W. J. Henderson, the noted critic of the New York "Sun," said of Spalding: "He has raised himself to a place in the front rank of violinists. He is a credit to himself, to his country and to his art. In beauty of tone and correctness of style he commands constant admiration." There will be great interest among local symphony-followers

as well in the appearance with the Hertz musicians of Clarence Whitehill, who for eleven seasons has sung principal baritone roles with the Metropolitan and Chicago Grand Opera companies. He, too, is a native of the United States who has won renown on both sides of the Atlantic. His successes have been pronounced in concert, recital and oratorio work, as in the field of opera. His appearances with symphony orchestras of note have been many. Whitehill is ranked by many critics as the greatest baritone singer before the public today. Secretary-manager A. W. Widenham, of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's sustaining body, is delighted with the progress of the season ticket sale for members, which is now being conducted at the offices in the Phelan Building. Widenham declares that he is now assured that the attendance during the coming season will eclipse all previous seasons in the history of the orchestra. The sale of season tickets for the public will open on September 22nd.

Big Attraction at Curran

The great American actor, Guy Bates Post, will be seen at the Curran Theatre next Sunday night, September 14th, in "The Masquerader," unquestionably his greatest dramatic success and a play calling for his finest abilities. It will be a theatrical event of the first importance. "The Masquerader" is based on Katherine Cecil Thurston's story of John Chilcote—wealthy, and distinguished parliamentary leader, yet such a drug addict that he would renounce anything for the drug—who in a London fog meets John Loder, a young hack writer of political ambitions, with a resemblance so marked that Chilcote, seeing a way to free himself from the world, proposes that they change places. The feasibility of the plan is enhanced because Chilcote has been estranged from his wife and his moodiness brings no surprise from his servants and friends. Loder, accepting the proposal of Chilcote, assumes the latter's identity and, in an address to parliament which Chilcote was to have delivered, scores sensationally. Post in the dual role gives a truly remarkable performance. The mechanical devices brought to the play by Richard Walton Tully, the producer, are far in advance of anything of a similar nature seen in stagedom during the past decade. Post's original company, which will be seen here, embraces such players as Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Clarence Handyside, Audrey Anderson, Reginald Carrington and others.

Orpheum

There will be seven new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. Julius Tannen "The Chatterbox" and one of the best monologists in vaudeville will introduce an entirely new act which will enable him not only to display his ability as a humorist but also to illustrate his keen insight into character. His rapid fire comment on up-to-date topics is one of the most enjoyable offerings in vaudeville. George Kelly who shares the headline honors is a deservedly popular comedian and a successful author of one-act plays as well. He is the writer of "Finders-Keepers" and "Woman Proposes" both unique comedies. He will appear in his latest hit "The Flattering Word" a satire in one act which argues that at some time everybody

has been stage struck. Lydia Barry who will be a special feature of the coming bill is a singing comedienne of infinite variety and great charm. Billie Burke's "Levitiation" is an amusing travesty on scientific possibilities in which Professor J. Edmund Magee burlesques the supposed supernatural powers of the hypnotist. Will J. Ward and his Five Symphony Girls will provide a delightful act. His feminine quintette are pianists, vocalists, dancers and comedienncs. Boyce Combe, an English light comedian, very popular in the leading London Music Halls, is blessed with a pleasant personality, an ingratiating manner and a seemingly inexhaustible fund of humor. He has a capable assistant in Burton Brown. The Royal Gascoignes begin where most jugglers and equilibrists leave off. They balance a pyramid of chairs with the lady Gascoigne seated on the top one. They introduce their dog Bertha who is the greatest double somersaulting canine in existence. The only holdover in this bill will be Bessie Clayton and The Cansinos, assisted by James Clemons and Miss Clayton's Company one of the most alluring dance reviews this city has ever witnessed.

Healy Presents Farrar

Geraldine Farrar will come to the Curran Theatre under Frank W. Healy's direction on Sunday afternoon, October 5th, for her only concert in Northern California. With Miss Farrar will be a concert company, consisting of Arthur Hackett, a very fine young tenor and Rosita Renard, a brilliant young pianist. Miss Farrar and her manager, the very capable C. A. Ellis of Boston Symphony, Kreisler, Melba, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff dictatorship, can be depended upon to give programs of infinite delight. On her previous appearance here in 1914 she had the 'cellist Alvin Schroeder with her. In the present instance either Hackett or Renard are fully capable of giving an entire afternoon by themselves. Farrar regards her concerts seriously; considers her choice of songs and prepares herself in them as thoroughly as she would were an operatic part in question; summons her best powers; keeps to her most exacting standards. In her sense of artistic honor, there should be but one Farrar, whether she is singing upon the familiar stage to the familiar public of the Metropolitan Opera House or to a new audience, a thousand or three miles away. The most famous American prima donna is said to have gained in beauty of person and voice since her only appearance among us five years ago.

The Crandall Concert

The friends of Edwin Dunbar Crandall, who are going to give the veteran director of the Orpheus Club a "concert of appreciation" at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre next Tuesday evening, September 16th, have certainly secured a host of talent of high order. In fact so many were the volunteers among his associates of the Bohemian, Athenian-Nile, Orpheus and Loring clubs that it was with the greatest difficulty that the program could be kept within proper time bounds. The opening number will be six selections from "St. Patrick of Tara," the Bohemian Club Grove Play of 1909, book by Henry Morse Stephens and music by Wallace A. Sabin, and sung by the combined Loring, Orpheus and Bohemian Club choruses, with the composer conducting and Fred Maurer at the piano. Emilio Puyans, accompanied by Uda Waldrop, will be heard in three flute solos, and Charles F. Bulotti and

Austin Sperry will sing duets from "La Forza del Destino" and "La Boheme," also accompanied by Waldrop. Frances Hamilton, the eminent soprano, accompanied by the composer, will sing "Love, They Wait for Your Return," from Uda Waldrop's Grove Play, "Nec Netama," book by J. Wilson Shiels, and with a violin obbligato by Nathan Firestone, and she will also give the aria from Puccini's "Manon Lescaut." Mackenzie Gordon, the favorite tenor, will sing some selections yet to be announced and will also appear with William B. Hopkins and Charles J. Dickman in their famous "Neapolitan Trio." Henry L. Perry will sing Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and a quintette composed of Nathan Firestone, Horace Britt, Emilio Puyans, Uda Waldrop and Wallace A. Sabin at the organ, will give serenades by Widor and Drigo. Horace Britt will also play two cello solos, accompanied by Waldrop. The concert will be brought to a close by the combined choruses, under the baton of "Pop" Crandall, "Maynight," by Abt, with Charles F. Bulotti as soloist, and the Viking Song, by S. Coleridge-Taylor. Mrs. Bessie Beatty Roland will be at the piano for these numbers. Seats, which are going with a rush, may be obtained at the San Francisco and Oakland stores of Sherman, Clay and Company and at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening.

An Opera School

Hugo Rieninfield and Josiah Zuro, who, during his brief residence in San Francisco, did a great deal to stimulate local amateur study of opera, announce the organization of a school of opera and ensemble to be conducted in conjunction with the Rivoli and Rialto theatres, now under Mr. Riesenfeld's direction. Mr. Zuro will be director-in-chief of the school, which will be located at the Rivoli Theatre, New York.

Mr. Zuro was the coach of Alice Gentle, now of the Metropolitan Opera House. The artiste is emphatic in expression of gratitude to him for his intelligent guidance.

Alcazar

One of the essentials that have brought great popularity to the Alcazar is the variety of dramatic fare that its alert modern policy provides. The public taste is never satiated. Every week brings something that gives new zest to the enjoyment of its patrons. "The Law of the Land" which opens at next Sunday's matinee is a big vital melodrama of tensely and thrill by George Broadhurst, who has the happy knack of relieving the strain of powerful emotionalism by illuminating flashes of crisp, pungent wit and buoyant comedy. A man of ungovernable temper pays penalty with his life in this very human play, but his offense is the brutal treatment of a sweet and appealing little boy and here the overwhelming intensity of mother love is disclosed in a great sweep of heart catching emotion. It is a slice out of every day life. Its scenes are laid in a fashionable household, not in the sordid underworld, and it proves that the control of the primitive emotions is not merely a matter of environment. The police records show that murder is not wholly unknown in our "very best circles," and by no means confined to the slums. Belle Bennett, Walter P. Richardson, Thomas Chatterton, little Billy Pearce, Henry Shumer, Vaughan Morgan, Rafael Brunetto, Al Cunningham, Nate Anderson, Orville Caldwell, Graham Earl and Emily Pinter are all in the cast. "Pollyanna," joyous comedy of uplifting humor, wist-

ful pathos and optimistic good cheer comes to the Alcazar for the first time, and for the last time in San Francisco, the week commencing Sunday matinee, September 21st.

A Good Standing Advertisement

A few weeks ago a lady residing in a small town asked her husband, Major —, to call in at the dairy when passing to order some new-laid eggs. After making a brief demur the major yielded. A little later he called at the shop in question, quite a small and unimportant establishment in a back street. The subsequent proceedings are described by the New York American:

Two or three minutes passed; then as no one came to attend him, the major gave a gentle knock on the counter. This had no effect, so a smart double rap was given, when a curly-headed youngster put his head round the door and lisped out, "Father's a-comin'." But the time "father" arrived the major was boiling with rage.

"What do you mean by keeping me here all this time?" he roared.

"I am very sorry, sir," replied the man, "but you see it's like this: You're the very first well-dressed gent with a tall hat I've had in my shop, and as there were a lot of people passing by I thought what a good advertisement you was a-standing there."

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

Last Time Sat. Matinee and Night—"Broken Blossoms"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 14th

Richard Walton Tully Presents

GUY BATES

POST

In His Latest and Greatest Dramatic Success

"THE MASQUERADER"

By John Hunter Booth from the Novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$2.50.
Wednesday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"YOUNG AMERICA"
Delightful Juvenile Court Comedy

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., SEPT. 14,
The New Alcazar Company

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

In George Broadhurst's Tremendous Drama of
Emotional Appeal

"THE LAW OF THE LAND"

Blending Comedy and Dramatic Thrill

WEEK SEPT. 21—The Glad Play "POLLYANNA"

Based Upon Mrs. Porter's Famous Glad Books

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum
O'FARRELL & STOKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

JULIUS TANNEN, "Chatterbox"; GEORGE KELLY in "The Flattering Word"; LYDIA BARRY, Lyrical Raconteuse; Billie Burke's "LEVITATION" with Prof. J. Edmund Magee; W. J. WARD and FIVE SYMPHONY GIRLS; BOYCE COMBE, English Comedian assisted by Burton Brown; ROYAL GASCOIGNES in a unique offering introducing "Bertha," Greatest Double Somersaulting Dog; BESSIE CLAYTON presents herself and Those Incomparable Spanish Dancers ELISA & EDUARDO CANSINO with Musical Comedy's Best Eccentric Dancer James Clemons, Arthur Gordon and Wilbert Dunn.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays), 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There are so many problems hanging over the market that the trade are inclined to await their outcome before taking a decided stand. This has had a tendency to check speculation and outside of a few highly manipulated stocks price changes were only nominal. A better feeling regarding the labor situation and a feeling that the labor troubles have been ironed out was probably the most bullish feature. Favorable views of the oil outlook are held in the most conservative quarters, regardless of unfavorable developments in other directions, as long as developments hold within bounds. Some of the industrials have disclosed favorable features that are expected to be made public within a few days. The recent showing made by some of the motor companies has been accepted as a forecast of what is to be expected in other companies. A few of the steel companies have yet to make public their position as a result of war operations. The general opinion seems to be that the market is due for a turn upward and some traders are afraid that they will miss the turn and are buying part of their commitments now rather than take a chance on getting in at lower prices. So far as the immediate situation is concerned there was more ground for optimism than has been for some time past. The position taken by the labor leaders alongside President Wilson indicated at least a truce in the battle; and a true frequently leads to peace. How far President Wilson will go in his program favoring a greater participation in industrial management for labor before he satisfies the dominant factions among workers remains to be seen. The administration has placed the stamp of approval on the labor union as a representative of the workers, and in view of the position taken by the steel companies on the question of recognition of the unions it is difficult to foresee the form a compromise can take. The market evidently takes the view that if the steel companies are forced to recognize the unions their interests will not be materially affected. This interpretation seems possible in view of the strength in the steel stocks. Further weakness in the Sterling Exchange market was not an immediate factor, although a good many traders would like to see this situation clear up. There is no question but what the exchange rate is bound to be a factor and construed as a very bearish card ultimately if rates are not adjusted more favorable to Great Britain. We cannot hope to continue our large exports and expect Europe to continue to buy, paying as they do for our goods with money that is selling at so large a discount in our market. However, there is a bill now being introduced in Congress known as the Edge Bill, which, if passed in its present form, will go a long ways

in clearing up the exchange situation. We feel friendly to the market, and while we look for a rather quiet market for the time being, we believe the better class of stocks warrant a purchase whenever prices are depressed.

Cotton—The cotton market seemed to have very few friends the past week and prices continued downward the entire week with scarcely any recovery until futures reached the 28-cent mark. At this level there was some good buying in the way of profit taking by the professional element and the market turned upward helped to some extent by fears of damage by a tropical storm that usually makes its appearance at this season of the year and sometimes is destructive enough to cause a rapid upward move in the market. The principal bearish factor in the market is the weakness in exchange. As long as foreign money is quoted at so large a discount in our market we can expect very little buying from Europe and then only what they cannot do without. There are several plans to help out this exchange and one is the Edge Bill now before the Senate. If this bill passes as it is now it will be the means of extending credit to Europe that will enable them to buy freely of all our commodities on a basis that will eliminate the discount now being paid owing to the low rate at which Sterling Exchange is now selling at in the open market. Europe, however, is not so keen about having the exchange put back to a normal basis. Judging from the news received from London it seems that it is the policy of the English government to curtail imports as much as possible and bring about an increase in production which would make for better labor conditions as well as keep their money at home. We have raised a small crop of cotton this year, but when the carry over from last year is added it means that we have too much for our own consumption and we must find an outlet for it otherwise prices will go lower. Domestic mills report a good business being done at satisfactory prices with scarcely any labor troubles in their line. But at this season of the year the crop begins to move and the local domestic demand is not large enough to absorb the offerings which means that cotton futures are sold against actual cotton and this selling will be an added weight on the market.

System

Friend—Why do you maintain such a large office force?

Financier—To prevent outsiders from bothering me.

Friend—But I thought that was what your executive secretary was for.

Financier—Oh, no. He is here to prevent the office force from bothering me.—Life.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President

GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager

A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier

E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President

WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier

A. H. MULLER, Secretary

WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary

GOODFELLOW, ELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,

General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck	A. H. R. Schmidt	A. Haas
Geo. Tournay	I. N. Walter	E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse	Hugh Goodfellow	Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson		L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

CAN WE LEARN FROM THE BOLSHIEVIK?

(Continued from Page 4)

daily lives, and it should not be the long, lingering theme of our political prophets. While these lines are being written, comes word of our president speaking at St. Louis. We hear from him that "the seed of war in the modern world is industrial and commercial rivalry." No statesman would have hinted as much prior to 1919. Six years before, men were so glad figuring their profits they thought no one would dare disturb the peaceful paths of trade. The plate-glass shop windows of civilization were too expensive for the profiteers to indulge in throwing stones. The world just could not afford a war.

We also know that commercialism, in itself and in its interference with art, has gone further than it should have gone. We cannot say what the Bolsheviki intend to do with their non-mercenary idea. We are accustomed to write history in the sunlight, without the aid of torches. At the same time, we should not scorn the light of suggestion merely because it comes from torch-bearers who apply the torch to what they cannot illuminate. War itself was an appeal to emotions that in time (a little time, it is hoped) will restrain profiteering and build pedestals for nobler ideals. In order that the Bolsheviki may not teach the principle of it in their own way, we must advance it in ours.

The blow to commercialism was an appeal to all those who lack the commercial spirit—to those who enrich the world for a pittance while seeing others become rich through imitations. It is sad that the Russian head-hunters were destined to advertise the two schemes in their bloodily spectacular way. They have done it, and they are giving their version of beautiful as well as ugly things. We on our part can let our government know that our souls are not entirely content with departments of commerce and labor and agriculture, but that some of the national wealth might be expended on grander objectives. For our government has never a word to say about the fine arts. Imports and exports, taxes, trademarks, agriculture and statistics, the sweat of the brow and ethics of the dust, consume the operations of congress. To what profit of the soul on earth, to say naught of the heavenly kingdom?

Commercialism, like soap, is a good only because a necessary thing. Commercialism scented with national pride may be a pleasure to the nostrils, but the laved hands are an incentive to performance in a sweeter field, plowed by the muses. It is not thinkable that we shall have forever a set of government officials who ignore the exploitation of those ideals which attract all society to a common ground. There may come men who advise us to explode our joy in white marble rather than fireworks. American statesmen, like theatrical managers, underrate the intelligence of their audiences. The people desire art, for that is their only medium of expression. Commercialism does for eight hours of the day. Dinner over, there is a longing for something else. Our congressmen forget that they represent the people after 6 p. m.

To represent the people, one must represent all phases as well as all factors. Is there now a senator who would declare himself interested in the drama? In France we have (rather, they have) that very thing. The government insists that France shall be an artistic nation. And be it said, not only are the French grateful, but all of us who visit Paris, extend our thanks. With our British and French impetus at Colon-

ial times, our present inactivity is all the more remarkable. The United States, which has been foremost in public education, making the mind of the child the duty and pride of the country, has failed to go further; has refused to satisfy the man with what it taught the child to desire.

MAJOR CADWALADER TALKS OF ARGONNE

(Continued from Page 5)

evitable, I think. Upon account of its geographical position, California must turn to the west, not the east. The destiny of this coast is on the Pacific Ocean. The Panama Canal is an absolutely vital link in California civilization." Major Cadwalader, like all good Californians, expressed the greatest happiness to be home again.

He told me that he considered the attitude of the French people toward the Americans to be one of overwhelming gratitude. Both France and Great Britain cherish a spirit of unbounded admiration and respect toward our boys. He believes that a most beautiful sympathy exists between our men and the French people. He paid the highest tribute to the fortitude of the French soldiers and the civilian population and said that what the women accomplished during the war was marvelous. One of the chief results of the war is the close bond which unites France, Great Britain and the United States, is the conviction of the major.

I asked him if General Pershing's hair is gray. He said yes, and I knew he would; because every man's handsome man has gray hair and Major Cadwalader, like all the soldiers, had just said that the general is handsome.

The French officers conceded that when the general rode under the Arc de Triomphe, leading the great parade of July 14th, his grand appearance and military bearing, also the marching and bearing of his American troops, equalled if not surpassed that of any other leader and his troops. "And your heart, major,—did it swell with pride when you saw them?" A simple but very sincere "Yes" was the major's reply. We might have talked for hours about the Great War and its wonderful educational force in the new world which it has made, but the major said he would like to close by urging some logical scheme of universal military training for the U. S., worked out by a highly trained and efficient corps of Regular officers, directed in the spirit of the American Expeditionary Forces.

We get out of life, all of us what we bring to it; that, and that only, is what it can teach us.—Arthur Symons.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased—No. 27627 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAILLÉ COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98048; Dept. No. 14.

In the Matter of the amended application of CONSTANTINE M. BOUROTHIMOS for Change of Name to CONSTANTINE THIMOS.

Constantine M. Bourothimos, having duly filed and presented to the above entitled Court an application and petition that the name of said Constantine M. Bourothimos, be changed to Constantine Thimos, it is ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before Department Number 14 thereof, at the City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, on the 18th day of September, at the hour of 10 A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard to show cause why such change of name should not be granted; and it is hereby further ordered that a notice of said application and of this order be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Done in open court this 13th day of August, 1919.

GEORGE E. CROTHERS,
Judge of said Superior Court.

HENRY BROWN,
Attorney for Applicant,
211 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-4

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATRIX AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 10265, N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELIZABETH FLYNN, sometimes known as ELIZABETH SMITH, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administratrix of said estate of Elizabeth Flynn, sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased, will sell on behalf of said estate at private sale, on or after Wednesday, the seventeenth day of September, 1919, to the highest bidder, for cash, in gold coin of the United States of America, the following described real property:

All that certain piece, or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Bush street, fifty-five (55) feet distant thereon easterly from the point of intersection of said line of Bush street with the easterly line of Scott street; running thence easterly along said line of Bush street twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle westerly twenty-seven (27) feet and six (6) inches; and thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to said northerly line of Bush street and the point of commencement.

Being a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 875.

Written offers or bids to purchase said real property will be received at the law offices of Messrs. O'Garra & De Martini, Room 550 Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal. Dated: August 25th, 1919

ANNE McCAFFERTY,
Administratrix of the estate of Elizabeth Flynn,
sometimes known as Elizabeth Smith, deceased.
O'GARRA & DE MARTINI,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Mills Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1423

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 20, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

The Boston Riots

Who Saved Paris?

Perplexity and Paint

Golf Secrets Betrayed

Psychology of the Mob

Two Presidents of Peru

Stage, Finance and Social

Status of Striking Policemen

The Girl That Kisses a Hero

The Population of San Francisco

Summer, Winter and Thirst Resorts

San Francisco Women Meet the President

Congressman Schall Maligns General Pershing

William H. Crocker Discusses the California Pantheon

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, September 20, 1919

No. 1423

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Boston Riots

Boston mobs clashing with the point of the bayonet is a chapter of American life not in anybody's list of prophecies. One must long for a sight of those mobs to learn all the elements of their makeup. Inevitably comes the question: Is man improving of his own accord or is he succumbing to decency under improved methods of discipline? All the older cities of Europe had their organized bands of young men who went about at night, frightening the people, abducting women and committing various depredations. Not all of these were of the class that is called hoodlum in San Francisco, and loafer in New York. Some of the gangs in old-world capitals were the dandies and incroyables of their time. Some were political in motive; some, social, and some went into esthetics. The Boston affair astonishes by its lack of apparent motive. It seems to have been just an outburst following the policemen's strike. It reeks with evidence of what can be expected when the club hand is withdrawn. According to accounts, not all the rioters were of the criminal class nor augmented altogether by nondescript outcast sympathizers; that is, men who will work only when compelled by necessity and who spend their leisure in the paths of evil. Men who ordinarily lead honest lives were among them. They saw what was going on, and had their fling; incidentally some of them took whatever they could find in the shop windows, and about \$300,000 damage was done on a single night, during which about 400 windows were broken. On one side, it was crime rampant; on another, a savage instinct running amuck—that instinct which is supposed to exist more or less in all men. Therewith, not all of the acts were inherently criminal; some were disorderly; some were merely hilarious. The gambling on Boston Com-

mon might have been shocking to some observers; others took it as an outbreak of those traits which are usually subdued or practiced in secluded places, according to the gambler's idea of what a gentleman is. Going a little further, one might see in several of the disturbances a protest against the various blue laws which have been gradually encroaching upon the people during the last few years, and which seek to make of the people a symposium of moral discipline. Of the Boston mob's out-and-out crimes there is nothing to say other than that the offenders will no doubt be punished as fast as they are apprehended. As for the sudden display of temperament from hitherto lawabiding men, the case calls for deeper study and more subtle remedial action.

* * *

Not a Drunken Mob

More than a few of the misdemeanors can be considered a direct challenge to the reformers who were congratulating themselves that the nation was being parceled among them. The present epoch is a poor time for the suppression of those natural impulses which occupy the vague domain between licentiousness and respectability, if those two words suffice to explain the situation. We have just heard terrific news from the squeaking Hub of the Universe, when the wheel was considered well greased. Our foremost statesmen, including the President, have recently been saying that reform should not proceed too rapidly. The offender can be shot but cannot promise to be perfect at the next sunrise. Had the riots occurred on some night when wartime prohibition was giving way to a few months of liquor, a great deal would have been made of it. But some of the accompanying disturbances were just the sort that the prohibitionists were claiming they could nullify. And here we have the worst breach of peace known to American soil. It is the worst because there were no conflicts of interests, no battle of partisans in any cause, no controversy—just a ground swell of human nature; in a small part of Boston, it is true, yet thoroughly human for all that. It must not be supposed that the city was without police patrol. During the first hours of the melee, about 250 higher officers of the police department responded to the call of duty. Aiding them were 200 special officers of previous employment, and extras were taken on. Then the state guard was hurried through the streets, and the total

garrison of the peace could not have been much less than at ordinary times. It soon became more; yet the miscreants would not disperse. They simply challenged the law. The maintenance of public order depends upon the fact that a large part of the criminal element works surreptitiously and without concerted action. It is the lack of concert that gives the police the upper hand. Few criminals are caught in the act. Police detectives depend on clues. If the culprits of any large city should combine to thwart the cops, a repetition of the Boston crime party could be conducted anywhere. It has long been rumored that Boston is not a moral city, especially from the standpoint of sex morality. If this has anything to do with the riot passion the bond is not obvious, yet is worth looking into. At any rate, it has been said that in Boston are an extraordinarily large number of young people keeping house without a marriage certificate. The explanation given is that these couples belong to the working classes, notably among the larger stores and offices, and that the lady in the case does not become a lady of leisure but continues with her employment and enjoys all the comforts of a home which she helps to support. It is quite an advanced idea. There may be, in Boston, other ideas, not in general circulation, and by which a Bostoner could better than we explain the anarchistic jumble that sprung up as soon as the police went off duty.

* * *

Results for the Policemen

Little or no result is expected of Samuel Gompers' request that the absconding policemen arrest themselves and report at headquarters. His idea may be somewhat conciliatory; but there appears no disposition on the part of Johnny Bostonbeans to arbitrate with men who left him in the lurch, and a most deplorable lurch at that. The policemen might have shown good faith by returning to duty when they saw the calamitous aftermath of their strike. Gompers' main effort now is toward a recognition of the policemen's union, even if they must covenant against any sympathetic walkout for some time to come. On the other hand, his remark that the governor of Massachusetts will assume the responsibility of not dealing with the union is viewed as a threat. Governor Coolidge's verdict is that Gompers may be well informed about the labor movement in commercial straits but is not experienced in handling a state government. The solemn opinion of the

municipal, state and federal authorities is that the cops have been derelict in the supreme duty of citizenship, and are not merely at outs with an employer. When the state is boss, your office-holder (as he always tells the people) is an humble servant. The police were public officers. Their strike was a resignation, which was accepted. It is the ideal of all American officials that the commonweal is to be placed above selfish interest. So many men are eager to take office on that basis that no sympathy goes to those who made an organized display of selfish motives, and then let their city run riot. One of the unfortunate features of the strike was that it left the police duties to classes that have always been an irritant to the mob, such as the state troops and, in this instance, college men, four of the latter, from Harvard, having been beaten up and rescued in time to learn something. One of the state guardsmen made the blunder of killing a sailor who was gambling on Boston green and would not submit to arrest. The stupidity of slaying a hero for indulging in a crap game needs no comment; besides that, the sailor is dead, and the only commentary for him is an epitaph. Later, a woman in a shopping crowd was wounded, a boy was shot through the head and a girl received a bullet somewhere. All this resulted from the necessary use of men who check misdemeanors with a revolver. The logical custodians of the peace are the police officers, and the public tolerates no other. It may flee from bayonets and drop to the ground when bullets fly, but the deaths are never forgiven. They enter the history of class grudges. The police are well aware of this. They knew that Boston would be given protection from the state, and that bloodshed and animosity would be the outcome. No one in this country knew what would happen after a policeman's strike. Thereupon the policemen spilled the beans in Boston. The force can be re-established with men who would not premeditate such a disaster. If the governor maintains his decision not to reinstate the strikers, he will have the support of the country, including a large number, if not the great majority, of police officers in other cities. While many public officials in the East have expressed themselves concerning the iniquity of this strike and have counseled the Boston firemen from participation, local department heads have remained silent. Chief of Police White, when asked for a few words on the subject, made his excuses, and Chief Engineer Murphy of the Fire Department took refuge in the press of business. The latter also made an engagement for an interview and at the appointed time became lost in the wide,

wide world. However, the best possible answer has been given by the Boston fire laddies themselves in refusing to desert their posts.

* * *

Pershing Waves His Cap

When General Pershing dropped into New York, he was so wrought up that instead of primly touching his cap, he flourished it like a statesman-to-be rather than the certified hero that he is. Political enthusiasts thought that the general was figuratively casting his hat into the ring, and the crowds cheered all the more. Pershing is a hero to the last button, and knows exactly what to do when the people turn out to see him. In the presence of royalty, a soldier keeps his cap on his head. With the sovereign people it is another thing; so Pershing gave his own countrymen a civilian salute, a deliberate mark of respect to men who may subsequently inquire how he would like to live in the White House. But the calmest man in the war was unprepared for sudden questions from the newsgatherer. Without ado, a reporter plunked a couple of interrogatories at him: Are you a candidate for the presidency? Are you a Republican or a Democrat? To these questions, the general made the same answer: "Please don't embarrass me with political matters." Neither of these shots from the press would have caused a civilian hero to falter. Propose to any politician the honor of being president, and his response will be, "Ask the people". Inquire if he is a Republican or Democrat, and he will retort, "Say, where's your paper published—in Borneo?" You bet he is a Republican or a Democrat, and always was. It is not unimaginable that Pershing, in his attention to military studies, never decided whether he favored the elephant or the mule ticket. At least one president of the United States had never taken the forethought to vote. Not every good man is a Republican or Democrat. Some of the best citizens have belonged to that party whose platform is "Vote for the best man". This nonpartisan attitude has always been a subject for jests and profanity among old-timers; but the time has passed when to say that a man is without political party is next to saying that he is without a country. There are even fanatics who place party above the country itself. Pershing is far from that kind of politician, if he be a politician at all.

* * *

The Girl Who Kissed Him

If General Pershing was actually embarrassed by a popping of the presidential question, he underwent a second blush-producer when a born and bred New Yorker, an intrepid young woman, went

over the top of the mob and placed a wallowing kiss on the general's mustache, ere he was aware. His next move was to cover up from any second raiding party. It is hard to understand the impetuosity of a damsel who puts the whole American army in a predicament by osculating its general without his orders. Were she enlisted, she would surely be court-martialed. As a private citizen, she merely exercised a feminine prerogative. But why make a hero feel all broken up? Kissing is a mode of self expression, which, most critics affirm, is the beginning and end of art. The girl expressed her emotion in the only way she extemporaneously knew. Overwhelmed by the shouts around her, she rushed forth and smacked the guest of honor. Evidently she had to do that or burst with suppressed patriotism. The desirability of each and every woman's lips is admitted in all polite society. Theoretically she is always refusing. In order to meet the favored few half way, she has only to make the way not inaccessible. In this case, she acted on the initiative. She assumed that had the general been numbered among her acquaintances, he would have been only too glad for the favor. So, she cut the red tape or the Gordian knot, or whatever it is called, and the deed was done. Such a decoration is more to be prized than a medal, for the honors of the latter are legion, while a hero who is kissed by a woman of the crowd knows that he has done something of exceptional merit, for which there are few precedents. Pershing might well take the compliment as a vicarious tribute from the whole female population, for he seems to be the most astounding hero of them all, and, judging from what most women say of the general, we doubt not that he could have as many repetitions of the kissing incident as his heart would desire.

* * *

DIRGE OF A MEMBER OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

When workers win a shorter day
The cost is passed along to me;
With larger taxes, larger pay,
The rent comes higher, too, you see.

And so it goes all down the line,
From shoes and clothes to light and heat;
No old-time luxuries for mine—
I'm thankful now if I can eat.

Let none begrudge the pay they get
On farm, in factory and mill;
But every increased wage that's met
Is added to my grocer's bill.

I do not figure in the game;
There's nothing offered me to choose;
I pay the piper, just the same—
When some one wins, I always lose.

—Roscoe Brambough, in Life.

William H. Crocker Discusses the California Pantheon

By Helen M. Bonnet

Ever since the renaissance of San Francisco after our magnificent fire, the ghost of the old Grand Opera House on Mission street has been hovering over the new city seeking an abiding place. Ever and anon some intensely musical being, or an enthusiast, realizing the serious loss to our people resulting from the fact that we have no place to house a great opera company, has endeavored to imbue other kindred souls with his ardor. A beautiful castle has several times been visualized, but the science of aeronautics is not sufficiently advanced to make feasible the plan of constructing an edifice in the air and of anchoring it there in a safe balancing place, even supposing that there were sufficient esquadrones to convey a paying audience to the shrine and back to earth again. William H. Crocker, financier and public-spirited citizen, a leader in our civic conscience, has been one of these dreamers, to whom the vision seemed so real that he set all the forces of his well known executive ability to work to make the dream come true. For instance, once he and others thought Van Ness avenue the logical location, but that plan fell through. Later on, the Civic Center seemed the ideal situation for the home of grand opera, but just when the unofficial architects of the municipal dream saw their temple adorning our level Acropolis, a too real official axe smashed the edifice before their very eyes. With the coming of peace times, and the revival of the pursuits of normal conditions, the opera house apparition appeared once more and at the psychological moment, when the S. F. Art Association and the S. F. Musical Association were considering locations for their homes. "A quelque chose malheur est bon." By a happy chance, the St. Ignatius lot on Hayes street, just across from the Civic Center, was put upon the market. Someone had the divine inspiration to conceive a Pantheon upon this site, where the house of opera, the most universal of the arts, the art which includes all branches of every art would be enshrined within the embrace of its kindred. Whose was the inspiration? I thought immediately of William H. Crocker. He modestly declined to acknowledge the idea as his own when I consulted him last Monday, because he said he found so many others eager to co-operate. A luncheon was arranged with the U. C. regents and governing board. These gentlemen all welcomed with tremendous enthusiasm the proposition to establish the home of the Art Association on the site with the opera house. The Musical Association, at a meeting when resolutions for plans of their own building were upon the table, responded heartily and immediately to the proposition of collaboration. As the project grew, impulse was given when the originators proposed making a gift of the splendid institution to the University, the whole to be under the control of the regents, men who always hold in high regard their valued trust. Mr. Crocker said that the fact of the University's accepting the institution would make the enterprise state wide, that a place and entity would be provided for all students matriculating in our state college to receive the benefits of artistic activities housed within the walls of this artistic temple. The idea of the late Mr. Searles in presenting property to the University for the use of the Art Association was to give the people of California something that would be theirs always. The regents' exceedingly wise manage-

ment is proof positive of his discernment. It is the purpose of the University to broaden its courses of musical studies so that they shall include harmony, instrumentation, composition, choral work and all the departments which a conservatory of music should encompass. When the edifice rises upon the St. Ignatius property, it will contain, not only the magnificent auditorium where grand opera can be given upon the most sumptuous scale and where symphony concerts will be heard to greatest advantage, but it will contain classrooms for all departments of the study of music, and of the graphic arts.

It was inspiring to see Mr. Crocker's enthusiasm as each phase of the splendid project was brought to view. "San Francisco ought to have grand opera on the most splendid scale every year, like New York, and we must have it!" he said. He outlined the plan of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera companies, including this city in every itinerary, and of our educating resident choruses for the repertoires of each season, thus obviating the expense of importing from a great distance choruses often inferior. Mr. Crocker seemed to have thought out the financial psychology of the dream in detail. He said that already three men have signified their intention of contributing \$50,000 each; Mayor Rolph, \$10,000, with an offer of \$5,000 more if required; the University will sell the Searles property and devote the proceeds to the new building; the Musical Association will add theirs; and the remainder will be the offerings in thousands or in pennies from all the citizens of our state. Joseph Redding added (I haven't yet mentioned Mr. Redding's presence at this interview; but he was there, and his enthusiasm equalled that of Mr. Crocker, his views illuminating the hour): "The child who contributes one brick may hope to see, say twenty years later, in the salon, the foyer, or upon the stage, his own artistic production." Mr. Crocker said that music is Mr. Redding's religion and the latter confessed his creed with pride. "You never heard of a crime committed to music," he declared. "Whoever knew of a man rushing out and murdering someone immediately after hearing divine music strains, even accompanied by dramatic action? Were a mob marching out intent upon killing the mayor, strike up a lively air with a brass band, loud enough to drown their shouts, and the mob would soon be marching in unison, their minds attuned to kindly thoughts." He related the incident of Patti's calming the audience when a smoking bomb was thrown in the Grand Opera House here. The diva sang "Home, Sweet Home," and the people became serene. Again Melba, at the old California Theater, soothed an audience alarmed by fire, when she sat at a piano and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Opera is Mr. Redding's ruling passion—he regards it as the swastika of the universe. He vows that the word "opera," although spoken familiarly upon the tongue, is hardly appreciated in its ultimate significance. It not only affords opportunity for the application of every known resource of musical effect, but it unites all classes of citizens and calls for the combined efforts of almost every variety of material activity. To illustrate, he drew a little circle which he called "opera;" from this nucleus he sketched various arms extending in every direction. He labelled them all, from sculpture to plumbing, from drama to dressmaking. There were

transportation and manufactories in his scheme, as well as music and the dance and lectures and libraries. He looks forward to the Academy of Music and Art as a most profound educational influence.

Then Mr. Crocker said that a sort of divine touch had been conceived by the suggestion of dedicating the edifice as a memorial to the soldiers, the sailors, the workers, men and women, who gave their services to the World War. Already there are in America 350 war memorials in course of construction, but ours will not only be bigger in scope and usefulness, but will be perpetual in its influence upon living races.

After the building is completed, the overhead expenses will be principally the upkeep, the cost of which will be defrayed by rent received for the opera house and the smaller auditoriums. Great spectacular productions like Maceterlink's "Blue Bird," superb ballets, renowned oratorios, such as those of Worcester and Cincinnati, can be imported for production here, and local companies giving creditable performances may occupy the opera house, all such revenue derived going to sustaining the upkeep of the plant.

Both Mr. Crocker and Mr. Redding spoke glowingly of the co-operation shown by the men who had been called in consultation to discuss the project. They said that now that the enterprise is afoot, they hope for its rapid consummation. Of course I had to ask "When?" And they guessed "About two and a half years." Mr. Crocker beamed as he said that he refuses to listen to any dissonance, but that he hopes for harmony and constructiveness to the moment of consecrating the edifice to its great educational mission. He spoke of it as a good omen, that the meeting held last week in Mr. John Drum's office to formulate plans for the building was the most harmonious, the most representative of any conference he had ever attended. I append the names of the citizens who participated in the concordant council and add my own good wishes that all their efforts will be crowned with success, giving to our beautiful city a home where the youth of our state may be nurtured upon the purest and highest in art, guiding them in the happiest, most useful paths of life and raising their thoughts to the Great Height whence come all beauty and harmony.

The citizens in the initial council to discuss the Art Building plan were:

C. T. Crocker, W. H. Crocker, E. R. Dimond, Guy T. Earl, A. P. Giannini, W. F. Humphry, J. B. Levinson, John D. McKee, P. H. McCarthy, Ralph McLeran, K. R. Kingsbury, W. S. Martin, Loring Pickering, J. D. Redding, John Rothchild, M. I. Sullivan, C. S. Stanton, Wallace M. Alexander, Leon Sloss, W. T. Sesnon, Wm. Sproule, M. H. de Young, J. A. Britton, C. O. G. Miller, Selah Chamberlain, A. T. DeForrest, Seward McNear, James K. Armsby, F. B. Anderson, W. B. Bourn, Wm. Fitzhugh, M. L. Gerstle, I. W. Hellman, Jr., E. L. Heuter, F. J. Koster, A. B. C. Dohrmann, Athol McBean, Eugene McLean, J. F. Neylan, Horace Pillsbury, A. Legallet, C. S. Wheeler, A. P. Welch, James L. Flood, Francis Carolan, Sidney M. Ehrman.

Perplexity and Paint

By Lionel Josaphare

Superstition plays the lottery of creation. After taking every scientific and business precaution to set himself at rights with the universe, man carries good-luck penny in the hope of propitiating a fairy or an unknown god. Possibly the whole truth has not been told. It is generally believed that the universe, in addition to its obvious daily grind, throws off now and then the emblems of a deeper purpose—omens that can be turned to profit by a cautious observer. Be that omen an earthquake or a black cat, it comes to some as a special notice, good or ill. Without a little interpreting scheme of our own, we can not do justice to the infinite machinery. In dealing with cosmic economy, we confess that we have not audited the whole system. Our very praise of creation is based on the fact that we do not understand all of it. Everything from the internal turquoise at zenith to the spark of a jewel on the finger has been spied out and analyzed, and yet is fraught with incommunicable news.

Everything is more or less wonderful, according to our meditation of it. Few are the thinkers for whom the vast secret has been adequately described and settled, and all visible things are taken for what they are or ought to be. A cozier outlook is to take the world and its environment as a glorious puzzle.

It has been said that if one gaze long enough at any familiar thing it will become amazing with a new light—the sky, for instance, to those who never inspected it curiously. The reason is that everything is strange when viewed intimately. Through long association, we lose the power to be wonderstruck. We recognize a fashion, a frog or a freight-car for a few superficial characteristics, or have heard others mention them with certain phrases, and that may settle the matter. Yet the thing itself is intrinsically the same wandering miracle that it would be to an infant. Instead of developing the infantile sense of wonder, we let it evaporate on the theory of so much knowledge gained. Upon which, an airship or a wireless telephone is required to restore our appreciation of what goes on in space ethereal. The wonderful part of an airship is not that it goes up but that it is always in danger of dropping like anything else; and the most interesting phase of talking a thousand miles is that the voice could be heard at our side.

If we see a thing often enough, it becomes invisible. Familiarity causes a spiritual blindness. Perhaps the quandary about our soul is not due to the fact that it is beyond our ken but that we have lost sight of it through eternal proximity. Upon entering another city, the sentiment, the humor and the idiosyncracies of human kind, and a certain alien air are at once apparent. This is exhilarating, and accounts for love of travel around this world and to a future one.

On the contrary, there are commonplaces to which we never become accustomed, because they distress us. We never admit them into the exclusive society of our admirations. They exist for others—have existed for centuries—but depend for popularity upon something which we deem has no place among moral institutions. Articles of attire, touches of etiquette, habits of pleasure, or even the pronunciation of words, are condemned by one and another as foreign, savage, illogical, vain or immoral.

The most familiar object to human beings would be the human body, were we not at pains to conceal it with all manner of fustian. Quite appropriately has it befallen the lot of woman to reflect on her bare shoulders the splendors of paradise, although she does it only by artificial light; appropriately be it said, for, having more modesty than man, she can better afford to shock public opinion without bewildering herself. She has more poise, and therefore can more felicitously reveal how that poise is accomplished. With all that, any unusual sight of the figure so astounds some minds that they regard it as an outrage, a foolhardiness from which the less daring should be safeguarded. There is a superstition that the nearer we approach a savage nakedness the more savage will be our impulses. Yet the reverse is the truth, for in the matter of costume, every social function has a formality of its own, and the more formal the occasion the more of herself does milady uncover.

Still another criticism has been applied to woman, who seems to bear the brunt and honor of most innovations, being responsible for fashions as well as for posterity. The matter in point is that she does not consider herself properly arrayed for the public until she has used certain artifices to transmute her complexion, as if her beauty were not quite harmonious with the world but must be seen through a haze of more delicious huc than her native beams. Such embellishment is exotic to the satirists, who, unable to explain it on any other ground, can only allege its immorality. What is startling must be immoral. One might more accurately say "improper". But opinion has always been that novelty combined with virtue is a pretense, for nobody would go to all that trouble for nothing.

Solving personal conduct as either useful or vicious, was an error of many centuries. It must be good or evil. If not, what is it? If we say that the world is good and evil, we leave no room for anything else. If we say that it is all good, there is no room for distinctions. If all is good, then even the denial is part of the beneficent scheme. But that is going pretty far. The stern critic (bearded mayhap and primeval) avows that rouge is wicked because it plays upon wicked thoughts. There is also the devout one who claims that if the Creator had intended woman to be as she powders and perfumes herself, He would have ordained her so naturally. The same point may be made against a house. If Nature had intended that man live in a painted, wooden structure, why was not the preserving color put in the tree.

Here it is to be set forth that man dwells and lives in an everlasting disguise. He paints his house to gloss and conceal the original material. He does this to almost every article he uses. The potato-masher and the rolling-pin have remained intact and uncontaminated by color. Little else is there that is not painted, varnished, enameled, stained, veneered beyond recognition. Man cannot endure the sight of anything in a pure state. Even his food is colored. We all know the disrelish some persons have for a viand that is almost white. There is usually some added coloring ingredient or colored addition from the hands of the humblest housewife, while nearly all foods that are manufactured without the home are tinted chemically.

The practice is a dissembling but not a dissolute one. Man is not satisfied with the looks of anything until it looks like something else. And the same may be said of woman's forgery of a complexion. It is not intended to play on wickedness. It is a play in another sense—a drama of changed personality.

In the present age, one may, without risk of purgatory, make a plea for light vanities. The lady may apologize that a vanity box is a requisite of the soul as a salt shaker is an adjunct of the appetite. She may say that paint and powder are in themselves refreshing; or that they protect her from the sunlight, if not from staring eyes.

It is always possible that neither the affirmative nor the negative of a controversy finds the truth. Paint is a good example for discussion, for on woman's lips it is an attraction that may repel; and a vote of men would probably be against it, as they associate the highly colored face with off-colored members of the sex. But she takes the same pleasure with her rouge pot and other receptacles of color that an artist takes before his canvas. He undergoes the artistic agony of creating a form while coloring it. She avoids that hardship, her own features being ready to the purpose; and the process is pleasant as the final touches of the portrait painter.

The sculptor by form alone gives us a representation of life that is said to transcend life itself. The Greeks painted their statues to the hues of animation, and while the universality of the practice is disputed, evidence is considerable that most if not all of their marble was finished in color. If the genius of the Greeks was equal in color and form, the complete product must have lacked only the breath of life. The wonder age of the world could not have been fallible in the tremulous pink of the lips that it made to smile so well. Under the sculptor's and painter's hands, a statue became a woman. Returning to feminine art of the present day, we have the converse. By the use of face powder, a woman becomes a statue.

Before the magical effect of that upon the imagination, we must impute as a very weak fancy the implication of any other motive. She may indeed have a second one, yet it must be a trivial one compared with the ecstasy of looking into a glass and with a few deft touches of the powder puff, transform herself from the flesh to the pallor of marble, or as near marble as custom will allow. That she may contrast this with the carnation of lips and the charcoaling of eyebrows, giving them tints that are the similitude of neither marble nor flesh, but something intensely theatrical, indicates that she has

(Continued on Page 15)

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,

Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

The Spectator

Congressman Schall Maligns Pershing

In a speech that, for bitterness and invective, was without equal in the memory of congressmen, Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota told the House his reasons for being one of the four members voting against the award of a general's rank to Pershing. Schall, who is blind, and has enjoyed immunity from harsher criticism on that account, went to France about a year ago, and General Pershing would not allow him to visit the front. Some days after the rank had been conferred, Schall spoke to the House, in part, as follows: "There has been so much comment during the past week that I must explain why I disapprove of granting the permanent rank as general in the United States Army to a certain peer of the British Empire listed in the English 'Who's Who' as Sir John J. Pershing. I have talked with men who had observed Pershing intimately in the Philippines; I have talked with officers and men who accompanied him on that fiasco, the pursuit of a Mexican bandit; I have talked with hundreds of soldiers in the recent war, and they were unanimous that he has not the elements that would make him stand forth as a man and a soldier in whom they feel honored. A soldier who cannot stand the test of brave comrades must lack judgment, justice and courage. The only men I have heard applaud him are his puppets, who owe their present position to him, not through efficiency or bravery in action, but to service in his behalf, and who would personally profit by his elevation. With the aid of the Creel Bureau and the Visiting Bureau, Pershing built up a colossal advertising and propaganda machine, the like of which the world has never seen. Censored by his adulatory agents, we have had dished out such information as his policies dictated. Soldiers dared not talk or write. A maudlin, un-American sycophancy fostered by mediocre men has lick-spittled and mewed, until it is no wonder that members of congress were deceived. Misinformation, hypocrisy and pretence are his guns. He used the country's blood and agony to promote his own political ends. He had a newspaper of his own paid for by the public money, the 'Stars and Stripes,' run by one of the general staff, Captain Vishniski, a Pershing boot-licker, whose policy was to instruct the mind of the doughboy in the greatness and humanity of his general. It is such men as he, when they are given power under civil authority, that ruin governments. It is such temperaments that defy the power that made them, and demonstrates clearly, in his refusal to be examined by a House committee, that he is unfit to be entrusted with the liberties of a free people. He is too wily a politician to allow his selfmade picture in the minds of Americans to be destroyed before he has secured the endorsement of his work by the United States Congress to use in his candidacy for president, with which endorsement his promoters hope to overcome the truth which later must find him out. I can see no reasons for pressing laurels on his brow, to the accompaniment of mawkish un-American sentiments, putting the stamp of approval on this snob, this make-believe imperialist, this arch-defender of the court martial established hundreds of years ago under the tyrannical government of England. He is deserving as a cold-blooded manipulator, a scheming politician, and for that

I am willing to give him the palm." To those who are familiar with the make-up of the population in Schall's part of the country, it was no surprise that President Wilson did not receive there the warmest reception of his tour. The congressman's speech against General Pershing, however, is one of the most daring insults that have emanated from Minnesota or the Dakotas.

Who Saved Paris?

Naturally there are some different opinions in the various parts of the United States, concerning the merits and accomplishments of the different army divisions. Each section has its own favorite which is duly lauded and praised in the local press. Stopping the Germans on their big spring drive in May, 1918, when Paris, the heart and vitality of France, was severely threatened, was an enviable achievement, for was it not there that the great crisis came making this the turning point of the war? Howland A. Gibson of Newport, who, according to his own words, is "what you might call an outsider, quite disinterested," has written about the part played by the SECOND DIVISION, Regulars, in this decisive battle at Chateau-Thierry. Mr. Gibson writes as follows:

"During the high tide of the German advance a certain division was rushed in trucks around through the outskirts of Paris and along the roads toward Chateau-Thierry. Passing through Meaux they began to meet refugees crowding the roads and the French Territorials, who had been giving away slowly but steadily. This division was thrown into the gap on Just 1st, directly across the Paris-Metz highway, where the Germans were nearest Paris.

"This was the Second Division of regular army troops, consisting of the 5th and 6th Marines, and the 9th and 23rd Infantry regiments. And this is the division par excellence in the eyes of the French; and some think it is the best division of any army in the field. Without any artillery at first, and with no food except emergency rations, they stopped the Boche completely and held the barrier all through June.

"After the first day other divisions came up, strengthening the line and so can truthfully say they were at Chateau-Thierry and get away with it. But the one that actually saved Paris, in the darkest hour smashing into Hindenburg's picked troops and fighting in the real American way for the first time—in the open, threw back superior numbers of the enemy, and held them—this was the Second Division. And to celebrate this almost unbelievable achievement half of them paraded in Paris on July 4th amidst wildest enthusiasm of the populace for these battle-scarred heroes, parading in full kit, tin hats and all, with the dash and swagger typical of the United States regular.

"This is not heresay, but straight facts. Official records will show it to be true. It has been somewhat exasperating all summer to read the well intentioned but slightly erroneous reports some times published when one was in a position to know the real facts. But now, with the censorship ban lifted, there is no excuse for misstatements. It is a shame to let such matters be made the subject of claims and counter claims by individuals in rival organizations when the newspapers and the public can

easily enough get the straight facts from General March's reports.

"I am what you might call an outsider, quite disinterested. But I see it is going to be the same old story again, just as at the end of every war—in the pride of various localities over their gallant citizen-soldiers, the men who have left home to fight in the regulars are forgotten—and this regular army is after all the backbone of all our military establishments.

"Fortunately in this war there is glory enough for all. Certainly there are four divisions that stand out prominently for their splendid, valorous records. These are the 1st, 2nd, (Regulars), the 42nd, Rainbow, and the New England Boys, the 26th Division. These are all veterans, shock troops, and quite the flower of the army. But the one above all that France will long remember with deepest love and respect is the SECOND."

In the Matter of Population

Compilers of the local directory give San Francisco a population of 552,538, a figure that may not be quite up to the truth, as the method of computation was the multiplying of the directory names by 2½, which is said to be the custom of directory makers everywhere. This means that the method must be right in the average number of times. Sometimes the census would prove more, sometimes a less, and so the present calculation cannot be taken as exact. A New York expert gives us a few thousand more; to-wit: 555,882, but has exposed himself to doubt by putting 574,556 people in Los Angeles. According to the New York figures, San Francisco is now the eleventh city in the Union, as far as population is concerned. Boston, once fourth, is now sixth, having been passed by the industrial centers of

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Cleveland and Detroit, both of which have gone over the 900,000 mark. New York City has almost 6,250,000 inhabitants. Of these about 2,500,000 are the result of immigration. There are about 1,207,000 persons of native parents in the metropolis, and enough illiterates over ten years of age to constitute a fair-sized city—330,000.

Women's Luncheon to President Wilson

Over sixteen hundred women greeted President Wilson at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday and partook of a repast in his distinguished company. The women present were mainly Wilson adherents. After they had heard him speak, their impressions of his belief in his own doctrines was deepened. Others who differed from his viewpoint were converted to his way of thinking after they had heard him speak. He did not tell the women that he was overwhelmed or even delighted to meet them, but he smiled brilliantly and looked appreciative of what really was a demonstrative greeting. The women even cheered, making a surprising volume of sound, considering that it was all treble. And they clapped, not only resoundingly, but a creditably long time. I have never heard the Star-Spangled Banner sung in a public gathering with more fervor than that with which the women rendered it, waving their American flags the while, for they had the head of their nation before them and he had just told them in forceful, simple language his interpretation of disputed articles of the covenant. He made for the impression of great sincerity, of deepest love for the United States, of pride in upholding its honor, of invincible determination to help those who look to our country for sustaining strength. Most of all, he convinced of the great power of this country—and he should know, for no other Executive has ever been in his position to learn through intimate contact with other great powers, the profound respect which the name U. S. inspires. He talked at length of the Shantung matter and made the subject clearer than it had been to many of his hearers. He came out boldly as a champion of China. He said that Germany is the real usurper—not Japan—and it was easy to take his viewpoint, that justice will be done. When he discussed the Monroe Doctrine, one thought of Yankee Doodle Dandy as an exceedingly brave young man, who knows perfectly well that the rest of the world understands thoroughly that the western hemisphere is a domain which it would be exceedingly dangerous to invade and that discussion upon the topic is superfluous.

The Mothers' Tribute

The President said that in crossing the continent, women, many of whom had lost sons in the war, seized his hand and said "God Bless you, Mr. President." "Why should they bless me, when I was the instrument used to send their sons to war? Because, in the generosity of their hearts they knew that the United States, by saving the world at its most critical period, would save other women's sons, would always prevent iniquity; that in serving itself it would ever serve the human race," he declared. He continued with fervor that it makes his heart burn to think of any acquiescence upon the part of our country when injustice is done to a weaker nation. He called the League a great forum where the nations can plead their rights and demand that wrong be eradicated; and he expounded the doctrine that our honor, our interest, our desire, for the respect of humanity demand our keeping faith with the League of Nations.

The President's Personality

Woodrow Wilson's personality is magnetic, compelling. It is a surprise, in that he is really a handsome man—he looks the produce of generations of physical well-being, of mental and moral culture. He radiates health and the joyousness of a happy temperament. As he talked to Mrs. Stephens upon his right and to Mrs. Ernest Mott upon his left, he laughed and chatted as if having the time of his life. Also, he ate industriously and seemed glad he was there. His enunciation is most distinct, his voice has a musical timbre and a surprising youthfulness. Indeed, Wilson glows with youthfulness—one looks at the graying of his hair as merely a symbol of the ripeness of the splendid brain in his shapely head.

Mrs. Wilson's Beauty

Mrs. Wilson, of course, was the object of keen scrutiny. The first lady of the land can bear inspection. She is handsome and charming, a typical American lady of high breeding. She was stunningly and quietly gowned. There were compliments galore for her excellent taste, for the judgment which framed her classic facial outline with the very wide brim of her black velvet hat. Like her illustrious husband, she has flashing white teeth and a fine smile and she carried on animated conversation with Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Rolph, who sat at her left. In the morning, when she arrived, she looked very distinguished in a small dark turban and magnificent furs, but of course the limelight was all for the President, whose smiles and bows in response to the cheers all along the route to the Civic Center, inspired cordiality in the hearts of his Western countrymen. This paper will have gone to press before the President's reception at the Auditorium, but we predict that the enthusiasm of the afternoon will be multiplied.

Summer, Winter and Thirst Resorts

The immortal idea expressed in the words, "See America First," was originated at a time when the sight-seeing did not cause the wan-

derer to become thirsty in vain. At present, if you postpone your tour of the world until you have seen everything that is in America, you will read in the newspapers that many people, no better than you are enjoying themselves and quenching their joyous thirst on foreign soil—even Mexican soil. The subjects of Citizen Carranza have been figuring on a plan to move as close to the border line as possible, and set up certain and divers liquor stocks which we will hand to the tourist of a thousand miles or a thousand feet, or less. Having watched the Americans take tribute from Candelaria silver mines and Tampico oil wells, the Mexicans are now about to retaliate. They will get some of the money back in the price of drinks. The famous Tijuana is too, too well known to be more than mentioned. There is also Mexicali, that is becoming too well known for the moralists' peace of mind. These two sporting realms were established and improved for the special benefit of Californians. Further along is Arizona, the citizens of which have been vastly pitied by the warm-hearted state of Sonora, which has been issuing permits for the conducting of liquor traffic on a grand scale, such as would be meet and proper for men of Arizona reputation. Nogales, Magdalena, Cananea and Naco have undertaken to supply with American cocktails and a variety of other beverages, all who enter the portals of anti-prohibition as she is south of the Rio Grande. To show that they have no ill feeling, the Sonora people have decided that the profits of the liquor will be divided between the municipalities and various educational institutions. None more than the Sonorans are admirers of municipalities and education, and if a single peso should go astray, somebody's head will soon follow it. All that is for the accommodation of Arizona. Just where the Texans will go is a question, as the entente cordiale north and south of the Rio is not working well, for the moment. We have assurances from El Paso that the Mexicans are not afraid of the United States, but have a holy

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

post for a drink. The yacht owner, of course, will not be attracted to these towns, with the exception of Tijuana. On the Atlantic Coast, the millionaires will not take all the Mexican offers, but have set their eyes upon an island south of Florida. Havana is making the most elaborate preparations of all to the end that the thirsty Americans see Havana first, if they have sufficient money. The cigar city is a beautiful place as she now stands, with many promenades, drives and sequestered spots. Then there is that harbor containing the famous Moro Castle, which of itself is worth a trip, and which you can view through a haze of southern sunlight and delicious southern drinks. The Havanas have interested a number of Americans in the project, and the plan is to build some big hotels, one of which is to cost about \$6,000,000. With a few improvements, Havana believes that she will become a combination of Atlantic City and Monte Carlo. She will have board walks to be walked on, and other boards fear of Texas. So perhaps the Lone Star stalwarts will not hesitate to pass the boundary

to be played on—with cards, ivory balls, numbers, brass pins, and all devices that make the money change hands with a rapidity and for an astonishment. The Latin mind is not averse to gambling; neither is the superior American intellect, for that matter, especially the intellects that have yachts and incomes that are incomes in every sense of the word. It was not without reason that Cuba was called the Pearl of the Antilles. She will soon be the pearl of great price, not that drinks are expensive down there, for the Latin mind does not make exorbitant charges when he can help. That is one praiseworthy trait of all southern temperaments. But the total cost of getting to Havana for a sight of Moro and a few drinks will cost the tourist something. Perhaps, after all, if you see America first, you will get out of the habit of drinking, and lost your craving to gaze at Moro Castle.

Down in Old Peru

It may not astonish the good people of this country to learn that the President of Peru, Augusto B. Leguia, has discovered a plot. The Peruvian plotters intended to assassinate their president in lieu of a ballot recount. It appears that last election was conducted in private, and was not recognized by all factions. Leguia states that in addition to his arrest of as many ringleaders as he could locate, he has in possession a letter written by ex-President Jose Pardo approving of the movement by which a change in the administration might be brought about.

Pardo, as alleged, is not particular about the means by which Leguia is to be retired to private life or the life eternal, just as long as the job is done with dispatch. Furthermore, the letter is said to contain an offer to finance the enterprise of giving Peru a new government instantly, very quickly, pronto. I have not closely followed the identity of South American presidents; but, the other day, while glancing over a New York newspaper, I was struck with the similarity of names, and read that one Jose Pardo Barreda, twice president of Peru and wrenched from office by certain malcontents last July, thence hurled into prison at Lima, had been released, and turned up in New York City, where he spoke with enthusiasm on many topics. Said he: "Your President Wilson is a great man in every way. Elihu Root is also a great man in every sense of the word. When, as secretary of state, he visited Peru, he was accorded a great reception. The League of Nations is a great document; it will prevent war. President Roosevelt was a great man in all particulars. He was right when he said that a man should have a large family. So here I am, fifty-three years of age, with my good sons, Enrique, Oscar, Juan, Manuel, Jose, and my sweet daughter, Carmen. Your New York is magnificent. I shall lead a quiet life in New York. I shall also educate my children here, for the great institutions of democracy that I see all around, have the proper educational facilities for boys and girls. You must know that I consider the Panama Canal a very great

Convince Yourself About Bifocals

There is absolutely no reason why you should always be inconvenienced by continually changing your glasses if you wear two pair—one for reading—one for distance. The modern way is to wear double vision glasses combining both pair in one. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are worn by thousands who heretofore wore two pair of glasses or who could not wear the old style double vision glasses. Their invisibility makes them appear the same as regular glasses. Convince yourself how comfortably you can wear the newest bifocals—"Caltex," made from a single piece of glass.



BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including
Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly
favors are presented to our patrons, without competi-
tion of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances.
(Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco



GERALDINE FARRAR

In concert Curran Theater, Sunday,
October 5th, at 2:30.

institution. When I was merely a minister of foreign affairs, down there, Peru was the first nation to recognize the independence of Panama. So in that way I approved of Mr. Roosevelt's action, too; and in all ways the deeds of your great men I heartily approve; for America is indeed a great country, and I am here with my profound respects."

Appreciation of Crandall

Late Tuesday evening, Edwin Dunbar Crandall, veteran director of the Orpheus Club, was tendered a testimonial program and celebration that proved to be one of the most notable musical events enjoyed on this coast. The concert took place in the Oakland Auditorium, which housed an audience that contained the social favorites and the musical celebrities of the bay cities. Whether this was due mainly to the high-class program or Crandall's popularity is hard to say. Either the program without Crandall or Crandall with the program would fill any temple of music. So we may let it go at that. It was a cultured audience, and an enthusiastic one, and one that was familiar with the director's work, and the performers are to be congratulated for having combined to make the evening the social and artistic success that it was. A happy incident of the evening was the presentation to Crandall of a picture, *The Spirit of Music at Bohemian Brove*, painted by Dr. Bryant. Joseph Redding made the presentation speech, and all who heard him testified that the talented attorney and dean of the San Francisco musical colony put one of his best efforts in complimenting the beloved leader. The lengthy program shared by the combined Bohemian, Loring, Athenian-Nile and Orpheus clubs, and many solosist, was published in last week's Town Talk. Especially winning of applause was the marching song, *Who Will Marry Me?* (by Redding)—rendered by all the clubs. Altogether, the evening at the auditorium was as being one of the historic festivals of San Francisco-Oakland music and musical assemblages.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Representative McKenzie of Ill.: As I understand it, the Siberian railroad is being guarded by allied troops in the cause of humanity.

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Baron Shimpel Goto, ex-Foreign Minister: President Wilson understands Japan and our sincerity with regard to Shantung. Japan may refuse to ratify any treaty in which the Shantung clause is amended.

Mrs. Emiline Pankhurst (at New York): Women will put an end to Bolshevism, with the spirit we applied to war work.

Herbert Hoover (at New York): I am not a candidate for the presidency. I am not in politics, and would decline the nomination.

Governor Coolidge, Mass.: The policemen's walkout was not a strike. The men were public officials. They are now deserters. We cannot arbitrate the government nor the form of the law. There is no right to strike against the public safety, by anybody, anywhere, at any time.

Admiral Rodman (at Seattle): The time for sight-seeing has past. The ships will now go to Southern California waters for practice.

Field Marshal French: England is especially set against a Sinn Fein republic.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.: I do not wish to be called a distinguished guest, because I have lived here before.

President Wilson (at Tacoma): On my first return to the United States, last March, I showed a draft of the League of Nations to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. They made a few suggestions, alterations and amendments, every one of which was embodied in the final document.

Samuel Gompers: I am not one of those who maintain that the supreme object of man is contentment.

Ralph Merritt, Food Administrator: There was as much sugar refined in the United States this year as any other year.

Homer S. Cummings, Chairman Democratic National Committee: The Democratic party

does not claim credit for winning the war, and the Republican party cannot claim it.

George M. Cohan: That's the kind of a little guy I am. (After handing a check for \$100,000 to the Actors' Fidelity.)

President Wilson (at Helena): The only way to keep men from agitating grievances is to remove the grievances. As long as things are wrong, I do not intend to ask that men cease agitating; but I intend to beg that they will agitate in an orderly manner and use the orderly methods of counsel.

Beauty of Place Names

Robert Louis Stevenson always contended that the most beautiful place names in the world are those of North America. "The names of the states and territories," he declared, "form themselves into a chorus of sweet and romantic vocables: Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota and the Carolinas. There are few poems with a nobler music to the ear; a songful, tuneful land; and if a new Homer shall arise from the western continent his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously with the names of states and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular." Londoners can visit some beautifully named places without journeying far from home. William Sharp relates that "Matthew Arnold, from whom I first heard of that lovely Buckinghamshire region now made easy of reach by railway from Rickmansworth, that valley of the Chess where he loved to angle and where he composed so much in prose and verse, said to me: "What a happy fortune to be a native of a region like this, with such delightful names as Cheneys and Latimer and Chesham Bois and Chalfont St. Giles—Norman roses in old Saxon homesteads." Kent, too, possesses some fascinating names.

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, SEPTEMBER 12, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$25,211,714.09
U. S. Bonds.....	4,515,818.75
Other Bonds and Securities.....	815,408.53
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	7,028,207.84
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	13,795,007.48
	\$51,516,156.69

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,510,020.39
Circulation	1,942,497.50
Letters of Credit.....	7,162,272.62
Deposits	35,901,366.18
	\$51,516,156.69

OFFICERS

WM. H. CROCKER.....	President	J. M. MASTEN.....	Assistant Cashier
JAS. J. FAGAN.....	Vice-President	D. J. MURPHY.....	Assistant Cashier
W. GREGG.....	Vice-President and Cashier	F. G. WILLIS.....	Assistant Cashier
J. B. McCARGAR.....	Vice-President	H. C. SIMPSON.....	Mgr. Foreign Dept.
G. W. EBNER.....	Assistant Cashier	S. N. SMILEY.....	Asst. Mgr. Foreign Dept.
B. D. DEAN.....	Assistant Cashier	G. FERIS BALDWIN.....	Auditor

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. H. CROCKER	CHAS. E. GREEN
CHARLES T. CROCKER	W. GREGG
JAS. J. FAGAN	A. F. MORRISON
GEORGE W. SCOTT	S. F. B. MORSE
WILLIAM W. CROCKER	

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Golf Secrets Betrayed

The strike of the Burlingame golf caddies has uncovered a few deep, dark, dismal secrets such as few men would wish exposed to the harsh gaze of the world. Men like Major Bertram Cadwalader and Harry Stetson will now meet the quizzical eyes of their friends, and blush under the scrutiny. W. H. Crocker and Steve Britton will try to avoid the glances of their set; and Captain A. H. Payson will shrink to an humble solitude, for a while anyway, until the height of the gossip storm has blown over. These men have been accustomed to don their leggings and to harness themselves with accouterments that the casual observer could recognize a golf champion on the way to Burlingame Country Club. Golf—golf, that mysterious game that serves far better than fishing when anecdotes of prowess meet with a good audience. With golf, one builds a reputation that almost equals a foreign title. "Golf enthusiast" is superior to "club man" or "raconteur," for one becomes a raconteur in order to achieve a golf reputation. Who would have thought that the aforementioned and hitherto exalted names, renowned for their valorous accounts of the game, were known on the golf links as consuming half a day to make eighteen holes? Yet that is the testimony of the striking caddies. Let us hope that unraised wages, general discontent and social unrest inspired the caddy spokesman to exaggerate, and that he made, in anger, remarks for which he will repent. A man who takes half a day to make eighteen holes could hardly be called a golf enthusiast. He may be an optimist, but not a first-class disciple of gladness. For he plays under the fear that an indiscreet caddy can make him a laughing-stock. This takes away half the fun of the game. In the interests of humanity, I will gladly publish in these columns, the heartthrobs and ambitions of any Burlingame player, if he will send me his score.

The Peril of High Wages

Even if the caddy draws a player who cannot fill a score in less than an afternoon, \$1 is fairly good pay for a half day's romp in the fresh air. On links frequented by professionals, golf boys have made a tidy wage—a wage that has kept them at the game when old enough to be employed at manlier tasks. A youth of sixteen years who will not enter a useful trade when he can earn \$5 or more a day scampering after a golf ball, is in a fair way to a useless life. In the opinion of golfers who have seen caddies ageing past the 21-year mark and clinging to the easy, remunerative job, the game is demoralizing to whatever natural energies the boys might have had.

Are the Robinson-Duffs Seeking Divorce?

The rumor that the J. Robinson-Duffs are about to be divorced will not down and the friends of the attractive young matron insist that she is in California to establish a residence. Mr. and Mrs. Duff came here from New York with Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Jackling about a year ago and were their guests for several weeks. Since then, Mrs. Duff, after a short stay in the East, returned here and has been feted constantly by the smart set of this city and Santa

Barbara. She was a house guest of Mrs. George Cameron at Burlingame. Mr. Duff was a Eureka boy and grew up there. He is the son of Charles Duff of that city and lived with his father until he was about fifteen, when he went to Chicago to join an older brother, Dr. Roden Duff, who put him through school. During the war he made a spectacular fortune in one of the war babies, after having married the daughter of William Heppenheim of Jersey City, whose home was known as the house of a hundred rooms. Mrs. Duff, J. Robinson Duff's mother, is a singing teacher in Paris, where she still makes her home. She was a Miss Robinson of Bangor, Me., and married Charles Duff of Eureka many years ago. She was divorced and after a number of years hyphenated her name calling herself and her children, of which there are three, Robinson-Duff.

Embarrassment in Berkeley

During Fleet Week a vaudeville entertainment was given at the Greek Theatre for the entertainment of the sailors. Two hundred of Berkeley's prettiest girls arrived to serve delicious refreshments which had been provided for 1700 acceptances by the enthusiastic women of the college town; but only 30 sailors put in an appearance; nevertheless, the performance proceeded. The Community Singers, including residents of Berkeley with voices and others who are having them trained to the end that they may have them eventually, sang all the Allied national anthems. The sailors stood dutifully at attention. Then a group of bare-foot dancers appeared and received cordial marine greeting. Now Berkeley is nothing if not conservative, and as a number of club women held themselves responsible for the safe return of the guests to their ships, two representative ladies approached the stage and declared: "We protest!" But as no others in authority were present, the dancers were heedless. Finally they saw Clinton R. (Brick) Morse (a former well-known athlete) in the meagre audience. "Ladies," he said when appealed to, "I am the leader of the U. C. Glee Club and have no authority to stop this entertainment." (Incidentally his glee club did not materialize.) Nothing daunted, the ladies next urged Prof. Walter Christie to take action suppressing the bold dancers. He assured the women that his position as director of university athletics gave him no such power, so the dancing continued to the bitter end. When the collation was served by the 200 military servitors and the 30 sailors plied with all the delicacies of the cuisines of Berkeley, the rest of the small audience was regaled, and yet the collection of confections and fruit looked like a food exhibit of the Santa Clara valley. It is alleged that the local Red Cross had difficulty in disposing of Berkeley's enthusiastic contribution to the feast spread for the sailors. Incidentally, so far as known all arrived aboard ship without having committed a single social blunder.

Powell-Croger Marriage

Miss Adalia A. Croger and Ensign Evans Powell, U. S. S. Idaho, were married on September 8th. Ensign Powell is from Memphis, Tenn., for which city he expects to depart with his bride next month. He is concerned in ex-

tensive property interests there. The bridegroom saw service under Admiral Rodman for eleven months, being with the American fleet attached to the British grand fleet in the North Sea. The bride is a Californian and has many warm friends in San Francisco. The honeymoon was spent motoring through Southern California. Reports are that it was a case of love at first sight, with a proposal the first evening. Anyhow, the wedding took place five days thereafter.

A Mystic at the Fine Arts

An interesting and suggestive collection of paintings and drawings has just been installed by Director Laurik in the gallery devoted to memorial and retrospective exhibitions in the Palace of Fine Arts. Where the Toby Rosenthal memorial exhibition was hung we now see a memorial exhibition of the work of the late Rex Slinkard, who died last year in one of the Eastern army hospitals as a result of exposure. Barely over thirty at the time of his death, Rex Slinkard had nevertheless achieved a very personal expression of his reaction in the presence of the eternal mystery of life. His exhibition reveals him a true mystic of the order of Blake, Maeterlink and Novallis, and so it hardly to be expected that his message will awaken a resounding echo in the world. No more expressive, telling draftmanship and color has appeared in modern art than is shown in these twenty odd paintings and fifty-eight drawings. Many of these drawings were made in the army camps on ordinary Y. M. C. A. stationery, and reveal in a striking manner the exaltation of this young man's soul in the midst of all the warlike preparations in which he participated so actively. These drawings are, one and all, imbued with a quality of imagination and a pure unspoiled fantasy that is the very soul of art. The every-day reality of every-day men and women was for Rex Slinkard merely a point of departure whence his artist's soul could soar into the "beyond," the true realm of art. Thus we find among these paintings canvases bearing titles as follows: "Night Air-Walk of the Young Visionary," "In the Land of Ultimate Reunion," "Infinitude," "The Inner Dwelling," "My Song," a divine serenity broods over these paintings and drawings. Those who expect a mirror-like, photographic reduplication of the people and things about us will have nothing but disappointment in store for them in the work of Slinkard, but to those to whom all art is an evocation of the inner beauty of the spirit, the work of this young man will carry a real message.

Born in the Middle West, reared on a Texas ranch, of sound, robust physique, he lived his whole life out in the open with horses and horsemen, and some of his loveliest drawings are reminiscences of his days and years on the ranch. As a youth he rode many of his father's fastest racers in many a hotly contested race. His mysticism is, therefore, the product of a very real contact with nature and natural things, and not something concocted in the studio or study for the sake of appearing strange and different from his fellows. In this respect he is not unlike Joseph Conrad, whose years of seafaring only served to deepen and clarify his visionary outlook on life, which finds such

mystical expression in his extraordinary novels of the sea. For those who might jump to the easy conclusion that Slinkard is devoid of the requisite foundation of academic training it may be of interest to know that he was one of the most brilliant and accomplished art students. Early in his student days he won the Wm. M. Chase scholarship prize for the Art Students League in New York City, where he spent two years studying under Robert Henri. Upon his return to Los Angeles he became the active head of the Art Students' League there, over which he presided for about five years while he continued to assist his father run the ranch. During the last two years of his life previous to entering the army his time was so completely absorbed by these ranch activities as to leave no time whatever for painting. All those who enjoyed the imaginative and visionary art of Anisfeld will enjoy Slinkard's, and all those who did not will be no less baffled than they were in the presence of the evocations of the great Russianu. For the purpose of giving the first an opportunity to enjoy this exhibition as much as possible, and the latter an opportunity to familiarize themselves with what is strange in it, Director Laurik has opened the exhibition two weeks earlier than planned. It will continue for a period of six weeks, closing October 27th.

Social Notes

Last year there was no such thing as a debut and the young girls of the past season and the season before that were more than handicapped socially as entertaining on any kind of a scale was more than frowned upon. With the war even the brides were forced to have the most informal kind of weddings, and during the influenza epidemic a number of them were married wearing flu masks. * * On Saturday Miss Elita Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams of Oakland, made her formal debut at a ball given by her parents. It was the handsomest large dance given for several years either in San Francisco or Oakland and was attended not only by the younger set but by friends of Mr. and Mrs. Adams as well. Mrs. Adams was Miss Bessie Wheaton of Oakland and one of the belles of that city about twenty years ago. Her mother, Mrs. George Wheaton, was the acknowledged leader of transbay society then as well as one of the beauties of the state. Mr. Adams' sister married Thomas Prather, brother of Mrs. Harry East Miller and Mrs. Harrison Clay; so, with the various family ramifications, Miss Adams should be one of the most feted debutantes of the season. * * Another debutante of the past week was Miss Amanda McNear, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear. Miss McNear's uncle, Frederick McNear, married Miss Georgie Hopkins, the daughter of Mr. E. W. Hopkins of this city and Menlo Park so Miss McNear will have the backing of the Augustus Taylors, William H. Taylors Jr. and the various branches of the Hopkins family who for years have been an influential force in the society of the state. Miss McNear made her formal entrance into society on Tuesday at a ball given by her parents at the St. Francis Hotel. On her father's side she is the niece of Mr. George McNear, who married Miss Etta Tucker and of Mrs. Power Hutchins of New York and Petrograd. She is also connected with the McNears of Petaluma. Miss Louise McNear was married during the summer to Dr. Howard Naffsiga at Petaluma at a beautiful country wedding. * * A reception was given last Saturday evening at the Century Club by Miss Eleanor Davenport for

Mr. and Mrs. John Kendrick Bangs, who left for the East on Monday. Miss Davenport's affairs are always successful because she has the tact to gather together a group who will be congenial. Miss Davenport's mother, Mrs. E. H. Davenport, was one of the few grande dames California has ever known. Her grandfather, Mr. William Hewitt, was one of the pioneers of northern New York and at one time was associated with John D. Rockefeller in the firm of Rockefeller and Hewitt. * * On the same afternoon Mrs. William Fitzhugh, who is in New York, arranged a luncheon by telegraph for Mrs. Bangs which was given at the Town and Country Club. Among the dozen or more guests was Miss Sara Cunningham who returned recently from France where she was with the Red Cross. With Mrs. Richard Hammond she spent over a year working with the American women in the canteens and hospitals. The latter acted as a volunteer nurse at the drive at Thierry. * * Mr. and Mrs. Henry Benedict Taylor have arrived at Homestead Hot Springs, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel G. Volkmann also are there. Mrs. Fletcher Ryer took the baths early in the summer. Mr. Henry Kirk of Oakland and New York is at the Homestead putting the finishing touches on a play which is to be produced in New York during the winter. Mrs. O. W. Childs arrived last week from Los Angeles.

Superior Program at Techau Tavern

The evening program at Techau Tavern is drawing scores of guests every day and it is not too much to say that all of them are delighted with the entertainment afforded by the famous Jazz Orchestra and the Show Girl Revue Corps.

The orchestra plays for dancing periods, the dinner hour and after the theater, magnificent Kewpie Dolls are presented to the ladies as dance favors and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen. There are a number of new artists in the Revue Corps, who are a distinct acquisition to that organization, their fresh and well trained voices adding much to the pleasure of the guests.

THE DRY GLASS

Upon the ledge, where memory plays,
The Dry Martini's glass is dry.
Where purple shadows, golden haze
And scarlet fancies come to blaze,
No hot lips drink, nor hand is nigh.
To fruit and froth let fools apply;
A lonely hero passes by,
And sees wherein in his dream of days
The Dry Martini's glass is dry.

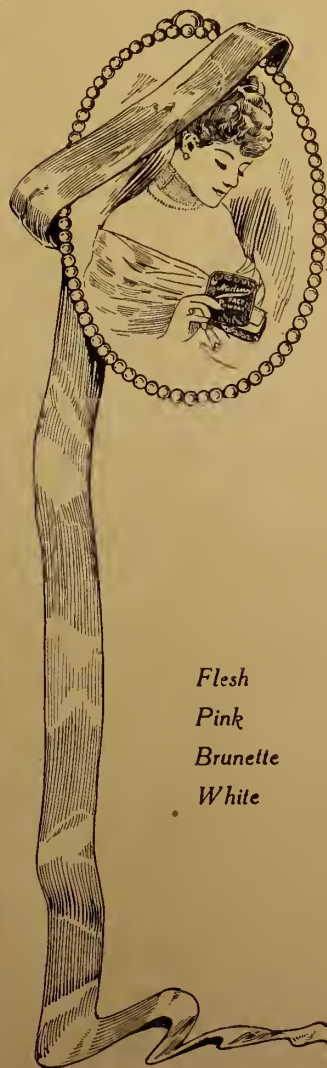
A phantom city round him sways,
Whose Dry Martini's glass is dry.
Of those illuminated ways,
Of sparkling shapes and gay displays,
Of clinking song and joyful cry,
A crystal city circles by,
A dream that still before him stays,
To which he still returns to praise,
Whose Dry Martini's glass is dry.

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor



Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

—Exquisite Nadine Face Powder

A complexion powder of exquisitely delicate odor and texture which holds its charm throughout the day, imparting to the skin that delicate softness and refinement so much admired.

Nadine Face Powder is cooling, refreshing and harmless, a positive protection against wind, tan, sun-burn and return of discolorations. Leaves the skin soft and smooth as rose petals.

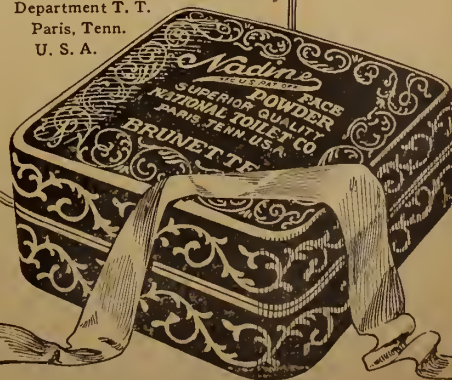
This exquisite preparation, Nadine, beautifies millions of complexions today. Price refunded if not entirely pleased.

Sold in Green Boxes Only.

At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c.

NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY

Department T. T.
Paris, Tenn.
U. S. A.



The Stage

The Genius of Guy Bates Post

Were it not that the public mind moves slowly, we should hear more mention of Guy Bates Post in those reviews that attempt to deal with the stage in general. As it is, when Mr. Post visits us, we are made aware that an actor of first-class ability has a message for the theatergoer. Not for the sake of dragging in another name, but to set up a standard of comparison, one might say that in "The Masquerader" Post appears well able to take up a subtle style of acting that went into decline with the passing of Richard Mansfield. The character of John Chilcote, member of parliament and a morphine fiend, offers the actor a splendid opportunity, as the drug addiction and vagaries exalt the man beyond the commonplace. Post makes every use of this weirdly whimsical aristocrat to give a portrayal that is far from the mannerism of everyday officialdom. The plot may be epitomized as that of the "Prisoner of Zenda" in civilian clothes. In "The Masquerader" is the added satisfaction of seeing not only the man who is called upon to impersonate a public official, but the sad outcast himself, Post doubling in the roles. The prologue, where the two men meet for the first time, of course requires the use of another character. The stage is dimly illumined, and a London fog comes picturesquely to the purpose. This prologue is one of the most beautiful scenes in the history of our ambitious stage painting. It is one of the few successful stage productions of a scene as an impressionist artist might have painted it. A pleasant element is that no great distinctions are made between the two characters, the member of parliament and John Loder, the writer, who resembles him so closely that all are deceived. In most dual roles, contrasting temperaments cause special delight to those who see only the wide range between one and the other; and wonder is expressed that an actor can so readily change his personality. Yet the trick is one that few actors would not be equal to. On the other hand, the change that Post makes from Chilcote to Loder, and vice versa, calls for a delicacy of impersonation that not many actors possess. Admirers of the dainty terrors of a baffled imagination will find themselves sated in "The Masquerader". One of the finest situations is where Loder's slavey (Ruby Gordon) nurses the dope-fiend, in the belief that her master has become afflicted with a strange malady. She sees the fiend's faithful servant doing all he can to help matters, and she mistakes these good intentions for an evil influence, a sort of hypnotic spell cast over her own master. Unable to solve the mystery, the girl purchases morphine for the victim and endeavors to soothe his suffering days. The M. P.'s servant is admirably done by Lionel Belmore, who receives a rousing tribute from the audience at the climax. I mention this tribute, because actors nowadays receive applause for their good or supposedly good acting. We have few plays that arouse the olden enthusiasm that applauded the plot. The tenseness of "The Masquerader" gives the thrill and causes the audience to meet the actors halfway in the big situation. "The Masquerader" is valuable to the stage as deciding that dispute between spoken and filmed drama. Casting aside all eulogies to various directors and fortunes spent on a film, this play when shown in the movies was considered, and was, the ultimate expression of the screen. The confronting of the

derelict with his impersonator as the latter was about to undertake his disguise, loomed as the big achievement of motion pictures, and was the only factor wherein the picture could be said to surpass the play. In all other things, in the luxury of color, and the dramatic effect of spoken passion, the visual contact with the persons of the drama, and the tremendous vitality throughout, the stage version stands without fear of competition.

—L. J.

Spectacular Week at the Orpheum

"Cut yourself a slice of cake," says one of the Royal Cascoignes at the Orpheum, and the generous advice may well be directed at the audience, for the bill gives every one his favorite slice of variety. They who look for a bit of true acting, find it in the excellent work of George Kelly and company, who have a dandy little comedy, "The Flattering Word," the motive of which is—none so pious as to scorn the accusation of dramatic talent. G. Davison Clark, as a clergyman opposed to the drama, readily succumbs to the compliment that he resembles Edwin Booth. Alice Parks, as a rural church worker, measures up to the highest standard of comedy work, and her speak-a-piece daughter (Polly Redfern) is a literal scream, as she draws the screams—even squeals of laughter. It would be a blessing if every legitimate playwright could witness this playlet and learn that dramatic interest arises from a mental and emotional clash of personalities, and as such is altogether more absorbing than a plot which depends upon a stolen ruby or something like that. Kelly's stage tale is nothing more than an actor-hating parson being induced to attend a performance. Good acting and fairly clever lines keep the ball of interest a-rolling, and a-rolling fast. Lydia Barry styles herself a Lyrical Raconteuse, which does not begin to describe her powers. Lydia is as clever a satirist, burlesque and imitator as any one could wish to have for a raconteuse forever. She is a large, flashing woman in white, with a huge red-feather fan and the blackest hair that ever appeared in these United States. As for the dancing, there is Bessie Clayton's troupe. Bessie is what might be termed a tough-gorgeous interpreter of the passion a-tiptoe. Sparkling with all sorts of costumes, she gives you the idea of a Terpsichorean Zaza whose furious motions, accompanied by drum and cymbal fortissimo, are the fff of the dance. Splendid are the Spanish dancers, Alisa and Edoardo Cansino. If Russia be the home of the carefully trained ballet, to Spain belongs the honor of producing women whose gyrations and steps are sensuous with an animal grace that is incomparable. In the company are the eccentric dancers, James Clemons, Arthur Gordon and Wilbert Dunn, who are topnotchers in that regard. M. J. Ward and five symphony girls and five pianos have a good act of music and song. Billie Burke's levitation is a burlesque (intentional) of that art, and is just as good as the original. Boyce Combe is the chap that sings the sneezing song which cannot be intelligently criticized, for there is no precedent or standard for it in the vocal art. He also a few lines supposedly rendered while seasick and throingup; the rest of his act is normal. His partner, Burton Brown, gives a smashing good (yes, that's right) rendition of La Traviata on the Orpheum's grand piano. The Royal Cascoignes are jugglers. She doesn't juggle very much; but he, as he says, begins

where others leave off. And he has that dog which, tossed into a double somersault, lands on its feet. Great dog and trainer—and cut yourself a slice of cake.

—L. J.

First Symphony Program

Renowned as the greatest conductor of both Brahms and Wagner, Alfred Hertz has appropriately placed works by these composers on the first program of the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which will be performed on Friday afternoon, October 10, in the Curran Theater.

The Brahms number will be that master's Second Symphony in D-major, unquestionably his most perfect work, with which Hertz electrified local symphony followers on the occasion of his first appearance with the San Francisco Symphony, four years ago. Wagner will be represented by his immortal Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde". The opening program will be further enriched by Debussy's "Fetes," which will have performance here for the first time under the Hertz baton, and which represents the French composer at his happiest, in the fullness of his matured style. Gluck's classical overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" will be the opening number of the first concert, which will be repeated on the Sunday immediately following as is the custom in the regular symphony series. Cesar Franck's noble D-minor symphony will be the major offering of the second pair of concerts, with particular interest undoubtedly attaching to the first San Francisco performance of an orchestral work by Ferruccio Busoni, the Italian pianist-composer. Busoni's Symphonie Suite, Opus 25, will be played.

The complete program for the first pair of symphonies to be played on Friday afternoon, October 10, and Sunday afternoon, October 12, is: Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck; Symphony No. 2, D-major, Opus 73, Brahms; allegro non troppo, adagio non troppo, allegretto grazioso (quasi andantino), allegro con spirito; Fetes, Debussy; Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner. Following is the program for the second pair of symphonies announced for Friday afternoon, October 24, and Sunday afternoon, October 26: Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; Symphonie Suite, Opus 25, Ferruccio Busoni; prelude, gavotte, gigue, slow intermezzo, alla breve (allegro fugato); Symphony in D-minor, Cesar Franck; lento—allegro non troppo, allegretto, allegro non troppo. Conductor Hertz will announce the personnel of the orchestra in a few days, as well as a list of delightful novelties for the "pop" series of concerts. That the sale of season tickets for members has been most successful is the assurance of Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the Symphony's sustaining body. The sale of season tickets for the public will open on Monday, September 23, on which date the rehearsals of the orchestra will begin under the direction of Conductor Hertz.

Curran

Crowded houses at the Curran Theater attest to the significant triumph achieved by the great American actor, Guy Bates Post, in his remarkable new starring medium, "The Masquerader," in which Post has scored for the past two seasons in the principal cities of the East and in Australia. The last two weeks' prosperous en-

gagement opens next Sunday night, Sept. 21. The elusive appeal of Post's work and personality can be best summarized in the statement, which no lover of the stage and its players can contradict, that he is at all times a true artist. Whether as the drug-crazed Chilcote in his last writhings from an overdose of morphine, or as John Loder, beset by trials and tribulations in living up to life's highest ideals and ambitions, Post is ever impressive and convincing. The play, based on the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston, was dramatized in admirable fashion by John Hunter Booth. The producer, Richard Walton Tully, has given "The Masquerader" a most elaborate and altogether unique series of settings. The star is given sterling support by Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Ruby Gordon, Clarence Handyside, Reginald Carrington, Audrey Anderson and others.

Alcazar

From "The Law of the Land," a dramatic torrent of primitive passions, the New Alcazar Company passes next Sunday matinee to the placid waters of good cheer and kindly helpfulness as reflected in the famous glad play "Pollyanna," the week being notable for its first Alcazar presentation and its final one in San Francisco. Pollyanna, the heroine, never swerves from her simple creed that love is more potent than hatred and that there is always something to be glad about. Her propaganda finds basis in the scriptures. As she naively expressed it: "Father counted the glad texts one day when he felt downhearted—and there's eight hundred of them. That made him feel better right away. He said if God took the trouble to tell us eight hundred times to be glad he must want us to do it—some." Belle Bennett personates Pollyanna; Walter P. Richardson, the embittered hermit; Vaughan Morgan, her boyish adorer; Thomas Chatterton and Emily Pinter, the reunited lovers; Edna Shaw, the Irish maid; Al Cunningham, the butler; Emelie Melville, May Nannery and Barbara Lee, the eccentric "Ladies Aiders". "Nothing But Lies" secured for early production, is William Collier's recent New York farcical comedy hit, which is a droll contrast to his former play, "Nothing But the Truth". It is by Aaron Hoffman, co-author of "Friendly Enemies," and has never been acted in San Francisco.

Orpheum

Alice Eis, famous in this country and in Europe as a choreographic danseuse, will head the Orpheum bill next week in an entirely new singing and dancing act of wide range, it comprises five songs and dances, which extend from nursery rhymes to the poetic and dramatic legends of India. She is assisted by James Templeton, a graceful and clever dancer.

Julie Nash, who five years ago was one of

the most successful stock stars in the West, and H. C. O'Donnell, who first won recognition as the servant in the house in the play of that name and who has also gained fame as a writer of one-act plays, will appear in the comedy "Three G. M.," which is quaint and original in idea and sparkling and entertaining in dialogue.

William Dunham and Grace O'Malley will be heard in songs and patter.

Ted Doner came into prominence in the support of Lucille Cavanagh, and so great was his success that he commissioned Charles McCarron to write an act for him, which is entitled: "Something New in Singles". It exploits Mr. Doner in these things he is most capable of doing and probably the best of these is dancing.

Ray Snow, assisted by Narine Velmar, will present a novel skit called "You Pick 'Em". Snow introduces a brief and witty monologue and a recitation of his own composition entitled "A Regular Fellow".

The Rosa King Trio will give a terpsichorean and gymnastic exhibition on the tight wire.

Harry and Harriet Seebach entitle their contribution "Jazz in the Gym". Harry Seebach is the world's champion bagpuncher. He even punches the bag to jazz time and Miss Seebach is a capital vocalist and comedienne.

George Kelly and Company in "The Flattering Word," and Julius Tannen, monologue genius, will be the only holdovers in a bill that maintains the highest standard of vaudeville and is remarkable for novelty.

Geraldine Farrar

When Geraldine Farrar and her concert company, consisting of Arthur Hackett, tenor, and Rosita Renard, pianist, appear at the Curran Theater, Sunday Afternoon, October 5 at 2:30 it will be to an audience that will not only fill the Curran to its utmost capacity, but will be representative of the social and musical culture of this great community. Frank W. Healy, local representative for C. A. Ellis, manager of Miss Farrar, has been receiving mail orders and on Monday will open the Farrar box offices at Kohler & Chase's and Sherman & Clay's. Miss Farrar closed her recent season at the Metropolitan Opera House as the "adorable, unforgettable blossom of Japan, 'Madame Butterfly'" and received her usual season's ending demonstration from her Metropolitan admirers. Preceding "Madame Butterfly" was Miss Farrar's appearance at the Metropolitan in "Tosca" and James Gibbons Huneker, dean of the New York critics, said: "Miss Farrar, the illusion of youthful passion and loveliness, provoked from the huge audience unfeigned enthusiasm. Hers was the most beautiful of Floria Tosca's. She was in the best voice, and her touching and thrilling impersonation compelled numerous curtain calls." Miss Farrar, who is now in Los Angeles, was recently the recipient of a floral fete. Her automobile was massed with roses and one woman presented the singer with a great bouquet of three hundred American beauties. She will come to San Francisco in her private railroad car, will give but one concert, and immediately after the concert will leave for Denver, making no stops en route.

Advice of a London Judge to the Taxi Man

"Just a word of advice: If you drive a taxicab yourself always be civil to those who wish to hire you.

"Of course, I know you will never stop if signalled to in the street, but do not pass by rudely. Do it gently—a smile and wave of the hand—and then the would-be hirer will feel that he has been let down lightly."

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

PUBLIC SEASON SALE OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 22

At 457 Phelan Building
FIRST CONCERT October 10, at CURRAN THEATER
No War Tax

(Symphony Tickets Exempted by Government)

12 FRIDAY SYMPHONIES—Orch., \$24; Balcony, \$24, \$18, \$12; Gallery, \$12, \$8, \$6.

12 SUNDAY SYMPHONIES—Orch., and First Three Rows Balcony, \$12; Balcony, Next Thirteen Rows, \$9; Gallery, First Row, \$9; Next Fourteen Rows, \$6.

10 SUNDAY "POPS"—Orch., \$7, \$9; Balcony, First Three Rows, \$9; Next Five Rows, \$7; Next Eight Rows, \$5; Gallery, First Seven Rows, \$5; Next Eight Rows, \$2.50.

Address mail orders, with check, to A. W. WIDENHAM, Secretary-Manager, Phelan Building.

Sale of seats for single concerts opens Monday, October 6, at Sherman, Clay & Co.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE LAW OF THE LAND"

A Tremendous Emotional Drama

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MATINEE, SEPT. 21

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

In the Joyous Play of Optimism,

Harmony and Good Cheer

"POLLYANNA"

Based Upon Mrs. Potter's Famous Glad Books
COMING—First Time in This City—William Collier's
Recent Comedy Hit
"NOTHING BUT LIES"

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

ALICE EIS in New Songs and Dances, with James Templeton; JULIA NASH & H. C. O'DONNELL in "Three G. M."; WILLIAM DUNHAM & GRACE O'MALLEY in Comical, Musical Capers; TED DONER, "Something New in Singles"; RAY W. SNOW, assisted by Narine Velmar in "You Pick 'Em"; ROSA KING TRIO Tight Wire Dancers; HARRY & HARRIET Seebach, "Jazz in the Gym"; GEORGE KELLY in "The Flattering Word"; JULIUS TANNEN, Chatterbox.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST TWO WEEKS BEGIN SUNDAY NIGHT, Sept. 21
RICHARD WALTON TULLY
(James G. Peede, Gen. Mgr.)

Presents

GUY BATES POST

In His Greatest Dramatic Success

"THE MASQUERADER"

By John Hunter Booth, from the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$2.50.
Wed. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.
Seats Now for All Performances.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

CURRAN THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, October 5, 1919

Geraldine Farrar

TICKETS: \$3, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, plus 10% war tax
now on sale at Sherman Clay, Kohler & Chase, and
Curran Theater. Mail orders invited. Make
checks payable to Frank W. Healy.

STEINWAY PIANO

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Stocks were lower early in the week, due principally to the labor situation generally, and a prospect of a steel strike. On a report that the President had requested the steel workers to defer further action until the Capital-Labor Conference next month, traders took a more hopeful view of the situation and bought stocks freely. The general opinion seemed to be that a truce generally leads to a settlement of some kind and the feeling later in the week prevailed that there would be no general strike. Another favorable feature was the increase in the steel tonnage for the month. The figures, while not large, were construed as showing a conservative increase and a feeling that business in general is far from going backward as a good many pessimists in the trade would have the trade believe. These factors contributed to a better feeling and prices recovered quickly, with here and there a spurt of real activity, which gave the market a decidedly healthy look. Specialties in some cases made new high levels and there was also some buying in the railroads, which had been dormant for some time. The advance in the rails did not hold although some of the better class of rails showed a fair advance. There was nothing in the news to account for the sudden activity in the rails and it was considered more of a sympathetic advance than otherwise, although this class of securities are selling so low that it would take very little buying, with some favorable news, to bring about a decided upturn. Baldwin Locomotive and Crucible Steel were the leaders in the specialty list. The former is expected to declare a handsome dividend at its next meeting and those who are buying it are predicting something in the way of a melon. Evidently all the shorts in Crucible did not settle, as the stock seems scarce and there were signs of pool manipulation at higher prices. Oil stocks seemed to stand without the general environment and to act pretty much on their own. The oil stocks are considered free of many of the influences which affect the market as a whole and are more or less privileged. The feature of the trading in the group the past week was the phenomenal rise in Mexican Petroleum. The advance was attributed to reports to the effect that interests identified with the company anticipate ultimate intervention in Mexico. Whatever was responsible it helped the other oil issues, notably Pan American Petroleum; and, in fact, all the issues were in good demand at higher prices. Shipping stocks were in better demand, led by the Marine issues, on a report that this company is about ready to wind up the back dividends on the preferred stock either by short-term notes or a new issue of stock. Exchange showed some little improvement, especially sterling, although francs and lire made new low records.

The Edge Bill passed the Senate and will soon be before the House. This bill provides some means for stabilizing exchange, but the general feeling is that it will not become operative until the peace treaty is signed and out of the way. On the whole the market, considering the general bearishness of the news, gave a good account of itself, and it speaks well for the undercurrent of strength. If the labor situation is adjusted we believe stocks will sell much higher, as fundamentals seem to favor higher prices.

Cotton—There was very little activity in the cotton market the past week, and while the news was generally favorable to higher prices, the trade were not inclined to take a decided stand. Exports of cotton were small and with the present demoralized condition of the foreign exchange market traders could not see their way clear to advance prices. Weather reports were bad and numerous complaints of damage due to excessive rain and wind as well as insect damage from other section of the belt were received quite generally. Trade was principally of a scalping nature and was confined to the professional element, while the outsider was inclined to look on. The crop this year will be a small one, but with the carry-over from last year there will be more than enough to go around. With only a limited demand from Europe, new cotton is being hedged by selling the New York futures and this selling seems to be large enough to offset the limited buying and keeps the market in a narrow range. At present the big factor is the exchange rate and with every point decline in foreign rates means just so much that won't be bought, as the foreign buyers have to pay such large premiums right now that they are confining their purchases to actual necessities. Domestic demand for cotton is good and mills are all doing a big business at satisfactory prices, although the demand is not equal to the supply, and as long as the South continues to offer its cotton at prevailing low prices, only a steady market can be expected and perhaps some decline. We feel friendly to the market at the present low level and believe advantage should be taken of any decline in the distant futures to buy cotton from an investment standpoint.

Hasten not to repay a debt whether of good or evil; since your friend will court you, and your enemy fear you all the longer. (Aristotle to Alexander.)

"Are you of the opinion that Dr. Smith's medicine does any good?"

"Not unless you follows the directions."

"What are the directions?"

"Keep the bottle tightly corked."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	\$7,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

PERPLEXITY AND PAINT

(Continued from Page 5)

either varied the idea or lost trace of it. But whatever she does, the thought of influencing somebody else to any sensual bond, is a petty accusation.

Recalling that the so-called painted woman of today are professionally descended from the ancients, whose love and passion were part of religious rites, is it not believable that the former devotees painted their faces and bodies to imitate the statue of Venus herself, who, nearby, was pigmented ravishingly in the form of a goddess incarnate? Otherwise we cannot account for emblazonment of the face, it having no esthetic value to the masculine mind, and that fact must have been found out long ago. Or say that in some cases the color is required in simulation of youth, that would not enlighten us on the penchant of young women for a brilliance that is neither youth nor passion, but a marvel, fascinating only in the sense that it states coldly, "I fascinate". Such vaunt, though, is unnecessary, as elimination of paint and powder from the world would in no way decrease amorous advances nor the episodes of romance.

The Greek superstition that a votary was consorting with Venus when he dallied with one of her human handmaids is the basis of superlative endearments which are demanded of the modern wooer. It was a hallucination, and still casts a spell. The imagination in love goes as far as it can in the sorcery of words and ornament to make the world seem what it is not. The desire to have our possessions look like something else is a mark of the magician that we all would be. It is the essence of drama and all art forms. It is exercised by the child when he rides a stick for a horse. He knows that his mount has neither head nor tail and not a leg to stand on. He also knows, when you get down on all fours and growl like a

bear, that you are harmless. He has the complex delight before a countenance that is at once friendly and a wild beast. From a thrilling story or a blood-curdling drama, we get the same thrill or curdle. We realize that the foot-light anguish is mere words and gestures. Few tragedians are so true to life that they make us forget we have hired them to force our tears. It is when we leave the theater that the real acting begins, and we cannot distinguish ourselves from the part we are playing. This play-acting throughout our lives explains love, in which we esteem ourselves as better than we are; explains etiquette, which has us more important than we are; and explains dress, in which we see ourselves different from anything we could hope to be. Music, poetry, pictures and the dance are obvious in their attempts to rhapsodize. In the dance we become both actors and spectators of a fanciful realm, this conjury being of exaggerated form in the masquerade, which is climax of misrepresentation.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased—No. 27627 N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAILLE COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-5

The flesh has its day, but the mind lives much in the records of the past. A little ornament or charm does the trick of levitating the soul to another scene. A chair is gilt and brocaded, and the sitter is made to sit on a throne of gold and feel himself softly couched in roses. Yet the months go by and the soul no longer sees the gold; the rose design is forgotten, and it comes to pass that the poor defrauded monarch of his dreams is sitting on nothing more than a chair. We walk unconcerned in a great room whose walls once reminded us that we were contemporaries of Louis XIV. If we gaze at those gorgeous shapes too often, their wonders dwindle. If we return and look too long, they seem grotesque and they shine with a false light. All our treasures go through the same performance. The facts are unseen in the sky and the miracle is lost among our chattels. Nature amuses us with color, and we repeat the entertainment in all our handiwork.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 8-9-10

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1424

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

That Peruvian Plot
Ex-Soldiers Peddling
Strikes and Revolution
Stage, Society, Finance
A New Political Party
Under the Mayor's Gavel
Hiram Johnson's Performances
Points Emphasized by the President
Policemen in the Federation of Labor
Police Reception to President Wilson
The Camel When It's Wagging Its Tail
Contents and Conduct of the Auditorium
Raphael Weill Invokes Victor Hugo in Behalf of
the League of Nations

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, September 27, 1919

No. 1424

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Policemen in the Federation of Labor

Objection to the unionizing of policemen is mainly on the ground of their own free action. Every principle of government demands that they remain an independent body, and the policemen, in their own love of independence, should be the first to take that view. Organization for various fraternal purposes has not been denied them. Their affiliation with the American Federation of Labor can only be taken as a temporary make-shift, and is not demanded by any logical relation between the two. The labor federation took that very stand up to its last convention. A policeman is not a laborer. Inherently he is no nearer than a justice of the peace is to a carpenter or iron worker. The labor unions were organized for men in the building, transportation and productive industries, while the cop is an official. Samuel Gompers himself has long been of the same opinion, as is obvious from his statement to the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, where the right of the policemen to affiliate was brought into the courts. Gompers declared that for years he had been requested to take policemen into the federation, but had refused; that finally the requests came from so many sources, he decided to recognize the claims. It was during the recent labor conclave at Atlantic City, June, 1919, that a resolution was passed authorizing charters to policemen's organizations. The fallacy of the act was at once detected. As an example of the general criticism, we may take the view of Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado. He proceeds on the supposition that a strike might break out in the City of Washington (and he boldly takes the Postoffice Department as an illustration). Suppose further that the Postmaster General issue a call for strikebreakers, and that the members of the postal union should offer violence to the newcomers. "Does any man imagine," asks the senator, "that the police

would protect the new officials of the city with the same efficiency that would be theirs if they were not a brotherhood of the strikers—a branch of the same organization?" There are now thirty-seven cities in which policemen have received charters from the labor federation. Besides Boston and Washington, D. C., the better known are Terra Haute, Wheeling, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Key West, St. Paul, Jersey City, Portland, Ore., St. Joseph, Topeka, Lynn, Peoria, East St. Louis, Oklahoma City, and, in California, Los Angeles and Richmond. In Buffalo, an increase in the policemen's pay has, it is said, caused a lack of interest in the labor charter. New York City is considering the same advance, and the efforts at affiliation there have met with no enthusiasm. The District of Columbia commissioners have issued a statement to the effect that they will insure complete independence of the police department. They go on to say that the commission heartily approves of collective bargaining, and welcomes the organization of the police force for the purpose of collective representation, mutual support and organized effort to increase their salaries and improve working conditions, but withholds its support from any attempt to connect such organization with a labor body. The main desire of the police is, as with other unions, to secure shorter hours and increased pay. There has been some talk of a no-strike clause in their charters; but this rests with the local organizations, most of them claiming the same weapon which is in the hands of labor unions in general, and which has proved a calamity in Boston.

* * *

Hiram Johnson's Performances

No amount of perspicuity is required to detect the coarse methods by which Hiram Johnson has been appealing to the multitude for support in his stand against the League of Nations. If Johnson's argument should not be transparent to some observers, a comparison with the words of President Wilson will readily show the character of the senator's chicanery. The President has been taking up the covenant, article by article, and in some cases, line by line, to demonstrate its meaning, to show what he thought before vouching for the league, to narrate what the other nations were thinking, and to interpret the document as a judge would interpret it from the bench, as a court would ponder on any law that should come before it. He has addressed himself to thinking men and women. He has assumed that the American people are in earnest about the league and have a

deep desire to know what would be its effect and what would not be its effect upon adoption. Johnson has devoted himself to another tack. First of all, he has applied his arguments to people who evince the least desire to think. He has not undertaken to present the covenant clause by clause, but has formulated certain sentiments which he trusted would be the delight of his hearers, and he has persisted in them regardless of what the covenant says about such matters. He has persistently endeavored to maintain points that are nullified, and expressly nullified, in the document itself. His main contention is that our country would in some way, be at the mercy of Great Britain; to which purpose he has used such phrases as "the British lion," "foreign aristocrats," "crowned heads," and all the jargon which street-corner orators use to excite the street-corner audience. His own hasty amendment to the covenant was for the purpose of giving us equal representation with the British Empire, in the face of the fact that the league is just a debating body, a significance of good will, a place where world matters can be discussed, and where final action can not be taken until all members are satisfied that the result is for the good will of all. He has told his audiences that America should be kept free from the dictates of foreign potentates and that we must manage our country to suit ourselves, when the league of nations was carefully drafted for that very purpose and states expressly and conclusively that there shall be no interference with internal affairs. In no case has this man—who claimed that he would trail the President and show him up—taken the words of the document and tried to explain that they did not mean what the President says they must mean to any logical mind. Johnson has simply showered his listeners with a few generalities that had no reference to the league's constitution, and he intended them for men who had no wish to read the vital clauses. He has assumed that the United States is a weak nation that would be at the mercy of England the moment the two go into debate. He has assumed that the United States would fear to be heard with a dissenting voice, should there arise some question disfavored by this country. Altogether, Johnson has put himself in the position of a poor patriot who does not believe that the United States would maintain its individuality when brought into controversy with the powers of the Old World. In this, it is difficult to see for him any sympathy from the intelligent voter.

Strikes and Revolution

It is becoming quite common to use the word "revolution" instead of "political campaign". We hear it whenever a labor leader hits upon an idea that he considers "class legislation". This is the supposed plight of the Cummins railroad bill, which includes a clause against railroad strikes, and which has drawn from the brotherhoods a fiery statement. They declare the bill an imposition against which the forces of labor could not be restrained, and that "every trades unionist knows in his heart that such a law would spell more than the death of trades unionism—it would spell the birth of revolution". That part of the Cummins bill which has caused the labor ink to flow, is something like this: If two or more persons enter any combination or agreement with intent substantially to hinder, restrain or prevent the movement of commodities or persons of interstate commerce, such persons shall be deemed guilty of conspiracy and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$500 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months or by both such fine and imprisonment; provided that nothing therein shall be taken to deny to any individual the right to quit his employment for any reason. To forestall the enactment of such a bill, the railroad men call attention of Congress to another device, now before party leaders, and by which the railroad problem might, in the opinion of the brotherhoods, be solved. Reference is to the Plumb plan, on which they would like to have a congressional vote as soon as possible. The right to strike and engage in subsidiary movements is set forth in the statement, signed by a number of higher-up unionists; in part as follows: "The right to strike, as a last resort, is engrained in the nature of the American workingman. He has inherited it from the Declaration of Independence, from the Constitution of the United States, from every tradition of a free people, from every achievement in the history of our great nation. If he failed to cherish his economic freedom, he would be no longer a true American. To attempt to put such a prohibitive law into operation, therefore, would be madness. No leadership in the world could restrain the rank and file of American labor under such imposition. The human factors called forth

would be beyond control." While everybody else is being restrained of his liberty in one way or another, there is no reason why the railroad men should be exempt. Are they attempting to demonstrate a liberty derived from the Declaration and Constitution or something better than our own? There are, against interference with interstate commerce, a number of laws which the common, ordinary citizen is bound to respect. There are many laws which we obey with our hands while not respecting them intellectually. One year, the prohibitionists take away our wine; next year, we'll introduce a law against earmuffs; and so it goes. Why should the railroad brotherhoods wish to be better off than the rest of us? Of course, the principle of interstate commerce is largely a fiction, arising from the fact that the United States has no other way of constitutionally getting at a subject. The federal government could not, for instance, suppress the lotteries, but did hinder them through a rejection from the mails; and then the states took a hand. At the same time, interstate commerce is a good thing for those of us who have interests in other states. It sounds plausible that residence in one state would cause a sufficient interest in another to join in keeping the gates open.

* * *

A Novel Embargo

Admiral Kolchak stands no immediate chance of receiving the rifles and ammunition that were consigned to him through the port of Seattle. Resigned or not, neither he nor his successor will be favored with the guns on short order. The United States was willing that the Russians have the benefit of our gun factories, and the Allies wished to see some degree of responsible party take possession of that once picturesque empire. The interdict on the munitions was placed by a subsidiary body of the United States—not a war committee, not a commission, not a member of the cabinet, but the Seattle Central Labor Council and the International Longshoremen's Association. In order to prevent this cargo from getting across the Pacific, all they had to do was refuse to put it aboard the steamer "Delight". For this

purpose, they went on strike. Presumably they will use ordinary strike tactics to prevent other men from loading the vessel. Labor men have been wiring the news from Seattle to coast cities, and have cabled to England, spreading the good word. Outside the moral principle involved, one would think that the Pacific Coast labor leaders would have no interest in what happens to Russia. But a moral principle has some weight, even to this day. If the all-Russian party cannot get arms, the Bolsheviki will have an easier time. We can now see more clearly the attitude of those statesmen who have been trying to thwart our protection of interests in Siberia. There was all along a suspicion that the Senators had an unrevealed motive in chanting the wrongs of Siberian campaign. Nobody made a public accusation (though one could get the idea from Wilson's speech) that a demand to keep our hands off Siberia was a demand to keep our hands off the Bolsheviki. The Russian Reds are ambitious to have their banners gleam east and west of anywhere. They would just as soon invade the world as Omsk. One battle in Siberia is one battle less in another part of the world. The Bolsheviki are as ready to use rifles as pamphlets. "Communists" in this country have already "recognized" the Soviet republic. Then arose the collateral idea that it would be unlawful to help ship arms to Kolchak. The admiral may have given up in disgust or exhaustion. He was promised aid, which he received only in a half-hearted way. His army was not in the best of condition at the outset, and probably intended to make a stand against the Bolshevik onrush until other nations could see the advisability of establishing a Russian government that would have the diplomatic support of the world powers. The disposition to help the all-Russian party is not widespread at the present moment. So the longshoremen took opportunity to declare the munitions contraband. It's a big country, after all, although some people declare that the world is a small place. Many factions are having their say as to what should happen in Siberia. The Russian usually gets the worst of it in battle; yet even Napoleon found that Russia is too big a place to meddle with. Adjustment may come in an unexpected way.

A Dream of Bric-a-Brac

By John Hay

She was a girl of old Japan;
Her small hand held a gilded fan,
Which scattered fragrance through the room;
Her cheek was rich with pallid bloom,
Her eye was dark with languid fire,
Her red lips breathed a vague desire;
Her teeth, of pearl inviolate,
Sweetly proclaimed her maiden state.
Her garb was stiff with brodered gold
Twined with mysterious fold on fold,

That gave no hint where, hidden well,
Her dainty form might warmly dwell,—
A pearl within too large a shell.
So quaint, so short, so lissome, she,
It seemed as if it well might be
Some jocose god, with sportive whirl,
Had taken up a long lithe girl
And tied a graceful knot in her.
I tried to speak, and found, oh, bliss!
I needed no interpreter;

I knew the Japanese for kiss,—
I had no other thought but this;
And she, with smile and blush divine,
Kind to my stammering prayer did seem;
My thought was hers, and hers was mine,
In the swift logic of my dream.
My arms clung round her slender waist,
Through gold and silk the form I traced,
And glad as rain that follows drouth,
I kissed and kissed her bright red mouth.

A New Political Party

By Lionel Josaphare

The formation of a political party is to be viewed from three standpoints: first, a mere matter of name; second, new matter in the platform; third, new personalities coming to power. We presuppose newly discovered voters.

If one could credit the doctrines of political leaders, there would be no need for novelty of statement, as all parties proclaim a desire to animate the realm with blessings. There are, in every country, two major parties, each discouraging that the other does not mean, and cannot do, what it says.

Beyond attention to their legislative business, politicians endeavor to know the minds of the people at large, but are not always agreed as to what constitutes the people at largest. Hence, the desire of candidates to placate one group of voters with the virtues or sophistry of another. A true statesman is willing to stand or fall with a few ideals. A politician endeavors to maintain his place with as many popular ideas as he can write on one banner without ridicule.

Last week the topic before the country was the one considered so important by the President of the United States that he made a special pilgrimage in its behalf, laying the facts at the shrine of intelligence and hoping for a favorable response. With the implements for and against that question, the Republican and Democratic parties presumably could confront each other for debate in 1920. Each could absorb the pro or con, and go on as before; yet intrinsically the League of Nations would seem a more Republican than Democratic measure, according to party traditions. Howsoever, the Jeffersonians gave us the league, and the Honest Abe Lincolnites saw fit to oppose it. Whereupon, a Republican ex-president, William H. Taft, endorses the Democratic viewpoint; and thus we see the first illogical array of the debaters.

Opposed to the league, and especially interesting to Californians, Hiram Johnson, now calling himself Republican, once attempted to become vice-president as a Progressive, and thereby defeated the Republican ticket. Personalities usually count for more than parties. It was the general opinion that Roosevelt, on becoming a Progressive, took with him most of the Republican party on what was largely a William Jennings Bryan platform; so that Roosevelt, through force of his personal qualities actually had the Republicans voting on a Democratic course of action. At any rate, in 1912, the combined Progressive and Republican vote would have elected Taft against Woodrow Wilson. It is not likely therefore that the heirs of the Taft administration have any fondness for Hiram Johnson. Should his promoters insist that he run, the speculation would be; which is the more potent factor—the Republican party in its old form, or the Republican Johnson struggling to harmonize old and new principles, old and new party leaders? As a Progressive, Johnson would have two well established parties against him, a condition that Roosevelt himself was unable to overcome, though still quite popular after a term and seven-eighths in the White House. Furthermore, with Johnson as a Progressive candidate, there would be practically two Democratic parties in the field, with the dividing issue an international one.

This international controversy has already brought a new member to group voting. And it is odd that the Irish-Americans have not been,

from the outset, in favor of Wilson. For it might have been ascertained in an unobtrusive way, that the League of Nations offers a fair chance for Ireland's independence, as explained by the President in San Francisco. Another group is the American Federation of Labor, which, although vouching for the league, has a large Irish-American element, and is doubtful on that and on another ground.

Concerning labor, there is a new issue, featured like a national problem, and that is the nationalization of the railroads, the steel and coal industries. The combined railroad, labor and Irish-American faction could approximately elect a president of the United States; but such an amalgamation never happens, or is never detected.

Appropriately enough, we have a new note in the utterances of Wilson on tour. He has said that he commends peaceful agitation, and use of the word "agitation," by such a diplomat, must be regarded as important. Again, in the San Francisco meeting, he said: "We must have peace to work out reforms. If the power of the United States, under my direction, can prevent control by the minority, it will be prevented." In a similar political situation, a similar statement was recently made by Lloyd George, who supposedly stands even nearer than Wilson to the commoners, and who has beheld new electoral signs in the political air. The British prime minister declared: "The old world must come to an end. If there be any that are inclined to maintain it, let them beware lest it fall and overwhelm them and their households in ruin. It should be the sublime duty of all to help in the building of the new world, where labor shall have its reward, and indolence alone shall suffer want."

Here we have two of the shrewdest statesmen in the world making a direct play to the working majority, and in words which they did not always use to conservative labor. The Briton goes the furthest, perhaps more from a habit of declamation than because his vision contained anything different. Both men are feeling out for something new. In fact, the birth of an era has already become a commonplace vision of extemporaneous prophets; and the question now is not so much whence the new era came, as for whom it will vote. Wilson has intimated that he would be conspicuous at the next election if the League of Nations be lost in the Senate.

These agents of democracy know that the workingman is susceptible to frothy agitators. In order to prevent any demagogic invasion of the older political parties, the most democratic one would naturally become still more democratic, so as to rescue the votes which are in danger of falling into the hands of fanaticism. We may learn more about this in October, when the President convenes his industrial guests at Washington to formulate an industrial or political creed. We may then behold which is the greater diplomat, the Republican party leader or the Progressive Johnson or Wilson, fresh from championship games with old-world masters. If a new presidential bandwagon is to be constructed, more radical than Roosevelt's, or if a new era of warhorses can be made to prance in an old harness, Wilson will not, without a struggle, allow Hiram Johnson to be the ringmaster. The 1920 season of the political

circus will design its billboard, from the events of that conference, unless Johnson has a more spectacular feat in training. Thus far, Johnson and his comrades must acknowledge themselves unworthy to parade through the arch of triumph. There was no necessity for senators to travel the country before a roll-call on the League of Nations. Had Johnson believed in himself, he might have said, "Let the President go as far as he likes; we can smash the league right here in Washington." His own speech-making tour must have had other motives—publicity for himself and encouragement for those Senators who remained in the Senate. He learned that the League of Nations is a good vehicle for approaching the public, and he learned the truth about the covenant, which he could no longer with logical face contradict.

So much for these members of the body politic. The so-called backbone of them all has straightened up and acquired the power of speech. The Farmers' Union, which has been harrowing Washington for a year, seems to praise most matters that the laborites condemn. A balance of power is always unfortunate to two great contending forces, and the farmers now stand smiling in the middle of the see-saw.

Political issues become old and sapless and die out like all things mortal. Such once vital themes as the tariff and silver no longer have the power to thrill. It may be remembered that at the last election, there was no great diversity between the Republican and Democratic parties. The political muscles were thinned, and their battlecries feeble. Halfheartedly the Republicans opined that Wilson had not exercised a strong foreign policy. The complaints of Hughes and his supporters were nothing like the uproar made by the discontented Bryan of 1900. The 1916 election was a fracas between enervated forces of two parties contending for the sake of an old feud and with hardly a cause for quarrel.

So it would not be astonishing if, at the next election, the two should join hands. There are two probable causes, one, a reappearance of Progressivism; the other, the advent of something with louder alarm. The old-line Republicans know that with a Progressive candidate

(Continued on Page 15)

Keep This in Mind

The only scientifically correct One-piece Bifocals are "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals—they are the newest improved type of double vision glasses. The large reading portion is an exclusive feature of the "Caltex" and so invisible that they appear the same as regular glasses. Probably you could not wear the old-style bifocals—and many could not—but all can wear the "Caltex" who require two pairs of glasses. If you are not wearing "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals you are not wearing the newest double vision lenses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Victor Hugo's Address Delivered Before the Congress of Peace in 1849.

This noble document was given us the other day by Raphael Weill, citizen of the world, child of France, son of America, friend of Liberty, the private citizen whom San Francisco loved so well that he was honored by a public reception upon his home coming after the war. All his life, this great-hearted man has stood for the principles of republicanism. He says that his ideals were influenced in their formative period, and nourished in their growth by the writings of the great Victor Hugo.

Believing that the cause of international brotherhood would be strengthened by repetition of this oration uttered by Victor Hugo before the state of California was born, Raphael Weill, who is an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, requested Miss Rebecca Godchaux of this city (Officier d'Academie et Officier d'Instruction Publique) to translate the beautiful message for the benefit of those who cannot read the original.

Miss Godchaux' foreword is:

"In speaking of the League of Nations, President Wilson said: 'I am not putting forward any purpose of my own, I would indeed be a very proud man if I had personally conceived this very great idea. But I can claim no such honor. It is the fruit of many generations of thoughtful, forward-looking men, not only in this country, but in the other countries of the world, which have been able to look forward to the combined fates of mankind'.

"Having in mind this statement of President Wilson, it will be interesting to recall the most wonderful and beautiful—almost prophetic—speech made by the great French poet, Victor Hugo, on the 21st of August, 1849: Here it follows, or at least, I am giving its most striking passages. It was delivered at the Congress of Peace in Paris, Victor Hugo having been appointed president":

Gentlemen: Many among you have come from the most distant points of the globe, with hearts filled with a religious and holy thought. You have come to add to the principles which govern statesmen and legislators of today—a superior principle. You have come to turn, so to speak, the last leaf of the Gospel—that which imposes peace on the children of the one same God; and in this city, which has yet only decreed the fraternity of citizens, you have come to proclaim the fraternity of men. Welcome, gentlemen!

This religious thought—universal peace, all nations bound by a common tie, having the Gospel for their supreme law, mediation substituted for war—this holy thought, is it a practical thought? Is this holy idea a realizable idea? Many old politicians answer "No". I answer "Yes! and I will try and prove it to you. It is not only a realizable aim, it is an inevitable aim. We may retard or hasten its advent, that is all. He would have appeared a wild dreamer, the prophet, who four centuries ago would have predicted that the various provinces of France would some day live at peace with one another and united in one nation.

Well, we are here today; we say to France, to England, to Russia, to Spain, to Italy, to Prus-

sia, we say to them: "One day will come when weapons will drop from your hands! One day will come when war will appear as absurd and will be as impossible between Paris and London, between Petersburg and Berlin, between Vienna and Turin, as it would appear absurd today between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. One day will come when you, France; you, Russia; you, Italy; you, England; you, Germany; you, all nations of the continent, without losing your distinct qualities and your glorious individuality, you will fuse into a superior unity and will constitute the European fraternity, just as the French provinces fused into France." The day will come when there will be no other battlefields than markets open to commerce and minds open to ideals. The day will come when bullets and bombs will be replaced by ballots and universal suffrage, by the venerable arbitration of a great Sovereign Senate, which will be to Europe what the Diet is to Germany, what the legislative assembly is to France! The day will come where a cannon will be shown in museums as they show today an instrument of torture—people wondering that such a thing could have been. The day will come when these two immense groups will be seen: The United States of America, The United States of Europe, face to face with each other, extending their hands to each other across the sea, exchanging their products, their trade, their industry, their arts, their geniuses, colonizing the deserts, bettering the creation under the eyes of the Creator, and combining, for the good of all, these two infinite forces: "The Fraternity of Men and the Power of God!"

And it will not take four centuries to bring us that day, for we live in rapid times, we live in the most impetuous current of events and ideas that ever carried peoples, and at the epoch we are now living in, one year sometimes does the work of a century. And what have we to do, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Belgians, Germans, Russians, Slavs, Europeans, Americans, to arrive at that day? Love one another, love one another! That is the best way to help God! For God wishes this sublime goal! And see what he has done so that it may be reached. See what discoveries He has caused to spring forth from human genius! How distances are shortened, how much nearer men are to one another—and contact is the beginning of fraternity. Thanks to the railroads, Europe will soon be no larger than France was in the middle ages. Thanks to the steamers, the ocean is today crossed more easily than was formerly the Mediterranean. But, when I consider this vast ensemble, this great concourse of efforts and events all marked by the finger of God, when I think of that magnificent aim—the welfare of mankind, "Peace"—when I consider what Providence does for, and what politics does against, a sad reflection comes to my mind. Statistics show that the European nations spend yearly for the support of their armies a sum of two billions, which, if one adds to it the upkeep of war materials, rises to three billions. Add to it the lost product of days of work of more than two million men, the healthiest, most robust, the youngest, the élite of the populations, product that you cannot estimate at less than one billion, and you arrive at this

conclusion, that permanent armies cost Europe annually four billions.

Gentlemen, peace has just lasted thirty-two years, and in thirty-two years the monstrous sum of one hundred and twenty-eight billions of francs has been expended during peace for war! Suppose that the peoples of Europe, instead of distrusting one another, of envying, hating one another, should have loved each other. Suppose that they should have said to one another that, before being Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, they were men, and that, if nations are fatherlands, humanity is a family. And now, that sum of one hundred twenty-eight billions of francs so madly and vainly expended by distrust—have them expended by confidence! These hundred and twenty-eight billions given to "hatred," give them to "harmony"; these hundred and twenty-eight billions given to "War," give them to "Peace"; give them to Labor, to Intelligence, to Industry, to Commerce, to Navigation, to Agriculture and Science, to Arts, and imagine the result! The face of the world would be changed! Isthmuses would be cut, rivers dug, mountains pierced, Asia would be given to civilization, Africa to man. Riches would spring from all veins of the globe, under the labor of all men, and misery would fade away! And do you know what would fade away with misery? Revolutions. Yes, the face of the world would be changed! Instead of tearing one another to pieces, one would peacefully spread all over the Universe. Instead of making revolutions, they would make colonies. Instead of bringing barbarism to civilization, they would bring civilization to barbarism.

A thing worthy of meditation is this: Our precautions against war have brought about revolutions. All has been done, all has been spent for an imaginary peril. Thus, misery, the real peril, has been aggravated. We have fortified ourselves against an imaginary danger, we have looked at the wars which never came, and have not seen the revolutions which did come.

Gentlemen, let us not despair, however, let us hope more than ever. Let us not be unjust to the times in which we are living. These are, after all, admirable times! All progress manifests itself therein, following one another, the end of international animosities, the effacement of frontiers on the map, and of prejudices in the hearts. Henceforth, the object of great, true politics will be this: recognition of all nationalities, restoration of the historical unity of peoples and the rallying of this unity to civilization through peace, the continued enlargement of the civilized group, the substitution of arbitration to battles: last, and this sums up all, have settled by "Justice" what in the past was decided by "Force".

Gentlemen, I say it in closing, and may this thought encourage us, it is not since today that mankind journeys on this providential path. In our old Europe, England has taken the first step, and through her secular example, has said to peoples: "You are free!" France has taken the second step and has said to peoples: "You are sovereign!" Now, let us take the third step, and all together, France, England, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Europe, America—let us say to peoples—"You are brethren!"

The Spectator

Police Reception of President Wilson

Which was worse—the misbehavior of the crowds or the mismanagement by the police? Not everybody is yet aware that part of the auditorium crowd did not behave itself. Of that anon. As far as could be seen through a pell-mell populace, the police conducted the ceremonies upon the general principles used for any great municipal gathering. They either received or accepted no instructions. There were cops and wire cables, rough-house commands, cries for help and a compressed effect throughout. This was to be expected when the reception committee (if there was one) threw the responsibility to nobody in particular, and he was hard to find. At half past seven o'clock it was difficult to locate a doorway. Entering was out of the question. The people were present; that was plain. The understanding was that only a favored few belonged to the League of Peace and, of course, the newspaper reporters, the Fourth Estate. About a hundred passes were issued to the latter, including out-of-town and presidential-train scribes. The badges were to be worn round the arm, and were guaranteed to admit one past any policeman. About 7:30 o'clock, I sought admission at the designated entrance on Hayes Street, where the jammed overflow of citizenry was waiting for the soon-to-arrive President. The agitated cop was good enough to inform me that the United States of America and the City and County of San Francisco had agreed that, except the President's party, they shall not pass—everybody, anybody, even General Pershing. I circled the auditorium and was unable to crush through the doorway pleasure-seekers. In the course of my wanderings, I accumulated a party of about ten, including two Catholic priests, our bond of sympathy being the unhonored and unrecognized arm badges, whereon Edward Rainey, the Mayor's secretary, had signed himself with a rubber stamp. Our reportorial party then formed a phalanx and sneaked into Hayes Street and then probed through the liberty-loving crowd until halted by the wire cable. Then took place a violent peace conference between the arm of the law, the power of the press, the rage of the populace and the persuasiveness of the church. Thoroughly outgeneraled and outtalked, the arm of the law yielded, but grudgingly, and, after a short and decisive struggle with the sightseers, we were amazed to find ourselves in the Auditorium. Thereupon several policemen, obviously off their beats, told us that the press chairs were full and we must stand where we were, among judges and supervisors and all that. The auditorium was chock full of San Francisco. The Third Estate, most glorious commoners, had been there for an hour. Some, it was said, had waited since early afternoon. Some of them seemed to have been there longer than that. In the gallery, women were calling the police to come up and untangle the mob, two members of which were smoking. Then a newspaper emissary edged his way around the platform and returned with the startling piece of news that most of the press chairs were still empty; whereupon the police department (evidently bent on saving the seats for supervisors, board of public workers and creatures of that ilk) conceded a diplomatic defeat, and let us by. Many of those wearing press badges were not reporters. They might have been honorable proprietors and first-

class attorneys, respectable civic uplifters, charming boost committeemen, magnetic press agents and meritorious hotel magnates, with their wives and sweethearts, and all that; but of genuine workaday reporters there were few. Many were the congratulations among the lords spiritual and the lords temporal and the commons that they had been able to enter under the insignia of the Fourth Estate. The Third Estate was all over the house.

Contents and Conduct of the Auditorium

When the President arrived, the cheering was loud and spontaneous; yet somehow it did not seem adequate to that vast assemblage. The reason was manifest in about ten minutes, when was heard a soft murmur of something other than cheers. As the applause became less, this murmur grew more audible, and sounded like nothing else than wind in the trees. 'Twas like the sighing of the wind. Distressed by that weird, whispering symphony, Mayor Rolph went to the fore and held up his good right hand—authoritatively, just like that. And all in vain. One could not tell whether the indistinguishable noise was of hisses or hushes. Hushes would not have lasted so monotonously long. Rolph attempted to introduce the President, and was met with cries of "sit down" from parts of the gallery where there was no occasion for the demand. Rolph was perplexed, and his lower lip went up. He conferred with the President, who was plainly queered. The smile had gone from Mrs. Wilson's lips. From all parts of the gallery, which was unpoliced, came requests and suggestions for conducting the ceremonies. The Wilson party were not taking the tumult as an ovation. Out of all that rumbling throng, I caught clearly only two remarks—"Sit down" and "Let Raffles Wiles talk." Raphael Weil had come early and on arrival of the guests, took a chair next to Mrs. Wilson. The President essayed to speak. Chester Rowell made the briefest of introductions, a resounding chord came from the organ, but it was a lost chord, and the President came forward to a clamoring house. The secret service man standing at the left corner of the platform watched every movement about him. He was like those watchdogs that, seemingly half asleep, are cognizant of the slightest sound. And later, when the President had spoken his way to silence and then to cheers, the detective always glanced in the direction of the loudest acclaim. Wilson's was an actual winning of his audience, and I believe that there were many who came as obstructionists and went away with respect in their hearts for the sound logician and brave speaker. I feel quite sure that the outburst following his remarks about self-determination was louder than the original greeting and came from another part of the house. The first signs of growing approval came upon the explanation that the league operated unanimously; and when the speaker adjured his hearers to believe that a return to the old system would mean a system of strong against weak, the President became a popular man in San Francisco; and he must now feel better satisfied with himself than if accorded every courtesy at the outset.

Points Emphasized by the President

All who heard the President must realize why he was eager to get away from Washington and

speak to the people. He convinced the people of San Francisco, convinced, I think, every one who was able to hear, because he had the facts new to his auditors. He won over some of the crowd as a teacher overcomes a bad boy. But he gained the confidence of the vast majority by appealing to their hearts and intellects. And that he was able to do so, must remain, as well as to him, as cause of congratulation to the people of this city. He was so familiar with the covenant that he did not know just what knowledge the people lacked. Opponents of the measure were, in that behalf, some guidance. Here are the important points, the one pertaining to Ireland being placed first, as it received the bulk of applause at the Auditorium.

Self-determination of subject countries could not be discussed at the peace conference, which was devoted only to those regions which were related to conquered nations. But as soon as the League of Nations is adopted, then can be brought to the judgment of mankind, any matter that is considered detrimental to the peace of the world. * * * The league consists of an assembly and a council. The assembly is not a voting body. A majority of it may do two things only: can admit a new member, and can recommend the reconsideration of a treaty that seems to conflict with the league. In the council, a unanimous vote is required for action. It is a debating body. * * * Any member of the league has the right to withdraw, upon notice of two and a half years. This clause I had inserted at the instance of our committee on foreign affairs. * * * The validity of the Monroe doctrine is especially reserved in the covenant; and this is the first time in history that the Monroe Doctrine has been recognized by other nations. * * * It is expressly mentioned that there shall be no interference

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

with internal affairs, and we did not enumerate examples of domestic affairs, for the good reason that if you make a list, the inference might arise that what was left out was purposely excluded. * * * Don't think that the United States is the only country that wishes to protect its own interests. * * * The peace treaty took from Germany 78 years of the 99-year lease on Shantung. Japan has recorded her promise to return the province.

A Terrible Place

Greenwich Village was once a semi-rural locality that had the misfortune to become surrounded by a large city. The best people lived there, and have left relics of their exclusiveness. In the course of time they moved away from a neighborhood of small shops, pushcarts and shadowy tenements. Some of the exclusives, though, remained, and did as well as they could behind the crumbling brownstone fronts. For some reason, the quarter became attractive to artists, and it came to pass that the manners and customs of the studio achieved notoriety up and down Manhattan Island. At first the artists were poor, and lived on macaroni. But some of them sold so many pictures that even wealthy painters moved into the neighborhood for luck and increased fame. Greenwich Village became commercialized. Artists, writers, stage managers made capital of the local color, and eventually all sorts of gimeracks were sold there. Not long ago, a woman who was acquiring a divorce, traced her husband to Greenwich Village, where he and his co-respondent were leading a gala life, as if there were no such thing as the law. So the sad plaintiff told the judge about it; and he (Justice Tierney) thought that the village was in such ill repute that a comment from the bench was necessary. Said he: "Some years ago, this section was one of the most delightful in the city; some of the most respected men and women in New York were born there. Now it is a place of debauchery." Yes; and who would be born there now? Sooth to say, not many are born in the village; for the love affairs down there do not assume a Rooseveltian form, and the duty to posterity is more in the way of producing masterpieces than children. But the inhabitants do not use the word "debauchery". They are a smart set with a smart vocabulary, and almost any member of that Bohemia could engage in interesting repartee with Justice Tierney upon the question whether the village had deteriorated or vastly improved. The password down there is intellect, which was not found in every respectable family that the judge had in mind.

That Peruvian Plot

In last week's Town Talk was an account of a supposed plot to do away with Augusto B. Leguia, head of the Peruvian government. Since then, communication from Lima has been censored, but the rumor has developed that somebody took a shot at the president. I noted the presence of Jose Pardo Barrera (as he was mentioned) in New York City, identifying him as Jose Pardo, deposed president of Peru and accused by Leguia of offering to finance the assassination. A New York reporter questioned Pardo about it. Pardo's reply gives a good idea of what constitutes a republic south of the Rio Grande. It appears that the Latin temperament (famous manifestation of the soul) is enthusiastic about voting, yet is not trained to abide by the result when the other side wins. The Latin temperament is not only a personal thing but enters political institutions. There are temperamental republics as well as major gen-

erals. Says Pardo in his own defense: "They say that I wish to return to Peru and re-establish the Pardo administration. How little they know! I was forcibly removed from office by Leguia and his crowd six weeks before my administration came to an end. I arrived in New York on September 5. My legal term of office expired on August 18. So there is no Pardo administration to re-establish. Never, never, have I written to anybody offering to finance any plot or revolution. I am no longer interested in those things. The arrest of Luis Pardo and others charged with conspiracy is incomprehensible to me. I do not believe that any of those gentlemen are capable of the acts charged against them. I believe that Leguia's government is seeking revenge upon his political opponents, and is basely charging them with acts which they never committed. There should, however, be established in Peru a constitutional administration, because the revolution of July 4th, put an end to the legal government and set up a forcible one, contrary to law." There you have it. In some respects, Peru is much the same as when Pizarro conquered it. It is not unimaginable that some of the political squabbles are the outgrowth of arguments that took place when Pizarro gathered his friends and enemies about him.

The Camel When It's Wagging Its Tail

The Anti-saloon League (which is also the anti-sideboard league), has just closed its convention in Chicago, and is pleased to note that man is athirst in the land. The anti-saloonists are prepared to do spectacular things in politics. While the world is chatting about war, peace, labor, food and such bits of gossip, the prohibitionists are using tremendous energy in behalf of ice cream soda. The prohibs are satisfied that the country will not, must not, forget to keep 99 per cent thirsty. To that end there will be an effort that all party leaders at next election be pledged to the unreserved enforcement of the liquor amendment. The gentlemen who have

taken the rum from the mince pie, feel that all the benighted world is in slumberland except themselves, making love in the moonlight to a beautiful reform. Only one thing disturbs their equanimity: the possible interim of drinking and toasting between the end of wartime prohibition and the beginning of the new law on January 16. This has caused the camel's tail to cease wagging and its teeth to show. The teetotalers, who are nothing if not redoubtable warriors, are ready to up and at them at the slightest opportunity. They are preparing to fight this end-of-the-year quaffing and rejoicing. They point out that the wartime drought was enacted "until the conclusion of the present war and thereafter until the conclusion of demobilization". So not until the last man is demobilized and safe at home, will the army be unmobled, according to the perfectly sober notion. The army must be mustered out and its baggage unpacked in the home town. But how about the regular army? It is always mobled, and keeps on mobling. If we wait until General Pershing has nothing left but an orderly, even January 16th will be a thing of the past. On the other hand, it is pleasant to note that the federal departments are very busy, these days, and that the prosecution, penalizing and espionage of millions who are inclined to participate in what was once a lawful act, is likely to be a bigger job than was expected. The money to be spent is not to be thought of. We have billions, billions. But the amount of time consumed is another thing. The country has no more time for foolishness than it had before. We may employ more secret service men and establish more courts. That would be the only way to satisfy the prohibitionists' thirst for gore. "Gore" is the word. Think of the poor fellows dying after a debauch of wood alcohol or home-made rum. The situation is a precarious one. A cause of profound sorrow is that the country does not take the liquor amendment seriously. Little taunts to the vaunts of prohibitionists cause more titters than shocks. Too bad—but

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

there is a doubt about the constitutionality of the 1920 liquor law. Breathes there a man who does not rejoice to see a law declared unconstitutional now and then? And what better example than the case in point?

Ex-Soldiers Peddling

For some time, military authorities have been disturbed by the sight of soldiers mingling with the pedestrians of the larger cities and offering one thing and another for sale. Manufacturers of petty devices, booklets, badges and souvenirs, have employed demobilized heroes for making direct appeal to the passer-by. As the trinkets are of patriotic or pseudo-patriotic value, and the men appear in uniform, the public buys these articles so as to remember the great war. From army headquarters comes the advice that the practice should be repressed. It is pointed out that the uniform represents the United States in a martial character, and that use of it for commercial purposes brings the khaki into disrepute. The public is also invited to join in the corrective, and refrain from buying, incidentally telling the soldier that his employment is not a meritorious one. The implication of the peddling, moreover, is that the country is not doing what it should to supply the returned heroes with work. It is presumed that the returned heroes would not sell articles of a pseudo-patriotic nature if they could obtain employment that is not pretentiously a matter of patriotism. We have heard both sides of the question, and it is not for one to pass judgment without full statistics. They who have the matter in hand certainly published comprehensive plans for replacing the overseas men. Then there are statements that the resources of the employment bureau are inadequate. It is believable that some of the soldiers have not been able to find civilian jobs. Some have solved their necessity by peddling. In a few hours they could earn enough for a meal. That they should or should not discard the army uniform before doing so is a matter for the army to decide.

Under the Mayor's Gavel

Mayor Rolph is continually putting his hand in his pocket for a greenback in some good cause or other, and he does this as jauntily as other men put their hands to their hearts for any noble project. Last Monday, in the arena of the Board of Supervisors, he surprised Gilbert Boalt, attorney, by flashing that ever-ready currency of the realm. The mayor was not only generous but angry. Boalt once caused Rolph to make a special trip to the newspapers, that the city might be set right upon this very topic. Boalt wanted the police department to spend some money, and the police wouldn't, and Boalt asked the supervisors to force the issue. "Now," said the mayor, "you came to my office and took up three-quarters of an hour of my time, and here I find you taking up the time of the supervisors. You want money to find out if perjury has been committed. I'll put my hand in my pocket and—how much do you need—\$25? Here is your \$25." Out came the mayor's wallet. In went his hand and out popped a \$50 bill. Fellow citizens, did our mayor put back the fifty and search for twenty-five? Not our mayor. When his blood is up, his soul is above niggling between twenty-five and fifty. "Here's \$50," he roared. "\$50, and I don't give a jot or tittle if I'm arrested for bribery under the charter or anything else. Take this \$50 and let the board go on with its business". Boalt did not accept the money. He had been making the rounds of the chief of police, police commissioner Roche, and the mayor, to get action on

the alleged perjury of a San Antonio man who had kidnapped his own children, taken them to Santa Cruz and then returned to San Antonio. The police thought that the case was not important, as the mother was repossessed of the children, and there was none too much detective money in the department. At one time, the investigation could have been had for \$10. But those were happy days. Since then the high cost of living caused the price to jump to \$25, and Boalt did not wish to advance the money, for fear of being arrested as a briber. Anyway, he was peeved because the City would not get into action in behalf of his client, a gold-star mother, whom Rolph characterized as merely a gold-star sister. Boalt wanted to tell the board all about it. He had documents and dates, and he wrote on the blackboard, and the supervisors were getting nervous, because every time they asked a question, Boalt would say, "I'll come to that in a minute," and he became still more circumstantial and documentary and legal and prolix, and the mayor took to gazing at the ceiling and almost yawned, and across his brow was written the thought, "Ye Gods! This man Boalt is more obstreperous than a crowd at the auditorium". Then he lost control of himself and his money, and flashed the \$50. In the slang of the supervisors, this is what is called a coup d'etat. Within five minutes the coup d'etat had so worked on Boalt that he ceased speaking and departed in a thoroughly legal way.

Those Street Buttons

The board of supervisors had a terrific time passing the button ordinance. You see those things at the crossings? The buttons are in circular form, as it were. Well, Andrew Gallagher made the important discovery that there is no right-hand side to a circle. "Now, this is on my mind," said Gallagher. "The ordinance says that it shall be unlawful for an automobile to pass the aforesaid button except on the right-

hand side thereof. Can you tell me which is the right-hand side of a button?" Good point. If two men should pass in opposite directions, there would be two right-hand sides of the street signal between them. If you pass a person, each of you is on the other's left. But in the case of a button, you give it (if you do) a right-hand side by means of your own good right, while the button is actually on your left-hand watch ahoy. However, the other supervisors did not see it that way. They contended that anybody knows the right-hand side of a button, and if he doesn't he ought to be arrested. There were various suggestions, even to the extent that if the supervisors' heads should be used for the buttons, the right-hand side would be unquestionable. All this worked McSheehy to the riling point. McSheehy is the deadly serious member, and became so excited over the board's frivolity and the tragic aspect of automobiles, that Gallagher had to call his attention to the fact that he, McSheehy, was still alive and unhurt, and might do worse than calm down a little. "Besides that," said Gallagher, "I'd like to offer an amendment that those yellow buttons be painted another color. They might be mistaken for material on the street." Finally it was decided that the novel bumps on the pave would offer no difficulties to a sober supervisor or anybody else, and they let it go at that.

Vanity Gratified at All Costs

Mrs. Edgar Woodstock, the dangerous fool who sought to gratify her vanity by playing upon the weakness of her husband's disordered mind, had a prototype in a Scotchwoman whose method was less fraught with perilous consequences. "How is it," asked Sandy, her husband, "that ne'er a man gie's ye a second glance when I walk abroad wi' ye? I know ye are powerful plain to look at, but I regret that other men only when ye are along that the lads don't stare find ye so ugly, Jean." "Ah!" said Jean, "'tis

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., Inc., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

me out o' countenance. Walk ye behind me and watch their behavior, mon". Whereupon the experiment was tried. But Jean, knowing that smiles upon her unattractive face would not entice a second glance of the passer-by, tried other tactics. She made hideous grimaces as each man crossed her path. The unsuspecting bait always gazed in amazement and frequently stood still and turned in astonished regard. Sandy following dutifully at a distance in her wake, was obliged to own that men indeed were struck by something in her appearance which though invisible to him, was a magnet to them.

Words of Great Men Oft Remind Us

Gabriele d'Annunzio: I triumph as master of Fiume. I remain in the face of all difficulty.

Lord Robert Cecil: It is not so much the League of Nations as the underlying spirit of it that will save humanity.

Samuel Gompers: One of our greatest faults is that we have too many extremists.

Lloyd George: Millions of gallant young men fought for the new world, and hundreds of thousands died for it. If we fail to honor our promise to them, we dishonor ourselves.

President Wilson: The world is profoundly stirred. The masses of men are stirred by thoughts which never moved them before.

Guess who said it: I am here as an American, to speak of American principles, without blush or apology.

THE HOME-COMING Prisoners of War—a Contrast

On the now historic Monday, November 11, 1918, the grandest day in all history, I went to see "Geordie's" mother. It was about an hour after the news came through. Going up the stair, I met a sturdy little chap of three or four years of age. He was wearing a paper hat, and proudly waving a miniature Union Jack. A chubby little hand went up to the salute as I approached. "Lule, Bitanilah," he shouted as I gravely returned the salute.

"Rule, Britannia," I echoed in a somewhat hollow voice.

"Why does you not say that loud; is you not glad?"

"Yes, sonny, I'm glad," I said, as I hurried

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class. (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971
Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

past him upstairs, but I felt the little chap was dubious about my joy.

On reaching the room where "Geordie's" mother resided, I knocked once; I knocked twice; I knocked a third time; no answer. My little "Lule Britanilah," friend came up. With his small fist he beat a tattoo on the lower panel and kept shouting, "Open a doa, open a doa, open a doa."

I heard a sound in the small lobby; then "Geordie's" mother opened the door. The little lad repeated his "Lule Britanilah," performances and with her kind, motherly face wreathed in smiles, and her more kindly eyes everflowing with tears of joy, the trim little woman on the threshold returned the salute. The boy marched away to "Lule, Britanilah," to salute whoever might cross his path, and I entered "Geordie's" home.

"Grand news the day," said the little woman with the silver threads in her hair. "Geordie will soon be home now. Were ye at the door lang? I was in the lobby press lookin' out his claes. I'll hae to give them a bit sponge and a bit brush. Geordie was gay parteekler, ye ken.

"He's a smart lad," I said, using the present tense in hope, if not conviction. He certainly WAS a smart lad when he jointed up with Lochiel's Camerons in August, 1914, but internment in a German prison camp—?

"I have prayed for this, night an' day, ever since word cam' aboot the battle o' Loos," "Geordie's" mother exclaimed through her tears.

"I'm foolish, amn't I?" she went on when she was able to control herself. "I'll no' go to the station. I wad just mak' a fool o' mysel' there, an' Geordie wadna like onything like that. Peter Tamson—he's one o' the righ sort, Peter—Charges gey dear for whit little he gae noo-days, nae doot like a' the rest o' grocers, but he's to gie Geordie back his job. He says he'll be glad to hae him back—he disna think muckle o' lassies as grocers. An' he'll gie my boy mair wages, an' nae question asked aboot pensions or onything o' that kind."

I felt proud to know Peter Thompson in this new light. In business I had always found him keen—nay, hard—to deal with, but now—well, he was a practical patriot at all events. We discussed the future of the lad. "Geordie's" mother and I, and I left with the promise I would meet "Geordie" at the station, for I couldn't see my way to go to Hull. It was only after I had read the terms of the armistice that I was convinced there was a chance of the lad getting home soon. And even then I didn't like the task of meeting "Geordie." All we knew was that he had been wounded and captured. What if he came back minus a leg or an arm, or both, or, worse still, a physical wreck? How could I ever take him home to that hopeful mother?

I need not have worried. A fortnight later, when "Geordie" arrived I was relieved to see there was no empty sleeve nor crutches. For a prisoner of war he looked remarkably well. When we reached his home he took the stair three steps at a time. The door opened, and I heard "Geordie's" glad cry of "Mither," and from within "Geordie, my lad, my bairn."

They left the door open for me to follow, but I quickly closed it and went down stairs, realizing that the hour of reunion was sacred to mother, and bairn, and that that but-and-ben up three flights of stairs was a veritable palace of joy.

* * *

Some days later I was in Leith on business. All the talk of the town was the arrival of released prisoners. So I hurried through with my

affairs, and hastened to the docks. I felt something of an intruder in the crowd waiting for friends and dear ones coming back, in many instances, from worse than death. I found myself beside a little old woman in black. She was alone—alone in that eager, anxious crowd. She seemed, poor old soul, as if she wished to speak to someone.

"You're waiting someone?" I remarked, as she looked up into my face.

"I can't say that," she answered with a wan smile. "I'm not here even with hope. Yet I couldn't stay away."

"Yes. I had two sons. Thank God, they were amongst the first to answer the Great Call. The elder is dead. He was wounded on the Somme. I was with him at the end, across in France. My other boy, my Benjamin, is missing, reported missing in June this year. I feel he, too, is dead, yet—well here I am."

The prison-laden boat came alongside. The incidents, joyous, pathetic, humorous, were many. In silence I stood by the side of the little old woman in black. After what, to me, seemed hours of waiting, she spoke. "He's not there," was what she said; then added, "I'm afraid I'm waiting on the ship that will never return"—that without the least trace of feeling—no smile, no tears, not even a trace of disappointment. My heart bled for her in her stolid acceptance of sorrow. In silence I raised my hat as she went her way, and my thoughts turned to the contract of that other mother in the but-and-ben up three flights of stairs, in the castle built by Joy.—S. L. C.

TECHAU TAVERN

CORNER EDDY AND POWELL STREETS
Phone Douglas 4700

San Francisco's Leading High Class Family Café,
on the ground floor, corner Eddy and Powell Streets.

Informal Social Dancing Every Evening, Including
Sundays, beginning at Dinner, at which time costly
favors are presented to our patrons, without competi-
tion of any kind.

High Class Cabaret Revue Artists; between dances.
(Not a Dull Moment)

Have your Dinner and Theatre Party all in one at
TECHAU TAVERN

Drink CASWELL'S Coffee

WITH EVERY MEAL

If you wish a trial package telephone direct

SUTTER 6654

GEO. W. CASWELL CO.

442-452 Second St. San Francisco

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Junior Red Cross

President Wilson has sent signed leaflets to all newspapers and schools urging children to join the Junior Red Cross. He concludes:

"The recent war was the greatest of all wars, not only because more men and nations were engaged in it than in any other war of history, but also because, as a result of it, people have seen a vision of a different kind of world from the world of the past, a world in which nations shall unite for purposes of peace and good will as they formerly united only for war against an armed foe. In working for the children of other nations you will come to understand them better and they will understand and appreciate you more. By doing what you can to make happier the people of your own neighborhood, your state, your country and also the people of other lands, you will make yourselves happier."

Mrs. Daniels was the guest of honor at a tea given in Berkeley by the Town and Gown Club. There was a huge meeting in the Greek Theater, where people of Alameda county assembled to hear Daniels speak. The secretarial party arrived about three in the afternoon to find the theater packed with people, some of whom had waited for several hours to hear the secretary.

As Professor Gayley has been addressing the people of Berkeley for the last thirty years, the multitude did not gather to hear him again, but he arose to the occasion and talked steadily for nearly an hour. The crowd got the mob spirit and began to mutter, but the professor went nobly on quoting scripture and reminiscing. When he came to the "after these few remarks" the audience drew a breath of relief only to have Mayor Butler of Berkeley arise and allude to his distinguished predecessor and make an address of equal length. The secretary at 6 o'clock was heard by that part of the crowd who had not left in despair. He talked for about five minutes and Mrs. Daniels was able to meet the women of Berkeley three hours late.

Since the days of prohibition there is so much more drinking than there used to be that it takes a strong constitution to stand the pace. At a recent golf tournament at Del Monte the "nineteenth hole" was the most popular of all. Every one arrived at the hotel with a supply to last any number of days and where formerly one cocktail before dinner was sufficient, six or seven were consumed by men and women who were not in the habit of drinking so many. One polo player announced that he had bought six barrels of whiskey, but intended to get more. He had never taken a drink until July 1. A well known clubman of a mathematical turn of mind announced that he had ingredients for 80,000 cocktails, which should be enough to last him and his friends for some time.

Hayne-Hunt Engagement

The wedding of Mrs. Selby Hayne and Harry Hunt is expected to take place any day and there probably will be no announcement of the engagement beforehand. Mrs. Hayne received her final decree of divorce from Robin Hayne the early part of the month and both she and her ex-husband were at Del Monte when it was awarded.

* Mrs. Hayne is one of the best sportswomen in society and can play polo better than the average man player. She, like many of the Burlingame women, is an inveterate smoker, and is rarely without a cigarette. It is no unusual sight to see her galloping around the polo field wielding her mallet and retaining a lighted cigarette in her mouth.

Is Fred Kohl Engaged?

There is a persistent story that Frederick Kohl is to marry Mrs. Arthur Lord, but as his legal wife is not divorced from him, it is a problem when his second marriage will take place. Mrs. Kohl and her friends believe and insist that he has no grounds whatever for divorce and that neither has she, nor does she wish one. She is said to cherish a great love for her husband and a determination never to consider a divorce notwithstanding their long separation. There is a rumor that Mountford Wilson's persuasive powers were invoked to induce Mrs. Kohl to consent to a divorce and that he made a special trip East for that purpose, but without avail.

Another divorce that is prophesied in society is that of the Francis Carolans. Mrs. Carolan has been in the East for over a year and apparently has no idea of returning, in the meantime, Mr. Carolan is in constant demand at the various entertainments given by the members of the smart set.

Now that Mrs. Charles E. Maud has given her cachet to knickerbockers as the sensible golf rig for women, all the women who can wear them to advantage will echo her sentiments. Also, not a few who would do better to cling to skirts. In both cases, comfort will follow the adoption of the proposed costume. Some years ago the original Mrs. Maud advocated the kimono as the logical costume for home gardening, which she urgently recommended to women as a healthful occupation and one contributing as well to the beauty of the suburban landscapes.

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Pryor of San Francisco, with their charming daughter, Miss Ruth Pryor, have arrived at Del Monte. They are lovers of horseback riding and are frequently seen on the picturesque bridle paths of the Monterey peninsula.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Azabell of the Essex County Country Club of New York will arrive at Del Monte this week for an extended stay. They are prominent in New York society circles and will be extensively entertained during their stay on the Pacific Coast.

One of the most novel affairs of the Del Monte social season will be held this coming Sunday afternoon. It will consist of an invitational barbecue of real elk meat. A new sportsmen's association, known as the "California Indians" will be organized at the time. The barbecue will be held in the open in one of the courts near the hotel and it promises to make a picturesque picture along with the very enjoyable affair. A three-day trapshooting tournament will start on Friday and be held in connection with the barbecue.

Mrs. W. B. Bourn will leave her home "Filoli," at San Mateo, to come to Del Monte to spend several weeks' vacation.

Miss Florence Halloran and her father, N. J. Halloran, who have been visiting California for some time, leave soon for their Salt Lake home.

Pebble Beach Colony

The Pebble Beach Society Colony, located in the picturesque Del Monte forest, six miles from Del Monte, and along the shores of beautiful Carmel Bay, is rapidly growing. Many persons prominent in the social and business life of the different sections of the country, already have their homes there and others are now building.

The most recent purchase was made by S. C. Fertig of Pasadena, who has a four-acre site fronting on the 14th fairway of the classic Pebble Beach Golf course. Fertig plans to build in the near future and will locate here with his family. Dan Murphy of Los Angeles has recently made an addition to his summer home at Pebble Beach and during the summer he has entertained house parties. Fred Flint of Los Angeles has completed the work of remodeling his home and with his family, a very pleasant summer was spent at Pebble Beach. Pierpont Davis and S. W. Foreman, also of Los Angeles, are having plans drawn up for the construction of homes in the Pebble Beach tract.

Gerald Kennedy of Stockton has acquired an acre of land near the golf course and will erect a home. Among other Stockton citizens who are at Pebble Beach are Mrs. Lanette E. Henry, Mrs. Ruth M. Holt, Phoebe Holt and F. A. Guernsey.

The prominent San Jose people who are now located at the Beach are David M. Low, Elmer E. Chase, E. N. Richmond and Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien.

Mrs. Chas. W. Clark of San Mateo will shortly move into her beautiful home, which is nearing completion on the picturesque cliff, facing Point Lomas. The Clark home is of Spanish architecture and will be one of the most delightful places in the state.

Mrs. Frances Potter Thomas of Portland, Oregon, has purchased the Neville house, fronting on the 2d fairway of the golf links.

Pebble Beach Fishing Club

The Pebble Beach Fishing Club dedicated their new fishing lodge at Stillwater Cove, on Carmel Bay, in August. Captain John Barneson and members of the fishing club went out on fishing excursions and as a general rule good catches were made.

The new club has been thoroughly organized now and boasts of 200 members. The club flag is pennant-shaped, yellow and gold, with a figure of a salmon on it.

Among the sportsmen who are charter members of the club are: H. L. Alexander, Frank B. Anderson, J. Leslie Barneson, John Barneson,

**The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit**

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

J. H. Baxter, Roy N. Bishop, Charles R. Blyth, F. E. Booth, Drew Chidester, E. A. Christensen, Harold S. Cook, Elmer H. Cox, Wm. H. Crocker, Col. W. Karri-Davies, Herbert Fleishhacker, T. J. Fleming, W. F. Flint, Jr., J. D. Grant, Wellington Gregg, P. L. Hanna, John R. Hanify, W. Hathaway, Herbert Hume, William F. Humphrey, W. Knowles, John Lawson, K. R. Kingsbury, B. F. MacKall, John D. McKee, Charles H. Meyer, J. Henry Mayer, C. E. Miller, R. Morgan, S. F. B. Morse, C. F. Mullins, Dan Murphy, Frank G. Noyes, R. C. Pell, W. R. Pentz, H. S. Scott, W. Meischke-Smith, Carl Stanley, B. L. Thane, W. L. Valentine, A. L. Weil.

The Pageant of Fashions

The most important event of recent months is the "1919 Pageant of Fashion," to be given at the Palace Hotel on the afternoon and evening of October 2nd, as a benefit for the Recreation Club for Girls Who Work and the Home for Incurables. This will be unlike any fashion show ever before held in San Francisco, being more elaborate and unique. It is to be presented in four episodes. Of special interest is the announcement that beautiful Anne Peters is to be the bride. Her lovely blonde coloring and graceful figure makes the selection of her a most happy one. For several seasons society has been accustomed to inspecting the masterpieces of the American and French fashion creators at these shows. The gowns are displayed by lovely young women, who possess the knack for gracing the modes. The court of the Palace is to be converted into a theater, with two tiers of boxes encircling the entire auditorium, while the rows of seats will be raised so that every spectator may have an unobstructed view. So great is the interest in this spectacular pageant that the house, ten days in advance, is practically sold out. The officers of the Recreation Club, situated in the heart of the factory, cannery and warehouse district, Harrison and First streets, are Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, president; Mrs. George Cameron, vice-president; Mrs. Athol McBean, secretary; Mrs. Roy Pike, treasurer; Mrs. Frank B. King, corresponding secretary. Directors: Mrs. George Cadwalader, Miss Helen Chesebrough, Mrs. C. T. Crocker, Mrs. Richard Hammond, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, Miss Mary Jolliffe, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Pierre Moore, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mrs. Wm. Porter, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Miss Edith Treanor and Mrs. Wright. Officers of the Home for Incurables, the only hospital of its kind in the city, are: Miss Laura McKinstry, president; Mrs. Marcus Koshland and Miss Alice Griffith, vice-presidents; Mrs. C. W. Slack, treasurer; Mrs. J. J. Gottlob, auditor; Mrs. E. Simpson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Fischel, recording secretary. Directors: Mrs. E. R. Diamond, Mrs. Walter Stettheimer, Mrs. John Metcalf, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Courtney Ford, Miss M. Louise Smith.

Oriental Exhibition at Fine Arts Palace

The most important event in the history of the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts since the opening of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst's loan collection, in the winter of 1916, will take place on Friday afternoon, October 3rd, at 3 o'clock, when the oriental department will be formally opened with a private view and reception. Fourteen permanent new galleries have been especially prepared by Director Laurvik for the installation of six loan collections, which include some of the finest specimens of oriental art ever shown in this country. The collections total several thousand specimens, comprising

rare and choice examples of ancient Chinese paintings, Japanese and Chinese brocades, lacquers, cloisonnes, bronzes, ivories, porcelains, potteries, stone sculptures, and one of the finest collections of Japanese prints by the great masters. The collection of Japanese priest robes alone is pronounced by competent experts as the finest in this country, surpassing by far anything in the possession of the Metropolitan or Boston museums. Where these institutions have three or four, or at most a score of specimens, the collection in the Palace of Fine Arts numbers several hundred of the choicest and rarest items obtainable.

Another item of great interest and value to students of craftsmanship is the unusually complete and beautiful collection of Netsukes, which alone comprises nearly a thousand examples, brought together over a long period of years, after infinite selection and rejection of inferior specimens. But perhaps even more interesting than any of these is a collection of ancient lamps from every corner of the Orient and the Mediterranean countries. This collection includes beautiful specimens of quaint, curious, and artistic lamps from ancient Greece, Rome, and Etruria—from Turkey, Morocco, Arabia and Palestine, as well as from Korea, China, and Japan. It is the most complete collection of its kind in this country. The presentation of all this varied and interesting material is expected to set a standard of museum installation on the coast, which will add another brilliant achievement to the many so far recorded by the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts.

The Needlework Guild

The San Francisco branch of the Needlework Guild of America met on Thursday at the Palace Hotel to make all arrangements for their fall exhibition of garments, which have been collected during the year, and which at a later date are to be distributed to the city's charitable organizations and the needy poor. Among the patronesses are: Mrs. John Lale, Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal, Mrs. George Reed, Mrs. A. O. Dorey, Mrs. Milton Esberg, Mrs. E. G. Denniston, Miss Marion O'Connell.

Even during the period of the war, when our women worked constantly for our army and navy and for war charities, this Needlework Guild continued its labors for the needy of our own city. To be eligible to membership one has merely to contribute two new garments yearly, or an annual subscription of 50 cents.

Social Notes, Hotel Cecil

Green and gold formed the color scheme for the beautiful dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley were hosts Saturday. It was in honor of their beautiful young daughter, Miss Blanche, and covers were arranged for ten. Judge and Mrs. William Hunt and Miss Gertrude Hunt are at the Cecil. They have closed their home in San Rafael and will remain at the hotel over the winter. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jenkins of Los Angeles are the motif for much entertaining. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Van Dyke Tyler of Tacoma are sojourning. Colonel Walter Wright has returned from Los Angeles and has joined his wife. Mrs. J. W. Dowell is enjoying her visit. Mrs. Sherman Armstrong was the guest of honor at a tea given Thursday by Mrs. George Nickel. Mrs. Armstrong has been at the Cecil for over a month, and will return next week to her home in Salt Lake.

Lively Programs at Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern programs offer the most engaging manner of spending an evening and are

an ever ready answer to the problem of how best to entertain friends. Dancing to the music of the famous Jazz Orchestra is the most beguiling pursuit and one is rewarded by the presentation of the most delectable favors; chic little Kewpie dolls if one is of the fair sex and big boxes of those finest of all cigarettes, the Melachrino, for the men. The Show Girl Revue Corps sings divinely in the dance intermissions.

Jack—"I've a bill for a frock that you bought some months ago. Which one was that?" Doris—"That was the one I wore the night you proposed." Jack—"H'm! Pretty strong when a man has to pay for the bait and hook that helped to catch him!"

FAIRMONT HOTEL

"The Height of Comfort at the Top of the Town"

VANDA HOFF

and the

FAIRMONT FOLLIES

Dancing in Rainbow Lane Nightly,
Except Sunday, from 7 to 1.

AFTERNOON TEA, WITH RUDY SEIGER'S
ORCHESTRA, DAILY, 4:30 to 6

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

BOOKS—New and Old
Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.
THE HOLMES BOOK CO.
152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

The Stage

At the Maitland Playhouse

"What ho, actors! Make ready there within;
Have up the curtain; let the play begin."

With these words, Mr. Arthur Maitland, as Prologue, steps back from the dark blue curtain of the new playhouse on Stockton Street, and treats his audience to four playlets. They are just the kind of audience that delight in mysterious curtains, prologues, beautiful stage settings—and the drama. The drama, that's the thing which the jaded playgoer desires at all hazards. Maitland will supply the article, to judge from this auspicious beginning. So, thank the gods that we have a theater where stage persons are shot and poisoned and can commit suicide without fear of criticism from that part of the dear public which insists upon a happier ending—if it does insist. Some managers yield to the supposed demand. Maitland does not. Of four playlets, two were happy enders, and that should suffice the most fastidious and most squeamish. Whoever witnessed the inaugural performance at the Playhouse must have come away with the opinion that the two finales with a kiss were the least meritorious. The big little drama of the evening is "The Game of Chess," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, and set down on the program as one of the Maitland Players' greatest successes. It is well. Maitland takes the role of a Russian governor, and presents San Francisco with one of the finest impersonations that we have seen in many a long day. You feel that intellect, tragedy and art are in the air. William D. Howard, as a assassin, has the next important part; and the two engage in a battle of wits. The scene is thoroughly startling. The pity and respect of the spectator go from one character to another, and that is the effort of all great drama. There is no woman in "The Game of Chess." The other participants are Orville R. Caldwell and Rupert Drum. As attaché and servant, they complete a picturesque situation. The leading lady, Miss Ann O'Day, takes part in two comedies and in the tragic "Smoke," a Chinese extract of a play, with local color of opium smoke. One of the four characters is oriental; the others are white—William D. Howard, Ann O'Day and Claire Taylor. Miss O'Day is a blonde version of Maxine Elliott, and acts with considerable poise. Claire Taylor, as a tough habituée of a Chinese den, is sufficiently telling in the lights and shadow of the Mongolian's home. The play ends with a wonderful bit of acting by Howard. Caroline Howard is the big scream in "The Walk Out," a travesty "in seventeen strikes and a home run," from which you see that nothing serious is intended. Miss Howard's role is that of a servant maid who has joined the union. If the play were just a little bit more serious, the Howard part could grow into a big success. However, success is the word for the Playhouse. It demands attention from every one whose dramatic sense is beyond the ordinary provender.

—L. J.

A Lively Orpheum Bill

Harry and Harriet Seebach jazz 'round in a real gymnasium in real athletic performances to which their nimble arms and feet keep rhythmic accompaniment. Ted Doner does "something new in singles" which turns out to be a jazzy monologue assisted by his nimbly twisting his long good-looking legs in rather an original way. Dunham and O'Malley cut jazzy capers and "put over" lots of "silly stuff" which is

palpably silly and fulfills its merry mission. Even the Rosa King trio walk the tight wire with terpsichorean frills. Alice Eis and James Templeton charm in an act of beauty, an oriental conception of undulation in fascinating light and shade. We are given a glimpse of real Broadway by Ray W. Snow and Narine Velmar. The latter, in manner and in bizarre garniture, suggests the typical show girl of a down-to-the-minute "production,"—if you don't believe it, try to copy her new walk. In "Three G. M.," an original version of a stereotyped situation (late husband, waiting wife) Julia Nash and C. H. O'Donnell cause much amusement and not a little serious moralizing. George Kelly in "The Flattering Word" is the big hit of the bill. His playlet is a gem and the six people in its cast are artists,—a combination all too rare in vaudeville. Because I name Julius Tanner last, that doesn't mean he isn't a big attraction. He is, on the contrary, and he "speaks the public mind" quite as wittily as he did upon his previous visits, even if the public has had ample time to change its mind since his last Orpheum visit. Nor must I forget Herbert Hoover. He merely appears upon the screen and looks at the audience. Then the audience looks at him and thinks things; such as, deprivation, substitution, imitation, extraction—but in war time his help was of exceedingly great help and he ought to get a rousing hand.

—E. I. S.

At the Curran

With Sunday night's performance, Guy Bates Post will begin the third and final week of his tremendously prosperous engagement at the Curran Theater in "The Masquerader," his greatest starring medium. That the distinguished actor could remain indefinitely is demonstrated by the capacity audiences which he has been attracting nightly and by the advance sale, which is enormous. Booking arrangements absolutely prevent a continuation of the engagement, however, and the run will end with the performance of Saturday night, October 4. San Francisco has seldom seen such acting as Post gives in "The Masquerader". It is a curious dual role that he is called upon to play and he is equally convincing as both characters, the distinctions between which are both broad and subtle, and drawn by Post with a sure touch. The wizard hand of Richard Walton Tully, the producer, is in happy evidence throughout the production. The settings are artistically conceived and elaborately carried out, and the lighting effects are admirable. The star is given worthy support by a company which embraces such players as Alice John, Lionel Belmore, Clarence Handyside, Reginald Carrington, Ruby Gordon, Audrey Anderson and others. "Under Orders," a dramatic novelty of the first water, in that but two players are required to interpret it, will be presented at the Curran following Post, opening Sunday night, October 5th. The play was written by Berte Thomas and elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue.

Geraldine Farrar's Concert

Tickets are now on sale at the box offices of Sherman Clay's, the Curran Theater and Kohler & Chase's, for the concert of Geraldine Farrar and her concert company, to be held at the Curran Theater, Sunday afternoon, October 5th at 2:30 o'clock sharp. In addition to Miss Farrar those in attendance at the concert will have the pleasure of hearing Arthur Hackett, the Ameri-

can tenor, whose singing was quite the feature of many of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; also Rosita Renard, the Chilean pianist of remarkable technique and interpretive ability; Claude Gottlieb will be the accompanist. Booklets containing the original words and their translations of all songs to be sung at Miss Farrar's concert will be distributed to the audience. Programme: 1. Adelaide, Beethoven, Mr. Hackett; 2. Etude No. 5, Op. 10, Nocturne, Chopin, and Tocata, Saint-Saens, Miss Renard; 3. "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Haydn; "For Music," Franz; "Summer Fields," Brahms, "New Love, New Life," Beethoven, Miss Farrar. 4. "Tes Yeux!" Rene Rabey; "La Procession," Cesar Franck; "Mandoline," Gabriel Faure; Nocturne, Cesar Franck; "Dansons la Gigue," Poldowski; Mr. Hackett. 5. "In the Meadow," Rubenstein; "Eastern Romance," Rimsky-Korsakow; "In the Silent Night," Rachmaninoff; "The Wounded Birch" and "The Snowdrop," Gretchaninoff; Miss Farrar. 6. Etude de Concert, Liszt; "Blue Danube Waltz," Strauss-Schulz-Eyler; Miss Renard. 7. "Dream Tryst," Cadman; "Fair House of Joy," Quilter; Sea Lyric, George C. Veih; "O Cool Is the Valley Now," Louis Koennenich; "The Eagle," Emil J. Polak; Mr. Hackett. 8. "Absence," Berlioz; "Au Printemps," Gounod; "Sans Toi," d'Hardelet; "Ouvre Tes Yeux Bleus (by request), Massenet; Miss Farrar.

Symphony

Rehearsals for the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, opening October 10th, in the Curran Theatre, have been admirably progressing the past week under the authoritative baton of Alfred Hertz. The 80 artists of the great organization from now on will play together daily for a period of six months. Conductor Hertz states that he has strengthened his orchestra remarkably, in spite of the scarcity of good musicians due to the country's increased musical activities, and he looks forward to his most artistic season. The sale of season tickets to the public will enter upon its last week Monday morning at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building. The sale of season tickets is progressing with most gratifying results, according to A. W. Widenham, secretary-manager, who expects the Friday symphonies to be shortly over-subscribed. Season tickets are sold for the twelve Friday symphonies, the twelve Sunday symphonies (repetitions) and the series of ten "pop" concerts. The orchestra will again have as concert-master and assistant conductor, Louis Persinger, who has won a warm place in the affections of San Francisco music-lovers. It will be pleasant news to know that he will be heard in soli as well. Arthur Argiewicz and L. W. Ford will resume their positions as efficient assistant concert-masters. The second violin section will be capably led by Giulio Minetti, who has been away for a season. The first violin section will embrace these newcomers: Pietro Marino, well-known locally as violinist, concert-master and leader; B. Mendelevitich, recent orchestral leader with the Kosloff Ballet, Orley See, former member of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, and T. Jensen, who studied in Christiani, Norway. Max Amsterdam Jr., who has been serving with the American army in France, is to have his old position. A. Heft, doctor of music, known as a composer, will be a new member of the second violin section. Frederick Creitz, with the orchestra three years ago, re-

sumes his former place. An artist of great promise, Lajos W. Fenster, will in spite of his youth, occupy the first chair of the viola section. A new member of this section is E. Weiler, who has had considerable chamber music experience. Horace Britt, the exceedingly popular violoncello virtuoso, who has won an enviable place in Pacific Coast music activities, will be found in his familiar place, and it is announced that he will be heard in soli. A promising addition to the violoncello section is O. King, who has had European symphony experience. E. B. Hibbard, former member of the orchestra, will also play cello. J. Lahann will again lead the double-basses. That he has been able to keep the wood-wind section practically intact, Hertz regards as particularly fortunate. The single change lies in Ernest Kubitschek's officiating at first bassoon. Emilio Puyans remains the brilliant head of the flutes, with Caesar Addimando as first oboe and Harold B. Randall as first clarinet. W. Oesterreicher, who plays flute and piccolo, will once more be the capable orchestral manager. The horns, under Walter Hornig, will be the same, with the exception of the third horn, to be played by Carl Findiesen. Samuel Miller, first trumpet, late of Walter Damrosch's New York Symphony Orchestra, is an important acquisition. A promising newcomer is Clemens Baier, who will play third trumpet. H. F. Beitel occupies first chair in the trombone section which is the same as before. Tuba will be played by Ralph Murray, who is back from the service where he led a military band. Popular Kajetan Attl will remain chief harpist and be heard in soli. George Wagner and E. A. Nolting will handle the tympani and percussion instruments, respectively, as before. Vladimir Shavitch, Russian pianist and conductor, will play celesta. Otto Kegel, in addition to being a member of the trumpet section, will once more officiate as librarian.

Orpheum

There will be eight entirely new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. Carl Jörn, the celebrated tenor of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, New York, and the Royal Opera Company, London, will be heard in selections from his extensive repertoire. He was the first to sing Parsifal in this country. His Siegfried and Lohengrin are operatic history, and much of the success of the Wagnerian cycle has been attributed to his voice and impressive acting. Madame Ellis, "The Woman Who Knows," will call your name, reveal your thoughts and answer your questions. She has undergone most searching

and rigid investigation by scientists who candidly admitted their perplexity and credit her with the possession of some superhuman quality. Billie Burke's Tango Shoes is a novelty in which the elements of curiosity and mystery play an important part. To reveal the real nature of the act would be to lessen the enjoyment of it. Ralph Dunbar's Tennessee Ten is an aggregation of colored minstrels. A musical skit called "Plantation Days" illustrates their ability and versatility. Their buck and wing dancing is a revelation and their real jazz band, with a dancing director, is clever and humorous beyond description. The Ja-Da Trio, consisting of Carleton, Sobel and Rosenberg, are discharged sailors, who take the name of their act from a song written by Mr. Carleton. They were the features of the Sailors' shows: "Great Lake Revue," and "Leave It to the Sailors". Frank Burt and Myrtle Rosedale, finished comedians, will appear in a musical tete a tete of their called "The Substitute". John Regay and The Lorraine Sisters are a trio of dancers who will present five numbers. The Belgian Trio, present a sensational number called "Jugglers of Human Beings." The principal male member is an honorably discharged U. S. A. soldier who fought in various battles during the Spanish-American and subsequently served in the Belgian army during the recent war. Returning to this country with his wife and brother, who were his original partners, he contrived the act he is now appearing in, which is the only one of its kind inasmuch as the principal work of catching and throwing is performed by a woman. The only holdover in this extraordinary bill will be Alice Eis, assisted by James Templeton, in new songs and dances.

Alcazar

One week did not prove sufficient for the crowds that wanted to see "Pollyanna," at the Alcazar, and its continuance for another week becomes imperative. The immense popularity of Eleanor H. Porter's "Pollyanna" stories, or glad books, which ran into editions of more than a million copies, led inevitably to their dramatization. Young and old, of all conditions, in big cities and small communities, have gone to the theaters for four years for a visualization of their lovable characters. The Pollyanna propaganda of love, optimism, faith and mutual kindness and happiness was never more timely than just now when the best and truest qualities of human impulse and endeavor are so necessary to humanity. In preparation is "The Naughty Wife," to be given by the New Alcazar Company for the first time in San Francisco. It is a widely discussed play and its run at the Harris Theater, New York, was a long and merry one. It is now approaching its 750th performance at the Playhouse, London, where it has been given continuously since the fall of 1917.

Home Life and Health

The ill effect that the ordinary home has on the physical health is rarely appreciated. The irritating effect which most homes have on those who habitually occupy them must have been noticed by nearly everyone. This is largely owing to the uncultivated artistic sense of those responsible for furnishing and management of the home. The sense of fitness, of which nearly everyone has the germ, is commonly so little exercised in domestic economy that the ordinary house and the ordinary life of the home produces on the mind the effect the reverse of restful. Things which are unfit, inappropriate and out of place jar on the mind of the least sensitive, and nearly all the temporary minor ill-health of humanity can be traced to the slight

mental derangement caused in this and similar ways.

He emerged from the dining-room window, and slunk over to where his pal was waiting in the shadows. "Get her jewel'ry?" asked the waiting one. "No," returned the other, "Could not find it nowhere." "Where did you look for it?" "In her jewel-case, and in every drawer in the bureau." "Did you look to see if she was wearin' 'em?" "Yes, but she ain't got 'em on. I'll swear to that!" "Lor', man, you don't know nothin' about the ways of women! Why don't you go into the bathroom? You'll find the whole bloomin' lot where she left 'em on the washbasin!"

CURRAN THEATRE

NEXT SUNDAY at 2:30

Concert

Geraldine
FARRAR

Direction C. A. ELLIS
Local Management,
FRANK W. HEALY



Tickets now at box offices Curran Theater, Sherman, Clay's and Kohler & Chase. Steinway Piano.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

CARL JORN, the Distinguished Tenor, formerly of Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y., and Royal Opera, London; MADAM ELLIS, "The Woman Who Knows"; BILLIE BURKE'S TANGO SHOES; RALPH DUNBAR'S TENNESSEE TEN; JADA TRIO; FRANK BURT and MYRTLE ROSEDALE in "The Substitute"; JOHN REGAY and THE LORRAINE SISTERS, Unique Dancers; BELGIUM TRIO, Jugglers of Human Beings; ALICE EIS, assisted by James Templeton, in New Songs and Dances.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—SECOND AND LAST WEEK

"POLLYANNA"

Spreading Gladness and Good Cheer
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN. MAT. OCT. 5th
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

BELLE BENNETT—WALTER P. RICHARDSON

First San Francisco Presentation
The Piquant and Hilarious Comedy
"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"
Eight Months in New York—Second Year in London
NEXT—Eugene Walters' Famous Play

"PAID IN FULL"

SOON—"NOTHING BUT LIES"

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPT. 28
RICHARD WALTON TULLY
(James G. Peede, Gen. Mgr.)
Presents

GUY BATES
POST

In

"THE MASQUERADER"

By John Hunter Booth, from the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$2.50.
Wed. Mat., 50c to \$1.50.

NEXT—COM. SUN., OCT. 5—"UNDER ORDERS"

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

LAST WEEK OF PUBLIC SEASON SALE
STARTS MONDAY, SEPT. 29

At 457 Phelan Building
FIRST CONCERT October 10, at CURRAN THEATRE
NO WAR TAX

(Symphony Tickets Exempted by Government)

12 FRIDAY SYMPHONIES—Orch., \$24; Balcony, \$24, \$18, \$12; Gallery, \$12, \$8, \$6.

12 SUNDAY SYMPHONIES—Orch., and First Three Rows Balcony, \$12; Balcony, Next Thirteen Rows, \$9; Gallery, First Row, \$9; Next Fourteen Rows, \$6.

10 SUNDAY "POPS"—Orch., \$7, \$9; Balcony, First Three Rows, \$9; Next Five Rows, \$7; Next Eight Rows, \$5; Gallery, First Seven Rows, \$5; Next Eight Rows, \$2.50.

Address mail orders, with check, to A. W. WIDENHAM, Secretary-Manager, Phelan Building.

Sale of seats for single concerts opens Monday, October 6, at Sherman, Clay & Co.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—General labor unrest throughout the country, which finally broke out in the calling of a strike in the U. S. Steel Corporation, was the principal factor in the market the past week. Other factors seemed to be of minor importance and the trade was inclined to take a pessimistic view, as it was feared that other trade organizations would be called out in a sympathetic strike that might be far-reaching and cause considerable trouble in other lines. However, the market gave a good account of itself and the selling of steel stocks was mostly short selling. The stockholders themselves were not alarmed, and the outside public, while inclined to look on and await developments, were not disposed to take a pessimistic view. When reports issued by the big corporation showed that only 25 per cent of the men had answered the strike call, a better feeling prevailed and buying orders in volume made their appearance and shorts were competitive buyers, which gave the market a good tone and quick recovery.

It remains to be seen just what will be the outcome of the strike and its effect on business, but Wall Street traders are betting on a short strike and a victory for the corporation, and if this is the result it will go a long way toward clearing up the labor situation. One of the reasons for expecting a failure of the present strike is the fight among the strike leaders themselves. Those who recall the conference of the labor leaders held during the summer remember that a movement was under way to depose the present head of the federation because of his conservative attitude. It was believed that the younger or radical element in labor circles wanted new blood to govern the reins of the federation. This movement, however, was blocked and the conservative leaders remained on top. Since then, however, events indicate that the radical element have things much their own way because the supposed conservative leaders have virtually gone on record as being opposed to many strikes which are now in progress or contemplated. With so much friction in the ranks of the labor leaders the trade is expecting a quick collapse of the present strike.

Outside of the labor troubles there was really nothing new marketwise that had any effect. Exchange rates held around the lowest quotations and whenever they showed a tendency to harden, created a favorable impression. As long as exchange remains so low it is useless to expect any foreign business, and mills will have to be satisfied with domestic consumption. The Edge bill, which provides a way out of the present exchange difficulties, is expected to pass Congress shortly and will no doubt have a favorable effect on industrial stocks. Rails were dull and neglected. Money rates were easy and

will have a tendency to check any material decline in stocks should the present labor troubles spread. If the market is depressed on labor troubles we would favor the purchase of the better class of stocks from an investment standpoint.

Cotton—The market for cotton futures the past week was influenced to some extent by the tropical storm that struck the Gulf States and caused considerable damage to cotton. Reports from Texas would indicate that there has been considerable damage done the growing crop by excessive rainfall and high winds. Crop experts are busy reducing their estimates of the crop and the general feeling among the trade is that the final figures will show the number of bales produced this year below eleven million. Another factor in the market that brought about a better feeling in prices was the Edge bill, which is now in Congress, and is soon expected to become a law. Senator Edge, the author of the bill, says of it:

"The procedure under the prospective law is simplicity itself—it is merely the application to international trade of the accepted method by which John Doe sells his business to penniless Richard Roe and yet obtains actual cash payment in the transaction. The American exporter or manufacturer may sell his goods to an impoverished foreign purchaser—a foreign government or a private concern. One of the proposed corporations may then accept collateral from the purchaser, acceptable to the Federal Reserve Board, and against this issue debentures to sell to investors and the money so received will be paid to the American seller. Through the powers granted to these proposed corporations, they may accept even mortgage on the plants or other real property of the purchasers —'to borrow and to lend money on real or personal property,' so reads the bill. Thus, a foreign concern in need of raw materials may obtain it by giving a mortgage on its plant, and eventually by turning this raw material into finished product will be able to redeem its collateral and to put aside a little profit besides."

Was It an Accident

He looked a sorry plight as he limped into the insurance office. Bandages were numerous, and he walked with the aid of a crutch. "I have called to make application for the amount due on my accident policy," he said. "I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for some time to come." The manager gave him a firm look. "Young man," he replied. "I have investigated your case, and find that you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident, for you certainly knew that the young lady's father was at home."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

A NEW POLITICAL PARTY

(Continued from Page 4)

under a Progressive platform in the field, and a Democratic champion emerging at the other gate, the ghost of Mark Hanna would not stand the ghost of a show between them. That same program of performers in 1912 brought the only Taft only eight (8) electoral votes. If Hiram Johnson is a loyal Republican, he may consent to the nomination of another man. If bound to run, he may crave a platform that is more the Rooseveltian one, or a more radical still. By that time the League of Nations in its present form, at least, will be out of the way. And Johnson would be either glorying to have helped quash it, or tirading on the manner in which Wilson had carried it through. Either way, Johnson would be found devoting a large part of his time to matters that he had fostered in California. We cannot imagine Mark Hanna's tribe standing for that. And now comes the second probability of Republicans and Democrats taking stand against a common foe; a coalition of all the radical factions of the country (with or without Hiram Johnson's faction) under one candidate. No one knows their numbers. In 1912, more than 900,000 men cast their ballot for Eugene V. Debs. This was not sufficient to poll an electoral vote. Debs was on the Socialist ticket. His successor, in 1916, drew only 600,000 votes. It is not likely that all the radical elements, with the Progressives, could endanger the election. Still, a big vote would advertise them well for 1924. The Texas demonstration has not been magnificent. The Communists at Chicago were so overbearing to related cliques that they won't overwhelm anybody with numbers. The farmers would not collaborate with the I. W. W.'s; but we do not know with whom the railroad brotherhoods and the steel workers would take up.

Homer S. Cummings, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is as valid an admirer of Wilson as need be. He thinks that America should feel proud of having produced a man who made such an impression upon the world. Cummings views the senatorial opposition as nothing more than party preparedness, and of a very poor sort, as it is negative in character and is not calculated to assist the new era, which everybody is talking about. It is merely opposition. Speaking of radicalism, Cummings has taken occasion to note that there are, in America, groups that are opposed not only to the older political parties but to our form of government. He is not alarmed, yet admits that, just as the Republicans and Democrats joined against a common enemy, they could, if necessary, unite against an internal one.

Thus it appears that the Democrats have their innings and have invented all the debating material, while none of the outfielders have a keen eye to the situation. Nearly all problems have become more or less international. The philosophic road is open to Washington, thence to London, Paris, Fiume. One would fancy that any party with international tendencies would tend more or less to Democracy, which has been mixing freely with the world of late, and whose leader is ostensibly ready for all emergencies, willing to conciliate all factions except unlawful ones.

It remains to be seen who can be most radical—Wilson or Johnson. Internationally Wilson exceeds him, with the League of Nations, and from that debate Johnson is unwittingly forced back into conservatism. To be radical nowadays is to be an internationalist, although there be some unpleasant association for the word. Reverting to the Irish-Americans, be-

cause many of them are political leaders generally, they may yet see that their very coercion of Wilson toward international affairs would lead toward a League of Nations. Long ago he was asked to intervene with Great Britain. Without a league, he might ask, so to speak: "May I not inquire whether or not you would deem it proper, etc., to take note of a certain widespread desire in this country for Ireland's self-determination?" That is as far as he could go. As a member of the League of Nations, we could declare that the position of Ireland under England's rule is detrimental to the world's peace. "Therefore, let us take up the matter before the council and generously submit to the moral suasion of mankind and Sir Edward Carson."

So it appears that the league is a positive force. There is some demand for it among the people who do not as yet recognize it in themselves. The President is in the path of positive mental concourse, which his opponents are trying to repel. All in all, he is collecting, in his walk, not only the most attractive wild flowers but the garden variety of political plants, and the bizarre blossoms from the hotbeds of modern thought, for a bouquet that will be tossed at some illustrious performer in 1920; and if the country should write Woodrow Wilson on the card, it will be returning what has become known as the just reward of labor.

Literary Gems From Punjab

The following literary gems are said to have been recovered recently from the waste-paper basket of a Punjab office:

"Sir—How noble is your personality, who is just, mercifully disposed, faithful to his promises, of light obligation, generous, grave and serious in the highest degree, free from the spirit of revenge, the subduer of the mind, the winner of hearts, honey tongued, bearer of bitter words, pardoner of faults, destroyer of crime, the gainer of the hearts of strangers, courteous, devoid of pride, of subdued passions, patient and forbearing among your followers, of retired as well as of social beauty, handsome as Joseph, the repository of mercy and the master of a palace which is a place of worship for the people.

"An officer like you never got anything short of the mark on the day of creation in the mansion of bountiful God; on the contrary, the pen of destiny wrote down for you everything that was acceptable and pleasing to you.

"The years and months of your life, associated with eternity, are strolling about in the streets of third decenary, and the din and bustle of your excellencies and accomplishments is in the brain of the inmates of the seventh heaven.

"To such a bestower of kindness like you, I pray and pray with my hands folded, knees bent, and eyes tearful to kindly appoint me a — in your heaven-like domain.

"O merciful God, may my desire be attracted to the lap of realization.

"With regard to my qualifications, I have been plucked up in the F. A. Examination, this year.

"Hoping to get back a favorable reply, I beg to remain, sir, your obdt. servant."

Made for Callers

"Mr. Upholsterer, I would like to buy a nice reception chair. Something new." "We have just the thing, madam. Here it is. Made especially for our firm. Take a seat on it." "Dear me, why, this chair is awful! I couldn't sit on it five minutes. I never sat on such an uncomfortable thing in my life!" "Exactly, madam. That is just the idea. You see, it is made for callers."

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUSTE COMTE, JR., Deceased—No. 27627
N. S. Dept. No. 9, Probate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Auguste Comte, Jr. (generally known as and called "A. Comte, Jr."), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which first publication occurs on the 23rd day of August, 1919), in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, Garret W. McENERNEY, Room 2002 Hobart Building, number 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Auguste Comte, Jr.

ELLA LaFAILLE COMTE,
Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of
Auguste Comte, Jr., Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 23, 1919.

GARRET W. McENERNEY,
Attorney for Executrix,
2002 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:
ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-10

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1425

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 4, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

The Final Strike

Perils of Dress Reform

Chief White's Defense

Stage, Society, Finance

Peace With Prohibition

The President's Presents

The Triumph of d'Annunzio

Reviving the Bar Association

Hobbies of Local Celebrities

Sir Edward Carson, a Puzzle

The Undemobilized Republicans

Rear Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne, U. S. N.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, October 4, 1919

No. 1425

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Reviving the Bar Association

It is always desirable that members of a profession have some club or institute where they can discuss professional ethics and indulge in a friendly game of poker or debate whether or not we should annex this or that to our community life. Attorneys at law have such assembly in the larger cities, yet there are few instances where the active membership embraces leaders of the profession. In the proper spirit, much could be done. So the drive of the San Francisco Bar Association for new members may help along a big idea. The grouping of legal intellects should be a moral advantage. As it is, we seldom hear of the local association. At election time, it comes out with an endorsement of supposedly the better candidates. When an attorney commits an unethical or dishonest act, the association passes a resolution that he be deprived of practice. Their activities might well be augmented, so as to attract the up-to-date barrister. Most law students soon acquire a supercilious attitude toward bar associations. This may be because associations in general are controlled by men more enthusiastic about club life and inutile ideals than the practical affairs of their profession. So that when they do endeavor to exert an ideal, their efforts are viewed as an intrusion. Moreover, successful men in any profession, though accepting invitations of club membership and attending certain rallies, do not linger in the society of their less fortunate fellow members. The quarters are usually filled with members who are casting about for something to turn up. In olden times, they could invite a friend for a drink and conduct their affairs in the congenial atmosphere of club upholstery. Now that drinks are almost eliminated from club life, especially the frivolous part of it, a more serious aspect may come, and, for this, no place is better adapted than a bar association's rooms. There is such thing as being too serious, though.

It has naively been given out that "good character" is essential to membership in the San Francisco Bar Association, and no doubt such qualification obtains elsewhere. It should not frighten anybody away. Good character has a practical side, too. Some quite moral men are disinclined toward societies that make a specialty and a flourish of moral purpose. Morality is better inferred and tacitly demanded than made too conspicuous. Practical affairs nowadays require so much of a man's time that he devotes himself to ideals on the fly, as it were, as unto a quick lunch. The theoretical side is likely to become lost in the struggle. No body of men more than attorneys at law are constantly in need of theory. A good working library should of itself be enough to attract a large number of members. In many non-professional associations today, the project is to advance the business interests, one way or another. The ethics of lawyers are the reverse, being rather in depreciation of fees than an increase. While there is no valid objection to the accumulation of wealth in the courts, bar associations have so many ideals on the subject that there seems to be an undertone against practices that are more or less condoned by the successful. Perhaps each lawyer interprets for himself the statutes relating to the monetary side of court work. Should bar associations devote more attention to the legal aspect of litigation, and less to the ethics, which after all are a personal matter, more attorneys might avail themselves of membership.

* * *

The President's Presents

Certain Republican leaders are eager to know what little tokens of esteem President Wilson received while abroad. They themselves may go to Europe some day, and would like to figure what would be coming to a senator. Political capital might also be made of the situation. So a number of congressmen wish the American public to be informed all about it. It is indeed a petty attitude for a body of men claiming adherence to a Grand Old Party. One of the courtesies in Europe is the presentation of souvenirs. The custom is not unknown in America. A king may give a gold vase or a bronze plaque with all the nonchalance that a cowboy says "Howdy". There is nothing especially aristocratic or contaminating about it. For the most part, the objects are not such as pertain to everyday use, and are more of a care and expense than a mercenary benefit. They are likely to be of historical interest, and if of more value than a frying pan, embossed with a

state seal, which one receives at a land show, it is only because the donors have a surplus of the better material at hand. There was even talk in San Francisco of giving the President something by which to remember us—just a symbol of his western trip. The deed would have been done had there been less antagonism over insignificant details, such as the men who were to make the presentation speech, the men who were to have their names inscribed on it, and all that. In a monarchical country, more speed and less jealousy are evinced in matters of this nature. Republicans are necessarily slow, because so many good citizens must be consulted. In Europe, one man comes forward and acts on his own responsibility. The others supply the applause. Here, instead of returning gratitude for courtesies to our president, we permit our representatives to criticize and investigate. Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania has come to the conclusion that the gifts were too valuable for the simple and chaste soul of William Penn. In the senator's imagination, Wilson accepted about a million dollars' worth, as if that had anything to do with the case. Have we not all been told that it is not the value of the gift, etc.? We could not accuse Supervisor Emmett Hayden of conspiring to break the President's morale with a California jewel. Why accuse King Victor Emanuel? We have no information that an Italian king is more crafty than a San Francisco supervisor. Besides, it is not so much the donor as the donee in whom we are interested, and who is theoretically incorruptible.

* * *

Take Supervisor Mulvihill, for Instance

Suppose that King George had decided to present Supervisor Mulvihill with a gold cigarette case, engraved with the royal coat of arms, and including a big diamond in the unicorn's mouth. This would not have been a remote possibility, had the Prince of Wales made San Francisco a part of his itinerary, when Mulvihill, as chairman of the Committee on Public Welfare, Weights, Measures and Publicity, would have guided the prince here and there. Could we imagine the rich, resounding voice of Mulvihill becoming weaker in the cause of democracy and turning to the effete methods of monarchy? Would he corrupt the thoughts of his fellow supervisors when exhibiting the royal cigarette case? A thousand times No. And no more can we imagine the President yielding to the munificence of crowned heads. Let the crowned heads send as many presents this way as they see fit. Which of us will refuse?

Have we so dwindled in the spirit of Patrick Henry that we cry, "Give me liberty or give me a present, in which latter case I will forget a few things I know about liberty?" No, gentlemen. Let us not take the standpoint of Congressman C. William Ramseyer of Bloomfield, Iowa, who offered the resolution that the country be rendered a list of each and every gift and the value thereof. When one becomes a President of these United States, he does not relinquish every right as a private citizen. There still remains the right to make friends. There still remains the right not to embarrass oneself and friends by refusing their mementos. The gifts may be such as would cause a lot of gossip in Bloomfield, Iowa, and we can readily understand the Bloomfield citizen's being in accord with Ramseyer's plan to get an inventory. Bloomfield will then decide whether or not the President did right in accepting. There are women in Bloomfield who might like to know what Mrs. Wilson received from queens. Such an exposure might be deleterious to certain rural districts. We even doubt that the whole state of Iowa could stand the strain of knowing just what the Wilsons brought back from Europe. We can force the whole Bloomfield reasoning power tottering on its intellectual throne. What then? The only course would be to return the collection, with the curt note that we do not permit our child to receive presents from strangers. On Thanksgiving Day we will send him a turkey and a huge pumpkin pie, which ought to suffice his Jeffersonian soul.

* * *

The Triumph of d'Annunzio

It is too early to understand the full historical act by which Gabriele d'Annunzio, setting at naught the civil and military powers of his country, made himself master of Fiume. This fervid poet did more than defy his own Italy. He threw down the gauge to the whole world. At that, there was no great objection, the world over, to the annexation of the seaport. Italy perhaps had the port in mind when she entered the war. At least, she broached the subject of increased territory, and Fiume was to be understood as part of the enterprise. Whatever local objection there may be to the sight of d'Annunzio's flag, it is safe to say that an outburst of as fine an enthusiasm as was ever witnessed in Europe, greeted that red, white and green by

the dawn's early light along the Adriatic. Since diplomatic rebuke of the Fiume surprise party has been so little, perhaps the great powers of Europe were satisfied that d'Annunzio made the best of a diplomatic tangle. Still, it may be that the European statesmen feel that any rigorous handling of the poet's triumph would be out of the question at this moment when patriotism runs high among his followers. In one way, the Italian capture of Fiume is reminiscent of Garibaldi's leadership. Garibaldi was given battle by superior forces; yet his army was mostly volunteer. It astonished the world at that time, and still astonishes the reader, sated though he may be with the deeds of heroes. In another way, d'Annunzio reminds us that in another country, a celebrated pianist was placed at the head of a government. The war was supposedly devoid of imaginative details. Perhaps the critics said so because spectacular and outstanding heroism did not appear in print with every breakfast perusal of the news from the front. The heroism was said to be a massed and conglomerate affair. Still, we have many tales that make good reading from the story-teller's standpoint, and many a hero has been found with a medal that enclosed material for a good historical novel. Paderewski and d'Annunzio are not the men that political sharps, a few years ago, would have picked for the events in Poland and Fiume, although the musician had given a large part of his time and a great part of his income toward the freedom of his country, and always was extremely popular at home. But d'Annunzio gave no indication that he had in mind anything like a Joan-of-Arc splurge. He was looked upon as a dandy, outside of his literary life. He had trunks full of this and that which the ordinary man has by the half dozen in his wardrobe. With the latest reports, it is to be noted that the Italian prose poet uses the word "vision" in an old-fashioned sense. He does not quite go so far as to say that he has "seen things". And yet no other interpretation could be put on the words. They read strangely after a war of bridge-building and artillery. And yet, when the mind is overcharged with patriotism, as the Italians showed at Fiume, a vision or two no doubt would help matters along. It is quite satisfactory that a man brave enough to have a vision, and practical enough to carry it through with military precision, should suc-

ceed in defying the practical minded, world and establish himself and his country in a contested realm.

* * *

The Labor Situation

Strikes and rumors of strikes have become the biggest part of the day's news, so that even the professional labor scribes have been unable to keep track of the situation. Nor is the daily advent of another walk-out accompanied by that comment which at one time characterized a dispute between employer and employed. The labor leaders themselves have been chary about public discussion; attempted explanations have been of a general nature; some of the strikes have been of short duration; some have hardly taken time to formulate a set of demands; and more than a few came and went without widespread knowledge of what had happened or why. At the present moment, about 125 strikes are being conducted in various parts of the country. During February, the record month of the year, there were 193. In the middle of September, the Conciliation Bureau of the Department of Labor had before it for settlement fifty-five strikes and nearly a hundred labor controversies which had not yet reached an acute stage. Fifty strikes were threatened. Added to that, this weapon of labor has been used by organizations that hitherto were considered remote from the labor movement, and we have conditions that call for unusual prudence. It is thought that the convention of laborites and employers called by President Wilson will have some effect on the warring factions, and maybe the present strike mania is nothing more than a show of power or a demonstration of grievances calculated to impress that conference. Whatever be the nature of the unrest, all parties will have adequate opportunity for expression at the Washington meet, and it is to be hoped that the President will solve the problem with his usual acumen. Otherwise the contentions will go on to an absurdity, for the industries of the country can not withstand these continued disturbances without some disastrous change, which labor as well as capital should find advantageous to forestall, as labor is necessarily a part of the commonwealth, and is assumed to be interested in national development. To what extent its interest is, and the sincerity thereof, will be demonstrated this month at the capital.

From Home

By the late Lieut. E. A. Macintosh, M. C.

The pale sun woke in the eastern sky
And a veil of mist was drawn
Over the faces of death and fame
When you went up in the dawn.
With never a thought of fame or death,
Only the work to do,
When you went over the top, my friends,
And I not there with you.

The veil is rent with a rifle-flash
And shows me plain to see,
Battle and bodies of men that lived
And fought along with me.
O God! it would not have been so hard
If I'd been in it too,
But you are lying stiff, my friends,
And I not there with you.

So here I sit in a pleasant room
By a comfortable fire,
With everything that a man could want,
But not the heart's desire.
So I sit thinking and dreaming still,
A dream that won't come true,
Of you in the German trench, my friends,
And I not there with you.

The Last Strike

By Lionel Josaphare

In all likelihood, the following narrative is of events that never took place. Their non-authenticity, in fact, can almost be vouched for. It was in the year 1934. This of itself is enough to cause doubt, even disbelief, in the mind of the reader. And the writer himself must decline responsibility for what happened in 1934. Yet he cannot guarantee that the episodes will never come to pass.

Prior to 1934, my readers will remember that there had been many labor troubles in the country, and these had culminated in so-called strikes, which were mainly for higher wages. One strike after another was called by laborites. No occupation was immune. It was the custom for men and women to unionize their various employments. Upon which they ceased to work, refusing to take up their implements until increased wage and a shorter working day were promised them.

In the spring of 1929, there was a slight relaxation in the labor movement, as most of the objectives had been accomplished. Many an employer had been eliminated from the field. Some had sold their concerns to the government; some had assigned their affairs to the workingmen. More than a few had been gradually absorbed, no one knew how, and departed nobody knew whither. Little remained of that thing called capital. Yes; at the end of the year 1933, there were about a half dozen capitalists—seven, to be exact—in the land.

The new year had hardly dawned when not a wealthy man was left. And strikes became a thing of the past, for the simple reason that there was no one against whom to strike. Affairs of the great commonwealth were conducted on a co-operative system. There were committees and bureaus and commissions and departments and sub-committees and sub-departments, and everything was managed in the interests of everybody. Of course, there was no such thing as income, because a man cannot sell things to himself at a profit. Nor can a country. The practice was to issue paper money for what a man earned, and take it from him for what he used. Thus, instead of high wages, the people received no wages at all. This was satisfactory, as it left nothing to quarrel about.

And not a wealthy man remained. That is not an accurate statement. There was one—just one: the official capitalist. And this is how he happened. When the people took over, one by one, the fortunes from private owners, it was found that much of the country's wealth existed on paper, such as bonds, currency, corporation stock, etc. Much of it was in real estate and other holdings. As for the actual gold and silver money, that was shifted from one committee to another, and finally lodged in the hands of the Official Capitalist. He held it in custody for the commonwealth. He was like a cashier. Once he had been a member of an aristocratic family, that lived on estates, rents and other profits thereof. When deprived of these possessions, he had been elected to his present position on account of financial ability inherited from both sides of the family. While there was no public use for the money, one of the committees had been entertaining a scheme for a financial system only because they had been accustomed to view the exchequer as a vital part of government. The money was there and they intended to formulate some use for it,

if the public could agree upon a division of the spoils.

In the year 1934, there was no president or manager or governor of any political body. There was not even a chairman of a committee. When any union or assembly discussed public affairs, the members spoke as at any friendly gathering, a vote was taken, and a temporary secretary took note of it and sent word to other organizations. Permanent secretaries were against the spirit of the laws, which had promulgated the fact that all men were equal. Therefore, to make one a secretary would have destroyed the equilibrium of the body politic.

There was one exception to this, and more as a jest than otherwise. This was in the Supreme Council of the Nation. Here the Official Capitalist acted as a kind of chairman. That is to say, he occupied a chair and had a gavel because it delighted the Supreme Council to see him rap when a bill was passed. A vote was taken, and bang went the gavel, and the Official Capitalist would say, "It is so ordered. The secretary will please take note".

Every man and woman in the country received \$25 a day wages, and spent it before the day was over. There was one exception: the Official Capitalist received only \$10 a day. This was because he had never been a worker. When his personal millions had been confiscated, he was allowed the \$10 for daily bread, and that compensation had not been increased, since he did nothing to earn more. So while he had some stylish clothes, or clothes that had been stylish several years before and were still in fairly good condition, he could not buy the ordinary amount of food. This misfortune did not annoy him, though, as he had lost appetite thinking of his former glory.

It was on a hot afternoon, August 27, 1934, that the Supreme Council of the Nation assembled and proceeded with its governmental business. All of the councillors were honest workingmen, with very little time to devote to the affairs of state. They received a day off every week for the purpose. The Official Capitalist, having naught else to do, was in the habit of studying documents, bills and communications of the nation, and was considered an authority on what was what.

On this afternoon, he sat in his absurdly big chair at the head of the table, along which were the twenty-four councillors from as many departments of the nation. At every session fifty or more bills, some of minor importance, came before the council; so there was little time for general discussion of them. On such occasions, the secretary would read the bill, and if, within ten seconds, no one essayed to speak upon it, the Official Capitalist would rap with his gavel, following it up with "It is so ordered. The secretary will please take note". On the aforesaid 27th day of August, about a hundred bills, resolutions and appropriations were before the council. At such times, by tacit understanding, the Official Capitalist was not subjected to the hardship of repeating his official formula. The resolution or bill or appropriation would be read; bang went the gavel, and the secretary took note without further signal. So it was on that eventful day. The Supreme Councillors, perspiring in their shirt sleeves, drowsily watched the proceedings. Time and again was heard the drone of the secretary's voice. He came to a

full stop. Bang went the gavel, and the councillors continued to watch in the interests of the nation. The Official Capitalist himself leaned somnolently back in his great chair, from which he rapped the statutes most listlessly into the statute books. For the most part he gazed at the ceiling. His face was expressionless. Bills Nos. 87 and 88 went through with a very gentle rap indeed.

"Bill No. 89," sang the secretary, and read it. Immediately a large, heavy councillor arose to his feet and spoke:

"Fellow councillors, this is the most momentous period in the history of our existence."

The Official Capitalist elevated one eyebrow, an unusual proceeding with him. Then he sat bolt upright, an act that was not uncommon in those days. The large, perspiring councillor was pausing for another astonishing sentence, when the Official Capitalist remarked:

"Councillor, will you kindly repeat those words. They sounded magnificently unto mine ears."

"Sure, Mike," replied the Councillor. "What I said was this: 'Fellow Councillors, this is the most momentous period in the history of our existence.'"

"I thought so," said the Official Capitalist, and reached for his hat, which he jammed on his head; reached for his cane, which he swung under his arm; and reached for a cigarette, which he lighted.

"What's the matter and where are you going?" they asked him.

"The matter and my going are one and the same thing," he said, sauntering toward the door. "I am going" (when he said this his back was turned; but he faced right about, and concluded) "on a strike."

At this there was a roar of angry laughter.

"I say, old man, you can't do that," faltered a dapper little councillor. "Who is it ever heard of capital striking against labor. And how is your'e going to strike, anyway, I don't know."

"It's just this way," retorted the Official Capitalist. "I've been doing most, if not all, of the Supreme Council's work. My pay is the least. I demand the right to work for a living. I refuse to arbitrate. I shall now take a bench in

(Continued on Page 15)

"Caltex"—Pre-eminent Double Vision Glasses

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are the pre-eminent double vision glasses of today. They have a right to pre-eminence because of their scientific and mechanical perfection—have been made pre-eminent by the recommendation of scientific and professional men everywhere, who after study, experience and skilled judgment recognize "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals as conforming to the perfect in bifocals, so far as human ingenuity can devise.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Rear-Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne---Our Commandant

By Helen M. Bonnet

San Francisco is gradually growing more and more important in the world's affairs and since we have had a fleet of our very own on the Pacific coast, we have the right to regard ourselves as a factor to be reckoned with at all times in United States affairs. A premonition of the coming of that fleet was the appointment of an admiral as commandant of the Twelfth Naval District, with headquarters at our port. This is the first time an officer of the rank has been chosen as commandant here. Rear Admiral Joseph Lee Jayne assumed that post in San Francisco just a year ago. Upon arrival he established his home on Goat Island, at the Naval Station; upon the picturesque island he and his charming wife have made welcome many resident and visiting notables, with such gracious hospitality that it was but a very short time until San Francisco felt that they were important adjuncts to our official and social life. When I thought of an interview with the admiral in order that our readers might become a little better acquainted with the distinguished commandant, I was advised by navy officers that the attempt would be unsuccessful, as he is the most modest of men, and reticent concerning his own achievements. None of them would undertake to make the request for me, so I felt discouraged about making the attempt upon my own initiative, until Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale suggested that I ask Mrs. Jayne to propose it for me. Mrs. Hale assured me that Mrs. Jayne is quite the sweetest lady who has dwelt among us in high official circles and that her devoted husband is never deaf to her suggestions. So Mrs. Jayne lived up to her reputation and asked the admiral, and the admiral amiably consented to talk to me for the paper. He received me as only distinguished officers seem to know how to receive people; then he smiled, saying that he would be very happy to tell me what I wished to know. And then he lived up to his reputation and had very little indeed to say about himself. I was obliged to ask questions, which he answered politely but with as little elaboration as possible, so that I am quite sure this would be a very dull report indeed were it not that the subject of it is a man of compelling personality.

A shore admiral's berth is no sinecure, judging by the signs of activity in Admiral Jayne's quarters in the Sheldon building. There is a busy official staff, with aides and naval officers constantly coming and going. The admiral arrives every morning about 9 o'clock, and puts in a regular business man's hours. He goes home to lunch on the island for an hour and a half and returns for an industrious afternoon.

I was very much surprised when the admiral, at near view, looked to be in the early forties, while I had fancied that to arrive at his rank, a man must be considerably older. I said so, and he remarked simply that younger men are now advanced more often, he believed, than formerly. Then he stopped and smiled and waited for some more questions. I'll leave him smiling and tell you my impression of his appearance. He is tall and stalwart with a majestic carriage and a most winning smile. He has a sailor's eyes, eyes which look at you and seem to see right through you, way beyond to the horizon; or, rather, eyes that seem to have brought their gaze from the horizon to bear upon you. Instinctively, you feel that you are a very unim-

portant atom in the scale of the universe, kindly as is the scrutiny of those eyes. I was quite prepared to hear Admiral Jayne say that he would rather be at sea than ashore, as all real sailors would. He said that he is very happy in San Francisco, likes the people and the climate, that he has formed agreeable attachments and that his term has been punctuated by participation in many interesting official functions. He doubtless had in mind the recent fleet reception, which he is credited with having directed so efficiently as chief of this naval district.

Admiral Jayne was born in Brandon, Mississippi. When he was a little boy, he loved to read sea stories, and having a relative at Annapolis and another at West Point, he delighted in hearing their accounts of life at those academies, and early in life decided to attend one of them. An opportunity which he eagerly embraced came to him to enter Annapolis. He had never seen an ocean nor an ocean vessel until he arrived there. His first appointment after graduating was on the frigate Tennessee. Then he took a post-graduate course in the applied electrical department of Johns Hopkins University. Later he was instrumental in the introduction into the service of radio telegraphy and he was appointed (under President Roosevelt) member of inter-departmental wireless telegraphy board. He was superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington. While there a determination of the difference in longitude between Paris and Washington, using astronomical and radio telegraphic measures was made under his direction, in conjunction with the French government, represented by officials of the Paris Observatory and the army and navy.

He was also commandant of the naval air station at Pensacola, Florida, where his duties were principally administrative. He is a graduate of the Navy War College, Newport, a school for fleet commanders and staff officers, where strategy and tactics are taught. Afloat, Admiral Jayne has passed through all grades of the navy officer. He commanded the New York during an Asiatic cruise. (This cruiser was the flagship of Admiral Sampson during the Spanish-American war); he also commanded the New Jersey of the Atlantic Fleet. He was the first to command the super-dreadnaught Mississippi (sister ship of the Pacific Fleet flag-ship, New Mexico). In 1917 the rank of rear-admiral was conferred upon him. He was commander of the Third Division of the Atlantic Fleet with the Virginia as his flag-ship before his present appointment as commandant of the Twelfth Naval District. Officers in the service say that his executive ability seems to amount to wizardry but is really based upon a scientific knowledge of the scope and possibilities of our American navy.

Admiral Jayne wears foreign service stripes because he saw service in the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, also in Vera Cruz (in 1914) and he seemed genuinely regretful that he hadn't any adventures to tell me about. But I believe he has had many, only he won't talk about them.

When I asked him if he thinks it true that there is a sort of amiable feud between our army and navy he said with emphasis: "No, indeed; on the contrary, there is a splendid fellow feeling; but it is quite natural that the man in the service should hold close to his heart his own branch. The only claim to precedence

which the navy has is that it is first in the line of defense in case of invasion—then there is the convoy service for the fighting troops."

Admiral Jayne believes in the navy as a field for ambitious youth,—he says that it is a fine future for an aspiring boy. Every year, one hundred enlisted men are eligible for Annapolis. They must be recommended by their superior officers and pass high school examinations. Another avenue is that of the warrant officer (the intermediate grade between the enlisted man and the commissioned officer). These men receive commissions (upon recommendation and examination) without the course at Annapolis. A commanding officer may appoint instructors aboard ship for promising sailors who desire tuition, if they do not neglect their sea duties. Admiral Jayne impressed it upon me that the American navy gives the best training of any navy in the world, because it takes great pains to teach the reasons of every naval action.

Having in mind the admonition of a returned army officer that the future of the Pacific coast lies in the Pacific ocean, I wondered aloud what we are to do with our fleet now that we're really got it. The admiral promptly told me that the ships will go through strategic maneuvers—out in midocean, and up and down the middle marine distance, I hope.

Like people who ask astronomers if Mars is inhabited, I inquired if all countries have civilians as secretaries of their navies. I learned that Germany always has seafaring men in that capacity, France frequently, and Italy and Russia generally. Strange to say it never occurred to me until this moment whether America has had, as a rule, a sailor or a civilian as predecessor of Secretary Daniels.

Admiral Jayne has two children. His son, twenty-one, is a graduate of Annapolis and at present a lieutenant on a destroyer in San Diego. Then there is a daughter of ten years. The admiral said that being with his family is his consolation for not being at sea.

Did we discuss any other topics? Yes, kings. Because the king of Belgium will be the next world celebrity to be welcomed here. When I mentioned the radical socialistic mayor in Minnesota, Admiral Jayne just said: "Our mayor is not like that." I'm glad that the official representative of our navy feels sufficiently at home in San Francisco to use the first person plural. Because I would like him to know that the sentiment has spread through California that he is a splendid man and that we are very grateful to Uncle Sam for choosing him for our first resident admiral. Though a strict disciplinarian, his charming, simple manner has won adoration for him in every rank of the navy.

Lieutenant Miller told me that he has been the admiral's aide for a year, and in that time has never seen him impatient or heard him speak a cross word to anybody. O, ye little captains of industry, take note!

From the Oakland "Enquirer" Fleet number, I learned that he lent distinguished service to the government in the placing of the Liberty loans. The Twelfth Naval District staged a Victory Loan upon "Challenge Day," when the public was challenged to match the per capita subscriptions of navy men. The Twelfth Federal Reserve District credited \$250,000 in subscriptions to the efforts of the navy on that occasion.

The Spectator

Chief White Defends Police Presidential Arrangements

Chief of Police White sent a report to the Board of Supervisors repudiating the responsibility for the disgraceful mismanagement of the crowds who went to the Civic Auditorium to hear President Wilson speak. There has been a great deal more official criticism of that melée than has appeared in the newspapers, and it is only fair to the police department that, considering the innuendoes, if not open accusations, that they should be exonerated from blame, if they were not responsible.

President Wilson has so many friends and admirers in San Francisco, who were content to see him, and delighted to listen to him. His opponents among us simply were noisier than his friends. It is an open secret that while en route here, scores of threatening letters were received by him, as well as others from well-wishers advising him to stay away. But he would not be deterred and one could say that the results of his visit were salubrious, were it not for the fact that he was seized with illness so soon afterwards.

During his sojourn, however, the secret service men were particularly alert. For instance, he ate no food which had not passed closest scrutiny—doubtless the reason that Victor the St. Francis chef was assigned to his cuisine. At the Auditorium, the secret service men, usually stoical, were bobbing like marionettes close to him. Mrs. Wilson's constant presence with him is given as another precautionary measure. San Francisco is said to have been the only place of his whole tour where any interference was threatened. It is said that the President himself was unconcerned, but that his immediate entourage were more than glad to leave the city. This paper will have gone to press before Senator Johnson's rallies, but it will be interesting to observe if the tactics for handling the audiences will be an improvement upon the rough house clamor that prevailed when the President of the United States addressed our citizens.

The Undemobilized Republicans

Hiram Johnson came to town when most of the citizens were wondering how soon wartime prohibition would come to an end. This detracted somewhat from the ardor of his reception. The president's visit also left its mark. However, I can say one thing for Johnson's supporters in San Francisco. About 250 of them have the finest lungs in the land—lungs which must have had perennial exercise, shouting at every opportunity, and in the aggregate give the impression that ten times their number are normally in action. One need not listen to Johnson for more than a minute to realize that he speaks because he loves applause and not because he has any idea to express. His six-to-one proposition is the flimsiest text that ever an orator gave to an American audience. If Johnson could have explained why every country in the League of Nations has six drinks to our one—or none—he would have proved himself a consistent theorist. Although it was not the British Empire but internal propagandists who laid waste our decanters and friendly places, Johnson tells us that we have much to fear from men like Lloyd George and the Prince of Wales, because they will intimidate congressmen, steal away our liberties and hang the royal

ribbon round the eagle's neck. The senator may have been struck with this idea when he beheld congressmen intimidated by teetotalers, our liberties filched by reformers, and the great American bird of freedom winging over foothills and farmyards, its eagle eye on the lookout for moonshine whiskey. Were every man in the senator's audience a Washington or a Lincoln, Johnson's portrayal of Americanism would have been applauded as first-class burlesque. Men who have read the covenant of the league and heard the protagonist expound it phrase by phrase, feel that Johnson's antagonism has been growing weaker and weaker in all the principles of debate. That would hardly be worth comment, were it not that this political tourist is wasting valuable time. One cannot help remembering wartime prohibition. The war is over. General Pershing is home, fully decorated and questioned about the desirability of going into politics. The army is demobilized, and peace is in the hearts of all save Hiram and his Republican friends disparaging the army and sniping at the peace treaty.

Peace With Prohibition

Most of us were satisfied that some of the finest minds in captivity evolved the peace pact after months of study and upon information derived from a whole college of experts. The nations drew up an agreement by which the world might continue its activities without the use of gunpowder. The signatories were human beings dealing with a vast human prospect, and made no pretence that their work in its totality possessed that sheer perfection which is to be found in no other place than divine writ. The documents were created by men entrusted with the good will and honor of their fellow creatures. The thread of destiny was dragged back to the fateful day of July 28, 1914, and knotted to the broken end. Men resumed the discussion of spiritual things and the work of a tranquil if still emotionalized world. It is a world of abundance in joy and sorrow, in great and small. One of the blessings of peace is, let us say, a glass of sparkling burgundy. That's a very little thing; yet man is an humble sinner, and of little things puts together the mystic puzzle of life. Politics can be just as small as the smallest thing you know of. Coming down to unmerciful facts, you find that the Republican hold-up of the League of Nations is a little piece of obstinacy. No political plunder of any value will enrich its perpetrators, one way or another.

Senator Johnson's Frivolity

Least important of all is Senator Johnson's amendment—perhaps the most frivolous matter that was ever brought into senatorial debate. The Republican senators themselves exhibit no enthusiasm over it. They admit that it also lacks perfection. At first, loquacious on any absurdity that proved themselves independent of Wilson, they welcomed public attention as an honor if only an empty one. They gradually found that they were emptying the public patience—and increasing its thirst. The most conspicuous thing they did was to prolong the dry season. One could not escape the notion that Senator Johnson was talking against time. Why should he not have gone ahead with his fight in the senate, signalized peace, and talked about it afterward? Does any man understand the ex-

act attitude of Hiram Johnson toward the world-wide relations which the United States must in some way enjoy? League or no league, defeated or victorious, Johnson is in an ambiguous, amphibious position. Fancy the senator astride his mule-tailed amendment, driving it triumphantly from the District of Columbia to the Palace of Versailles, over the down-trodden and amended form of the league. What then? He has accomplished nothing. He desires that the votes of the United States and the British Empire be six of one and a half dozen of the other, when he has been told time and time again that the league does not operate by votes but by unanimous action. The votes are not votes but necessary representation. All this haggling about Americanism is an appeal to unreason. America is still on the map, and Americans would be glad to drink one another's health and prosperity under the peace pact. There isn't one chance in a million that the United States is about to do anything that will cause a loss of prestige. Anybody who mentally sees John Bull outwitting Uncle Sam at any game from a Boston Tea Party to a Versailles punch bowl must have a base opinion of the U. S. A. Likewise, whoever declaims as Johnson has been declaiming, must have within his configuration, a certain contemptuous grin for the gullibility of his audiences. There are men who shout whenever Senator Johnson pauses for breath. That's been proven. There are dime-novel sentiments that will draw the applause anywhere. But who is there that believes the Johnson amendment, carried or uncarried, could have any effect upon the deliberations or conclusions of the league? Perhaps his audiences are largely of prohibitionists who like to hear him filibuster against the acceptance of the treaty. They would hate to see it ratified.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

before January 16th. A good, old-time ratification, a jollification, such as one might expect when patriotism gets hold of a flag and a little liquor, would be an awful blow to the prohibitionists. At Washington, they tell us that the wartime dry-up will not come to an end until the treaty is accepted on all sides. So let our senator haste back to Washington and sign up the peace treaty, which, after all, is merely the beginning of a world-wide good will, to be remodeled from time to time, until it becomes a supreme achievement in the history of peaceful negotiations.

Sir Edward Carson, a Puzzle

Whenever the Irish cause is mentioned, and there are debates between Ireland as Ireland and Ireland as Sinn Fein, there is likely to come up the name of Sir Edward Carson. He has been a part of British public life for more than thirty-five years, during which time he always manifested greater pride in his ability as a lawyer than his prominence in politics. He is a morose man, one who is not a partisan by nature, and, as he takes the Irish question as lightly as he would any other topic of debate, has had applied to him perhaps the worst epithets that are known to modern history. Not that Carson ever takes any subject lightly; but he has superimposed cold reason on the Irish republic, as some choose to call it, and cold reason upon the warm hearts of Erin is what few of his countrymen can understand. Carson at one time was more radical than John Redmond, and the change to the English party was another point that Irishmen could not forgive. If he had characteristics that they could not explain, the mystery becomes more personal than political upon a closer view of the man. Of him, T. P. O'Connor has written: "If ever character and career were written by nature's legible hand on a man's physique, it is on the face and figure of Sir Edward Carson. See him once, and you could never forget him. Tall, thin, long-headed, with high cheek bones, protruding eyes, beak nose, black hair, complexion sallow, he looms a strange, sinister figure—a nocturne. When first I saw him stalking through the lobbies of the House of Commons, I felt a shudder pass through my marrow, and a curious sense that I beheld in flesh and blood a ghost from that worst epoch in Irish history, following the rebellion of 1898, when savage prosecutors and even more savage judges sent men almost gayly to the gallows, day by day". Carson is the son of a Dublin architect. He and Redmond were fellow students at Trinity College. Oscar Wilde was among their classmates. And it was Carson's unswerving cross-examination in later years that sent Wilde to Reading gaol—a fact that the disgraced writer dwelt on bitterly at the end of the trial. Carson was also a member of the National Liberal Club, the rendezvous of radical enthusiasts throughout the British Isles. Subsequently he changed his party and went through Ireland prosecuting political opponents. As Solicitor General, he enjoyed quite a little income, but was unsatisfied with the outlook and removed to England, where he was backed by Arthur Balfour. The Oscar Wilde prosecution was his first big case. He became a member of parliament, turning against Balfour. Later came the home rule struggle. Then he pushed on the Ulster campaign until he found himself in command of an army of volunteers. This, says O'Connor, led to the rebellion in the Curragh camp, which brought about a ministerial crisis and tremendous agitation among the English masses, which at one time was under the false impression that King George was in sympathy with the Orange rebellion. The war

interrupted his activities, but Carson to the last minute and after the outbreak of the war made threats against the home rule bill. Says O'Connor: "the home rule bill was put on the statute book ultimately, but Carson held it up, and holds it up now".

Rules and Still More Rules

Discussion is still going the rounds of newspaper and pulpit in memory of a certain sacrifice that thrilled the country a few weeks ago. A woman's foot was caught between the steel and planking of a railroad track, and her husband, unable to extricate the flesh from the trap before an oncoming train, died gloriously with her. What some of the critics now wish to know is—was he right or not? The unhappy pair had three children, and a witness tells that the woman pleaded with her husband to leave her and live for the children's sake. Should he or should he not have done so? More than that, since the deed has been done and there is no revocation of it, should other men, placed in a similar predicament, do as this hero did? Futile inquiry. And yet, it will serve to indicate how some widespread customs have arisen from a single incident—perhaps a trivial one—have permeated mankind and become permanent, and have resisted all attempts at reconsideration. We have all read how society leaders, under one emergency or another, have taken to some makeshift, with more or less embarrassment, only to find the sudden act imitated to the best of each imitator's ability. The evolution of the body transpired through the ages, wrought here and there by accidents, and solidified in the flesh by a survival of the fittest, they say. Clothes have undergone the same evolution, and while there might in this case be a survival of the fittest according to the tailor's standpoint, the great ideal of raiment was left far behind. But more to the point is the establishment of moral principles through a similar course of accidents and evolution. There are many customs today that would have no place in our institutions if

submitted for the first time before a congressional committee. Having elected to suffer death with his wife, this noble man contributed to mankind's paramount achievements. He deserves a monument as much as did he who regretted having only one life to give his country. Nathan Hale sacrificed himself for his fellow men, for their common interests and their patriotic struggle. This man Tanner performed the same feat for a woman he loved. He accomplished no political, economic or patriotic purpose. He merely fulfilled a great love. He acted out the sentiments which a myriad lovers have sworn to their lady-loves. Many men have died rescuing their loved ones from death. The remarkable feature in this case is that when rescue was hopeless, the hero deliberately participated in the victim's end. Lovers, husbands and all good citizens may well accord him a memorial. However, his act was sudden, emotional and superb. To analyze it for the guidance of mankind is to lose half its dramatic value. Like the captain who goes down with his ship, this man died with his wife—in a tribute of intensified love. As such it is valuable to the whole human race. As a matter of cold-blooded preachment, it can be only detrimental one way or the other. The best sermon on it would be the acts of those who have occasion to follow its example, thus upholding by sacrifice the unselfish traditions and ideals of the race.

The Perils of Dress Reform

The examples of reformed costume sent us in pictures from various parts of the world are like attempts to describe hypothetical visitors from Mars. Something new and strange is presented, but lacks the vital quality. At a recent convention of tailors and dressmakers, the idea was put forth that women should garb themselves very much in the similitude of the male sex. One of the enthusiasts immediately put the scheme into action, appearing on Fifth avenue, New York, in what looked like a combination of pajamas and fur coat. Some of the edge is taken

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

off our own enthusiasm at beholding her, when we learn that the lady is a traveler and writer. She goes forth to foreign lands, describes the curious people, and then returns to make herself a curiosity, much to the delectation of her publisher's press agent. Many women have donned trousers, and perhaps a plug hat, for a lark, and fair hikers have hiked in leggings with considerable comfort, bringing back snapshots to prove the adventure. But when it comes to competing with the masculine outfit, most women will be content to make competition one of mentality rather than trousers. And there is nothing very clever in the act of tossing aside that mystery which is the chief feminine charm. So the dress reformers will have to look in another direction for novelty. The main desideratum is that comfort and beauty be combined. And this would be easy of accomplishment, were it not that women have been accustomed to be beautiful at one time and comfortable at another. Or, it might be better said that they prefer one kind of beauty at one time, and another at another. The voluptuous lines in forenoon attire are not taken to the street. Why this should be the stern decree of fashion, is another mystery. When undertaking a dress reform, the inventor is likely to run afoul of that conservative part of the brain which will not endure novelty, no matter what benefit accrues. Men also have their innovators. It is man's attire that is the most unyielding to the changes of time. He would be a liberator to the sex who could induce the male population to discard its starched collars in the summertime. Many attempts at this rescue have been perpetrated, and many arguments have been advanced; but thus far, the male neck continues to suffer and the whole body groans for relief. The collar stays just where it has been for years. These years have not been many, when compared with the neck decorations of the past, and one would think that a custom of about half a century could readily be overturned in the light of history, personal convenience, good looks, and not to mention common sense. Even attempts to soften and beautify the collar have been met with ridicule. So it is the faculty of laughter that the dress reformer must face with a tranquil and courageous soul. First invent something that will drape naturally any part of the body, make its lines comfortable to the laws of beauty; then wear it. The result of course will be amusement on the part of the populace, and the inventor may be known all the rest of his days as a crank. As far as the masculine mind is concerned, the key to the situation is the aforesaid collar. When that is once eliminated, the rest will be easy, and no man will fear to attend grand opera in his smoking jacket and slippers. Women will go shopping in kimonos, and the general appearance of the world will be a happy-go-lucky effect, not without a charm of its own. For the present, though, and for some time to come, fashion is to be viewed as a czardom, from which all refractory spirits are sent to a frumpy, dowdy, freakish and old-fashioned Siberia.

It is rumored that John L. McNab is training up for the United States Senator fight next year. His friends tell him that he will win "pulling up," but then everyone knows that a friend's advice is often one-sided. John McNab would, however, if he decides to run, make a strong candidate for the Republican party. His administration as United States Attorney was good, and he resigned, it is alleged, because he would not take program in regard to dismissing cases

which were on the calendar. Anyway, he is not letting any grass grow under his feet and when he delivers addresses from "the poured staircase" of the City Hall, he casts all other local orators into the shade, enticing from their desks the busy clerks from the municipal offices.

Reducing According to Hoyle

James H. Hoyle, manager of the Hotel Terminal, was bemoaning his fate this week. He was putting on entirely too much weight and accordingly consulted the family physician.

"Why, dear fellow," said the doctor, "I know what is the matter with you—you ride in your machine too much. Put your car in the garage for a month and forget that you own one."

Hoyle followed the doctor's instructions and now he complains that he has put on ten pounds more.

"You see, since I have started to walk everywhere," explains Hoyle, "I have developed a terrific appetite. I eat three big meals now. Before I stopped using my car I had no appetite, but now I can't wait for the dinner horn to blow."

Willis Polk's Identification of Polk Street

Willis Polk, who is nothing if not sociable, could not restrain his impulse to express disapproval of a prohibition propaganda picture in a Polk street movie house recently, so he expounded his views to a man wearing glasses and a dignified manner and incidentally seated beside the mercurial architect. His neighbor being a radical prohibitionist, the dialogue became somewhat animated. Later, the dignified individual expounded some dogma upon local architecture, whereupon Willis became valuable. The stranger's views again were diametrically opposed to those of Polk, who, desiring to convince his new acquaintance said: "I am Willis Polk." "Yes?" said the other, "then I am Woodrow Wilson." Willis produced his card, but the stranger had no credentials upon his person that evening.

Edward J. Tobin, president of the Hibernia Bank, after throwing aside his laborious duties, loves to tell a good story. Here is his latest:

"Did you blackball me, sir?" shouted the man who was rejected from the club.

"No, I did not," replied the other. "When they passed the box to me, the black balls were all used up. So I did not vote."

Two Pedagogues

The daily papers left out the real "kick" to the story of the recent debate between Samuel M.

Shortridge and Theodore A. Bell, in which the two great orators crossed swords on the League of Nations. When Attorney Shortridge was thoroughly warmed up on his subject, he passed a somewhat veiled sarcasm directed to President Wilson. I have not heard that Mr. Shortridge mentioned the distinguished administration of Wilson as president of Princeton University, but he reminded his audience that "the President was at one time a very good school teacher, in fact, a teacher in a young ladies' school."

In closing the debate, Theodore A. Bell answered this little point of sarcasm so cleverly that the laugh was on Sam Shortridge. Bell said:

"I want you people to know that Napa county is proud of many things. One is that a man who was aspirant to honor California as a United States Senator, taught school in Napa county for many years." As Bell made this remark, he gracefully waved his hand in the direction of Sam Shortridge. Up went a roar of laughter at the expense of the silver-toned orator, who had, in preparing his speech, forgotten that Bell was from Napa county and would not fail to remember that in his early life Shortridge had taught in the public schools of Napa county.

Hobbies of Local Celebrities

Justice Henry A. Melvin would forego almost any social diversion for "a good sing," his especial delight being a quartette in which his own voice is the tenor.

Judge James Troutt plays the piano, and plays it well.

Judge John Hunt's favorite amusement is listening to Judge Troutt's pianistic renditions.

Judge T. J. Fitzpatrick is a collector of landscapes in oils and of old steel engravings.

Charles Heggerty, attorney, loves "movies".

C. W. Durbrow, the expert on trans-continental rates for the law department of the Southern Pacific Company, delights on long hikes up Mount Tamalpais.

John C. Catlin, the lawyer, utilizes ladies' cast off gloves as the material to rebind old tomes into attractive book covers.

Frank C. Drew, of the law firm of Metson, Drew & McKenzie, subscribes to several of the Parisian daily papers and thus keeps up-to-date in French.

Lyman I. Mowry, lawyer and ship owner, has an enormous aviary, located in a sunny spot in the grounds of his Alameda home. He likes to read his paper in the aviary and have his pet birds fly all around him.

Dr. C. D. McGettigan gives a sigh of relief

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.

when the opening day of the duck season is due. Bert Schlesinger, attorney, haunts the second-hand bookstores for old books pertaining to the pioneer history of California.

W. J. Hynes, our public administrator, is never happier than when cooking a dinner for a few of his friends.

Edward Rainey, secretary to the mayor, likes to roll his blankets over his shoulder and sleep out over in the Marin county hills.

John J. Barrett, attorney, hies him to the golf links for relaxation.

William C. Crocker is never happier than upon a day when there is good golf.

Judge M. T. Dooling finds his favorite amusement in reading Spanish, French, Italian and German literature in the original.

Judge T. F. Graham regrets that the fishing season doesn't last twelve months.

William H. Leahy thinks farming at Walnut Creek the best sport going.

John R. Hanify finds inspiration in yachting.

State Senator J. C. Nealon pines for the hunting season during the closed season.

Thomas B. Dozier, attorney, throws all care to the winds when driving a motor car.

Justice Thomas J. Lennon dearly loves a dip in the briny sea.

Justice Frank H. Kerrigan thinks a long hike adds to the joy of living.

A Document of Viscount Grey

The new British ambassador to the United States will always be known as the man who in the crisis of July and August, 1914, threw his whole personal force against the approaching war. All Europe was aroused by a call to arms; yet Grey never faltered in the hope that war could be averted. As the British Foreign Secretary, and then known as Sir Edward Grey, he went even beyond the methods of his office to conciliate the antagonistic powers. In the way of diplomatic communications, the following letter, dispatched by Grey on July 30, stands as one of the monumental documents of the war, having been written in reply to the German chancellor's request that Britain remain neutral: "His Majesty's Government cannot for a moment entertain the Chancellor's proposal that they bind themselves to neutrality on such terms. What he asks us is in effect to engage

to stand while French colonies are taken, and France is beaten, so long as Germany does not take French territory as distinct from the colonies. From the material point of view, such a proposal is unacceptable, for France, without further territory in Europe being taken from her, could be so crushed as to lose her position as a great power, and become subordinate to German policy. Altogether, apart from that, it would be a disgrace for us to make this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country could never recover. The Chancellor also in effect asks us to bargain away whatever obligations or interest we have as regards the neutrality of Belgium. We could not entertain that bargain. Having said as much, it is unnecessary to examine whether the prospect of a future general neutrality agreement between England and Germany offers positive advantages sufficient to compensate us for tying our hands now. We must preserve our full freedom to act as circumstances may seem to us to require in any such unfavorable and regrettable development of the present crisis as the Chancellor contemplates. You (the British ambassador at Berlin) should speak to the Chancellor in the above sense, and add most earnestly that one way of maintaining good relations between England and Germany is that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe; if we succeed in this object, the mutual relations between Germany and England will, I believe, be ipso facto improved and strengthened. For that object, His Majesty's Government will work in that way with all sincerity and good will. And I will say this: If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement, to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her, or her allies, by France, Russia and ourselves jointly or severally."

Burns and the League of Nations

Now that peace has made its virgin bow to a humanity endeavoring to regain balance and sanity, we are lifting our eyes longingly toward the dawn of freedom and progress. Freedom and peace have been the aspiration and distant goal of our greatest men, and at last the ideal seems to be assuming tangible form. We see it materializing before us in the shape of a League of Nations, the Federation of the World, and, above all, the "Brotherhood of Man," for that is indeed the keynote of all.

The Brotherhood of Man was sung more than a century ago by Burns, who touched the human heart as perhaps few poets have been privileged to do. He was among that army of pioneers of the world's peace which in his day, and under the conditions of his time, meant a greater flight of imagination than it does today. It was Burns who dared to write—

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of the independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

Yes, it was the "men of independent mind" he looked forward to, the man able, strong, and willing to think for himself, not to follow the leading of any party or section, save the one that had proved itself worthy. It is to "the man of independent mind," the man who has

been made wise by education and experience, that we look to build up a goodly future for humanity. Not by a waving of red flags nor by the gore of revolution, which can only lead to a blacker pit, but by sane thinking and common-sense living, coupled always with a thirst for wider and greater knowledge, can real betterment come. The men who are coming back from war will have little use for shams of any kind, they will have learned intensely the inner meaning of

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that;"

and that

"The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth"
are of "higher rank" than "dignities". They will know the true brotherhood of unspeakable dangers shared together and sacrifices borne together. That spirit will surely follow them, and though the storm of clouds of discontent and dissatisfaction may at times darken the horizon, yet behind will be the shining sun of unforgettable memories—memories some of them unspeakably gaunt, and grim, but others of enduring beauty, blessed by many an act of brotherly love and consideration.

As we look towards the League of Nations, which we trust will herald in some measure the world's peace, let us remember Burns who, though he had experienced human frailties, had a heart in which burned true love for his brother man. Let us remember his wonderful verse—

"Then let us pray that come it may,

As come it will for a' that,

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,

May hear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,

It's coming yet, for a' that,

That man to man the world o'er

Shall brothers be for a' that."

—A. E. H. R.

Latest News of the Missing Link

Professor Richard L. Garner, the monkey specialist, was credited not long ago with having caught a missing link in Africa, and the expectation was that we would all have a look at our cousin many million times removed. Then it was told that the professor had nothing more than the link's bones; and now the whole affair appears to be just a newspaper story, not to make history but a few moments' reading. However, Garner has something more to say about that link which is and has been for some time missing. He says that Darwin did not mean that man and monkey had a common ancestor (much less the popular interpretation that man is descended from a monkey). The fact is that somewhere in the jungle lives, or did live, an animal occupying a stage lower than human and yet describable as higher than the development of any known ape. The status of the creature

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

would be a mental relationship, rather than a consanguinous one, between the brute and the human. Of this, Garner states that he has beheld ample evidence in the jungle. That is, he has not come across the missing link, but has observed gorillas and chimpanzees that were the next thing to it. So have we all; and one need not make a trip to Africa to acquire such opinion. For that matter, Garner's view of a mental relationship does not contribute anything to the Darwinian argument. If there be a creature midway between the highest form of ape and the lowest form of man, what we desire to know is the prehistoric lineage from which the citizens of the city of San Francisco took their birth, and whether a missing link was direct in the line or a side issue. Up to the present, the Darwin books are the best disquisition on the subject, and Professor Garner's investigation makes good reading but does not put a finishing touch on anthropology.

As to the Elephant

One subject upon which Professor Garner feels satisfied is that the elephant is a vastly overrated creature, from an intellectual standpoint. He avers that the pachyderm is so interesting physically that man has invested it with romance and imputed an intelligence beyond the elephantine facts. As an instance, Garner relates that there was installed, for the killing of elephants, a trap consisting of a huge spear, which was hung above a well-known path, and weighted so that when the elephant walked against a trigger, the spear was released and driven half way through the beast's body. In this way, seven or eight were slain, and, although the place was frequented by elephant herds, they did not have the means of communicating the danger to one another. He goes on to say, or leads the reader to infer, that chimpanzees would have discovered the trick, and that after the first victim, not another would have entered the trap. Jumbo has a large amount of intelligence for some things; but he is not an investigator; he has no curiosity; just goes through the jungle in a blundering way, and takes what comes into his life. The gorilla and other monkeys are nothing like this. They have a thoroughly human curiosity, and require only a slight clew to a novelty, whereupon they

will subject it to examination, and form conclusions in the manner of man. Sometimes they are wrong; and that is not an inhuman trait. Republicans and Democrats are frequently guilty of mistakes. Compared with the ape, the domesticated dog, according to Garner, does not rank high in intelligence. The ape in his natural environment is superior to the dog and the horse, with all the latter's benefit from human intercourse. Given certain advantages of education from babyhood, and the ape would do things that the dog never heard of or couldn't be made to understand. Four or five generations of monkey in a San Francisco or preferably a Berkeley household, would produce a fine specimen that would leave no doubt about the right of Mr. Missing Link to remove his first name. So it is too bad that monkeys do not thrive in Berkeley. We have heard accusations to the contrary. However, the best way to discover a link is not to visit Africa but give any monkey such a chance in life that he will consider himself at home in the Dark Continent, raise a family and produce the missing link in our midst.

Closing Scenes at Techau Tavern

All those who retain pleasant memories of evenings spent at Techau Tavern, and their name is legion, are paying farewell visits to the famous old cafe whose hospitable doors will be closed after the removal dinner, Wednesday, October 1st. However beautiful the new location may be, and there is promise of sumptuous equipment, the old place is too close to the hearts of San Franciscans to pass without a regret. And so the Show Girl Revue Corps sings to full houses and the famous Jazz Orchestra plays to crowds of dancers every evening. Dance favors which will be treasured as souvenirs of the old place—beautiful Kewpie Dolls, are presented to the ladies and the gentlemen receive large boxes of Melachino cigarettes.

Our Soldiers' Graves

One of our 1914 soldiers tells me, says a writer in the London Evening News, that there is a simple dignity about many of the graves in France, which is likely to be lost if the eager will of some people, moved by great love but mistaken ideas, has full sway. The various fashions in which soldiers have shown reverence to fallen comrades is more impressive, he says, than any design in cut stone that could be erected in their memory. Mosaics in different colored travertine borders made of shell cases sunk into the ground, a "head-stone" here and there of shell are some of the methods employed; and the simple words in which the soldiers have expressed their grief for a comrade are more touching than all the words that a mason can put upon a monument.

Crushing

A lady of doubtful musical abilities was calling on a friend. She settled herself before the piano, and proceeded to entertain the little daughter of the house, aged five, with a selection from her repertoire.

After tumping for a spell she glanced round to the listener, who surveyed her round-eyed. Thinking that her music was being thoroughly appreciated, she gathered all her skill together for the finale. With a vigorous pound and a crashing discord she closed the performance.

Little Daisy looked up and said, quite innocently, "I can't play that tune either, Miss Pounder."

The class was studying grammar. "Now," said the teacher, "can any one give me a word ending with 'ous,' meaning full of, as in 'dangerous,' full of danger, and 'hazardous,' full of hazard?" There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand. "Well, John," said the teacher, "what is your word?" "Please, sir," came the reply, "ious," full of pie."

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
or
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

NAMES BY STREETS

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., INC., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Indians at Del Monte

The "California Indians"—not the primitive red men who roamed the hills before the coming of the white man, but a band of sportsmen, were organized at Del Monte, at an enthusiastic meeting in which George H. Anderson, a prominent business man of San Jose, was elected high chief. The name of "Indians" was adopted because of the love of the red man for sport. There are other "Indian" associations in different parts of the country, but the "California Indians" plan to branch out on the activities of their brother braves, who have confined themselves principally to trapshooting, hunting and fishing. Big Chief Anderson has announced that he will call a meeting of the officers of the association in the near future to adopt bylaws and make all arrangements for a big round up week of sports next year. This celebration will be made an annual event for the California Indians. They will have a big registered trapshoot and in addition will stage a golf tournament, a swimming meet, a tennis tournament and will set up prizes for the fishermen. It will be an association not only for the stream and field sportsmen, but for the devotees of other competitions. It is the plan of the officers of the California Indians to raise a fund of approximately \$3,000 through the medium of dues and have valuable trophies for prizes for all the competitions, as the association feels as though the trophies will be increased and the hundred charter members are confidently looking forward to the association's holding some of the biggest amateur events in the Far West. It will be strictly a sportsmen's body, to be promoted on the policy of sport for sport's sake alone. The initial pow-wow at Del Monte closed with one of the most novel feasts on record. Real elk meat was barbecued under the palms and trees and the "Indians" and their friends had a merry time of it. It will be the aim of the California Indians to have a feast of some wild game at the occasion of their roundup every year. Novel trophies will also be offered. For the three-day trapshooting tournament at the Indians' first pow-wow, R. H. Bungay of Ocean Park received a mounted elk's head for leading high gun in a program of 300 targets. Henry Garrison of Modesto took another mounted elk's head as the second trophy, and in addition there were twelve other trophies. The sportsmen who will work with High Chief George H. Anderson to make the California Indians a big success are: Henry Garrison of Modesto and Harry Cline of Los Angeles, vice-presidents; P. M. Burns of San Francisco, treasurer; Fred A. Purner, secretary; Dr. Edward Topham of San Francisco; W. J. Eiert of Fresno; J. W. Kinnear of Stockton; H. E. Paine of San Francisco; and Frank Ruhs-talled of Sacramento; directors.

Dr. Ernest Johnstone and his wife (who was Belle Shiels) left Brest a few weeks ago on their way to San Francisco. Their friends in London are looking forward to their return in a year's time, and San Francisco friends are awaiting to welcome them. They went abroad a few years before the war. The doctor was an officer in the medical service in England.

Mlle Godchaux' French Lectures

Mlle Rebecca Godchaux (Officier d' l' Instruc-

tion Publique) has sent out invitations to a series of French lectures at her home, 2620 Buchanan street. The first will be on October 14th, at 10:30 A. M. The subject will be "Pasteur" (piece in five acts) by Sacha Guitry. The other nine on each succeeding Wednesday at the same hour will be: "Jocelyn (de Lamartine)," "Du Gout" (etude avec lectures), "L'Avare," peint par Molière et par Balzac; Harpagon et Grandet; Récits de Guerre; "Le Voile," G. Rodenbach; "Le Sourire du Faune," (Andri Riv-oiere); L'Art du Comédien (etude); Le Souvenir," Lamartine; Musset, Hugo; Une heure de Contes; Revoltée" (Lemaitre).

Miss Godechaux has been twice decorated by the French government for her services in propagating the French language abroad and is one of the most brilliant literary women in San Francisco.

Society "Vamps"

Word has been received that Mrs. Lydig Hoyt of New York has bobbed her hair. Mrs. Hoyt spent a portion of last summer in San Francisco and Burlingame and left here suddenly in a storm of gossip. She was an unusually beautiful woman, with heavy jet black hair, which she has sacrificed for society's latest fad and attracted attention wherever she went. She was about six feet tall with a willowy uncorseted figure.

There are a number of women in society who affect the vampire type and succeed in giving an excellent portrayal not only in their looks but in their actions. Mrs. Hoyt made them all appear like shrinking violets, and second to her was Mrs. Stearns Peabody, also of New York, who spent a short time here last spring.

There is a movement on foot, led by some of the richest women in town, to institute a boycott on the prices charged by the shops. This year as never before have the prices been raised and in some cases they are an insult to the intelligence of the buyer. Modest frocks of blue serge, the simplest evening gowns and hats are marked up to ridiculous figures. As for furs, even the haughty salesladies seem abashed to mention the price of skins which a few years ago would have been scorned by a well-dressed woman. It is a mystery why the shopkeepers are not upon the profiteers' list.

Charles Rollo Peters and his clever wife expect to leave the city shortly for an extended tour of Panama and Central America. They are going to take this southern excursion to secure new material for their pictures.

Our Latin Quarter

With the advance of apartment house rates, and scarcity of accommodations of all kinds, the Bohemian locality in and around Montgomery street, has begun to boom. The old Montgomery block of pisco punch fame is crowded on every floor. Families have moved in there by twos and threes and the old tenants have not moved out. Among the tenants that still live there are: Charley Dickman, Percy Gray and George Stirling. Down the street a few steps, Maynard Dixon still maintains his residence and studio. But the latest, is the fact that the comparatively new Fugazi Bank building has thrown open the top floors for the use of artist studios and apartments.

For once, the artists are up-to-date in a financial crisis. Dickman, Wix, Beckwith and Gray have been notified that their rents in the Montgomery block have been raised.

Miss Rickoff's class in Current Topics will open on Friday, October 3d, in the apartments of Mrs. Greenbaum, at the Fairmont Hotel, at 11 A. M. As the lecturer always dwells on the latest and most important issues of the moment, her first subject will be the more difficult aspects of the League of Nations. For two years this class has held the attention of a group of brilliant women. Among those who have signified their intention of taking the new course are: Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. Edward Baker, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. F. P. Greenbaum, Mrs. John Slopp, Mrs. Frances Davis, Mrs. McClure Gregory.

Alterations of Del Monte Links

Douglas Grant, Francis McComas and Chas. E. Maud have consented to act as a committee to recommend alteration for the improvement of the Del Monte first course. The committee is now at work going over the holes and the announcement is forthcoming that the course will be made a little more difficult for the high-class players and a little easier for the ordinary players. This will be accomplished by moving some of the bunkers, which will require longer drives by the good players and it will make it easier for the ordinary players to get over on the second shot. The principle change will be the lengthening of the seventh hole. It was here that so much congestion took place at the time of the last championship in September, when over 180 men and something like 70 women players were in competition. The sixth green will be moved a little to the right and further on from its present location and the seventh tee will be moved back to make it a two-shot hole. The two shots will do away with the congestion because the players will be able to tee off while the players in front are holing out on the green. It is also proposed to move the twelfth tee nearer the eleventh green, which will make an elbow on the twelfth fairway. At present a walk of a hundred yards is required from the eleventh green to the twelfth tee. The distance to the eighth hole may also be lessened.

Grant, McComas and Maud, all expert players and keen observers of golf courses, are going over the ground very thoroughly and the followers of golf can be assured that their recommendations will do much to make the popular Del Monte first course a better golfing ground. The California State Juvenile Championships on November 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, in conjunction with the annual Thanksgiving Day handicap tournament for men and women, will be staged over the Del Monte first course. The entries for this event will hardly reach the record figures of the State championship in September, and there will be little difficulty in running off the tournament.

Couldn't the senate or the cabinet or the President have a heart and consider the rights of the uncaptialized, non-union middle class majority? Surely we have some rights as well as more wrongs than our share.

SHAKESPEARE

By Cardinal Wiseman

There have been some men in the world's history—and they are necessarily few—who, by their deaths, have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the "immortal" Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at a sepulcher, or among the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself. When his mighty rival, Michael Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance; but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

And, to turn to another great art, when Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and laid down to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the science over which he ruled could find no strains in which worthily to mourn him except his own, and was compelled to sing for the first time his own marvelous requiem at his funeral.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from Shakespeare's hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, the world was left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivaled characteristics. Hence we turn back upon himself, and endeavor to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius and his mind.

Was he silent, thoughtful, while his fertile brain was seething and heaving in the fermentation of his glorious conceptions; so that men should have said: "Hush! Shakespeare is at work with some new and mighty imaginings!" or wore he always that light and careless spirit which often belongs to the spontaneous facility of genius; so that his comrades may have wondered when, and where, and how his grave characters, his solemn scenes, his fearful catastrophes, and his sublime maxims of original wisdom were conceived, planned, matured, and finally written down, to rule for ever the world of letters? Almost the only fact connected with his literary life which has come down to us is one which has been recorded, perhaps with jealousy, certainly with ill-temper, by his friend Ben Jonson—that he wrote with overhaste, and hardly ever erased a line, though it would have been better had he done so with many. . . .

It seems, therefore, hardly wonderful that even the last year, dedicated naturally to the tercentenary commemoration of William Shakespeare, should have passed over without any public eulogy of his greatness in this metropolis. It seemed, indeed, as if the magnitude of that one man's genius was too oppressive for this generation. It was not, I believe, an undervaluing of his merits which produced the frustration of efforts, and the disappointment of ex-

pectations that seemed to put to rout and confusion, or rather to paralyze the exertions so strenuously commenced, to mark the year as a great epoch in England's literary history. I believe, on the contrary, that the dimensions of Shakespeare had grown so immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow countrymen, that the proportions of his genius to all that followed him, and all that surround us, had grown so enormously in the judgment and feeling of the country, from the nobleman to the workman, that the genius of the man oppressed us, and made us feel that all our multiplied resources of art and speech were unequal to his worthy commemoration. No plan proposed for this purpose seemed adequate to attain it. Nothing solid and permanent that could either come up to his merits or to our aspirations seemed to be within the grasp either of the arts or of the wealth of our country.

Municipal Economy

First Councillor—"Here's a fine looking street."

Second Ditto—"You're right. What's the best thing to do with it?"

"Let's have it dug up for a drain."

"But wouldn't it be proper to pave it first?"

"Of course; I thought you would understand that. Then, after it is paved and a drain put in, we'll have it repaved."

"All in readiness to be dug up again for the gas pipe? I see you understand the principles of municipal economy. And after we have had it repaved for the second time, then what?"

"Well, then it will be ready for widening. There's nothing I admire so much as system in the care and improvement of our roadways."

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

The Stage

S. F. Symphony Opens Next Friday

The most important of all musical events in this city's musical life is the series of concerts given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the inspirational leadership of Alfred Hertz, the ninth season of which will begin on Friday, October 10, in the Curran Theater. Conductor Hertz is more than delighted with the results of his rehearsals, which have been in progress for the past fortnight, and music-lovers may look forward confidently to the most brilliant season of the great conductor's career. That the new season will be the most financially successful as well, is the assurance of secretary-manager A. W. Widenham, who states that the board of governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's sustaining body, is very gratified with the results of the public sale of season tickets, just drawing to a close. While the sale has been largest for the series of Friday symphonies, the demand has not been far behind for reservations for the Sunday symphonies (repetitions). The season sale for the series of Sunday "pops" has been indicative of the high favor in which these events are held by those interested in the lighter forms of music. On Monday, October 6, the sale of tickets for single concerts begins at Sherman, Clay's, and a long line of ticket purchasers will unquestionably be on hand at 9 A. M., when the boxoffice opens. Those who anticipate attending the opening concert next Friday and Sunday afternoons are urged to make immediate reservations to avoid disappointment. The Sunday program will be precisely the same at that offered by Hertz on Friday, but the prices will be popular. All of the Friday concerts will begin at 3 o'clock sharp and the Sunday concerts at 2:30. It should be remembered by concert-goers that the government has remitted the war tax on tickets to symphony concerts, so that the concerts of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be the only local musical event the tickets to which are not taxable. Following is the wonderfully fine program contrived by Conductor Hertz for the opening pair of symphonies next Friday and Sunday afternoons: Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis," Gluck. Symphony No. 2, D-major, Opus 73, Brahms; allegro non troppo, Adagio non troppo, allegretto gracioso, allegro con spirito. "Fetes," Debussy. Prelude and Love-Death from "Tristan and Isolde," Wagner.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present a great new show next week, in which there will be seven entirely new acts, and only two holdovers. Amelia Stone and Arman Kaliz will appear in their latest triumph, "A Song Romance," by Edgar Allan Woolf and Mr. Kaliz. It constitutes one of the most delightful vehicles these delightful and refined stars have had for exploiting their exceptional talents in tabloid opera bouffe. Sybil Vane is a coloratura who has become known as the Galli-Curci of vaudeville. Her repertoire includes several of the most difficult coloratura arias made famous by Melba, Sembrich and Tetrassini. Mrs. Gene Hughes, an established favorite and always a welcome visitor, will appear in a new sketch written for her by Edgar Allan Woolf, called "When We Come Back"; a story of today. The Seven Honey Boys, who belonged to the late George Evans' Honey Boy Minstrels, will present a combination of a first part and afterpiece, called "Honey Boys at

Home". Harry Breen is a clever rapid-fire song writer, who, from the stage, takes the most trivial happenings, puts them into rhyme to the melody he is singing. Maleta Benconi, a European violin virtuoso, who was a stellar feature of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Cologne and Berlin, and was awarded the Mendelssohn and Joachim prizes at the Royal Academy, will perform several of the most noted compositions of the great masters. Jean Bell and Ollie Wood, two talented girls, will be seen in a collection of attractive dance numbers. The latest Hearst Weekly, Ralph Dunbar's Tennessee Ten and Madam Ellis, the Woman Who Knows, will complete a program which cannot fail to please even the most hypercritical.

Alcazar

"The Naughty Wife," brilliant and witty comedy that turns the tragic problem of the eternal triangle into a shrieking absurdity, has first San Francisco interpretation by the new Alcazar company at next Sunday's matinee. Written by Fred Jackson, and revised by Edgar Selwyn, the deliciously droll and delicately daring comedy obtained hilarious success for eight months at the Harris Theater, New York. It was at once secured for London and is still being performed, in its second year, at the Playhouse, where it has passed its 700th performance. This quite eclipses, in length of run, any other American play that has reached the British stage within the last four years. "The Naughty Wife," is piquant, but skates over thin ice adroitly. A loving young wife, peeved because she gets little attention from her busy husband, an abstracted novelist, quite frankly decides to elope with a more ardent admirer. The husband, who has a sense of humor, which most novelists lack, cheerfully agrees, but insists upon accompanying and rigidly chaperoning the lovers until a divorce can be obtained. That is quite enough of the story to disclose without dulling enjoyment of the screamingly funny complications that result. In the cast are Belle Bennett, Walter P. Richardson, Thomas Chatterton, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Vaughan Morgan, Rafael Brunetto and Al Cunningham.

In preparation is Eugene Walter's virile drama of emotional appeal, "Paid in Full," dealing with a tremendous domestic problem. It is even more timely now than when first produced here seven years ago. Many requests have been made for its revival.

At the Curran

There is considerable curiosity as well as unusual interest in the forthcoming production of "Under Orders," the widely-discussed dramatic novelty which created so great a stir in New York last season, and which A. H. Woods will present at the Curran Theater on Sunday night, October 5. This play is said to contain a feature so novel as to have startled even the blasé metropolitan critics. The author of the piece, Bertie Thomas, the well-known English actor and playwright, is said to have achieved astonishing dramatic effects with such originality of means that the reviewers declared "Under Orders" without parallel in the history of the theater. "Under Orders" is a war play of a very different order than has hitherto been proffered. It is said to appeal not only to the popular imagination but to those who are especially interested in the technique of the drama,

and who are engaged or hope to be engaged in the writing of plays. "Under Orders" was first presented in London. The English version was revised and elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue, whose "Tea for Three" was recently at the Curran. Curiously, the drama requires but two players in its interpretation, each of whom is called upon to play a dual role. Zeffie Tilbury and Richard Tucker are the players selected by A. H. Woods for these parts.

Gobso Golde, the Chicago financier, and his family were doing Westminster Abbey. Suddenly the old man gave a contemptuous laugh. "The poets' corner!" he sneered, snapping to his guide book. "What good's a corner in poets? Gimme wheat or cotton, eh, mother!"

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—LAST TIMES "POLLYANNA"

The Record-Breaking Glad Play
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 5
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
First San Francisco Presentation
The Piquant and Hilarious Comedy

"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"

Eight Months in New York—Second Year in London
NEXT—Eugene Walters' Famous Play

"PAID IN FULL"

SOON—"NOTHING BUT LIES"
Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST TIME SAT. NIGHT—GUY BATES POST
in "The Masquerader"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 5
A. H. Woods Presents
The Emphatic Dramatic Novelty

"UNDER ORDERS"

By Bertie Thomas—Revised and Elaborated
by Roi Cooper Megrue
Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

Orpheum
O'FARRELL, GETTICK, STOKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

AMELIA STONE and ARMAN KALIZ in "A Song Romance," by Edgar Allan Woolf and Arman Kaliz; SYBIL VANE, "The Galli-Curci of Vaudeville"; MRS. GENE HUGHES in "When We Come Back"; SEVEN "HONEY BOYS"; HARRY BREEN, the Rapid Fire Song Writer; MALETA BONCONI, European Violin Virtuoso; JEAN BELL and OLLIE WOOD, Fads and Fancies From Dreamland; RALPH DUNBAR'S TENNESSEE TEN; MADAM ELLIS, "The Woman Who Knows".
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

SALE OF SEATS
FOR SINGLE CONCERTS
OPENS 9 A. M. MONDAY, OCT. 6

At Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

First Pair of Symphonies, Oct. 10 and 12
At Curran Theater

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Now that the steel strike has finally broken out in the numerous plants of the different steel corporations, the general feeling among the traders seemed to be that the stock market had already discounted the strike. Prices early in the week were lower, but as soon as this strike selling was over the market turned higher and when reports of a break in the ranks of the strikers from different sections came in, as well as reports from mills in some sections slightly handicapped by the strike, traders who had become alarmed at the strength shown in the market began buying their stocks back. As the week progressed, more favorable reports kept coming in, until at the close of the week stocks were higher and in some cases buoyant. Not only did the steel stocks advance, but the list generally was strong and higher and an optimistic feeling prevailed in all classes of stocks, which included the rails, although the latter, as usual, were neglected. In view of the strength in the steel issues and the general advance in the market, it was evident that traders were more confident as to the outcome of the strike and were predicting its collapse the coming week. The most important factor, however, was the strength displayed by individual stocks in anticipation of particular developments. Rumors of consolidations and mergers increased dividends. Various other favorable developments were heard from all sides and the advance in the stocks to be benefited was responsible for a better feeling throughout the market. The equipment stocks followed the advance in steel led by Baldwin Locomotive, which made a new high record for this move. The move was attributed to a squeeze of shorts who were forced to pay heavily in their efforts to extricate themselves from what looked like a dangerous position. The oil stocks were again strong and active under the leadership of Mexican Petroleum, which advanced on rumors predicting developments in connection with the control of the company. A meeting of the directors of the Pan American will be called at an early date and a readjustment is under consideration that will help the stock. Royal Dutch was also higher, with much higher prices being talked of in connection with some of their affiliated properties. Leather stocks were active and higher. The leather companies have been so prosperous in the past year that stockholders are looking forward to extra large disbursements. Sugar stocks finally came to the front. The outlook for this class of stocks, owing to the world's shortage of the raw product, is such that very large earnings are expected next year with the usual extra dividends. These various developments were mainly responsible for the strength of the general market. The steel strike represented a factor of uncertainty but was largely ignored. The advance due to other influences

led some traders to conclude that the strike had ceased to be a factor. As a matter of fact hardly a stock on the board will be unaffected in the event the strike assumes added importance. The oil stocks are more independent than most of the others, but they are also dependent upon steel for equipment for the development of their properties. The automobile stocks are directly dependent upon the steel industry, as are, of course, the equipment stocks. While underlying conditions are bullish and trade conditions, according to the weekly mercantile reports, are favorable in all lines, yet there are a number of factors that will be brought to bear against the market in the near future, and one of these factors is the money market. We feel very friendly to the market, but believe conditions are not just right for a big upward move at this time, and would advise taking profits on any further advance and to await a reaction.

Cotton—The cotton market was well prepared for the strike news, and, in fact, seemed to have fully discounted conditions worse than those which actually materialized. Continuous heavy rains in Texas and in the southeastern part of the belt, as well as reports of insect damage, caused considerable buying by outside interests. Domestic trade is good and the mills were paying large premiums over the futures for cotton. Exports for August were nearly double a year ago, and while exchange rates were still too low to permit of much export business, the feeling was firmer and sentiment was more or less optimistic regarding the future. The British Board of Trade has reported that the present stocks of raw cotton in the hands of British spinners was very small. It is probable that no mill has a supply for more than two or three weeks ahead, according to their showing. Labor conditions and the high price of cotton, together with the uncertainty of exchange in the foreign markets and the difficulty of obtaining bottoms for deliveries of manufactured products, have made the spinners cautious. Few, if any of them, have large supplies at their mills. Where spinners have bought ahead, they have been content on account of transportation and other difficulties, to have their stocks in the large public and private warehouses. With the supplies of cotton so small in Europe and the prospective crop in this country being reduced week after week, cotton is in a position to have a good advance from this level on any favorable news, and the futures are so much lower than the price at which actual cotton can be bought in the South, that the risk at this level seems nominal. The world has got to have cotton, and they must get it from this country, regardless of price, and while temporary conditions may keep buyers from taking hold, in the long run the demand must come and we believe purchases at this level will bring good returns later on.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Waller E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES

PASADENA
PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE LAST STRIKE

(Continued from Page 4)

the park, and while I am there, the government will be at a standstill. Remember, if I starve to death, the nation will go to pieces." With that he disappeared.

"If that youngster thinks he can bully or bamboozle 150,000,000 people into raising his wages more than double, he is the most mistaken young man this side of the Alleghanies," said a redheaded councillor.

"Right you are," said his neighbor. "Think of 150,000,000 surrendering unto one. That's monopoly isn't it?"

And then another: "It seems to me that \$10 a day is good wages for doing nothing more than rap a table with a gavel. Besides he works only one day a week and gets paid for seven. I think he has the best job in the country. He'd get enough to eat if he wouldn't buy such expensive food. That's what I say."

"What I particularly didn't like about his act," said the original orator, "was that he went on a strike at the most momentous period in our history. That wasn't fair."

"Well, then; let's show him that we can get along without him. The law can be enforced without a gavel."

The Official Capitalist has not been sitting long on the park bench, when a deputation arrived, and the following colloquy took place:

"Of course, you understand that the majority rules."

"I do. And I also understand that 150,000,000 people can afford to pay me wages that will enable me to eat as much food as the next man."

"But, my dear fellow, we are not to be browbeaten. It's the principle of the thing."

"That's the idea," retorted the Official Capitalist. "And for the sake of a principle, I shall remain on this bench and starve until I am offered a job at a living wage. One capitalist can take care of a thousand workmen; it is a pity if millions of workmen can't take care of one capitalist."

"Can't we compromise on that? Suppose you accept \$17.50 a day and let things go on as before."

The Official Capitalist shook his head. "No; no; you see, it is this way. As long as you have me, you have some one to act as a buffer for your own ideas. You still will have hope of progress. With me out of the way, without your Official Capitalist, you will have nothing to do but recede to your former condition. I refuse to arbitrate. It will not be long before most of you will be glad to earn \$1 a day in real money. There is \$6,000,000,000 in the treasury, and I hope you divide it equally; but I fear that you cannot. Farewell."

Then he vanished, and the dream, or whatever it was, ended.

WHITE STEEDS OF VICTORY

Horses of Famous Conquerors

The news that Marshal Foch entered Strasbourg as a conqueror seated on his celebrated war horse "Croesus," brings to mind that the favorite horses of famous conquerors have played a notable part in the history of war. It is curious to note that usually the favorite war steed of great world soldiers has been pure white in color, as this account will prove. One may well suppose that the legend of a white horse being the special mascot of victors has arisen from the traditions which, in former days, seem to have clustered round such steeds ridden by warriors in battle.

The famous "White Horse" of Kent, as ex-

emplified in the Kentish motto "Invicta," and its coat-of-arms came from the legendary white horses of those twin fighters, Hengist and Horsa, the Kentish heroes of Anglo-Saxon times. The white horse has made its presence felt as a power in Kent right away from those stirring days to our own; and the regiments from the county of hops, like its cricket teams and other fighting forces, all have the badge, and swear nowadays by the white horse!

Long before that early century, however, those two famous heroes of ancient Rome, the twins, Castor and Pollox, had given the cult of the white horse a striking send-off by the splendid victories won by the Roman officers seated behind their twin white horses whilst leading their legions into battle. So tremendous was the reputation of these two great Roman captains that for long years after their deaths the Roman legions felt sure of victory if they either saw, or were told others had seen the ghostly forms of Castor and Pollox on their white steeds passing in front of the army as it marched against the foe.

Marshal Petain, too, in these later days, has adopted the white horse as his own, and it was whilst seated on the beautiful animal which so many of his troops have christened "Verdun" in honor of Petain's wonderful success at that town in 1916, that the new Marshal of France the other day watched his soldiers march triumphantly into the once terrible fortress of Metz, conquerors of this town again after it had been separated from them for 48 years.

Napoleon's historic charger, "Marengo," on which he is so often seen sitting in the pictures of great battles and reviews in which he took part, was another of the celebrated white horses of world-renowned conquerors. There is scarcely a notable description of any battle during the Napoleonic era, nor a painting or picture of Napoleon with his soldiers, without the figure of that great war steed, "Marengo," which the "Little Corporal" loved nearly as much as anything he ever loved at any time.

Nor can one forget that the late Lord Roberts' favorite warhorse was also a white one, the celebrated "Colonel," which had not only the great honor of carrying perhaps the slightest and smallest man who had ever led great armies in historic battles and shown them the way to victory, but had also itself been decorated with medals and ribbons as souvenirs of the various campaigns in India, South Africa and Afghanistan, in which it had taken part.

Few world-famous cavalry leaders have selected black horses as their own particular fancy when going into battle rather than the traditional white horses of victory. But amongst these may be mentioned Alexander, whose noted steed "Bucephalus" has gained a lasting renown for the fact of its being always so dear to the monarch's heart that he regarded it as a veritable mascot in battle, and is said never to have lost a fight in which he rode to the fray on the splendid charger.

And one also recalls that the celebrated Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, king-maker and last of the Barons, preferred above all the two Arab horses, coal black, which someone had given him as descended from a Crusading steed brought from the Holy Land. Even today it thrills the soul of the most prosaic to read that famous description of how, on the field of Barnet, the great Baron, seeing his comrades and followers wavering, stood up and in the sight of all the troops slew his magnificent "Saladin," as a sign to them that there would be no retreat, but that he with them meant to win or die.

There are perhaps even fewer renowned generals who have chosen a bay horse as their war-steed, but in this respect one calls to mind Wellington's noted charger, "Copenhagen," which has certainly had more replicas of itself tured than any other warhorse.

The favorite horse of General Haig is, too, a fine bay, as was also that ridden by the lamented General Sir Stanley Maude when he conquered Mesopotamia and led the British into Bagdad. But, on the whole, most of the world-famous conquerors, from Roman times down to our own, have chosen the traditional white horse, as their own, as a portent of victory and of triumph in war.

Manager—Sorry, madam, there is no room except an empty bed in our chauffeur's bedroom.— New Arrival—Sir, I'm a lady! Manager—Yes, yes, but so is the chauffeur.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal. 8-9-10

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



Automatic Gas Fired Steam Boilers

are furnishing steam in FIFTEEN MINUTES in more than forty San Francisco industries.

With the modern gas boiler a constant steam supply can be maintained WITHOUT ATTENDANCE. The automatic control saves fuel and keeps the steam pressure exactly as desired.

Saves Labor and Solves Your Steam Problem

Needs no attention after lighting and can be easily installed on any floor of your building.

(Complies with all insurance and Industrial Commission requirements.)

SATISFY YOURSELF that these boilers are practical and economical for your work by asking our Industrial Engineers for list of 100 San Francisco firms where boilers are in continuous operation.

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1426

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 11, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Stage, Social, Finance

Supervisory Busitivities

New Art for Politicians

Meat Profit Expostulation

Anecdotes of Adelina Patti

Senator Johnson Detects a Plot

The Egg in Politics and Drama

American Pictures Record Price

The Unions and the Unemployed

Senator Reed Quits the Political Tour

Civic League Keeps Politicians Jumping

John D. Cranford Answers a Question

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, October 11, 1919

No. 1426

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Unions and the Unemployed

When the International Labor Conference is called at Washington, an important matter up for consideration will relate to unemployment. This was one of the five questions submitted to the world of labor by the Peace Conference, and the vitality of any movement in that regard supposedly depends upon the utility of the League of Nations. Should the world be able to conduct its disputes diplomatically, an added honor would be that each nation is prosperous to the last individual; that the world's pact be founded on bread for all. Hitherto, unemployment has not been a matter of concern with the labor unions. Organized labor does not regard the workingman per se as a matter of interest, but is intent upon enhancing the conditions of the unionized man. While this on the face of it seems a selfish object, the unions claim that their attitude is justified by the history of the struggle. Nevertheless, workingman theoretically is one who desires to work, and from this desire, no humanitarian would turn away. It is not difficult to foresee labor recognizing a duty that has commended itself to all thinking men. Perhaps the greatest blessing that could be cast upon any country would be the guaranty of a job to every man requiring one. The most remarkable aspect of the case is that it has not been given organized effort ere this. Thus far, no country has put itself on record as making starvation impossible. In this, it would appear only fair that the labor unions join. Even though they have taken no initiative, they could hardly refuse co-operation. Their own interests readily demand such a reform. The unemployed have two special concerns for the labor union. In the matter of strikes, it is the jobless man who steps in and keeps the wheels of industry turning when the unions walk out. While there are professional strike-breakers tentatively connected with the detective class, the union's fighting foes are, for the most part, men who have lost em-

ployment for various economic and private causes, and lead a nomadic life; men who, for a few dollars, are willing to take a chance at anything. Apparently it would be to the interest of the labor unions to see that these men are out of the way—in good homes, at breakfast tables, employed and content, without temptation to disrupt the movement of organized labor. Again, the more radical element of the unions, if not actually unemployed, are not continually toiling. Their very disposition toward general controversy is such as to keep them more or less in the places of argument rather than industry. They spend some of their time supplying the material for disputes, the motives for strikes. As Samuel Gompers has many times declared himself against the professional agitator and extremist, and as he has headed the federation for a long time, one can assume that the extremist among laborers, as among all other men, is in the minority. It may be true that the inspired agitator will never cease from agitating. He is born such, yet, unlike the poet, he can be made. The agitating temperament can come to a man in middle life, through unemployment. Some of the more intellectual members among Socialists and the I. W. W. became fanatical through having nothing else to do than meditate upon their grievances. Thus, the conservative labor man, the man with a family, the man who intends to work the year round, suffers in two ways from the unemployed. Of the latter, one faction agitates for strikes, and the others prolong the issue. With every citizen at work, the situation would be better for both capital and labor. So it is to be hoped that the conference at Washington will achieve something that will be a lasting benefit to the labor question and the labor movement. However, all sympathy remains for the wandering, hungry, jobless man, who in the end comes to look upon human society as a machine wherein he has no place, an institution that turns him adrift, piously and pitilessly goes about its own business and its own pleasures. Something must be done for this man—or his survivors. There are men who say that civilization is a tragic farce as long as an individual member of it is without opportunity to support himself; and no man, high though his admiration for human kind may be, can contradict the statement.

* * *

Civic League Keeps Politicians Jumping

Judging from the alacrity of local candidates (even Mayor Rolph) in accepting the "invitation" of the Civic League, they must

have come to the conclusion that every vote will count at the next election. Otherwise, downright impertinence would be the epithet applied to the league's activities between a candidate and the people. That would be the term which would get into print. As for what is said in and around the City Hall concerning some of the inquisitores, we leave it to the imagination of those who are not afraid of their own thoughts. The importance of a committee is never to be underestimated. The very word "committee" has a semi-official tenour. That their questions are of a semi-intellectual nature, nobody within a mile of the Civic Center will officially deny. Neither do the Civic League interrogators underestimate themselves and their importance to the community, when they virtually command an office-seeker (and an office-holder) to come and tell why he considers himself worthy of holding office. Willy nilly he commits habeas corpus upon himself and appears before the inquisition. Of course, we offer no criticism to the league itself, among whose members are some of our best citizens, who are doing their best for the good of all. One might even congratulate them for having dared to stare the laborite endorsement out of countenance. That is just what they are trying to do. The league wishes to ascertain just what promises the labor endorsees have made. In particular the desire is to know, in the event of a vacancy in the mayor's office, would the new supervisors vote for a union labor mayor. Have they pledged themselves to that end? From the frank answer of Supervisor John D. Hynes, it appears that such a pledge is in existence. Just what to do with it is another matter. When the time comes, you can form your own conclusion. You can read the labor endorsements, and then mark your own ballot.

* * *

John D. Cranford Answers a Question

An especially interesting answer, in this oral examination of political economists, came from one John D. Cranford, who is about to promulgate himself for the sheriff's office. He told the committee that the time for a man to say what he will do in office is after he gets in. This is delightful. There are other candidates who could not have done better than indulge in the same bit of reparation. For one thing, they would have spared themselves the embarrassment of making an irrelevant and highfaluting reply. When a man has been in public office a day or two he ought to know something about what is going

on—what the office is for, and what part of the public frequents it. Naturally one of his assistants would coach him, or, better still, write out a formal statement. Some of the extemporaneous answers in the committee rooms indicate fanciful ideas of what a municipality is for. Mr. Cranford is a business man, and avoided all such nonsense. He has lived many years in San Francisco, having devoted himself to the sale of automobiles. He is familiar with all the points of interest topographically, and so, having a scientific as well as a business mind, does not wish to make any remarks about a sheriff's duties until he has performed some. At that, he has the same right to office as possessed by teamsters, machinists, contractors and grocers' clerks whose cards are already out. He has even a better right, because his independent spirit, as exhibited in his answer, proves that he does not intend to be bossed. As soon as he becomes sheriff, if at all, he will look about the office and tell us what he will do. Apparently some of the noble publicists had given considerable forethought to their quizzes. They tried to please everybody, thus giving assurance that, they should be elected, they will hold office a long time. Every one of them is to be complimented on having discovered room for improvement in municipal affairs. The Civic League is a league of improvement clubs. Improvement is a good thing, and, strange to say, is quite popular just now. No one will assert that civic progress is a thing to be flouted. It commands respect on all sides. Another highly respectable trait of character in an officeholder is economy. The dilemma is right there. Any intelligent man could improve any city, if the money is put in his hands. The trick is to perform the boon when the financial committee tells you that you can't have another cent. In which case, you can arise and take a fall out of the Board of Public Works. However, as far as can be seen, we have a collection of nation builders who, if elected, will do all they can for the City and County of San Francisco, and be a credit to its pay-roll. About thirty-five names are listed for the Board of Supervisors, and, as nine of these are incumbents, it looks as if some of the old guard would be crowded out by mere force of numbers.

★ ★ ★

The Egg in Politics and Drama

While no serious-minded Democrat will rejoice at the eggs that routed Senator Reed from Oklahoma, nor will anyone deem that the League of Nations was materially assisted, the incident has moved some of our old timers to relate stories of that golden age when eggs, fruit and vegetables were tokens of popular dramatic criticism. And these tales are told with no sad voice. About twenty years ago, the younger generation was regaled with accounts of ribald men who car-

ried theatrical comments in their pockets; and some of them yearned to be in an audience courageous enough to express its sentiments in that form of action. In most of our memories, at any rate, there was a time when theatrical critics were frank at all hazards. Many a one would write that a certain performance should be rotten-egged. It is no longer bon ton to say such things in print. However, anecdotists not so very old claim that they have witnessed the actual eggs and cabbages twirled over the footlights, when candles served the purpose of illuminating the frenzies of barnstorming troupes. There is also, in dramatic history (vouched for by teetotalers and good drinkers alike) a certain actor of such inextinguishable ambition that he endured fusillades of eggs until his patience and costumes could stand it no longer, and finally produced "Hamlet" behind a screen. In the more spectacular performances, when kerosene lamps added to the glory of the drama, the danger of fire caused bombardment of the stage to go out of fashion. Although the advent of incandescents eliminated the dangerous element, the custom was never revived. Audiences complacently took what was offered them, at higher prices, yet seemingly with lowered indignation for a footlight fizzle. Instead of egging a paltry, intolerable show to perdition, the modern audiences seeks the solace of a supper, tells its friends, and the show can continue to draw crowded houses or play to empty seats, and nobody knows, nobody cares. What is more to the point, nobody learns. We have gained in civilization; we have nicer manners; and we have also taught the dramatic weaklings that they have nothing to fear. With nicer manners on our part, came nicer actors—men who would more appropriately be in some place where the costumes came from.

★ ★ ★

Senator Reed Quits the Political Tour

Politically, the use of farm products in lieu of offerings from the florist, is not to be tolerated, since part of an audience might wish to hear what the other part considers detrimental to the country. A difference of opinion, as expressed by any state's fruits and flowers, would break up the meeting. As was said at Ardmore, by Senator Reed himself, such a demonstration is undemocratic, unpatriotic and un-American. Every Senator should enjoy the opportunity of addressing his or another senator's constituents, however undemocratic, unpatriotic and un-American he may be. Something in the nature of the free speech principle makes this necessary. Whatever cannot be justified on any other ground, can be condoned on the basis of free speech, which is related more or less to the Goddess of Liberty. Our politicians are wont to entrust themselves to the public at banquets and even informal luncheons. If the

public should express disapproval by tossing scraps of lunch at the guest of honor, what would become of the orator's art? No wonder Senator Reed gave up in disgust and returned to Washington, where Vice-President Marshall represses, with a mighty swat of the gavel (on his desk) even so dainty a comment as hand-clapping on one side or groans on the other. In its consideration of the League of Nations, we cannot assume that the United States senate would be coerced by the egging of its member in another state. Merely as a coincidence, it may be mentioned that on the next day the senate voted down Senator Fall's amendments. The first vote was 58 to 30, when the Republicans thought the senate about equally divided. At the Fairmont Hotel, Senator Hiram Johnson was asking the women to weep with him for Shantung, while the afternoon papers were getting out their editions accounting the accident to the Fall amendments. Later, Johnson gave out the statement that he was not dumfounded by the news. Twenty-six of Senator Fall's amendments were sliced from history at a single vote. We can hardly expect that he will be as insouciant as Johnson. Reed also has been much ruffled. A remarkable detail connected with his egging was the simultaneous cutting of the electric light wires, the nearest approach to upsetting the footlight candles with ammunition from the pantry. The penchant for shooting out the lights is a wild western one. Oklahoma was once Indian Territory, and has been a state for only twelve years. The Oklahomans, in their primitive way, wished to tell Senator Reed that, in deriding the League of Nations, he is one of those who walk in darkness. Ardmore is presumably a small town. No doubt there was a general information as to every act on the program of the reception committee, some of whom had telegraphed the senator to stay away. The fact that there was no panic when the lights went out, the eggs flew and a shot was fired, leads to the belief that the audience knew what was coming. Perhaps it would require more than one shot to cause a panic in any Oklahoma town, and more than one senator to make a hit with the community there. The Republicans should devote their entire strength to set themselves right before the Ardmore people. Besides that, there is a certain orator we should like to hear speak in Petaluma.

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

or

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

New Art for New Politicians

By Lionel Josaphare

Subsequently there will be a dash to the mail box for an important letter, only to find a printed epistle from a little known gentleman telling us the story of his life and asking us to vote for him.

Literature of this sort is not without its amazing side, yet not enough art has been devoted to it. The first sentimental snollygoster who informed us that he was educated in the public schools (plural) of San Francisco, induced us to elect him forthwith. But today, biographical data of that nature causes no excitement. The politician therefore should look about him for something new and in keeping with the spirit of the times. Since many of this year's candidates are in the novice class, a little advice on publicity will not come amiss. This should be replete with all that has proven efficacious in the past, yet animated by an ingenuity that will compel admiration.

Art, literature and, occasionally, music, are the mediums of exploitation. Beyond the direct appeal from the speaker's platform, the fine arts, always handy, are to be sure, the only means for self expression and for letting the people know that a great commoner is at their disposal.

First, in the matter of portraits. The candidate should reject all antiquated styles, except here and there, where the desideratum is an address to antiquated people. One must reach the public, and reach it quickly, poignantly. Political economy is a science, and an economical face is a decided advantage to the aspirant. But the dingy, drab, inane, jejune, banal, vacuous, fatuous, flacid and flaxseed faces that in the past won majorities for their possessors, are no longer useful. If your countenance, with its most municipal expression, does not excel the august lines of a haberdashery advertisement, your friends may advise that you stick to the practice of law or a donkey engine, and keep out of politics. Yet there is hope, if you exercise originality. The old methods were good enough in the days when men took their politics and whiskers seriously, when sincere patriarchs had only to display their portraits in public to be accepted as a walking eulogy of the commonweal and be given free tickets to prize fights. Today we require spectacular performances from all.

The best gauge to popularity is music and song. Jazz is the thing. The jazz baby will get the votes. The jazz politician will win. Everything else must harmonize. Therefore it is well that the fine arts in recent years have progressed with equal vigor. There is jazz painting; there is jazz literature.

The cubist and futurist style offer untold advantages for bringing enthusiasm into the campaign. Now, the quondam vote-getter had his photograph reproduced for printing, and on his placard was something like this: "Elect" next line—"John Henry Doolittle" next line—"FOR SUPERVISOR". Then came the portrait full face, profile or three-quarter, according to the photographer's idea of statesmanlike physiognomy. Below this was, "Honor, Integrity, Duty. I Fear None". At the bottom, his friends added their mite, "He Stands on His Record".

Honor and integrity make little appeal nowadays. Not that they are no longer delectable qualities; but people are always skeptical about that which is said too often. Every time you

hear a word, it seems to have less pungency, alcoholic effect, less kick. Besides, people read election posters as anything else—for novelty and human interest. In short, the public demands something new in election literature as in any other sort of fiction. So it is the representation of an idea rather than the idea itself which must be newly devised.

Here is where the futurist can do your portrait so as to set forth the whole catalogue of virtues, your righteous wrath and civic soul included. All your fearlessness, freedom of bosses, all your gallant record, upon which presumably you stand, and much more, can be demonstrated in the color scheme. Moreover, the futurist painter is not confined to any period of time. Photography presents you as you appear at a single moment before the camera. The crowds gaze at you, and admire or not, as their understanding lets them. With a futurist portrait, you can make all sorts of appeals. One part of your face can be made young and handsome for the ladies; another part, careworn and statesmanlike, for the older citizens. One eye can wink at the sporting element; the other, scowl at vice. One side of your mouth dryly indicates prohibition; the other smiles at a cocktail. One ear listens attentively to the union labor party; the other is turned joyously to the Civic League of Improvement Clubs. Instead of a plain white collar, you might wear the stars and stripes. There is no limit as to color combination. Your brow may be red with burning zeal; your hair, blue with the reflections of empyrean light; your cheeks, green and vermilion and purple, to show that you move unscathed past the hellish flames of opposition. All around are bursting reds, greens, violets and yellows, blues and oranges in skyrocket and Fourth of July effects. The whole will be patriotic at a glance. And needs must be. For what cannot be done in a glance or a jiffy nowadays can hardly be done at all.

Your soul, of course, is adequately represented by either cubist or futurist art. They were invented for that very purpose. All modernistic passages of the brush deal in particular with what is beneath the surface, a factor that is only half-committal in other systems of portraiture. Your public-spirited ego may be like a lion rampant, or like a Colossus of Rhodes across municipal reform, or like a thundercloud ready to dazzle with its lightnings. Who knows it? How else could you demonstrate it? Only by futurism. The masters of this are have established that the soul, accurately delineated, is an added attraction to any portrait. Another thing: ordinarily you must search people out and beg them to look at your picture; but if it be done in futurist style, they will turn about and make you the object of inquiry. If people make special trips to art galleries to see this kind of portrait, they certainly will vote for the subject, if given the opportunity.

A similar effect can be achieved with modernistic literature. We now have jazz poetry, by means of which the startling facts of your character can be narrated compatibly with the liveliest tunes you whistle. Vers libre, or free verse, is just the thing for tumultuous political propaganda. It is catchy, inspirational, and is capable of profound sentiments. Profundity is your hobby. So, instead of saying, as you would have said yesteryear, "Timothy Q. Stagpuff,

long known to his fellow citizens as an earnest worker in their behalf, a modest gladiator in the cause of reform, pledges himself to the principles of honor, and requests your indulgence that he become supervisor," how much more captivating could you be with a little rhapsody like this:

Behold, ye multitudinous public!

Behold, citizenry and city!

Behold, ye merry-twinkling spires
Of San Francisco.

Incense-burning, chimney-smoking,
Ascendant souled!

Look who's here.

Behold, ye who of all whomsoevers,
Is midmost in the midst of all.

It is none other than

Timothy Q. Stagpuff. He of all men.

He is known as the wide-circling eagle

Is known. He swoops as the eagle

Swoops, nonchalantly

From star

To

Star

In loops of honor and integrity ever,

With high moral purpose always,

Ever smiling, ever faithful, ever modest.

Then it would be wise to add a bit of obscurity, which increases the charm for many, and incidentally you can touch upon the frailties of your political foes, in a manner that is thoroughly legitimate in verse, but would be discourteous in prose. You proceed from yourself to your opponents as follows: (the first few lines relate to yourself)

He cometh as a moonbeam walking over
A rustic bridge.

He cometh as a snowstorm for whiteness
Of soul; and he rushes through a thousand
Bewildering places.

His opponents wiggle in the deep sea.

Like little jetty, jady fish

In the black and unthundered profounds,

They wiggle with a getaway curvature.

Yea, his critics are as diminutive sardines

In the unnecessary underneath

Of billows, while above them is beheld

Timothy Q. Stagpuff

All right, all right.

Compare these lines with the efforts of last election, and the difference will at once be ap-

(Continued on Page 14)

ANALYZE THE NEW DOUBLE VISION GLASSES

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals have revolutionized double vision glasses, for they are manufactured by a new and improved patented method entirely different from the old style bifocals. Careful analysis of "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals establishes the following facts—ground from a single piece of selected glass, eliminate distortions of all kinds—larger reading portion than other bifocals, enabling the use of the lenses to their very margins—practically invisible reading section.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS
OF
GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

At Neuve Chapelle

By a Sub.

It is nearly ten o'clock before orders come to move. Then the long column winds its way on to the road which here is narrow and straight. A staff officer on a bicycle passes down the column, giving the good news that the first three lines of trenches have been captured with a slight loss. After the manner of his kind, the Tommy's spirits go up with a jump and he begins talking about the quarters he will occupy in Berlin next week. The road is alive with troops and movements of all kinds. Presently we turn off into a labyrinth of lanes winding this way and that; and now we are within easy range of the German artillery. It has, in fact, been so successful in shelling a certain section of the road that the order is given to move in artillery formation across the fields. However, nothing untoward happens.

Presently we come to a pleasant, sheltered meadow beside a farmstead. Here a halt is made, arms are piled, and acting on advice we prepare for a long wait. Things have gone well, so that we are not likely to move into the battle line till tonight. It is now a mild, sunny morning, typical of early spring, the wind has gone down. With all the counts of war and death at hand, the countryside looks peaceful enough. Two fields away a peasant is ploughing stolidly, automatically, though now and again a shell screams over his head. It is no business of his, he thinks; anyway, he must finish his spring ploughing, so on he goes.

Already wounded men are trickling down along the road to the dressing station near by. Bloody heads and hands for the most part; not many serious cases, albeit now and then a still figure on a stretcher with chalky, quiet face speaks otherwise. The slightly wounded Tommy, though often a humorist, is rarely an optimist. To every query as to how he liked his job there is one reply. "It was hell," he says with preternaturally solemn face. So they trickle by, supporting each other or supported by Red Cross orderlies. And presently there comes another procession along the road: German prisoners marching in file with an escort of French Territorials. Big, gray men of fine physique they are for the most part, yet with dull, heavy faces. Their drab uniforms and little round caps and scared expressions give them a funereal appearance as they trudge along two by two. How glad yet surprised they are to be saved! Some are Prussians, some Saxons, and there are a few Alsatians. The Prussians, it seems—an ignorant calibre of men—fully expected to be bayoneted on capture; between them and the others there is no love lost. The Alsatians, on the other hand—intelligent fellows, speaking French and English—are delighted to be taken prisoners, and speak disparagingly of their officers. All agree that the sudden onslaught had taken the Germans completely by surprise, and they thought themselves lucky enough to escape with whole skins.

Watching this passing show, we sit on a sunny bank by the roadside. All morning the batteries in the orchards, enclosures and farmyards just behind us never cease to boom and bang. Again and again the squat, black howitzers, peeping from their screen of leaves, belch forth afire, jerk up their heads, and are immediately surrounded by their little crowd of attendant gunners. Ceaselessly overhead the aeroplanes, English and French, pass to and fro.

Suddenly, without warning, a wailing shriek rends the air. A 16-inch German shell coming! We look up. No! We are petrified. For one appalling second we watch an aeroplane, crumpled, disintegrating, hurtle five hundred feet through the air—fall like a stone to the ground.

Half an hour later another little procession passes along the road. Two stretchers, four bearers to each, two bodies cased in leather, inconceivably torn and battered. So the two aviators, Irving and Morgan, had died. We walked along the road and there, three hundred yards away in a rickyard, with the shapeless, twisted mass of canvas, wood and steel that once had been an aeroplane.

Hard hit by the German guns, it had flown painfully down to our lines, only to crumple up at safety's door. And presently, a few fields off, another aeroplane descends. This time safety has been reached by a hair's breadth. The two aviators show us their machine, smiling calmly the while. The petrol tank has a hole large enough to put your arm in. All the way from La Basse, where the German shrapnel burst around it for half an hour on end, it had been leaking furiously. A narrow shave—but that is the sort of thing our aviators regard as a joke.

It is now nearly two o'clock. We eat our chocolate rations and a few sandwiches. No more news comes through, no more prisoners or wounded. But for the ammunition limbers, which constantly race along the road to replenish their batteries, nothing in particular happens. Just at this juncture, however, word arrives to move down into the reserve trenches vacated by the regiments that have gone up to the firing line. We find them in an orchard alongside a farm—good, clean trenches, newly dug.

At a wayside farmhouse, which for the nonce is brigade headquarters, our battalion halts. A bright beam of light shooting out from the doorway discloses the files of men, heavily burdened with great coats, packs, haversacks, water bottles, entrenching tools and equipment. Strange figures they must look in the dim light. Orderlies with steaming horses and one of two motorcyclists are waiting outside. A long conference takes place between staff officers, the commanding officer, and the adjutant.

We move on. We pass our old trenches. We leave the road and begin to follow a light ammunition railway across fields. Eastward, the dawn breaks in streaks of ashy gray, shedding upon the countryside a cold and cheerless light. Many were there who looked upon daybreak for the last time. Not a word was spoken. It was all a man could do to pick his way along the narrow track on either side of which was liquid mud. Now and again we would meet parties of weary Highlanders trudging back from the firing line for a well-earned rest. Presently in the distance, a gun boomed. Close at hand another answered. Then one by one they took it up along the line behind. The grim business of our day had begun.

As the light grew, bullets began to whiz and hum above our heads. First occasionally, then increasingly, until the air sang with them. Quite close now in front there was a sudden little burst of rifle fire. Across the open field we found ourselves in a road protected by a stout breastwork and afire swarming with troops. The question now was how to find cover for the

whole battalion. For already there was considerable congestion. Eventually this was done by splitting up the companies on either side of a gap in the line of sandbags through which bullets constantly whistled.

There followed a weary hour's wait. It was six o'clock. Orders had come to attack at seven. The first thing to do was to provide for the inner man. No one had had breakfast, there had been no time for that. So the men lie about eating their rations and smoking. Some take off their great coats and equipment, folding the former away in the pack; some clean their rifles and bayonets; some talk and laugh together over breakfast. The Lancashire men, who occupy the best place under the parapet of the trench, are doing likewise. And curious it is to hear at this odd moment in this odd place the intermingling of English dialects, Glasgow and Manchester, the burr of Devon, and the cockney Territorials' nasal twang.

Very soon the Germans get busy. First one shell and then another hurtles across and bursts around a half-ruined red brick farmstead which stands beside the road. Soon they follow each other in regular succession minute by minute, now in front of the breastwork and now behind. Men walking along the road sink down beside it suddenly, whimpering like children, holding the head or clasping the limb with their hands. Splinters and shrapnel bullets fly in all directions. The closer to the breastwork one is, so much the safer.

Seven o'clock approaches. Word comes that the attack on the right has been launched. Word is passed down to get ready. Officers load their revolvers and button their tunics across the throat. Platoons are marshaled together and told off. "Fix bayonets!" A cold, rasping sound, and six hundred blades flash in the morning sunlight.

"Move to the right in file!" "Right turn!" "Quick march!" The orders follow each other in quick succession. No. 1 company leads the way along the shell-stricken road. A lane branches off to the left and abutting upon it is a maze of deep, disused trenches. The commanding officer and adjutant are here, uttering last words of encouragement to the men as they file into them. Knee-deep in mud and water they are, with planks laid along the bottom here and there to afford a better footing. At the end of the winding passages we halt, awaiting the final word. The order, when it comes, is short and simple: "Advance 95 degrees left."

Company officers blow their whistles and the whole front line swarms through the gaps in the sandbag breastwork and rushes pell-mell across a hundred yards of open ground, pitted with holes, and obstructed with loose strands of barbed wire. Now the bullets sing and splutter merrily in all directions. Once across that open stretch we are in the first line German trenches. Already they have been reversed by our infantry though the trench is shallow and the breastwork low. Indeed, the crush of troops in this section is altogether too great. Men can not obtain shelter from the ceaseless stream of bullets. Some even have to crouch down on the top of the ground. A strapping fellow topples forward groaning into the trench, his hands clasped to his forehead from which the blood pours. Another rolls quietly over on his side—stone dead. The lad next to you, virile and

(Continued on Page 11)

Rob Graham

From Chambers' "Stories of Remarkable Persons"

I propose giving one of my early recollections, which lately turned up in the memory of the past. It refers to an incident which occurred only a few years after the beginning of the present century, when I was a boy at the burgh school of Peebles, a small town on the Tweed. The school in its way had a somewhat superior reputation, and drew to it pupils from a distance of several miles around. Trudging in all weathers, the children of farmers and ploughmen came to be educated along with boys and girls belonging to the town. Whatever they were, all were treated alike, and the intermingling of classes was never found to be in any respect disadvantageous; on the contrary, there sprung up agreeable acquaintanceships between the town and country boys that were mutually useful and agreeable.

Among the crowd of country lads who thronged in daily, there was one I have some cause to remember. His name was Rob Graham. I will try to give a picture of Rob. Imagine a sturdy boy of twelve years of age, well knit together, barelegged and barefooted in summer, with coarse red hair surmounting a brow so large that one would say there were good brains under it. Rob's face was placid like that of an old man, and I think was slightly marked with small-pox, as was then not at all unusual. His dress, of a simple kind, consisted of a pair of dingy corduroy trousers and a waistcoat, and a short coat of that coarse fabric known as Galashiels blue, with two broad metal buttons staring out behind; which buttons, from their well-worn appearance, had probably embellished a succession of coats of Rob's father and grandfather; for in those days buttons were buttons, and went through a good deal of service before being dismissed. As the fastenings of the dress could with a wave of the hand be rapidly torn asunder, the wearer could at any moment throw off clothes and shirt and plunge into the river stark naked. As Rob's leather cap, stuck on the top of his shock of red hair, was worth very little, we should deal liberally in estimating his whole equipment at the value of twenty shillings.

What signifies, however, the outside of boys? Who cares a farthing how they are dressed? The bodily physique and interior of the skull are the things really worth caring for. Rob's big square face and prominent brow showed there was something in him. Poorly dressed as he appeared at school, he took the shine out of boys decked out with frills, shoes, and stockings. There was not a boy who showed more dexterity at "duck," a game of pitching a heavy stone at a mark, or who ran with greater vigor at "shinty," on the school green. Rob was also a good boxer, and few boys, as the saying is, "dared to take him up." Yet Rob was a good-humored and merry fellow, who did not want to quarrel with anybody. He even condescended to make himself agreeable to the girls in the school, by hopping on one leg in their game which they called "the beds," and in dexterously throwing up small shells to be caught on the back of the hand, and locally known as the "chucks." Then he was so obliging. If he saw a poor woman carrying with difficulty a backful of clothes to be bleached on the banks of the mill stream, he would offer to help her, and did so without any hope of reward. No wonder that this poor boy made friends, and was respected for his good conduct

and gallantry. By birth a peasant. By nature a hero!

There in memory does Rob Graham stand before me. Miserably attired and educated, knowing nothing of the world outside the tranquil valley in which he was born, Rob had the dash and courage of a Crusader. By some unaccountable feeling, I felt interested in him. I saw him daily seated in the left-hand corner of the school as you go in, poring over his lesson, or playing some prank when the master's back was turned. On one occasion, I pointed out to him how to work out a question in arithmetic on his slate; and at another time afforded some little advice as to his style of penmanship in writing "a piece" for the public examination by ministers, magistrates, and other great people.

The trifling intercourse I had with Rob led me to make inquiries about his origin and place of residence. It was a simple story. He was the son of a small farmer, or at least the occupant of a cottage and a few acres, known as Kailzie Park Foot. The place was a kind of offshoot of the park or pleasure grounds connected with the mansion of Kailzie, and situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at the distance of about three miles eastward from Peebles. Possibly, Rob's father had a charge of the pleasure grounds, or he looked after the hedges and ditches on the property, or did some other work for the laird, for which he was allowed the cottage, a cow's grass, and certain money perquisites; by all which a decent appearance was kept up. The family was not large.

Rob had a sister, Jenny, two years younger than himself, who got a little schooling, but only in summer, as she was unable to undergo the severity of winter travel to and fro. She was a pretty and interesting girl, Jenny, with flaxen ringlets and bright intelligent eyes. Though meagrely dressed in a gingham frock, and barefooted, she had a certain lady-like appearance. The boys at the school called her "The Flower of Kailzie."

As children together, Rob and Jenny grew up with brotherly and sisterly affection. In autumn, Rob visited and climbed the gean-trees at Haystoun Burn, to bring home a capful of geans or will cherries for Jenny. Sometimes ascending the hills he would spend hours in seeking for and gathering "craw-croups," a kind of wild bilberries, from the lofty ridges which overlook the valley of The Glen—all to be a posie or offering to sister Jenny. Requiring these attentions, she accompanied him to the Torwood when he went to scale the tall pine trees in quest of young rooks. And the two had often rambles along the river-bank from Cardrona to Kingsmcadows, on which occasions it was no unusual thing to see them seated on the green margin of a little peninsula which diagonally juts into the water.

There was but one drawback in the pleasure derived by Jenny from these river-side rambles. She felt pretty safe as far as the small peninsula. Beyond that, westward along the green haugh towards Scott's Mill, she apprehended danger. On the opposite bank was the farm of Eshiels, laid out in handsomely shaped fields, and environed with some young plantations. In one or other of these spacious fields there was ordinarily a herd of cows grazing, attended by a formidable bull, of which little Jenny Graham could not help being afraid. She had some rea-

son to be so. One day, being sent by her mother on an errand to the family at Scott's Mill, she was tripping merrily along the green haugh, when to her dismay the Eshiely bull, as it was familiarly termed, left the herd and at a smart trot made for the river, as if to cross and attack her. The bull had possibly been roused by seeing a scarlet tippet on the neck of the young maiden. Be that as it may, the animal, bellowing with rage, plunged into the stream at a spot where it could be easily forded, and would inevitably have carried out its malicious intention of tossing and goring, perhaps killing, Jenny, but for her presence of mind. She got out of reach of the ferocious beast by hastily scrambling over a wall that bounded Kailzie Park, and taking refuge in that policy was safe from pursuit. Being for the time circumvented, the bull looked glaringly over the wall, and with a growl which sounded like a threat of taking its revenge some other day, it slowly retreated to its pastures on the other side of the Tweed.

Jenny never forgot her fright on the occasion. As soon as her brother Rob came home from school in the afternoon, she told him of the affair, and that after this she did not dare to go with him in his rambles along the river bank, at least not so far as the ground opposite Eshiels. Rob heard his sister's story, and from that moment resolved to punish the Eshiely bull for running after and frightening Jenny. He had indeed for some time been pondering on a plan for quelling this torment of the neighborhood.

"Keep yourself easy, Jenny, lass," said Rob; "I'll mak' the Eshiely bull pay for chasing you. He'll no try that again."

"But, Rob," replied his sister, "what can you do to the bull? You're only a laddie, and you may get into trouble. He's an awfu' beast, the Eshiely bull. Let him alane. Dina gang near him, Rob; dinna gang near him!"

"I tell you to keep yourself easy about me, Jenny. I ken fine what to do. It will be capital fun, and I'll be as safe as if I were at hame."

At an appointed hour, three lads, Jackson, Ramage, and Clapperton, who were to act as assistants, were at their post. They were seated on the grass under an old ash tree, on the bank of the river at Scott's Mill. Rob also kept tryst, for his companions had hardly seated themselves when he appeared on the scene, carrying a short but very effective oak walking stick. The stick was a kind of heirloom. It had belonged to Rob's grandfather, a stirring fellow in his time, and likely enough the stick had figured as a weapon in brawls at Beltane fair. The stick was a remarkable stick. At the upper end was a round knob fancifully carved, near which there was a hole for a cord, which could be wound round the hand or wrist. The lower end of the stick was shod with what looked like a pike, that would take a good grip of the frozen ground in winter, and be formidable in any defensive struggle. Rob had appropriated the stick for the day, and we shall immediately see the use he made of it.

Well, here were the four boys met. There were but few words spoken. The business of the three auxiliaries was to do all in their power to enrage the bull by shaking handkerchiefs of different colors they had brought with them;

(Continued on Page 15)

The Spectator

Senator Johnson Detects a Plot

The first thing that attracted my attention at the Fairmont luncheon to Hiram Johnson was the unequal number of stars in the two large flags backgrounding the speaker's place. One of the flags had seven rows of nine stars each, and the senator had not proceeded far in his address before evincing a patriotism that was similarly overfraught with starry glamour. He had come on a serious errand. Speaking from one of San Francisco hills, he was dealing with a subject of interest to the great world; and yet through every sentence was apparent something superfluous, something hyperbolic that could have been refuted by an ordinary lawyer. The whole speech was concocted for those to whom a 63-star-spangled banner appeals more effectively than Old Glory with its noble constellation of states. Johnson's first effort was to make the luncheon ladies understand "very, very thoroughly" the emotions that were his on that occasion. Upon the basis of these emotions he begged that an allowance be made for shortcomings in a speech that he had worked up during the course of his travels. Then he made the feathered hats tingle with a true California eulogy. "You and I," he said, "know what idealism is. We preached idealism in California before it was preached in any state of the union. Californians, beyond any people in all the union, are able to see," etc. Hearing these words, one could not help wondering, should the senator become a presidential nominee, would he make the exact statement to audiences in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, not to mention the smaller cities where local pride is more acute. Like the detective hero in a melodrama, Johnson has a weird appetite for everything that savors of secrecy. Not all of his hearers noticed, however, that he considered as subterfuge everything of which he as a senator had not been officially notified. So there were many dark and dismal phases to the League of Nations. Had one never heard about Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Wilson, one would have gained the impression that they were three conspirators bent upon destroying the moral forces of the world. The league is now operating secretly in Paris; Wilson's cabinet is covertly attempting to spread nefarious arrangements; England is an occult coterie; the American army orders are secret. The next thing we know, the nations of the world will be operated by legerdemain and black art. Our government is in league with the powers of darkness, and the whole world is likely to go to the devil. There is one hope: The intelligence of California.

The Johnsonian Idea of Wilson

To Johnson it is incomprehensible why President Wilson was unable to remodel the world after the war and make it a place wherein a Progressive Republican would be non-plussed for criticism. According to the senator, human nature and human institutions are not much better than in the year 1914. There are two big sobbs to Johnson's brief against the League of Nations: Shantung and Siberia; Japs in the former, and Americans in the latter. This is an unfortunate combination, I fancy, for the senator's diatribe. In one case, he would have us protect China from Japan, and in the other he would have us leave Russia to the mercy of the Bolsheviks. I do not know which is the worst land and throat grabber—the Jap or the Bol-

shevist, nor do I know whether the Shantung or the Siberian railroad be the worthier of protection. Somehow I feel that the senator himself has not made up his mind on the subject. The world has taken a post-graduate course in history since Johnson resigned the governorship of California to represent the state at Washington. In California he wished to become known for industrial reforms; yet he was more secretive than England. There were few explanations, public statements or news items from Sacramento when Johnson was governor. At Washington, he was quiet for a time, becoming enough as a new senator, and made his first senatorial outburst as soon as congressional etiquette permitted criticism of the war administration. But Johnson found Washington, D. C., a bigger place than he had expected. He looked forward to California topics on a larger scale, and found himself in a rendezvous of world interests. The world has become, to a degree, unified. There is a world consciousness apart from national conscience. It is to be seen not only in a few statesmen but among people at large, among labor organizations, writers, travelers, war correspondents, philosophers and commentators in general. The world has become cosmopolitan in mind as it was in people. This new epoch has been helped along by science. Wireless communication and air travel have taken the provincial aspect from the far places; and even the village cut-up of Milpitas can jest about the personalities from London to Omsk. It is a vibrating, talking, gossiping, winging world—perhaps too vast for the outlook of the Sacramento prophet.

Johnson as an Orator

As an orator, Hiram Johnson exhibits nothing that would make him stand forth with the great ones. He has not a single characteristic that would induce comparison with the famous orators of the past; there are hundreds of public speakers in congress and the legislative halls of the states who excel him in the power of words. His diction is neither exalted nor exalting. If applause were the criterion of oratory, then orators were plentiful as golf cups. As a matter of fact, most of the noise accorded to Johnson is in greeting, not in farewell. It is an ovation that gradually loses force to a desultory compliment at the close. If his public is at the outset not a sophisticated one, it becomes largely such in the course of his sophomoric argument. Sectional vanities, juvenile sarcasm, motherhood, bombastic and fallacious patriotism—these are the matters from which the great and even the clever orator shrinks, unless they should be vital to his subject. The more profound loves of the human heart are not to be dragged into a debate at whim; they are too sacred for hand-clapping. They are the mainstays of Johnson's oratory. His pronunciation is not quite the Chimmie Fadden type, yet approaches it now and then. "I wanta make plain t' yuh," fairly exemplifies his verbal delivery. In gesture, he is nervous and inconsequential. I did not have the opportunity of seeing him gesticulate at ten thousand, but found his Fairmont manners quite the reverse of easy-going. The moment he began to speak, his right hand fluttered before him, beating time tremulously with palm toward his audience, or his forefinger shook from side to side in the manner of a man who says, "No, no; don't do that, children."

This was especially noticeable as the gesture, repeated perhaps a hundred times in the first ten minutes, had no relation to what he was saying. In pantomime, anybody would have accepted the hand-movement as expressing something negatively, while he was merely telling the good people how glad he was to be with them.

Under the Mayor's Gavel

"I need ten supervisors before I can transact any municipal business," said Mayor Rolph to the children. Yes, indeed—children. They had left their afternoon reading, writing and arithmetic at the Commodore Sloat Primary School. With their winsome teacher, they presented themselves at last Monday's meeting of the board of supervisors, to learn something about a municipality in action. They were taught no lesson in timeliness by the city fathers, who were tardy, late, anything but present. 2:25 P. M. and only three supervisors were at their desks. Rolph whiled away the time telling the youngsters how to run a city, should they ever have occasion. By 2:45 most of the supervisors ambled in, and Rolph introduced them one by one to the kiddies; a few communications were read, and then the mayor gave an object lesson in municipal government. "Boys and girls and teacher," said he, "when, for any reason, I leave the mayor's chair, I request one of the supervisors to take my place, and he becomes acting mayor. At the present moment, there is some important business awaiting me in the mayor's office; so Supervisor Gallagher will occupy the chair". So said, so done; and the students learned that the City and County of San Francisco is no sinecure on Monday afternoon. A mayor is kept on the jump. Later the children had their suspicions why the mayor jumped the

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

meeting. A dispute arose between the United Railroads and some property owners. The clerk read something in a rapid mumble that would have been reprimanded in any primary school; the supervisors made cautious inquiries into the meaning of the thing, and a government ownership orator, sprung from the public, tried to create a little excitement, but was mollified. For an hour, not even the city fathers knew what was going on. About 4 o'clock the children concluded that as long as the mayor couldn't stand it, they shouldn't be expected to. Teacher gathered up the clan, and they straggled out, very sorry for the sergeant at arms, who had to stay and listen.

Were the Supervisors Buncoed?

As intimated above, none of the supervisors knew what it was all about, and I can't profess to explain it. Something was done, and then they tried to undo it, and finally they let it remain as it was. The United Railroads offered to give the city \$3,800 for nothing, and this generosity moved a government ownership orator to declare that wonders never cease, nor would the United Railroads, although one of its franchises had lapsed somewhere around the Ocean Shore and Onandaga Street. A representative of the corporation promised that it would spend the \$3,800 fixing up a street out there, if the city would consent to a non-user of that part of the franchise. What is the difference between a non-user and an abandonment? That was the question. The city has no power to waive forfeiture. So why should the railroad offer to spend the money? However, after long parley, the supervisors voted to do what was asked of them. Then ensued a few moments about twice as solemn as the burial of Sir John Moore. If Emmet Hayden was any criterion, the situation was more serious than that. The littlest supervisor, when not in action, has a habit of sitting low in his chair, his hands clasped over his breast, while he gazes at the magnificent ceiling. After the vote, he was discovered leaning forward and staring at the floor. Evidently something was wrong with the whole board. Would history say that the supervisors had blundered? It looked as if they would welch on their vote, if they could find a way to do so. A few questions were asked of nearby attorneys, and Supervisor Welch moved for a reconsideration. Then everybody felt better. Presently Welch changed his motion from "reconsider" to "rescind". More pow-wow. Property owners, banked on the side rail, were consulted. They thought, or half thought, that the motion and vote were all right in the first place. There would be a clear gain of \$3,800 off the assessment work, and they didn't care what sort of bargain the supervisors made with the street railway; they had no desire for a track on that street; and it was a case for the attorney general of the state, anyway, in case of a franchise forfeiture; so the city would not be legally binding itself by agreeing to non-use of the street as a car-line. What the supervisors could not understand was why the United Railroads should ask them to waive tracking the street when it was up to the state officials. The railroad representative thought it was just a gentlemen's agreement, the city administration promising not to butt in and suggest to the state that a forfeiture was on the boards. There was present just one man who claimed to understand the ins and outs of the whole transaction. This was the government ownership orator. Like anyone who knows all about it, he was not given opportunity to say too much; but he succeeded in accusing the railroad people

of trying to evade the true issue, which was on another street altogether, and which the railroad had found too expensive to grade. And it was this unused street, said the orator, that had caused the franchise lapse. Judging by the ferocity with which this humble citizen removed one pair of spectacles from his nose and put on another, and his apparent familiarity with dates and franchises, I think he was right. His indignation was in his favor. However, the supervisors, by their bargain, made \$3,800 for the property owners, and Gallagher went so far as to say that he was bored with it all and no longer cared what might happen to the street, which is a long way from Lotta's Fountain, anyway. In view of all this, Welch withdrew his motion to rescind; and that's all there is to it.

Reporters Sour on Johnson

Whoever has been following the daily newspapers, must have noticed that even the most partisan writers lost some of their enthusiasm after hearing Senator Johnson speak. The average reporter defers to the policy of his editor when "coloring" a political topic, yet one way or another his own opinion permeates the story. He depends, for his own satisfaction, on that custom known as getting something between the lines. So, to those who read carefully, even those publications that have been combatting the League of Nations and boosting Johnson, have betrayed the fact that Johnson is not up to expectations, and that his audiences were not sympathetic with California's own critic of the chief executive.

Judge Morrow's Scene Cut

I am informed from a most reliable source that Judge W. W. Morrow was in a towering rage after the Hiram Johnson mass meeting; that is, that the next morning in his chambers the great jurist was in high dudgeon, the reason for which, he did not attempt to conceal. It appears that Judge Morrow had prepared

quite a long oration with which to spell-bind the audience in his introduction of Senator Johnson. At the mass meeting, the distinguished jurist started in by saying what great pleasure was accorded him in presenting to the people of San Francisco Senator Johnson "one of our most favored of native sons".

But alas! and alack! Senator Johnson took time by the forelock and allowed this brief introduction to suffice; then Johnson moved up stage and commenced his oration. Judge Morrow was nonplussed and his carefully prepared oration went glimmering.

Transparent Espionage

The federal architect who designed the executive offices in the main building of the U. S. Immigration Department at Angel Island was evidently a very suspicious individual. He must have been a strong believer in the quotation, "Put not your trust in princes or in any child of man".

Every door that leads into a private office at Angel Island has a glass panel about three feet long and two feet wide. Under this peek-a-boo system every clerk can be watched from the outside and there is no chance for any tainted money to pass without both acceptor and giver taking a tremendous risk.

Still More About That Auditorium Crowd

Revealed at last is the cause of the overcrowding of the Civic Auditorium on the night when San Francisco rushed to see and hear President Wilson. Revealed is the cause—but the responsible party is yet to be pointed out. The board of supervisors has received two explanatory letters—two more—from Chief of Police White and Police Captain McManus. Here is the wherefore: the police wished to open the doors of the auditorium early in the afternoon. From a yet unidentified person in high authority came the instruction not to open the doors until 6:30. At that time, the crowds around the building were so overwhelming that when the portals

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

were wrenched aside, the police were powerless to stop the rush. The glad, free people invaded the floor and gallery, and not until too many had entered was it known that no more could get in. Last Monday, Supervisor J. Emmet Hayden again told the board that it was not his fault. As chairman of the Auditorium committee, he had been utterly ignored. The mayor's committee of citizen's had told him that they would attend to everything from pit to dome. "I didn't have any more say than a five-year-old child," said Hayden. It appears that the mayor's committee made arrangements for everything except the crowd. By some oversight, the details of admitting the populace had been forgotten. This is a science of itself, as Supervisor Hynes can tell you. He was once on the auditorium committee, and he learned that when great throngs, especially when no admission fee is charge, gather around a building, they should be permitted to enter as they arrive; otherwise they cannot be controlled. This sounds plausible. The mayor's committee was an honorable bunch; but it had little or no experience with presidential sightseers. It should have sought professional advice. After all, the most important part of a public reception is the people and not a committee which, like this one, had a hard time identifying itself in order to enter the building. As far as San Francisco is concerned though, the effect was deplorable. For an evening we stood in the limelight of the country. The President should have beheld us at our best; whereas he saw us—that is, part of us—loud with a discourtesy with which we have insulted no other visitor. The management might well be ascertained and subjected to an official rebuke.

Swift & Company Expostulate

In an editorial of last August, Town Talk remarked that the federal food investigation against the meat packers would cause some rejoicing in the country; and we added: "Especially amusing may be the attitude of Swift & Company, which has been paying for space in the press to prove how little money is to be made in the stockyards". Evidently thinking that we doubted their word, Swift & Company have sent us a little three-page note, from which I select the following: "Swift & Company's statements of its profits are certified by one of the leading firms of public accountants, and are subject to the inspection of accountants representing the Federal Trades Commission. Fur-

thermore, it is a noteworthy fact that the Trade Commission has not questioned our statement that our profit is only about two cents per dollar of sales, or only a fraction of a cent per pound, and therefore has no perceptible effect on prices." Town Talk did not intend to question the veracity of the statement, startling though it be. Profit is a matter of bookkeeping. A corporation may increase the salaries of its officers, or do something that will serve the same purpose, until the books would show no profit at all. Few persons have believed that this packing company makes only a fraction of a cent on a pound of meat. I myself don't believe it, although I can't understand it. I don't even know what Swift & Company mean when they say they make less than a cent on a pound. But I do know that they have spent thousands of dollars to make the statement public. This is an unusual appeal to the meat-eaters. It would be a novelty to the consumer of anything. The ultimate consumer ultimately doubts all he hears from producers and packers and retailers. If all were telling the truth, prices would be much lower. As aforesaid, Town Talk did not wish to doubt the Chicago packer's word. Yet, as a spectator of human affairs, without any special knowledge of stockyard earnings, I take the liberty of being astonished. No doubt, the Swift people, if they did not consider their statement astonishing, at least thought the public would be—shall I say amused or disappointed that the corporation should make so little? At any rate, the statement of profits was made with the idea that the meat-consuming public would be informed of a condition it had never dreamed of. If I should have any hesitancy about the revelation, it is only because it throws the burden of proof further along the line. What we all would like to know is not so much who doesn't make the profit but who does. Perhaps the high cost of living is a myth, and the excess profit goes to the young person who does the shopping for the family, and keeps the change. If Swift & Company or any other packer can enlighten us on the subject, we agree to pass the good word along and enlighten the world.

High Price for a Picture

Eastern art critics are rejoicing over the rise of the modern artist to the command of prices that vie with the imported masterpiece. The modern artist may have to die in order that fame heap his canvasses with gold; but the

important point, in art circles, is that he need not be dead a very long time. At a recent sale in the Macbeth galleries, New York City, Winslow Homer's "Coast in Winter" was sold to a New England collector for \$33,000. This is big money. It might almost be called the record price for the up-to-date painter. It is the top notch for a picture brushed in strictly up-to-date manner. About a year ago, Henry C. Frick paid \$75,000 for a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington. Stuart is an old master, so far as America is concerned and dated; besides, we can readily imagine that Frick paid more for Washington than Stuart. One of the disadvantages of a young country is that the old masters do not date back into the classic ages of art. For another honored name, though, we have Inness. Two years ago, his "Autumn Woodland" brought \$45,000. Some critics declare themselves unable to see \$45,000 worth in a half dozen works of Inness; yet the buyer of one is always satisfied that he has a good financial investment, as well as something to admire in his home. Perhaps it is with pictures as with other things, that age counts before beauty. "Tenafly Oaks," another Inness, was the subject of a \$30,000 check at the Macbeth galleries. The same amount was paid by the Worcester Museum for Homer's "The Gale". Twenty years ago, Homer's canvasses were selling between \$1,500 and \$3,000. At the time, these were considered high prices for American painters. Winslow Homer was born in Boston, in 1836. As a youth he practiced lithography to some extent, and also drew for wood engravers. Upon moving to New York, he attended a night school of art, a hardship which has occasionally been ridiculed, and yet one to which some of our best men have confessed. The modern artist is not ashamed to earn a living. Starvation is quite an honor, from an historical standpoint; but the more advisable plan is to make artistic history on a full stomach. Subsequently, Homer was enabled to continue his studies in Paris. He worked on the figure mainly, and was considered a master of the darker types, including the negro. Then his brush turned toward the sea. He loved the jagged scenes of the New England coast, accomplishing his purpose in broad masterly strokes that were compatible with the spirit of the billow, the breaker and the foam-besprent rock. "Coast in Winter" was painted in 1892, when Homer, was in the height of his powers. The canvas is thirty inches high and forty-eight wide.

The Plaint of a Bottle

By Thomas A. Ashe

Far from haunts where once I was acclaimed
A king to whom good fellows homage paid,
Here amidst a motley heap of discards
Prone I lie, the world 'gainst me arrayed.

And what the purpose of this degradation
Of me? Have not I and mine fulfilled
In worthy manner that which man ordained
We do—in aught not acted as he willed?

Count the hovels whence have come plaintive
Cries of famished children whose fathers' gold
I took, whilst gaunt-eyed mates, wild, pleaded for it
To save their broods from hunger and from cold!

And maiden souls! Ah, these my chiefest joy
It was to deck in gaudy crimson—sign
That men should know them by as pawns to use
Or play with! Well we did this, I and mine.

But if perchance I thus outran the bounds
Of righteousness, my masters to obey,
Is it meet that you should full-despoil me
Of the glory that was mine but yesterday?

Wealth I brought to some; the sorrowed often
Came to me, I raised the drooping head,
And, by fantastic touch, the birds, the flowers,
I made to sing, to bloom, where hope lay dead.

But no more. Here in outer darkness
I dream of lights and laughs and festive crowd
That, for me, have passed forever. Fate
Decreed and to her mandate I have bowed.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

A Korean Night Fete

An evening of rare artistry will be afforded concert lovers on this Saturday evening, October 11th, at the Hotel St. Francis, where the League of the Friends of Korea will sponsor a "Night in Korea," described as an inspirational fete. The function promises to be quite the most unique of the current season. The idea is to present to the American people a first hand acquaintance with the innate charm and artistic worth of the Korean people, a people whose fight for relief from the terrorism of Japan's vampirish subjugation is bound sooner or later to elicit wide and generous support in these United States. The Korean nation possesses a culture and civilization markedly distinct from that of any other peoples of the world. In music, art interpretation, and the religio philosophies, the Koreans have appealed to all deep students for over three hundred years. For the first time in America a glimpse into the beautiful treasure box of Korean art lore will be had in a "Night in Korea". First, I'm told, cards of invitation may be had by telephoning the secretary, Mrs. Edna Macdonald, Douglas 2769. There are to be no admissions or fees of whatsoever sort—a pleasant relief from the mad filching days of the war. Both the lovely Italian salon and the colonial room are to be requisitioned. The concert will be held in the colonial room from 8:15 to 10:15 o'clock, when the guests will adjourn to the Italian suite adjoining for dancing and a banquet supper. Call for motors at 1 o'clock. The salon concert personnel will include Barbara Merkley, solo harpist; Belle Jacobs, contralto; Dr. A. K. Freidl, baritone; M. Dorothy Moon, declamation; Miss M. Sherwood, 'cello. Dr. Henry Chung, the foremost living authority on political Korea, will offer a "Plea for My Own Land". While a "Trip to Korea," is said to be quite the most entrancing motion picture travalogue seen in this country. It is done in colors. The storm on the Pacific being particularly worth while. The patronesses include Mesdames Eleanor Martin, D. C. Heger, John B. Casserly, William H. Taylor, George T. Cameron, F. W. Bradley, E. W. Bradley, D. C. Jackling, Alexander Hamilton, Marcus Koshland, C. O. G. Miller, Ina Coolbrith, C. O. G. Miller, Lester Morse, G. W. McNear, Sydney Erhman and Miss Mary Phelan. Secure your cards early for a real treat.

A Wedding in Bohemia

An honor unprecedented in the history of the Bohemian Club is the invitation extended to Uda Waldrop to hold his wedding ceremonies and festivities in the club. There is no gain-saying the fact that Mr. Waldrop is an exceedingly popular member and that his generous participation in all club musical affairs deserves unusual recognition. But isn't this world becoming a conventional sort of place when the portals of Bohemia are opened wide wherein to consecrate that most conventional condition, the marriage state? Can it be possible that the

holding of a wedding feast in the halls supposed to be sacred to bohemian revels will speed toward the altar such confirmed bachelors as Richard Hotaling, Thornwell Mullaly, Charles K. Field, James D. Phelan and Richard M. Tobin? At least the occasion will give them pause, doubtless. Homeless indeed and forsaken must a bachelor feel when his club, hitherto apart from all affairs domestic, becomes for the moment the temple where woman reigns supreme, diademed with the veiled blossoms of the bride. It was painful enough years ago when some Bohemians deserted and founded the Family Club; but what sort of circle can the bachelors form in protest to bridal invasions of their unhallowed precincts?

Anecdotes of Adelina Patti

Adelina Patti, of all great stars, had the longest and brightest career, which began when she was but sixteen, making her debut in Lucia in New York. At eighteen, she was a European sensation. She had beauty of person and charm of manner, besides her peerless voice and matchless art. From the beginning, she took her triumphs as a matter of course. The artists whom she eclipsed were in despair and one of them, Pauline de Lucca, ran away into retirement. Patti remained until nearly sixty years old the greatest exponent of bel canto in the world. Even after the lovely timbre of her voice had been destroyed by old age, she heard echoes of its splendid beauty and insisted upon a world tour, to the sorrow and dismay of her admirers. When the great Patti did not know that she could no longer sing, what hope is left for less exalted cantatrices?

Her Eternal Youth of Spirit

It was said that Patti never had a childhood; she was a prima donna when she was so small that it was necessary to put her on a table that she might be seen, and at 8 she was singing with fire and passion in the role of Norma, revealing its tragedy of love betrayed, of jealousy all consuming, and of maternal sacrifice complete. So it was in her old age said of her that years had not dampened her spirits. The tall, dark Baron Cederstrom, a Swede, whom she married in her fifty-sixth year, much younger, was a perfect specimen of physical development and athletic manhood, but, although he was young enough to have been her son, Patti looked young beside him.

At Craig-y-Nos, her home in Wales, which she occupied after she became a British subject, in 1898, they went for long walks, he striding, according to their friends, like the athlete he was, she tripping along beside him with the little steps of a child, running into the house at the end, rosy and panting like a girl.

The world's charmer had but few intimates, as her domestic troubles estranged her from almost all her old friends. Those who were nearer her rather discouraged than favored any endeavor on the part of strangers to widen the prima donna's circle of acquaintances. Patti was known to all the world in her day, and today will be mourned by her contemporaries alone, or by those to whom they have imparted their appreciation of a voice that aroused such enthusiasm.

San Francisco Friends

The late Mrs. M. H. de Young met Mme. Patti abroad and when the diva visited San Francisco in the '80's Mrs. de Young entertained elaborately for her. The two became intimate friends. It is related that when the diva visited the de Young home she romped and played with the children as if she were one herself. One evening there at a dinner to which some intimate friends were invited to join the family group, the guests sat around the hearth, popping corn. Nicolini, her husband at the time, asked Mme. Patti to sing; and there, with only the firelight illuminating her beautiful face, the diva, half reclining against a divan sang, without accompaniment, simple ballads and heart songs to her enraptured audience.

Arthur Pacey, a London tenor, for two seasons a member of one of her concert companies, related that she was childlike in her love of attention. She pouted if each member of her company did not call personally at her hotel every day to see her. To Mrs. Van Dyke Hubbard, mother of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mme. Patti one evening at a function given in her honor, said dreamily, when someone present spoke of childhood recollections: "I remember a dear little boy whom I knew in New York. Our house was 96 East Tenth Street and he and I wrote with chalk on a door. If I could only remember his name! He was a lovely little chap and I really believe he must have been my first love."

Husbands

When at twenty-five she married the Marquis de Caux, an equerry to Napoleon III, many of the nobility were present at her marriage. He divorced her later, when she espoused the cause of his jealousy, her tenor, Nicolini, with whom she lived happily for many years. He had divorced his wife to marry her and in later life, Mme. Patti, as if to soothe her conscience, bestowed lavish gifts upon the children of his former marriage. A year after his death she married Baron Cederstrom, giving as her reason that she felt alone in the world. Her earnings are said to have approximated five million dollars.

Final Events

There was one adventure that came into Mme. Patti's life during her retirement that bore a striking contrast to the usual current of her life. It happened in Carlsbad, Austria, at the beginning of the war. The singer and her husband were stopping at a hotel there in August, 1914, when hostilities were declared. It was known that her sympathies were all with the Allies, and a threatening crowd surrounded the palace.

Hoots and cries of "Down with the English and the French!" were shouted up towards her windows, instead of the applause she had always heard. The hotel was closed and the police searched her baggage, then informed her and the

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

Baron that they were prisoners of war. For several weeks the great diva was incarcerated in the hotel, while a mob daily threatened and cursed from outside.

Finally the government allowed the two to leave, but insisted on keeping their male servants as prisoners. Soldiers conducted them to the railroad station to protect them against enraged crowds gathered on the walk to hurl stones at the woman who in former years had had the homage of the cultured world.

Her last appearance was at Albert Hall, 1914, a program upon which Tamaki Miura, the Japanese songstress, made her debut. Patti kissed the dainty little diva and wished her a brilliant future.

Mrs. J. V. Rittenhouse gave a very delightful tea last week at her residence at Pebble Beach. Among those who attended were: Mrs. Jack Barber of Phoenix, Arizona; Mrs. Francis McComas, Mrs. H. C. Quimby, Mrs. Douglas Grant, Mrs. Carl S. Stanley and Mrs. Chauncy Martin.

Mrs. Herbert Allen with her two children and Miss Jolliffe have arrived at Del Monte to spend several weeks enjoying the out-of-door activities. Their sister, Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling, is expected to join them.

Farewell parties are being tendered on the Monterey Peninsula to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Grant, who leave soon to make their home in England. Mr. and Mrs. Grant have both won fame on the golf links and their departure will be regretted by a host of friends. Mrs. Grant is an English girl and is looking forward with pleasure to the return to her old home.

Lieutenant A. C. Kidd, attached to the U. S. S. "Idaho," has arrived at Del Monte with his bride, to spend several weeks of honeymooning. Lieutenant Kidd and his bride were married in San Francisco on Tuesday and the

event is one of the social functions of the Pacific fleet.

Mr. and Mrs. K. B. Johnson of Beverly Hills and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barber of Phoenix, Arizona, have been prominent on the bridles at Del Monte during the past two weeks.

Prominent Los Angeles society folks at present sojourning at Hotel Del Monte are: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fuscnot, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Page and Mr. and Mrs. A. G. MacFarlane.

Felton B. Elkins, accompanied by Geo. L. Swan, has returned to Del Monte to look over his string of polo ponies, which are quartered at the Del Monte field. Most of the ponies have been turned out for the season, as the summer play here has been brought to a conclusion.

Mrs. Richard Hammond, who distinguished herself in war work in France, will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langborne, within a short time. Her marriage to Capt. Chilton Howard will take place soon after.

Edith (at tobaccoconist's)—"I want a box of nice cigars for a Christmas present." Tobaccoconist—"What kind would you like, Miss?" Edith—"Oh, I am not particular! Have you any flavored with violets?"

Do Fish Feel Pain

Memories are supposed to be short in the woods and waters, and it is said that the creatures of the wild quickly forget their scares, observes a writer on Nature matters. But, if so, why do fish become hook-shy? Unsophisticated trout will rise at anything, but they become cautious after they have been missed and pricked a few times. They soon cultivate a memory that some flies have stings, and look before they leap. In certain Scottish Border waters only a lightning swiftness of the wrist can get the barb into them at all. Possibly if fish were more inconvenienced than they are by their wounds, none but troutlings and rash parr would look twice at a lure. But it is quite amazing how little fish mind what would disable a mammal altogether. Sometimes, no doubt, they get rid of troublesome hooks, but quite often they don't. Those who use large snap-tackle for pike will have noticed how often, when the big fish comes alongside, the bait is found high up on the line, thrown up clear from its fastenings. I discovered the reason for this on a certain day, on a private water near Stratford-on-Avon. The pike were on the move. Dace were employed for bait, and the line was swung out in the usual manner from the boat toward the encircling reeds. A pike about 8 lb. was soon brought into closer acquaintance. He was almost within reach of the gaff, but hanging back stubbornly, when he opened his huge maw to its widest extent. One saw down the cavern of his gape. The hooks were embedded in the palate. Then suddenly the whole gullet extruded itself. With a violent retching effort everything was ejected—like as when a gauntlet is pelled off the hand and turned inside out. The bait was literally shot up the taut line, and such was the eruption that the hooks were torn from their hold, leaving long gashes. So that's how it's done. I thought, as the fish fell back, and the whole thing seemed so ugly that I almost resolved to cease fishing. But resolutions of that sort are apt to be fleeting, and I presently made another cast. There was an instant response, and this

time the fish was landed. Old fishermen will not find it impossible to credit that it was the identical pike. In spite of the cuts in his throat he had surged back to his prey. The conclusion is that fish are not over-endowed with sensitiveness to pain. Pain, as we understand it, does not exist for them.

Matrimony Cake

"How many strawberries should I use?" asked the young wife of her mother as she began making her first shortcake for the only man in the world.

"Put in as few as you like the first year," said the experienced woman. "He's too much in love now to notice the difference. After you've been married a year you'll have to use a lot of them."

Near a courthouse in a country town there was a common. During a trial a barrister was in the middle of his speech for the defence, when a donkey outside began to bray. The judge, a noted wit, put up his head at this puncture, and said to the counsel, "Kindly stop a minute. I am unable to hear two at once." A little later, when the Judge was summing up the donkey again brayed, and the counsel stood up and said, "Would your Lordship mind speaking a little louder? There is an echo in the court!"

Mrs. Carter's maid had been married three months, and she was visiting her former mistress's house. "Well, Emma," asked Mrs. Carter, "how do you like being married?" "Oh, it's fine, ma'am, getting married; yes'm, it's fine," replied Emma, "But lor', ma'am," she added, "ain't it tedious?"

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.
Boarding and Day School. Both schools open
entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual
instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all depart-
ments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday,
2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class
(Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

AT NEUVE CHAPELLE

(Continued from Page 4)

strong a moment ago, now lies feebly moaning, shot through the body. Two or three others, variously wounded, sit, half-conscious, with their backs against the parapet.

And we have been out only five minutes!

It is time for another rush. Up we clamber again, dive one by one under a loose strand of wire and stream diagonally in batches across an enclosure. No regular formation is possible in such ground—the men follow their officers as best they can. The air whistles, nay, tingles with bullets, and it is with a feeling more of surprise than anything that after each rush one reaches the other side. We find another breastwork similarly crowded with men, but better protected than the last. For the ground in front has been blown into a huge mound by the action of the British shells, and this provides adequate shelter. The mound must be at least forty feet high. Beneath it the soil has been hollowed and scarred and rent into a great cavity—a pit of horror indescribable. Here in some vast explosion all the refuse, all the material of the neighboring trenches seems to have fallen. Many German dead are there, gray and bloody, amid the upturned earth; by itself lies the body of a British soldier, stark and stiff, the face covered, doubtless by some comrade's hand, with a piece of white tarpaulin; and the trivial things of life are there, biscuit tins, scraps of food, hand mirrors, the trivial things men carry in their pockets. And everywhere litter of equipment—German helmets, with the golden eagle emblazoned on the front, German caps and accoutrements, rifles, clips of bullets, pistols, and weapons of all kinds. The tradition of blood and iron has found its fitting consummation in that one place.

Through this pit we clamber and up the mound beyond; then dart along a kind of ridge. A small river or large ditch of stagnant water is bridged at one place by a plank which has broken down. It is no time to hesitate. The only thing to do is to plunge in and somehow stagger across with the filthy, brackish, greenish water lapping one's chin. Rifle and bayonet, already clogged with mud, are rendered useless. On the further bank lies a wounded officer attended by his sergeant. The country is now dead flat and open, the enemy can not be more than three hundred yards distant. A broad stretch of ploughed field, heavy with recent rains, has to be crossed. Men fall right and left, prostrate khaki figures dot the ground in all directions. The crackle of rifle fire freshens, the whole air hums with bullets. Burdened with our packs and weight of equipment, we can only muster a jog-trot in such heavy going. Many prefer to crawl over the ground on all fours, though this little advantages them; some pause for breath in the shell holes, other lie down in the open.

On the far side of the ploughed field is a shallow depression in the ground. Here, the only available cover, are disposed a number of troops of various companies and regiments. Immediately in front, not 150 yards away, in a group of buildings surmounted by a tall, red brick chimney—a landmark in all that countryside—known as the Moulin de Pietre. It looks more like a mine in one of our own colliery districts than a mill. It fairly bristles with rifles and machine guns. The hail of bullets above our heads increases. We flatten our faces in the muddy ground. Now and again, a machine gun sweep round with its clack-clack-clack, and is followed by an audible stream of bullets.

Behind us the rear companies of the battalion are still advancing. They come on in groups and batches in widely extended order. Meanwhile, we lie down in a long, irregular line which grows ever thicker, thus affording a better mark for the enemy's riflemen and artillery. So, presently, the order comes for two platoons to advance about a hundred yards to a line of temporary breastworks. We show our heads and the bullets begin to fly as thick as hail. One has to leap a ditch . . .

The sensation of being wounded is outside any ever felt before. A terrific thump in the thigh followed by a sharp stab of pain like a red-hot iron searing the flesh, then a collapse of the limbs, and you roll over as a shot rabbit might do. Like a rabbit, too, you squirm and kick as you lie on your back. A stalwart corporal drags you out of the ditch into which you have half fallen. Nor does a foot of dirty water make your appearance any the more elegant.

The hours roll by as you lie there. Presently a doctor and stretcher bearers come up from the support trenches. The doctor gets to work on the more serious cases, kneeling beside the prostrate figures, apparently regardless of his own life. Within five minutes he is shot through the stomach; his own stretcher bearers carry him back. Shrapnel, in addition to rifle fire, has now begun to burst freely. The place is growing distinctly warm. Wounded men are lying around in all directions, whimpering, groaning, silent. One active officer only is left to the company.

Regular as clockwork the shells burst within a thirty-yard radius, "whiz-bang"—a shower of earth, a playful shower of bullets. Luckily, the Germans plaster the same little area over and over again. Gradually, as the day wears on, the intensity of the bombardment increases until the battle is raging at its height. The noise is deafening, the confusion of sound indescribable. The crackle of rifle fire, like newly kindled wood, alternates with the metallic clack-clack of machine guns to right and left. The hollow road of lyddite explosions resound amid the ruins of Aubers and Neuve Chapelle. Near at hand the high explosive "coal-boxes" burst with a flash of fire against inky-black smoke, making the earth tremble. Sulphurous fumes of lyddite rise from the ground and poison the very soil, the very atmosphere, the very water. A thousand reports, dull, piercing, deafening, rend the air—the bang-bang of our field guns behind, the heavy boom of 4.7's and 9.2's, every few minutes an earth-quaking, thunderous roll when "Mather" or "Grannie" speak from their positions far in rear. Then there are German guns in front, and especially a howitzer double battery near at hand, firing salvoes every three minutes with maddening persistency. "Boom—boom—boom—boom, boom—boom—boom—boom." The drum of the ear tingles in anticipation of it. Ever and again the shrapnel screams across and bursts thirty yards behind, and the shells wail overhead in unending procession.

So this fiendish orgy of sound goes on far into the afternoon. There are occasional lulls. Once there is dead silence for at least a minute, when, far above, you may hear a lark sing. Then inferno breaks out again. "Bang—crack—smash." "Ping—ping—ping." "Clack—clack—clack." The man next to you, unhurt up to now, is bleeding freely from a shrapnel wound in the head.

What are one's thoughts as one lies out there with a sharp pain in the thigh, unable either to advance or retire? They are not difficult to

analyze. Will the next one catch me? you think, as you flatten your face in anticipation of it. Maybe you conjure up a picture of your home in quiet England—the quietest spot you know—wondering what your friends are doing at that particular moment. It is wearing to the nerves certainly, this doing nothing. While advancing you have no time to think. You are just bent on getting to the other side. It is like crossing a crowded street—you do so with as little delay as possible. But lying down under shell fire—even that has its monotony, and after a time you are in danger of falling off to sleep. Then comes "Jack Johnson," and the earth scattering over your neck quickly brings you back to reality.

At length an orderly crawls up with a message. "Dig yourselves in." Quickly the men get to work with their entrenching tools, each individual scraping a hole for himself as he lies on his stomach, after the manner of a terrier digging for a rabbit. By this time the enemy's fire has slackened. It is a long while since any supports moved up, and the firing line is screened from the riflemen in the mill by the slight rise of the ground. Those who can among the wounded crawl slowly to the rear. We have to cross three hundred yards of open plough. About half that distance has been covered when shelling begins again in deadly earnest. One after the other, the shrapnel skims overhead to burst with a nerve-shattering crash twenty yards this side or that. Somewhere a machine gun opens and a solid stream of bullets whistles around one's ears. A deep, round shell hole close at hand offers the likeliest refuge. All the earth is stained yellow by the sulphurous fumes of lyddite. A long-barreled pistol of curious shape lies in the hole. Bearing a Birmingham trade mark, it has the appearance of an old-fashioned highwayman's weapon, a century old. One wonders whether it is a German all the same. Amid the loose earth are bits of iron and shell casing, a piece of a horseshoe, and divers grisly human relics.

For full a quarter of an hour, an inferno of fire searches the field. All the sky is dotted with puffs of smoke, white and yellow and black. The air stinks of sulphur. In the distance the faint sound of men shouting proclaims that there something is happening. Ever and anon comes the boom—boom—boom of the German howitzer battery, firing salvoes, followed by the scream of the projectiles. So the battle rages in bursts of concentrated fury. There follows another pause. The moment has come to struggle on.

* * * * *

The modern battlefield is no place for squeamishness or sentiment. There must even be a measure of callousness to suffering and death. At the same time, no ordinarily intelligent mind can pass through such an ordeal without retaining impressions which will never fade. Nor are these entirely disagreeable impressions. When together men face a deadly peril the best that is in them comes to the surface: the spirit of comradeship is there, the will to sacrifice, a certain mutual respect.

Yet beyond these, the land of Flanders can leave but one legacy. Never was it fair to look upon, this land of dykes and ditches, of mud and water, of miserable farms and miserable people, of flat acres bordered by straight trees, of dreary villages and squalid towns. Today the hand of war has laid it waste so that the very earth is poisonous, the very water stinks. It is as if the curse of God had fallen there. To desolation is added the stench of death.

The Stage

Geraldine Farrar's Concert

Geraldine Farrar has for several years enjoyed the reputation as the most popular American prima donna. Farrar nights at the Metropolitan are gala occasions at which society displays itself in its most resplendent raiment, and ambitious rivals sigh to annex her following. When a new opera is to be produced, it is a foregone conclusion usually that the beautiful American will have at least the refusal of the prima donna role. In opera, her singing has won reams of praise from the critics and thunders of applause from audiences. She is a magnetic and intelligent actress, she has ineffable charm and exceeding beauty of person. She does not often give concerts, but when she does, she registers success, as a rule. Five years ago, she made her San Francisco debut and won as completely with her limpid tones and faultless execution of a beautiful, though simple, program. Then she made an expedition into the movies. Some people love her in shadowland, many others think she made a fatal mistake; for the flawless beauty looks not faultless and her "lack of soul" robs her pictures of true artistry. Last Sunday the largest house I have ever seen at the Curran assembled to hear her in concert, and there is unanimous opinion that the singer was a disappointment. Her voice seemed to have lost beauty of tone, her delivery lacked spontaneity, her phrases followed one another mechanically. She neglected no technical architecture of song rendition, the captious critic could not say that tonal nuance was neglected; yet, throughout her whole program, Geraldine Farrar might have been any well instructed vocalist with voice of uncaptivating timbre. Was there a psychological reason or some elusive physical cause for her failure to rise to the expectations of her audience, who went in such receptive mood to hear her?

Her costume was the last word in prima donna gorgeousness, as was to be expected, for the lady is one of the guides in the world of fashion as to the accepted thing in the art of adornment. The effectiveness of her attire was, however, lost, in a measure, by the fallacy of the dim stage lighting. The complexity of the outline and color scheme of her wondrous garments required that they be not obscured. Vocal color effects can be achieved even in darkness, but Miss Farrar's tonal color was monochromatic and was unrelieved by the high lights which could be only guessed to exist in her Moorish decorative splendor. Her manager, Frank W. Healy, assures me that the prima donna was indisposed, which doubtless accounts for the lack of brilliancy in the singer's voice. After all, heaven must necessarily send ailments to prima donnas to remind them that they are but human. Miss Farrar charmed with her smile, her vivacious walk, and fascinating manner. She accompanied herself upon the piano in musicianly style, for encores, though her selections were rather a condescension to the artistic taste of her audience.

Arthur Hackett's voice is a fine lyric tenor of extensive range. He is almost an ideal recital artist, his interpretation making strong impression upon the cultivated musician. His program was artistically and discriminatingly composed and was of diversified appeal. Rosita Renard played herself into the hearts of her audience. She is a pianiste of technical flawlessness, a mistress of the singing tone, of comprehensive phraseology, of the magic touch. The young

lady, I believe, could count upon San Francisco to be a patron of her future recitals.

When I heard Miss Farrar in concert before, I admired her voice and her art so much that it is now painful to come to believe that she has become the most celebrated movie star in the opera firmament and the greatest vocalist in filmland. However, another time, another story—such is the history of true temperament.

—H. M. B.

Patriotic Drama at the Curran

For the last few years, the genius of American playwrights has certainly been directed toward a new form of drama. Whether the dramatists themselves recognize this or not, they have yielded to the demand for something new, and to achieve this, have presented us with the novelty drama—something that in its mere presentation should startle the public's dramatic nerves. The first influence was undoubtedly from the moving pictures. A number of plays had a backward twist, chronologically. Evidence was given, and then the action portrayed what it was all about. Then came a demand for something still newer, still more alluring to the curiosity. "Under Sealed Orders," now at the Curran Theater, is one of these later novelty plays. It was written by Berte Thomas; then revised and elaborated by Roi Cooper Megrue. I don't know just how this happened. Megrue's "Tea for Three," a recent success at the Curran, had only a maid and a butler beside the trio in chief. Perhaps Thomas thought he would go Megrue one better, and brought his play to Megrue for production. We give Megrue the credit for having discovered or rediscovered the fascination of the small cast. There is positive dramatic value in the numeral "two". Having witnessed the play, we feel that we have witnessed an action in which many persons have taken part. So there is an undoubted play on the imagination. A dramatist who accomplishes this may feel satisfied that he has done something. His dramatic two become four in this way: an American mother and son have their counterparts on German soil. The latter mother, though, is also American, being a lost twin sister. She is married to a German, who does not appear in the play. Her son, educated in England, could, so far as resemblance is concerned, be the twin of the American, his cousin. Zeffie Tilbury and Richard L. Tucker are thus the complete cast. Tucker goes to war, after a beautiful farewell scene with his mother. He shows up next as an escaped prisoner, near Berlin, where his sudden and unexpected aunt helps him to escape further. He is recaptured. Then comes the big third act, in which the American mother is called upon to make a great sacrifice for her country. If she take one course of procedure, her son will be shot. If she take another (to her, dishonorable and unpatriotic) he may be returned to her. It is a terrific situation, one that calls for all the power boasted by the classic drama. Zeffie Tilbury makes an adequate and classic mother. She does more than that: she has it so that motherhood and love of country live up to their best reputation. It is remarkable though that patriotism and cleverness are seldom found together. Roi Cooper Megrue is a clever man. He was deucedly clever in "Tea for Three". In "Under Orders," he is—well, patriotic. Another thing, the modern playwright lacks the nerve to kill any of his characters. Perhaps the manager

won't let him. We have become so secure in the feeling that characters on the stage will survive, howsoever great their peril, that something is lost from the thrill. Stating the case the other way about, we do not get a genuine thrill, at a dangerous episode, because we know very well that the playwright hasn't the heart to carry the situation to its manifest destiny. The sins of one playwright are visited upon the other. The crime is its own punishment. Seeing that "Under Orders" was intentionally made extraordinary in presentment, there was a big opportunity to go the whole game and bring the play to an unusual climax, one that would linger in the memory like "Virginus". As it is "Under Orders" may be regarded as an extremely interesting play; but it is not the ultimate wonder in its destined class. Thomas and Megrue are to be complimented on their undertaking, or their originality; the undertaking is that of A. H. Woods. Altogether, a notable effort in the right direction.

—L. J.

Brilliant Vaudeville

Accidents will happen, even in the most carefully chosen vaudeville bills. One happened this week at the Orpheum, when every act is worthy of the head-line position. Indeed, large scope is allowed for individual selection for that coveted position, which after all is of relative value only to the performer on salary day. Amelia Stone of perennial pulchritude and pleasing voice is the head-liner with Arman Kaliz, who is an artist of unusual ability,—and he does sing beautiful French. Mrs. Gene Hughes is her usual scream as a grand-mother-in-law of a French girl invader. The two women are delightful. The young husband is refreshingly natural and looks the part of a returned soldier,—one deplors his sophistication,—either as actor or husband. Harry Breen is breezily comic. Maleta Bonconi, a beautiful young woman in exquisite raiment plays the violin exceedingly well—Sybil Vane sings an engaging repertoire, though she unwisely leads one to expect too much when she allows herself to be catalogued as a Galli-Curci. The Seven Honcy Boys insinuate themselves into the favor of their audiences, who are sorry when their act is over. Jean Bell and Ollie Wood are entrancing in a dance number. Mme. Ellis mystifies the credulous and incredulous authors of questionnaires and Dunbar's "Tennessee Ten" complete an entertainment of most unfrequent fascination.

—H. M. B.

Alcazar Attractions

Variety is the spice of theater going, and the flexible new Alcazar company constantly provides it. This week's witty, brilliant farce, "The Naughty Wife," will be followed at next Sunday's matinee by Eugene Walter's tremendous American drama, "Paid in Full," not acted here in seven years, and more vital under today's world conditions than when it was inspired by the dramatist's prophetic vision. Its exposition of the domestic problem of living beyond one's means, to keep up social appearances, is of enormous importance to the young home builders of today. It deals with a throbbing question that involves the security of the community and the very life of the republic. It is a great drama, in theme and characterization; a graphic, gripping commentary on marriage, which is

lacking in individual tolerance and sympathetic unity of purpose. Belle Bennett personates Emma Brooks, one of the loveliest types of true American wifehood ever depicted; Walter P. Richardson, the whimsically humorous philosopher, Joe Smith; Thomas Chatterton, the weak, vacillating, passionate husband, "Jimsy"; Henry Shumer, the big diamond in the rough, Captain Williams; Vaughan Morgan, the Japanese valet; Edna Shaw, the frivolous mother; Jean Oliver, the extravagant debutante.

To follow is Mark Swan's up-to-the-minute motor car farce, "A Regular Feller," a sensational hit at the Cort Theater, New York, less than a month ago. San Francisco, through Alcazar enterprise, will see it while Broadway is still roaring over its satire. It deals with the funny side of automobile salesmanship, tire competition, speed mania and garage troubles.

Opening of the Symphony Season

Town Talk will have gone to press before the inaugural concert of the new symphony season. But indications are that the event will be an historical repetition of opening successes of past seasons, judging by secretary-manager Widenham's report of the sale and the usual society eagerness to attend. The program, Brahms' Second Symphony; Debussy's "Fetes"; "Iphigenia in Aulis," and "Prelude and Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" are the numbers of the well chosen program, which in its entirety will be repeated on Sunday, Oct. 12th, at the Curran, with Hertz conducting and the personnel of the orchestra the same, although popular prices will prevail. Tickets are to be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the symphony conducts a permanent box office. On concert days tickets are to be had at the theater. The series of "Pop" concerts will be opened on Sunday afternoon, October 19, in the Curran Theater. Conductor Hertz devotes as much study and rehearsal to these events as he does to the more classical concerts. The "Pop" series has been most successful in the past and vast interest is being shown in it this year, for the demand for season tickets was greater than ever before. Hertz aims to make his "Pop" programs appeal to the lover of the more obvious melodies, as well as to the technical musician, and his programs are always appealingly assembled. Following is the program for the first "Pop," to be performed Sunday afternoon, October 19: Overture, "Fra Diavolo" (Auber); Larghetto from Symphony No. 2 (Beethoven); Ballet Suite from "Henry VIII" (Saint-Saens); overture, "Phedre" (Massenet); Minuet (Boccherini); Moment Musical (Schubert-Stock); march Slav (Tchaikowsky).

American Syncopated Singers

Soothing savage breasts is but one mission of music. You may perchance belong to the negligible group who nod in church—lulled into unconsciousness by the slumber-inducing sabbath harmonies. Yet you will find these same sacred airs, ideally rendered, wakefully inspiring. Such is the magic wrought by George Edmund Dulf, conductor of the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, and who is known to every man who went overseas as the leader of the Black Devils Band, which played for Generals Foch, Matin and Pershing. In one of the most artistic programs ever given by any group of professionals, these forty or more men of the colored race are exemplifying the trend of syncopation in the composition of modern popular music. The orchestra, under the direction of James R. Saville, will appear here on Monday evening, November 10th, under the Healy management.

As truly American as is its constitution, is the music which the negro race has evolved from the rhythmic half-chants originating in the southern cottonfields. They have emotionalized the play impulse and given music the high lights and subtle humor of syncopation. Later day "jazz," looked at askance by many professed "high-brows," is strongly indicative of a new development in music. It is to harmony what "free verse" is to poetry. Music lovers and others are equally attracted by the novel variations offered by the American singers and players, whose repertoire ranges from the well known classics—vocal and instrumental—to the appealing strains of negro "spirituals" and of plantation melodies. Glimpses of the humor which so-called "black face" artists have never successfully imitated creep into these programs almost spontaneously. Audience and players alike respond to the "mere joy in the doing," which these clever performers infuse into their music making.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present another great new show next week headed by "Not Yet Marie," a brilliant little musical comedy produced by C. B. Maddock. It introduces a company of fifteen people, which includes such prominent principals as William Edmunds and William Cotton (late features with legitimate musical comedy), Hazel Boyne (heretofore vaudeville headliner), and Dorothy Shirley, who has achieved success in prima donna roles. "Not Yet Marie" is from the prolific pen of Frank Stammers, the lyrics and music are by Lieut. Ballard McDonald and Nat Osborne. The scenery and costumes are elaborate and have been the cause of general praise. The action takes place in the studio of an Italian artist, who has a dozen handsome models posing for him. The fun is fast and the songs of the catchy variety and interwoven is a story with a strong human appeal.

Farrell Taylor, who is unrivalled as a black-face comedian, will appear in a musical farce called "The Black Duke." It introduces Edith Swan, the celebrated lady trombonist and Carlena Diamond, vaudeville's youngest harpist. Martelle, who with the exception of Julian Eltinge, is the best impersonator of the opposite sex, will present a decidedly clever and amusing act. Jack Sidney and Isabel Townley, popular comedians, will appear in a sparkling comedietta, "A Subway Flirtation". Donald E. Roberts, who styles himself, "The Strolling Tenor," possesses a splendid voice of wide range and bell-like clearness. Billy Fern and company will present a wordless play entitled "A Quiet Evening," which is a combination of feats and fun. Harry Breen, the rapid-fire song writer, and Amelia Stone and Arman Kaliz in "A Song Romance" will be the only holdovers in the bill.

At the Curran

"Under Orders," excellently rendered by Zeffie Tilbury and Richard L. Tucker, and produced here by the well known eastern manager, A. H. Woods, will begin its second and final week at the Curran Theater, Sunday night, Oct. 12. The play is unique in the fact that only two persons form the cast, each playing a dual role, and in that it carries no love story. Miss Tilbury plays the American mother, who is willing to sacrifice all for duty; and in the role of the German mother, of American descent, who does not forget her native land in the hour of need, her acting is strong. Mr. Tucker plays the part of the two sons with thrilling effect. On Sunday night, October 19, comes Trixie Friganza in a new comedy with music, "Poor Mama!"

"Night in Korea"

Inspirational Fete and Salon Concert

Hotel St. Francis

Italian Salon
Colonial Room

Saturday Night, October 11th, at 8:15 o'clock
First Part—Salon Concert

Second Part—Guest Dancing and Divertissement
No fees. Cards of Invitation on Request from the Secretary, M. Donel, Douglas 2769.

YOU ARE REMINDED TO SECURE CARDS EARLY

Orpheum
O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

"NOT YET MARIE," a Musical Comedy written and staged by Frank Stammers, with William Edmunds, William Cotton, Hazel Boyne and Dorothy Shirley; FARRELL TAYLOR COMPANY in a Musical Farce, "The African Duke"; MARTELLE, a Gleaming Personality; JACK SIDNEY & ISABEL TOWNLEY, a Subway Flirtation; DONALD E. ROBERTS, "The Strolling Tenor"; BILLY FERN AND COMPANY, in His Pantomimic Comedy, "A Quiet Evening"; HARRY BREEN, the Rapid Fire Song Writer; AMELIA STONE and ARMAN KALIZ in "A Song Romance".

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE NAUGHTY WIFE"

Greatest Farcical Comedy in Years

WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 12

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

In Eugene Walter's Tremendous Drama

"PAID IN FULL"

Graphic, Gripping Play of Domestic Life

Vibrant with Laughter—Quivering with Emotion

Oct. 19—Mark Swan's New Motor Car Farce

"A REGULAR FELLOW"

Up-to-the-Minute Automobile Absurdity

Hits on Every Cylinder—San Francisco Sees It While

New York Is Still Roaring Over It

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

1ST SUN. SYMPHONY CONCERT
CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Oct. 12, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Gluck.....Overture, "Iphigenia in Aulis"
Brahms.....Symphony No. 2, D-Major
Debussy....."Fetes"
Wagner.....Prelude and Love Death

From "Tristan and Isolde"

PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only.

NEXT—Sunday, Oct. 19, First "Pop" Concert

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY EVE., OCT. 12

A. H. Woods Presents

The Emphatic Dramatic Novelty

"UNDER ORDERS"

By Berte Thomas—Revised and Elaborated
by Roi Cooper Megee

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

NEXT—Sun. Oct. 19—TRIXIE FRIGANZA in
"Poor Mama!"

NEW ART FOR POLITICIANS

(Continued from Page 3)

parent. It is this difference that counts; and it will count in the ballot box. Therefore, do not tell the story that every one else is telling. It is the stifling unanimity of the verbiage that raises a suspicion in the mind of the voter. Give him something new to think about, and he will have an inkling that you could do something new in office. First reform the methods of political publicity, and your promise to reform your office will be credited. Here is the way a commonplace and uninteresting statement can be turned into readable stuff. For instance, "I will conduct the office of district attorney to the best of my ability. I will drive out the professional bondsmen". Free verse would put it this way:

Upon my banners, poppy-flashing
With brightness, fac simile of sunrise,
I yield to no dishonor.
And I cry out broadcast
To the surreptitious marauder
And to the empire-shaking fanatic
And to the semi-erratic wayfarer
And to the peripatetic vampire,
Tremble!
And see ye yon professional bondsmen
Lurking in the shadows
Of the municipal marble,
And slinking like many evil things
Vertically
Along the horizontal planes
Of the Civic Center.
On the morrow, they shall be gone.
If I am elected.
Such is my promise, fellow music-lovers
And mirth-provokers of peace.
Elect me, and on the morrow, they,
The bondsmen professional are gone—
Gone!

There is a certain vivacity about the above that goes for truth. The sincerity of it could never be doubted. All originators enjoy that advantage. It is the imitator who bears the self-imposed stigma of insincerity, for he merely copies the words of others, and may be presumed to model himself after their deeds. The particular virtue of jazz verse is its spontaneity. It follows no rules; it submits to no regulations, and for that matter alone should commend itself to the man who is his own political boss. Everybody is running independently now. Instead of maintaining old-time party controversies, election has become a free-for-all fight. A hundred personalities are getting ready for the fray. The new art, poetry and music are at their service. It is all a matter of self expression. They who have anything to express will avail themselves of every means. Not everybody can be elected; but all can give a good account of themselves. Let the slogan be originality. And let's hope that the most original gets the most votes.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION

By Cardinal Wiseman

When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment in the gestures of their bodies. You never see among them two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in parliament, or to file one in chancery, or to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or

holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honorable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict from time to time a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy.

Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a cafe in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk along the noisy street of Toledo a Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently on his companion's arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvelous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last "Sir Oracle" speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propositions be positive. If negative, the forefinger alone will remain extended and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces.

When the solemn sentence has been pronounced and enforced by a dignified toss of the head it is the other's turn. But the dictum was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, 'you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation, "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the outworks of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to pray but to bray, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with *abbia pazienza* (be patient) a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and, as the sentence closes, the hands are separated and fly apart. If the point is not carried the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal.

All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points are placed upon the forehead, which bends forward towards the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that if he have brains he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands, separately raised, the palms turned down-

wards. *E vero, ha ragione, or non si puo negare* (it is true, I am right, or it is not to be denied), are doubtless the accompanying words.

Husbands and Wives

Had Mrs. Socrates been an affectionate and doting wife, we should have had fewer of these words of wisdom which fell from her unfortunate husband's lips. His wit, we doubt not, was sharpened in the fiery furnace of affliction. Had Wesley been the possessor of a comfortable fireside, he might never have travelled far and near to charm, revive and quicken a faded world. Had Rip Van Winkle not been driven out of house and home, we should never have known his famous story.

But we fear we may go too far! We have been telling all about angelic, or semi-angelic, husbands who were married to shrews, and now we hear indignant and insistent voices urging that we should say something, preferably a good deal, about the other side of the picture, about the angelic wives who have been married to husbands who turned out to be—we shall not shrink from saying it—monstrous! Is that language pungent enough, fair ladies? Then there is the class which is even larger, "the ancient order of misanthropes and grumblers." There are also the stingy men, who complain of the price of their wives' hats and dresses and refuse "a little housekeeping money"—except at the point of the bayonet—and other varieties of husbands too numerous to mention. With much sagacity did Lord Bacon remark, "It is often seen that bad husbands have very good wives."

Our own R. L. Stevenson has also said his say. But his wonder is, not that there should be so much, but so little discord, or, at all events, so little publicity. He has been thinking over the matter, pipe in mouth, and looking dreamily and meditatively into the fire, and he delivers himself thus: "I am often filled with wonder that so many marriages are passably successful, and so few come to open failure, the more so as I fail to understand the principles on which people regulate their choice. I see women marrying indiscriminately with staring burgesses and ferret-faced white-eyed boys, and men dwell in contentment with noisy scullions or taking into their lives acidulous vestals."

Alas, Venice

A young woman who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that she liked all the Italian cities, but most of all she loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure," said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with the gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michael Angelo."

"Oh, no!" the young lady interrupted; "it wasn't that. He liked it because he could sit in the hotel and fish from the window."

She Wouldn't Be Denied

There was a minister whose little daughter was very wilful, and one evening at bedtime, she refused to sleep without him. Her mother went upstairs. "Now, Margery, you've to lie down and be a good girl."

Margery lay down. When the mother had settled in her chair she heard a voice, "Mother, I'm thirsty. I want water. Let daddie bring some."

There was no answer. Then a plaintive wee voice called, "Mother, there's a mouse in my room. Let daddie kill it."

Still there was no reply. After a further silence a peremptory call came, "Mrs. Gray, I'm a very sick woman; I want my pastor AT ONCE."

ROB GRAHAM

(Continued from Page 5)

and particularly when Rob was engaged with the animal, they were to run hither and thither, and by derisive shouts draw it away in any required direction. This and other measures being understood, the play commented.

There was a united shout, the handkerchiefs were wildly waved. Next, a provoking cry of "Bull, bull, bull!" assailed the object of attack. It was like a trumpet summons to battle.

The bull, being unacquainted with the programme, was apparently unable to comprehend the meaning of the sudden uproar. Lifting his head inquiringly, he viewed the force which invited his attention. "Only four boys; I shall soon settle them." If the Eshielly bull had any mind at all, that is what he probably thought of them. They were only worthy of his contempt. Still there came the provoking cry of "Bull, bull, bull!" uttered with offensive reiteration. The challenge was to the last degree insulting. There was an impertinence in it that was unendurable. Coming to this conclusion, up went the bull's tail, as if shaking out a banner of defiance, and with a mighty roar he moved at a trot which gradually increased in speed.

He was a grand sight. There he came frenziedly on with his surly white face, his generally dun color, his black muzzle, and short pointed horns. Well shaped, he would have taken a prize at Islington, even in these days of advanced culture. At a bound he cleared a low dike near the river, to which he went as direct as an arrow, with a view to attack the foe on their own ground. What did he care for the Tweed? He had forded it dozens of time. He had stood in it up to the middle in hot days with all the cows about him, cooling their legs and whisking their tails to keep off the flies. He would at once cross the river.

In his eagerness to get at the enemy, the Eshielly bull with all his accomplishments failed to remember that at this point fording was impossible, and that he must inevitably take to swimming, which was not exactly within his experience. In his sober moments he might have thought of this. Now, his blood was up, and on he drove right into the pool.

It was a trying moment, but with teeth clenched, Rob never quailed. Like a good soldier going into action, he had but one feeling, and that was to do his duty. Now, then, for it. To throw off his clothes till he stood stark naked, was the work of an instant. Seizing the old oak stick and firmly attaching it by the cord to his wrist, he dashed down the bank into the water. He was a capital swimmer, could dive and turn with a sort of amphibious instinct, as most river side boys can. Courageously he struck out, heading a little to get up stream and bear down on the enemy. About and about he swam, ever with the stick dangling from his wrist. The bull saw his approach, and with a fierce glare turned abruptly towards him. Rob eluded the encounter by diving out of sight. This sudden and strange disappearance considerably disconcerted the bull. He could not imagine what had become of Rob, and in his perplexity determined to proceed towards the bank, on which the boys kept shouting and defying him; so onward he went, more enraged than ever, but somewhat confused in mind from the novelty of the proceedings.

During this by-play Rob had, underneath the water, got skilfully to the rear of the bull. This is what he had all along wanted. He now felt that the day was his own. Approaching the bull stealthily, he got hold of his tail, which was floating conveniently in the water, and

with a degree of dexterity worthy of an acrobat, he leaped at a bound upon his back. A terrible fix this for the Eshielly bull. He never expected to have been made the victim of such a trick. The superior brain of a schoolboy had out-manuevred him. When Rob got fairly astride on the bill, and loosening the cord, flourished the stick in his hand, his boy companions, in their mirth, set up a roar of laughter. It was a pity there was not a larger body of spectators. The scene would have brought down the house at Astley's.

The bull was of course prodigiously annoyed, besides being enraged to madness at finding a boy seated on his back, as if he had been a riding horse let out for hire. No bull in the universe had ever been treated with such atrocious indignity. Moved by these heart-rending considerations, he wriggled, in the hope of getting Rob off his back. As jockeys would say, Rob was firm in the saddle. A horse may plunge and rear and throw his rider, but he does so by having a good footing. The bull had no footing at all. He had no point d'appui. He was swimming for bare life, and had enough to do in keeping his head above water. He had no fins wherewith to propel himself in any required ridection. No webbed feet. His cloven hoofs could make little way in the water. In short, do as he liked, he could not throw his rider. Rob had him at his mercy.

As has been said, Rob had no wish to kill the bull, nor did he wish to maim or seriously injure him. As he used to avow, he wanted to give him "a drilling." He now began operations. With a swing of the arm he brought down the knob of the cudgel with a smart blow on the head of the animal, saying at the same time: "Tak' that, for frightening our Jenny." And so on he went, raining down blows on the head and shoulders, always repeating: "Tak' that, and, that, for frightening our Jenny. I'll learn you no to be sae ready crossing the river and running after people." The bull perhaps did not understand the full force of Rob's meaning; but he knew he was overpowered in a way to bring down his pride.

"Hit him on the horns, Rob," cried Sandy Clapperton. "He'll no like that."

Rob was not a cruel boy. He had true courage and generosity, and would not take a mean advantage of his enemy. He accordingly did not feel inclined to strike the bull on the horns, for he might have broken or dislodged one of these appendages, and damaged the beast past recovery. So he continued to beat him in a manner to be painful and mortifying without being absolutely injurious. It was amazing how this untutored country lad knew the exact length he might reasonably go. There was no small degree of intuitive common sense. Swimming about in a lumbering way, the Eshielly bull was for the first time made amenable to discipline. By the persuasive agency of the walking stick, he was constrained to swim in a kind of circle, as if performing in a piece of horsemanship at a circus. It was important never to let him get so near the land on either side as to find a footing. He was kept as nearly as possible in the middle of the pool, round about and round about, beaten with the oak stick all the way, and told by Rob that he was punished as a mean-spirited wretch for running after and frightening little girls.

The play lasted about half an hour. During that time, in its gyrations in the water, Rob gave the bull what he considered a proper chastisement. Reduced to extremity, it had no heart to prosecute the war. It was fain to get back to its own side of the water. Rob indulged it in this laudable desire, for he thought

he had humiliated it sufficiently. He let it make for the north side of the river. Just as its fore-feet touched the ground, he gave it a parting thwack which it was likely to remember. And dropping off at the tail, he bade the bull good morning. The beast staggered away in an exhausted and dazed condition to whence it came, with its tail between its legs, and cowed in a way that never bull was before. Having done his duty, Rob swam across to the southern bank, with his grandfather's stick in his teeth, and was congratulated on his gallantry by his juvenile companions, as also by the miller in his dusty garments, and two or three other spectators who had collected at the spot.

From that day forward the Eshielly bull never crossed the river, nor did he run impetuously to attack strangers passing on the highway. The nonsense was taken out of him. As the Peebles folk said, in their old-fashioned vernacular, he had got "a staw"—meaning an effectual surfeit. The proprietor of the bull affected to be angry at the way the animal had been treated; but was only laughed at. The thing was too ludicrous to be taken up seriously.

Rob never boasted of his exploit, nor did he care for its being mentioned. The incident is long since forgotten; perhaps not remembered by a single person alive but the present narrator. As far as we have heard, Rob Graham, who might be designated the "gallant Graham," dropped into the position of a ploughman, from which he rose by his industry and intelligence to be a griever or land steward in the neighborhood. Unlearned, yet sagacious; valiant, yet docile; humble, yet manly and independent, Rob might be accepted as a specimen of those "hardy sons of toil" spoken of feelingly by Burns in melodious verse, and of whom the poet himself is recognized as having been an illustrious example.

"Bonny Jenny Graham," Rob's sister, is said to have been married to a farmer in the west country, and this is all we can tell of the gem of the old burgh school, the "Flower of Kailzie."

"Are they seasoned troops?" "They ought to be. They were first mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy!"

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a most interesting market the past week from every point of view; but particularly so because of the strength of the general list, as well as the advance to the high records in some of the specialties. Considering the array of bear news that seemed to come out at the same time, the action of the market speaks well for its general indulging strength and the confidence the trade had in the stability of the market. The principal disturbing factor market-wise was the illness of our president, but as time went on more reassuring messages from Washington gave encouragement, and while he may be ill for some time, there is no danger. The steel strike seems to have lost its force, and with the mills either running or preparing to run and the men deserting the ranks of the strikers, traders were hopeful of an early settlement. The winning of the steel strike by the big corporation will have a far-reaching effect and no doubt will put a stop to other strikes that would undoubtedly have been called had the big corporation given in to the men. The English strike that looked serious for a time has finally been called off. This was another factor that caused considerable uneasiness early in the week. Wall Street would like to see the Peace Treaty out of the way and is anxious to have the president attend the labor conference if possible. It is expected that this conference will be postponed, as it is hardly probable that his physicians will permit him to attend at present. It is unfortunate that the indisposition of the Chief Executive should come at this time and yet confidence in the future is not diminished in the least. There was some selling of stocks early in the week on the unfavorable news, but investors did not let go and while the market showed some losses generally, it was due more to the general belief among traders that some of the stocks had advanced too rapidly and a natural reaction was due. The railroads came to the front again, and while the advance was considered fractional, prices were well maintained and it looked as if this class of stocks were being gradually absorbed by large investors. Congress will take up the rail legislation soon and a good many are inclined to the belief that a bill will be framed and passed before the end of the year that will be of benefit to the railroads. The oil stocks were again strong and higher with the highest priced oils commanding the most attention. There is so much prosperity in the oil business that it can be said that all oil companies are getting their share, and if there is one class of securities that has not discounted the future, it is the oils. The consumption of oil is increasing, and while the production is also showing an increase, as yet there is no burdensome stock to contend with and prices are well maintained. There was some very good

buying of Royal Dutch the past week, said to be on reports from abroad, that the directors of the company are about to issue some new stock to present stockholders, allowing them to subscribe at par for one hundred shares of new stock for every three hundred shares of old stock they own. It was further said that a substantial cash dividend would also be declared at the next meeting. We feel we have seen the worst of the labor troubles, both here and abroad, and with general business in this country going on at such a rate that the demand for material exceeds the production, we can see nothing but prosperity ahead in all lines of trade and believe this situation will be reflected in the market by a further rise in stocks that will extend well into the new year.

Cotton—Cotton prices were under pressure the entire week and notwithstanding the general unfavorable reports from the belt, prices were off as much as two cents per pound. The action of the U. S. Shipping Board in holding up vessels loading for British ports because of the possibility of congestion at these ports due to the railroad strike in England further curtailed exports. Exports have been light of late, and this was the last straw. Sterling exchange was lower, with Italian and French exchange a shade higher. Inasmuch as Sterling exchange occupies the position of prime importance in cotton foreign dealings, the strength in other exchange rates was a negligible factor. Continuous heavy rains throughout the southern section of the belt cut down the prospective yield to a prospect of less than eleven million bales. The insect damage is the most serious ever known, the boll weevil and the boll worm being especially disastrous. The boll weevil is invading the largest acreage ever recorded. Under the present unsatisfactory labor conditions it will be impossible to gather the crop without serious damage to grade caused by cotton being permitted to stand in the fields and this will result in record-breaking shortage in good grade cotton. As a result this crop will show probably the lowest average grade on record. At present the crop promise is around ten and one-half million bales, but when the government revises its acreage, which will be in December, this estimate will be reduced. Trade look at the total figures, including the carry-over from last year, which would give us fifteen million bales for the year's consumption, and with European demand so small it makes our total look large. However, the world is short of cotton goods and with the peace treaty out of the way cotton will be in great demand abroad and with the strong financial position of the grower, prices will work higher. We believe cotton should be bought at present level for an investment, and would advocate the purchase of the May option.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

Letters

Nora's Twin Sister

Here is the story of stories for little girls. Twelve-year-old Nora lived in a New York apartment with her widowed mother. There had been a twin sister exactly like Nora, but the mother could not provide for two, and so one had been given to a wealthy family for adoption. The new mother had not lived long and Nora's sister was in a way to be spoiled by indulgence. By chance the children meet, and the wilful sister insists upon a visit with her real mother. The latter is finally moved to consent to an apparently innocent and easily managed plan for allowing the children to exchange places for one night. But in the morning, with all going well, Nora is taken to meet relatives and finds herself on a ship bound for Bermuda to meet her supposed father, and expected to be overjoyed at the surprise. Nora is brave, and as resourceful as her honest nature will permit, but one is kept wondering what will happen next until the very end, which is a happy one.—By Nina Rhodes. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.

The Liberty Girl

Nathalie Page, seventeen, an ardent young patriot, forms a club called "The Liberty Girls," where not only high ideals of liberty are taught, but the girls have the best of good times. Later, at the mountains, Nathalie continues her patriotic service by teaching some little waifs what liberty means, illustrating it by the grandeur and mystical silences of the beautiful White Hills. Here, she not only becomes an active figure in a plot centered in a peculiar will, a mystery room, and some strange happenings at a summer resort, but a soldier boy from Camp Mills, a wounded English soldier from overseas, and a splendid young woman, a nurse, play important and interesting roles. The author's rare

gift of conveying patriotic knowledge through incident and action is brought out in most timely form. Nathalie and other characters have already appeared in "Blue Robin, the Girl Pioneer," but this good story is complete in itself. For all girls from fourteen and upward.—By Rena I. Halsey. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.

Billy Vanilla

This is the story of Billy Vanilla, whose real name was William McMillan and who was the nicest little boy you ever read about. Then there were Shaggy Boy, with his woolly things for cold weather; the Boy a Thousand Years Old, who knew almost everything; the Man with the Red Whiskers, who was as good and kind as he was strong; the Little Old Lady, who wasn't so very old after all; Little Silver Locks, just a girl, but a likable one; and Carlo, that had to have a part in and of everything, even the cream caramels. There were many snowbirds and some other birds, more dogs than Carlo, and even some wolves, and one big red bull that fortunately was a coward. These children hunted for buried treasure, organized a crusade, went in search of the North Pole, and figured in some very exciting times, but came out safe and sound and grew dearer than ever to those who were glad to see them happy. Finally, there was a very glad occasion. A book that you will all just have to keep on reading, even if it was written for children of ten or eleven and younger. Billy Vanilla was only five, but the Boy a Thousand Years Old makes up for all that.—By Sol N. Sheridan. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.

When I Was a Girl in Iceland

"When I Was a Girl in Iceland," the latest addition to the well-liked "Children of Other Lands Books," is a book of childhood memories by Holmfridur Arnadottir. Miss Arnadottir was born in Iceland and lived there until she came

to America about a year and a half ago. She is now a teacher of Icelandic and Danish languages in the extension department of Columbia University. Her book describes vividly the very things that boys and girls most wish to know about any country—how the people live, what the children do at home and at school, what games and sports they like best, what are their favorite stories and legends. There is an interesting chapter about places of historical interest in Iceland as seen through the eyes of an Icelandic girl. The last chapter tells how the author happened to come to America and what she thinks of this country.—Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.

A Serbian Epitaph

After the retreat of the Serbian army across the mountains of Albania in 1915, the survivors who reached the coast were shipped to Corfu. Here, and in the neighboring island of Vido, many of them died—to begin with, at the rate of hundreds a day. Some were buried at sea. Others lie in common graves. In the midst of the mounds which mark their resting-place and which vary in size, there stands a cross. On it is a Serbian inscription, written by the poet V. Stanimirovic, which may be translated thus:

Never a Serbian flower shall bloom
In exile on our far-off tomb.
Our little ones shall watch in vain;
Tell them we shall not come again.

Yet greet for us our fatherland,
And kiss for us her sacred strand.
These mounds shall tell the years to be
Of men who died to make her free.
—(Translated by L. F. Waring, in the
Westminster Gazette.)

You may do something with a hard man, you
can do nothing with a cold man.—De Sivy.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

8-9-19

Just Issued SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

32ND ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1919

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families

CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES

EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

SAN FRANCISCO
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME
SAN MATEO
ATHERTON
MENLO PARK
REDWOOD PARK
SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



NAMES BY STREETS

OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
SAN DIEGO

Including the leading men's and women's clubs of San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Sacramento and principal cities of California, giving the officers and members with addresses. Permanent guests of the principal hotels, personnel of the press, and theater diagrams. The list of names will be arranged alphabetically for reference. Also the names and addresses of prominent residents throughout California. Now being compiled and reservations made.

The Blue Book Lists Are Invaluable for Addressing Your Correspondence
For changes in address, subscriptions, advertising rates, etc., send to

SMITH-HOAG CO., Inc., Publishers

340 Sansome Street, San Francisco

Phone Douglas 1229



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

*Which is
the jewel?*



MURAD

**THE TURKISH
CIGARETTE**

TOWN TALK

California State Library
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1427

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 18, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Carnegie Philosophy
Costumes of the Air
Civic League Rumpus
Tale of Primitive Man
Stage, Finance, Society
Protect American Dyes
Psychology of Precocity
A King and Queen Pass By
A Recollection of Al Murphy
Too Much Consideration for Labor
Mrs. George Kessler, Angel of Mercy
San Francisco's Loss of Asiatic Trade

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, October 18, 1919

No. 1427

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Kindness to Criminals

Freedom is so revered that deprivation of it is considered punishment enough for those who have committed crime. The spirit of medieval times was to wreak punishment in many ways, the hideous prison being only a means to a more horrible end. The idea today is that an amiable confiscation of the offending person be made as an example to others and a rest cure for his evil propensities. In the course of his meditation he may see the error of carrying a burglar's kit instead of a plumber's outfit. Addiction to burglary is a habit not easily reformed. Unto the professional criminal, kindness may operate only as another opportunity and further incentive for the plying of his craft. This fact does not, and should not necessarily, deter philanthropists from making further experiment with human material that has gone astray. In some measure, humane sentiments toward the prisoner arise from the self-conviction that society is partly to blame. This indeed is an assertion so frequently made that it has become accepted as a matter of course. The logical conclusion then is that society, being somewhat culpable, cannot consistently do other than lighten the punishment of its accessory, the criminal himself, even though he is the sole perpetrator and actor of the crime. So there are jail reforms as well as social reforms. More advantage has accrued inside than out of prison walls, because the reform of the free people has lacked sincerity and wisdom. Had we in some way bettered our conditions to correspond with the betterment of the jailbirds, we would have a vastly superior world with which to greet them on their return; that is, we should be able to show them a better world than they left. Some of them take one look at us, and then go back to the penitentiary. A prison at its best, and the habits that are formed there, still remain such that judges are loth to penalize a non-hardened culprit, if a way

can be found out of the dilemma—for dilemma it is, between the penal code and a human soul. While some judges do not go as far as others, the presiding magistrate would be deemed an unworthy occupant of the police court bench, should he sentence in routine every man who is proven guilty before him. We recognize certain accidents to the virtuous or near-virtuous mind—certain strong pulls of temptation when the mind and the body are weak with privation. After such an offense, the offending spirit may be amenable to reason and good judgment and a sympathetic application of the law or a still more sympathetic armistice of legal machinery. Thus a suspension of sentence is supposed to bring about the same reform that was once the object of a long term behind the bars.

Another View of the Criminal

The above mentioned judge is a candidate for district attorney. His opponent, the present incumbent, is a guaranteed nemesis to

The other night, when the merits of the two candidates for district attorney were being debated for endorsement of the Civic League, one of the Fickert partisans said, in allusion to the ever-benign Judge Brady: "If on my way home tonight, some thug hits me on the head and takes away my money, I don't want the judge next morning, to tell the fellow a funny story and let him go." This is a slight exaggeration. Robbery is not one of the offenses for which a court will relate an anecdote of a humorous nature. It brings into argument another side of the case—the right of the victim to be avenged, rather in behalf of the community to which he belongs. Yet vengeance is not a part of the scheme. The victim of a gross crime is justified in desiring that the malefactor be brought to justice. If the offense be slight, he should be in a mood to cooperate for a reform outside of prison walls. Usually as a part of organized society, he does not feel that he has contributed to the crime. The possession of a watch does not seem to make one accessory to the crime of taking it from him. Still, the possession of wealth is a temptation to a hungry man. It is this responsibility which is at the basis of the inquiry. And that is something new. At one time, crime was an institution of the devil; subsequently the criminal was presumed to be the sole guilty spirit; then the victim was included in the deal. Finally the very prison to which the culprit is sent has been found to have a share in the next wickedness which he engages in. On the whole, parole systems have been found worthy of humane patronage. Likewise it has been

found that the worse a felon is treated the more revenge is in his heart when his term expires. So kindness throughout the punishment is a fairly good investment of the commonwealth. It does not assuage the instincts of the professional criminal; and he will never do right, no matter how well he be treated. King Albert of Belgium has praised our schools. Any of his ancestors, with opportunity for travel here today, as a ghostly visitor from the past, would find praise for our jails. These are also schools. In some quarters, more than the necessary amount of sentiment has been evinced for the criminal class. Their life is better safeguarded than that of many honest men outside the jails. Perhaps some day there will be taken into account the honorable delinquents of toil, the hopeless and homeless, men who look upon themselves as prisoners of misfortune, and they may be included in that sympathy which be extended to all the unfortunate, voluntary and involuntary, within and without the prisons.

The Shortage of Sugar and Kitchenettes

In an ideal state of industry, enough sugar would be produced to give every man the right number of lumps in his coffee. Another view might have it that the ideal man takes his coffee without sugar. This is as much as to say that there is just as much fallacy in the demand as in the supply of any commodity. When prices get too high, it is time to learn that you are better off without the article—even shoes. It is this diversity of opinion that makes one thing and another a matter of speculation, which results in gambling on what the people are about to do and eat and wear next season. There is also some guesswork on the locality where they will dwell. An ideal city would have a home for every family, with a budget for the exact number of families that would be acquiring homes during the next fiscal year. It has been repeatedly published that houses, flats, apartments and sugar are sufficing not the demand in the larger cities. From which we infer that the life of the average man today is not sweet enough, and that some of him has been left out in the cold. Just when everybody is housed, more or less comfortably, some couple will break away from their family ties, and marry; they then hunt for a mansion with a view of the bay, or two rooms and a kitchenette with a view of a grocery store. When Sally Black acceded to the proposition of Joe Bowers (and said it was a whack) she added, "before we hitch for life,

you ought to have a little home to keep your little wife." Maybe Joe built one with his own hands, his friends helping in their spare time. Today, the would-be husband relies on fate and the real estate agents, without even warning the latter six months in advance. He mails his check for the gas, electric and water deposits, and, if everything is not piping hot on his arrival, rushes to the telephone and complains bitterly. Within a few months, if his salary is raised or he wins a little fortune in oil stocks, he looks around for a better home, if not a better wife. Thus there is a shifting population, which the landlords must take into account. If everybody would stay put for ten years at a period, the supply and demand of things would be in better way all round. But this is an age of unrest, if one may use the term again. Anyway, the unrest has been proven, and the fact remains that society must pay a big price for it. We have the word of our food expert that the country has produced more sugar this year than ever; yet there is not enough. Can it be that we are drinking much of it in those clammy, jammy glasses with pewter holders? The soda fountain may have caused the sugar shortage, and may also be accountable for the short renting lists. The loving couples can spoon over a schooner of ice cream, and then make up their minds that they need a flat. The rise in the price of both is not so much to be feared as a scarcity. People will pay the price; but if the article is not to be had, that is another thing. Then we approach a state of famine. We have heard housekeepers say that sugar is hard to get at the groceries, yet have heard nobody assert that the purchase is impossible. So the truth must be that there

is an inequality of distribution. It is the same with homes. They may be hard to find when most families are looking in the same few neighborhoods. If they be willing to go further out, as eventually they must, and help improve other localities, they may find better accommodations than they expected, though not in what they fancied the right place. Evidently it is difficult for a hundred million persons to adjust themselves so that the channels of trade will supply them with automatic precision. However, increase of demand is no excuse for a raise in price. This may seem iconoclastic. Yet augmented purchasers should rather lower than raise the price. For if producers and merchants know that they will dispose of all the product, there is no waste. The consumer buys everything on the market, and the machinery of production and distribution is less costly. Greed is the only argument for charging more when more persons buy. Even scarcity of a commodity does not justify its higher price, except where such scarcity raises the cost of production.

Two Atlantic Oceans in Trade

A few years ago, the merchants of this city were telling one another what they would do with the world trade, which supposedly lay at our doors. At that time, Opportunity entered without knocking, wrote out a check, and departed with the cargoes. The war had played havoc with the ports of the world, and San Francisco was in a position to profit by the disaster. The question was widely asked—could she retain control after the war? San Francisco was willing to tell the world that she could. A great deal was said about the

geographical position of the Golden Gate, with its harbor in the rear. Not all the optimists were students of geography; but they took it for granted that we are nearer than New York is to the Orient. Some of the disappointed ones now claim that it is not only the geographical but the phrenological aspect that counts, and that certain craniums in and about the Golden West were grossly exaggerated when the praise went round. When you hear an explanation of why New York City got ahead of San Francisco in one thing or another, the answer is lack of co-operation out here. Usually when San Francisco sets her heart on anything, she gets it, a model of cooperation. The P. P. I. E. is a good case in point. Apparently after the exposition, the compatibility for pulling together was exhausted in some places. At any rate, the Atlantic Coast gets the benefit of being nearest to Europe and nearest to Asia, if that means anything. They are nearest because they are right there with the publicity and all-pull-together stuff. All San Francisco can now do is to recapture the prize. That cannot be done in a week or a month. Yet those who are engaged in exporting should not be discouraged, if they discover that the work in the right direction will consume a year or more. It will be good practice when something else is desired. Of course, the Asiatic trade was said to be the most important factor in the success of this port. Its loss cannot be taken lightly. Yet lightly it must have taken place, as no one saw what was going on until all was over. Or was it another case of nobody wishing to be called pessimistic, and everybody keeping silent until too late?

Tale of Primitive Man

By Andrew Lang

He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees,
An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

His communal wives, at his ease,
He would curb with occasional blows;
Or his State had a queen, like the bees
(As another philosopher trows):
When he spoke, it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

From a status like that of the Crees,
Our society's fabric arose,—
Develop'd, evolved, if you please,
But deluded chronologists chose,
In a fancied accordance with Moses, 4004 B. C.
for the span
When he rushed on the world and its woes,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

He worshipp'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshipp'd the rive that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked-up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their noise,—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man.

On the coasts that incessantly freeze,
With his stoncs, and his bones, and his bows;
On luxuriant tropical leas,
Where the summer eternally glows,
He is found, and his habits disclose
(Let theology say what she can)
That he lived in the long, long agos,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

But the mild anthropologist,—he's
Not recent inclined to suppose
Flints Palaeolithic like these,
Quaternary bones such as those!
In Rhinoceros, Mammoth and Co.'s,
First epoch, the Human began,
Theologians all to expose,—
'Tis the mission of Primitive Man.

The Artistic Temperament

Lionel Josaphare

A man without temperament would be an idiot. Many opinions to the contrary, no well balanced mind is devoid of moods to fluctuate it. Temperament is the climate of the soul; moods are the weathers.

With men, as with various regions of the earth, there is to each a climatic preponderance; long winters and insufficient summer, or vice versa, excessive heat or cold, each a cause of stagnation and somnolence. To the properly tempered mind, there is never a dull moment. Repetition causes no monotony. Thus an everyday act, such as sitting to breakfast or putting on a coat or glancing heavenward when emerging from the house, arouse thoughts which to most minds are vaguely felt, if at all. It is poor policy to let the glimpses of the universe and little details of closer environment become platitudinous, as if they were mere phrases of tedious meaning. The world glitters with novelty, powerful to the emotions; and so the temperamental mind sees it.

Then the question—why has this been called the artistic temperament? Why does it not pertain to all? Perhaps this is the answer: the ordinary man rejoices and repines, dances or despairs according to customs which tell him that a thing is to be laughed at, wept at, danced at, or despaired of. To him there is a special time or subject for all these matters. Breakfast has one mood; a banquet, another; so too a chat at the club, a walk in the street, a seat in the theater. Throughout social intercourse, each event has its manner. Together they constitute the ordinary temperament. The artist—to use a general term for an artistic observer—does not feel bound by such flimsy laws. The summer warmth of his mind, the wintry meditations, the equinoctial gales occur at no stated intervals. He enjoys a springtime whenever so disposed. Having sung like a lark on arising from bed, it is farthest from his mind to keep on singing when the mood has ceased, or repeat the song every day, or arise at the same hour, or shake off a frown when with other men it is time for optimism.

This reminds one. There is a widespread notion that temperament and temper are the same. This is a pessimistic and restricted view. Temper is winter; temperament, the four seasons. A man who rages from scene to scene in the notion that he is displaying temperament, is like one who surveys his hilltop or housetop as most of the world. The fully temperamental person sways from tears to laughter as a child. He leads the complete serio-comic procession of the grand, grotesque and fantastic shapes, realities and shadows. What though at times his laughter be solemn, and his tears be comic, they all have some meaning in his train. Anger has a small part in the tournament. It is oft an affectation. Temperament is innocence. It is all.

The mind of the infant is temperamental to a high degree. The artist is more or less child, all greatness partaking somewhat of a child's innocent vision. It is part of the artist's equipment to retain the little fighting toys, the images, makeshifts and nonsense of childhood, for some purposes superior to maturer tactics. And if he have not kept, must deliberately seek them amid the complexities of his age.

Unto the ordinary man, with increasing years, comes modesty, a deadly weapon of offense, an instrument deadening to the hand that holds it.

Back and forth it puts to sleep all the sweeter animations. Then the delightful storms of childhood are lost in artifice, discretion, stolidity, stupidity. Good manners give stupidity a graceful air.

The general idea is that each occasion has its own formalities. Go beyond that and you come to cynicism, wit, individuality, inventiveness—all of which are bad manners. A gentleman obeys those laws whereby the punishment is only a stare, a frown, a grin. So one may construe for himself how it is to be a gentleman in the presence of a mountain peak as before a lady. Then we can have men behold an ocean, a jeweled cigarette case, a gloomy landscape and a woman's dressing case, in the one even mood. He who stands before a volcano or a well painted portrait, and murmurs "wonderful," is doing the right thing. Put him in a dark room with a ghost, and he might prove that accosting a wonder with "wonderful" is a platitude of which none but a gentleman would be guilty. Our words to a ghost would probably be spontaneous, original. The temperamental person speaks of a picture in the same unprepared way. A gentleman in the presence of a volcano will say just what society expects.

The question of good manners is quite relevant here. They are of two sorts—imitative and original. Originality, always a danger, is more so in manners. Few persons recognize virtue in an original thing, unless many explanations accompany it. A virtuous woman in particular must be prudent of those traits which are said to be unbecoming a virgin. Otherwise she is her own reward. If her conduct be conservative, and her behavior original, she will be misunderstood. Having employed her life according to the Ten Commandments, The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule, she might conclude that sitting on the arm of a chair to puff a cigarette would be innocent in the eyes of heaven and earth. She would not be able to convince all critics.

So it may be assumed, however mannerly and picturesque an act may be, if it is original or presumptively against the general opinion of what's what, it is bad manners. An original act is amazing, astounding and haply stupefying. We have no right to astound society by even such a gentle caprice as dancing into its presence at a moment when we are supposed to walk. To hum a tune and pirouette into a ballroom even five minutes before the music begins would be to attract attention not to the grace of it, but to an egotism which may be no part of the intrinsic idea. The only way to avoid censure of that nature is to do what others are doing, the which, in the aggregate, may be what not one of them particularly desires to do; and the marvel of it is how in the world any unanimity of action ever gained control of the subject. Etiquette consists of doing the expected, which to most persons is the only unembarrassing thing. This is a delicate point. For, again, should a beautiful young woman take into her head to wear only a short gossamer and without warning dance among spectators who are fully clad, we assume that she would be abashed on coming to her senses. The curious part of it, though, is that the other persons are also abashed, as if in some way they have been participants in the shame. May we analyze their thoughts as follows: They know that the girl has done no moral wrong; she has harmed no

one. Still, she has caused the spectators to be apprehensive of some impalpable guilt in her, one way or another, though they cannot tell exactly why. It is because she puts them in a position where they cannot give a logical account of their evident rebuke that they are as embarrassed in their mind as they deem she ought to be in her body. By appearing before them in an unseemly costume (quite becoming and seemly from another standpoint) she insinuates the question, "Why not?" Since they cannot answer, they are chagrined. There is a psychological crime all round, and the young lady gets all the blame for perpetrating it.

There are, on the contrary, persons who enjoy originality for its own sake. To these, the temperamental one is a perpetual delight. A child is original, because he must largely invent as he goes along. The wiser the man the truer and more congenial is his pleasure in the society of children. To the philosopher, children are more intellectual than grown-ups, who after all, are mostly closed-ups. The youngsters are better playmates and greater philosophers, because their minds are never appeased, their imaginations are never at rest, they originate continually, and they care not whom they shock.

By shocking a person we arouse in his mind a question as to our morality. We may go further and cause him to suspect our sanity. The least we can do is have him doubt our sincerity. This is weird, because a child is moral, sane and sincere. If a man should invent a beautiful phrase as a substitute for "good morning," he might be taken for a humorist with no desire connected with a good morning at all. Moral and sane, perhaps, but sincere by no means.

"Good morning" is not temperamental. All mornings are not alike. Sometimes the common matutinal greeting cannot be uttered without effort, which is the very counteraction of its meaning. The temperamental person does not yield to this mysterious formula. He arises one day as a lark; the next, as a hedgehog. And he lets you know it. At first, you surmise that he is crazy; then wonder if he be a drug fiend; or surely he is not sincere. In the course of time you find that the only thing wrong with him is his persistent honesty.

Lack of the artistic temperament is want of
(Continued on Page 15)

THE REPUTATION OF "CALTEX" BIFOCALS

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals, the newest and most improved type of invisible double vision glasses, have earned their reputation of superiority mainly through well satisfied wearers. Such a reputation is not the result of chance, but has been built up by many years of consistent adherence to the principle that every pair of these "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals must be as perfect in every detail as optical skill and science can make them.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

Mrs. George Kessler, Angel of Mercy

By Helen M. Bonnet

One of the noblest reconstruction works in the history of the world's war was conceived and launched by an American woman, who is now carrying it on in Europe. It is the Britain, France, Belgium Permanent Blind Relief. The woman is Mrs. George Kessler, from whose lips I heard last week the beautiful story of the grand work. Of course, America as well as Europe, is familiar with this noble charity, whose praises have been sung everywhere; but when I heard the details from its beautiful founder, it took on added glory. Mrs. Kessler's whole heart and soul seem to be absorbed in the work of helping the blind find a place in life; of teaching them to be self-supporting, and of showing them a cheerful outlook. Not only did she and her husband found this enterprise with their fortune, but they devote their whole time and energy to its conduct. They began it as a work of thanksgiving for the saving of Mr. Kessler's life in the Lusitania atrocity and they have consecrated their services to those who suffered blindness by other acts of the enemy's atrocity. Mrs. Kessler said that she and her husband derived their original inspiration for the school for the blind founded by Sir Arthur Pearson (of Pearson's Magazine) at St. Dunstan's, England, Sir Arthur being drawn sympathetically to the sightless through being himself stricken with blindness.

The Kesslers established a similar school at Neuilly, France, and later others in France, under the patronage of President and Mme. Poincaré. Then they opened another school in Brussels, with the Belgian king and queen as patrons. The blinded men, Mrs. Kessler said, are at first hopeless, desperate and nearly always contemplate suicide, but they gradually recover cheerfulness and ambition. Many of the men are peasants and workmen and these are taught weaving, knitting, boot soling and carpentering. When they become sufficiently skillful to earn their own living, they are returned to their native villages and equipped with the implements necessary to their respective trades. A knitting machine, for instance, costs \$200. Some are taught to weave hand-made jerseys. In all cases when work in colors is taught, the Relief arranges for a woman relative of the pupil to stay one month at the school to learn to assist the workman in sorting the colors and tying the ends of the threads. I inquired if all had some woman relative to call upon for such service and Mrs. Kessler said: "Yes, they all have some one, sometimes even a distant cousin." France pensions its blinded with 1,200 francs yearly and the Relief adds an equal annual sum to each man. Typewriting and stenographic work are taught to men of sufficient education and machines given them. A professor from the Sorbonne University came daily to the Paris school to instruct a man who had been studying law and who later was able to pass his examinations. He is now what corresponds to our justice of the peace. The Kesslers established another school in Rome, Italy, under royal patronage. Italy's pension to its blind is but a pittance, and the Relief supplements it. In Warsaw, they have established another school, where there are 600 pupils. Mme. Paderewski supervising it. Paderewski raised 500,000 francs by concerts for this work. At Bucharest, Mrs. Kessler established still another school, under the patronage of the queen. "And

it was the queen who gave me the decoration which I wear—Commander of the Cross of Rumania," said Mrs. Kessler. The Rumanian government is unable to assist its blinded financially, but that aid is given by the Relief. They founded and aid a Serbian school.

Mrs. Kessler talked quietly but with ardor of the great work and was amazingly familiar with every detail. Her lovely face never clouded when speaking of the blind, but she spoke as one who had seen the beautiful vision of enthusiasm rekindled, of hope once dead, born again. "My friends usually shrink from confronting the blind pupils, at first—they beg me to spare them the sorrow of beholding such misfortune; but when they have beheld the happy results of the work, when they see the keen interest of the busy men, all of whom are cheerful, their interest is keen. You should see Nicholas, in our Paris school. He is nineteen and not only blinded, but armless. Yet he knits scarves by means of hooks attached to his arm stumps. He is the gayest thing you ever saw, always joking and laughing—a ray of sunshine. At Neuilly, the greatest artists in the world give concerts for the men. I recall one program at which Guitry, Rostrand and Jacanne Granier appeared and also many less notable stars." Mrs. Kessler mentioned that the late Anna Held had sung there and I told her of the vivid description Miss Held had given Town Talk of her experience there. All the artists are surprised at the cheerful attitude of the men who make most enthusiastic, demonstrative audiences. Ever so many blinded men, after having learned to support themselves, have married. In most cases, their brides were affianced to them before their affliction, but there are other cases where they have wooed and won wives whom they did not even know when they had sight.

Besides the fund with which Mr. and Mrs. Kessler contributed, they have raised in America one million and a half dollars for this Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. The headquarters in America are at 590 Fifth Avenue, New York. Mr. Kessler is the honorary president but all finances are in the hands of Edmond Bayliss and Otto H. Kahn, the world-known financiers. Mr. Thayer, president of Chase National Bank, and William Nelson Crowell, famous corporation lawyer (honorary treasurer) are on the finance committee which votes upon the distribution of the money. A per cent of all money contributed to the continental schools is given to St. Dunstan's in England, because the Kesslers took their ideas and plans from there originally.

Mrs. Kessler's face beamed as she told me that the American government provides one hundred thousand dollars a year for taking care of its two hundred blinded and that Mrs. Garrett has given her beautiful estate, near Baltimore, as a home and school to re-educate the American blinded.

At the Paris headquarters, 75 Champs Elysées, 8,000 volumes have been printed and bound for libraries for the blind. The raised type in English, French, Italian, Rumanian and Serbian has been set up by volunteers, many of them duchesses and other ladies of rank.

I shall never forget the beauty of Mrs. Kessler as she described the schools, their pupils, and talked of their future. If she were the plainest looking woman in the world, the grand

work in which she is engaged and her enthusiasm for it would make her glorious to behold; but she is personally one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Of medium height and exquisite figure, she has lovely blue eyes, which shine as with star dust, a flawless blonde skin and wonderful bronze hair, which looks as if, could it escape from its modish confinement, it would twine in baby ringlets all over the well poised head. She has exquisite hands of the color of pink pearls and with filbert-shaped nails. The day when I met her in her handsome marine-view suite at the Fairmont, she wore a beautiful Nile green afternoon gown, with fur lined stole-like collar, high in the back and open in front over the low-cut bodice. About her snowy neck gleamed a strand of large matched pearls, her tapering fingers were bright with uniquely set diamonds, and her pretty wrists wore bracelets. I thought her nationality was proclaimed by the circlet trinity of rubies, diamonds and sapphires. What I liked best of all about this charming little lady was her beautiful English and soft voice. She has lived in France and England for twenty years, but she pronounces her native tongue like an American who knows the value of every letter and syllable. Her residence abroad has done her the great service of making her careful of tonal nuance, she has escaped the contagion of careless utterance, which the heedless American resident too often slips into by habit of imitation. If we had a few Mrs. Kesslers to visit us more frequently and stay longer, the "speech arts" would be looking up, I predict.

Best of all, this woman with the heart to beat for others, the brain to conceive and execute a noble enterprise of undying beneficence, is a Californian. She was born in Sacramento and brought up in San Francisco. She graduated from the Girls' High School and there are many people who vouch for the fact that the beauty of Cora Parsons was the sensation of the school and that later her loveliness and charm were the admiration of all beholders.

Her mother, a handsome, distinguished looking lady in the seventies, was present when I called upon Mrs. Kessler. The mother's face reflected her child's happiness during the narrative of the progress and cheerfulness of the blind soldiers and she smiled approbation when she heard of the great plans. Mrs. Kessler came from Paris purposely to visit her mother, who was recently very ill. In twenty years she has made about seven other similar visits, and once Mrs. Parsons went to Europe to live with her in Paris and in her country home in Bourne-End, England. "But I'm too old a tree to be transplanted," she said, "and I love San Francisco too well to leave it. Cora went away when she was a young girl and I am more contented here. I want to live here the rest of my life and I want to be buried here." When Mrs. Kessler vividly described Paris air raids, the long range guns and the signals of syrene and berloque to escape to cellars for protection, the elder lady appealed to me for corroboration that we had a tremendous earthquake but that we had a good time.

I wanted Mrs. Kessler to tell me something of her career besides that of her war work, because I told her that everyone would be interested to hear something more of her. So many

(Continued on Page 15)

A Recollection of Al Murphy

(By a Former Newspaperman)

I worked with Al Murphy on the same paper for twenty years. For ten years I was a hotel reporter, and as Al Murphy frequented the hotel lobbies a great deal, I formed a friendship with him which I shall always cherish.

I do not wish the reader to think that I was one of his closest friends, because I was not. I think E. H. Hamilton and E. D. Coblentz were. I know they could write a whole lot better and a whole lot more about Al than I can—but just the same Al Murphy reposed a confidence in me as a reporter, and today I am proud of it.

Among the stories Al Murphy told me was one something on these lines: "Don't ever let any public man try to impress you with the idea that he is not anxious to see his name in print. Take Phil Crimmins, for instance. He came to me one day and said, 'Al, do me a favor, keep my name out of the papers. You are roasting me all the time and it kind of upsets my wife. When she picks up the paper every morning and she sees where I am in for a roast, she is upset all day.' I promised Phil Crimmins I would keep his name out of the paper and that he would receive no more roasts. I kept my word—and then in about three months Phil looked me up, 'Al,' he said, 'start in roasting me again. Everybody thinks either that I have quit politics or that I have left town.'"

When Al told me the following, tears of laughter rolled down his cheeks. But before telling the story, I must explain that a reporter had left the Examiner for awhile and had accepted a position on the outside, with some corporation, as publicity man. This man drifted back to the Examiner and was put on as a special writer with signed articles. In fact upon his return to the paper he was sent up to Sacramento and every day was sending down a "top-head story" with his name on the front page. Al Murphy and the narrator were sauntering along Market street one afternoon, when they ran into Judge William C. Van Fleet. The usual courtesies were exchanged and then Judge Van Fleet turned to the returned writer and asked, "Well, are you still with the So-and-Co Company?" Al Murphy could not suppress his laughter. There was the proud reporter sending in a special article every day to the Examiner, and Judge Van Fleet did not even know that he had returned to the paper.

Years ago, all the hotel reporters received a few days before Christmas an engraved card, from the late Col. J. C. Kirkpatrick. This card recited that Col. J. C. Kirkpatrick desired we should be the guests of the Palace Hotel for dinner Christmas day. Al always claimed that the custom was blue penciled because, on one particular Christmas, the hotel reporters all got together, went down to the Palace grill and kept the waiters packing in cold bottles of champagne and Scotch high-balls for a couple of hours, but that we did not eat a thing.

In those days we newspaper boys were always broke. We used to watch the city editor's desk with an eagle eye. If Al Murphy went on "the desk" for ever so little a time, we used to brace up to him for an order on the next week's salary and never refused us.

When the Knights of Columbus were about first established in this city, I joined the order. Al, with his irresistible fund of humor would not allow this event to go unnoticed. So one day he told Miss Kate Lynch, the telephone operator, to keep a good eye on me every night. "Don't you know what the Knights of Columbus are doing at night, Kate?" he suggested with a mysterious look. "No, what?" asked Kate. "Well, if you will keep a secret and not breathe it to a soul," said Al, "the Knights of Columbus are drilling with drawn swords in the dark of night on Van Ness avenue, and God protect the Masons."

All the old residents of San Francisco know old Mr. Jacoby, who for many decades was the champion shot in the Schutzen festivals. One day Al Murphy and I were walking down the street when we met Mr. Jacoby and the greeting of the two was most affectionate. I learned after they parted from Al that old Mr. Jacoby was the man who first taught him to set type when he was a little boy. "I remember, I was so small," said Al, "that Jacoby had to put a soap box up to the type case because I was so short." Now Al has passed on and I presume that Mr. Jacoby, who must be about ninety years of age, is still around the streets of San Francisco; in fact, the other day I saw him in the Phelan building, and he walked quite briskly to the elevator.

His Kindness

Al Murphy was always doing kindly acts from an unselfish motive. In one of these he en-

listed my services. I used to in the old days make considerable extra pay by writing "space" in the Sunday section. I filled in a lot of this "space" by running church news, and Al created the title of Church Editor for me. He considered on this account that I had some "drag" with the clergy. So one day he gave me his confidence and told me that a prominent politician in town wanted assistance. It appears that this politician had been married for many years to a good woman, without really having had a license issued, or a ceremony performed. Al suggested that I should go to Father McQuade and explain the situation to him and ask him to perform the ceremony. Father McQuade when he heard the story was only too glad to act, and so the old couple were really married. I believe that the prominent politician and his wife have many years since passed to their eternal rest; but Al Murphy was the kind soul who exhorted this man to protect the good name of the woman, and it was he who suggested the church wedding.

Once I wanted to go to New York and break into the game there. Al Murphy gave me a letter to George Palmer, who was quite influential on "newspaper row," but, when I arrived in Chicago, on the way east, I secured a position on the Chicago Tribune. The call of San Francisco was too strong and after a couple of weeks I came back and went to work again on the Examiner. A year later I decided I would again start out for New York. I told Al of my plans and he asked me if I had saved the letter to George Palmer. I told him I had and upon my producing it, he wrote in red ink across the letter "Dear George, the letter still goes".

In closing I cannot help remembering when I was admitted to practice law, that Al was one of the first to congratulate me. But there was always quaint humor in everything he did and he qualified his congratulations by saying that he would bet a dollar that I bribed the janitor to get into the judges' chambers and run over the questions before the examination.

Al Murphy, a dean of local newspaper writers, left a record unblemished by uncharitable deeds in his long, industrious career. There was a warm place in the heart of every reporter with whom he ever was associated. And so, as Horatio to Hamlet—

"Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing
thee to thy rest."

The Spectator

Civic League Produces a Political Rumpus

Who says that the long-horned, bellowing politician is no more? Gone are party ballots, 'tis true; but the nominating speech, the very essence of political strife, still survives. Last week, at Native Sons Hall, the Civic League gave us the best imitation of a nominating convention that could be had under the present law. The league's idea was to uplift politics by a few snappy endorsements. On the scene appeared a solemn committee, which examined all the self-nominated candidates—analyzed them for traces of integrity and fearlessness, and then made a slate for ratification. A meeting was

called, so that delegates of all the improvement clubs could ratify the slate. Of course, it was expected that a few names might be added, and there would be a little voting; but the devout plan was for the committee's selections to proceed with all the decorum of a Twin Peaks grocery store. The result was a long-drawn-out, whangdoodled, political uproar that made the old-timer remember the Bear Club and Platt's Hall. Naught was missing but the brass bands and the bad cigars. Music was eliminated for its immoral effect on delegates, and smoking was prohibited to raise the tone of the meet. But the crowd soon demonstrated that it had

brought cigars and matches. The delegates also brought their raucous laughter. They brought boos and groans and hurrahs and tigers. Shut-ups and sit-downs were aplenty. So were the put-'im-outs. There were also a few thousand remarks not intended for general circulation—remarks that conserved all the political wit of the last generation. However, the polite form of general objection was reduced to the simple "sit down".

Candidates Clamor for Endorsement

The Civic League did not pretend to smash many of the City Hall idols. The quizz commit-

tee was satisfied with the present incumbent mayor, district attorney, county clerk, sheriff, auditor, coroner and six of the nine supervisors running this time. Hynes, Lehaney and Hocks, present members of the board, were rejected for Neil Duffy, William S. Scott and H. W. Hutton. In the matter of police judges, the committee endorsed Judge Fitzpatrick and Captain Harold Louderback, the latter a newcomer, and left Judge Oppenheim to his own resources. The convention began pleasantly enough. Chairman Arthur Joel read a speech of high moral purpose. He said the word "politics" has become almost an uproarious epithet, but with the league it means a civic duty. We have heard the distinction before, as betwixt thee and me. Anyway, it was to be a family affair; and only delegates from the improvement clubs could vote for or against the slate. How the old-timer politicians got into the improvement clubs is another matter. But they were all there. It was "Howdy, Pete" and "Hello, Andy" and "Hey, Jim" all along the line. There was your judge and your supervisor and your sheriff attached, and some of the previous ones. There was your man whom you had known to be in politics for years, and you never knew exactly what the attraction was. There too was that hanger-on who slouched about with one eyebrow down, his flannel collar up, and his thumbs pointed inward, so that the public could have a good view of his knuckles. And, last of all, the added attraction, the orator who attempts to break the slate. He did speak—he, the resounding nominator who gives you a long list of sperlative civic virtues, and keeps you in suspense for the name of his nominee until you can't stand it any longer, and then he explodes the name, and sits down to let the tumult wear itself gradually out. The civic league officers were evidently annoyed by this display of oratory, and this aversion was a strong point to support their claim of non-partisanship, unless they were manifesting the same old idea that the other man's politics is turpitude, and their own, civic duty. Arthur Joel made a fine little chairman, except that he was plainly peeved at all mention of grand and glorious heroes in municipal strife. He hated to see the minutes go in speeches and still more speeches. George W. Gerhard, the secretary, was plainly unoratorical in mood or sympathy. He retired behind the no-smoking sign and lit a cigar; whereupon matches crackled here and there in the audience. Then George Skaller told what the quiz committee had done and how he had bossed the job for the committee. Skaller's pronunciation is obviously a foreign one. And accustomed as the delegates were to all sorts of deliveries, they yet had difficulty in getting what Skaller had to say. At first they intimated their position by cries of "louder". Finally someone shouted that he couldn't understand what this critic of San Francisco's noble candidates was saying, and the comedy element entered the political drama. Skaller professed to read a stenographic report of Mayor Rolph's statement to the league. The quiz committee had offered to go to the mayor, but the mayor said, "I choose to come to meet with you, and I am very happy to meet with you". Figures, cameras and stenography don't lie; yet I hardly recognize Rolph in those words.

Schmitz Breaks Into Civic League Program

Shortly after nine o'clock, some one called out that Eugene E. Schmitz was in the hall, and would speak, if invited to do so. Joel blinked; which was all a chairman could do in rebuttal, and said that he would give everybody a chance.

Schmitz ascended the platform, and Joel whispered that he make it brief. Schmitz was as brazen as ever. He said that he wanted nothing more than a square deal, and he exhorted every one to scan his record as—supervisor, but was discreetly silent about his record as mayor. After hearing Schmitz, it was voted that no more candidates be allowed to speak. They could mount the platform and be introduced and sit quietly, that was all. One of the big squabbles of the evening arose when Judge Mat I. Brady took the platform. His adherents made a strenuous attempt to suspend the rule against oratory and give Brady a chance to tell why he believed he could make a better district attorney than Fickert. This part of the performance was profuse with suggestions that the various speakers return to their seats. Brady passed the word that five minutes would suffice for his talk; then he came down to one minute; but even this, the fates and Arthur Joel denied him, after the Schmitz disaster. As the meeting progressed, it was found that the business delegates were in the majority, and that the politicians and speechmakers would be downtrodden. Even the nominating speeches were booed and tabooed. A man's name was put up for endorsement as supervisor, and his sponsor was allowed no speech, nor oratory, not a word of praise, just an "I nominate" and a second. But the politicians could not all be downed that way. In a fight over the endorsement between Captain Louderback and Judge Oppenheim, Henry W. Hutton, a genuine old-timer, with a little gray fringe of oldtime hair, arose with oldtime majesty, and roared, "Judge Louderback was my friend—". This apparently innocent statement was hooted as indisputable evidence of oratory. Somehow he was allowed to continue, and delivered a eulogy on the man who had answered the call to arms. It was a fairly good outburst of patriotic eloquence. More than that, the audience had the opportunity of gazing upon Hutton, and later Hutton was nominated for supervisor. He had been seen and heard in

advance—a clear evasion of the rules. The Civic League will learn something about politics before long. By that time the politicians may learn something about the Civic League.

Too Much Consideration for Labor

The present autocratic state of labor is almost entirely responsible for the hard times which are spreading over the country and which are bound to grow worse continually. The labor unions have been treated with entirely too much consideration. The initial blunder was made when the government acceded to their demands during the war period and paid such ridiculously high wages and also allowed advances in prices of commodities; but when the administration agreed to extortionate labor demands, and made no effort to keep prices down, the result turns out to be what is confronting us today. Every labor organization in the country is studying up new demands to aggravate the situation and create greater demoralization. One blunder after another has been made by the authorities in dealing with the labor men until now we have a labor aristocracy in the country which is just about as bad as anything Germany had in the days before the war. Labor has arrived at the stage where it believes it can confiscate property and eliminate the owner. The recent demands made by the railroad employes through Plum, their legal representative, indicates the train of thought among these organizations. Their proposition was practically to confiscate the railroads of the country, to force the owners aside, deprive them of a voice in the management of their property and to have the railroads jointly managed by labor and the government, the profit to be divided in accordance with some plan to be announced later. The United Steel Co. has spent millions of dollars in providing places of recreation and model dwellings and everything for the betterment of its employes' condition. It pays remarkably high wages; yet, in spite of all this, the employes strike and tie up industry, forcing a tremendous loss upon the company

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

and themselves because of a trivial grievance which only they consider important.

Our politicians have been afraid to pass laws to regulate labor unions, because they are angling for the labor vote; but the time has come when labor unions must be restrained or our country will not be a place fit to live in. Even now it is becoming an uncomfortable abode. The tension is growing so severe that a smash is inevitable. People cannot and will not stand the present high costs, and we all should prepare for the startling reaction which is pending.

As for the talk about the world's great prosperity, the very fact that French francs, English pounds, Italian lire and German marks are selling at their present American price is irrefutable argument as to the bankrupt condition of the European countries. Transportation systems of European countries are broken down, they need everything and have no money to buy with. We can't afford to sell goods indefinitely to those countries, receiving in exchange a "promise to pay" at some indefinite future date. We have loaned Europe over twelve billion dollars, which is more than twelve times as much as our national debt was prior to our entry into the war. Most people, who are struggling along with diminished incomes and every kind of increased expense, are trying to make the best of it and to tide things along until we reach "normal" state. They feel that this is their opportunity to confiscate the property of the United States. Why should the labor unions be exempt from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law? There never has been such a trust in the United States as the American Federation of Labor, and they are practically immune from legal regulation. The politicians in Washington are afraid to pass any laws to curb the aggressions of labor.

Protect American Dyes

If the country will not have gone into a state of collapse before Congress has time to look into our domestic industrial enterprises, it is to be hoped that it will take up the question of the dye industry. We all know very well that the German dyes were the best made in the world. Prior to the war, and during the past two years, our manufacturers have been active in developing a dye industry in this country. But owing to the abnormal costs of labor and everything else in this country at the present time it will cost a great deal of money to manufacture these dyes. If Congress does not take some appropriate action, we shall again be invaded by German dyes which will undersell us and force our manufacturers out of business. There is only one way of dealing with this question and that is absolutely to exclude German dyes from the United States for a period of at least ten years. I understand that the quality of the German-made dyes is so superior to the dyes made in America that no matter what protective tariff should be put on German dyes they will come into this country, just the same, and be sold here and will drive our dye industry to the wall. That is, if American people recover from their well grounded fears of any chemical compound of German origin.

Some German Activities

Before the United States was drawn into the World War there were certain German agents in this country about whom much has been written, and about whom a great deal now is known which was not known when they were living in our midst. I refer to men like Heinrich F. Al-

bert, Boy-Ed, the German naval attaché in New York; Von Papen, the German military attaché and Von Bernsdorff. It is quite interesting to know as we do now, that Boy-Ed had a credit of one million and a half on deposit with the Hamburg American Line while he was here in New York, which money was to be used at his discretion. We also know that the German Ambassador Von Bernsdorff, carried a credit of two million dollars in the Riggs bank at Washington.

A very curious episode, which may be of interest to some of the readers of this paper was in connection with a large amount of crude rubber which Alberts, the German agent, purchased, and which he tried to get to Germany. There were about 161,000 tons of crude rubber and that it was packed in boxes labelled with some fictitious labelling, shipped from New York to Chicago and from Chicago re-shipped to New Orleans in due course of time, and from New Orleans it found its way to Ecuador. After reposing in Ecuador for some little time and finding that transportation to Germany was quite out of the question, it was re-shipped back to New York and was stored in the British Terminal. Finally Mr. Alberts gave up the idea of getting this rubber over to Germany. Meanwhile the rubber had depreciated about 25 per cent in value. It was finally sold for what it would bring. I am not sure but I am somewhat under the impression that the alien property custodian was the man who disposed of this rubber finally. It all goes to show that Germany was very wide-awake to the possibilities of obtaining what she needed here in America. It also brings to mind that we had a nest of very dangerous men in our midst during the early stages of the great World War.

The Psychology of Precocity

The eminent psychologist, Professor James Sully, some years ago made a careful analysis of the careers of modern celebrities, choosing about forty each under the various headings of musicians, artists, scholars, poets, novelists, scientists, and philosophers. An examination of their careers made clear that musicians, artists, and poets easily topped the list in showing signs of genius, in offering actual productions to the world while comparatively young, and in attaining distinction before middle age, while philosophers brought up the rear. In summing up his conclusions he observed that the order in respect of precocity roughly corresponded to the degree of abstractedness of the faculty employed, "At the one extreme musicians and artists represent sensuous faculty, or the least abstract mode of mental activity, while philosophers at the other extreme illustrate the highest degree of abstraction. Between these come the men of imagination, the poets and the novelists. And this is the very order we should expect from a consideration of the general laws of intellectual development; for sense, imagination, and abstract thought are the three well-marked stages of intellectual development."

With this weighty pronouncement to go upon we shall be able to preserve an unruffled spirit when we hear of the wonderful promise shown, and perhaps "exhibited," by our neighbor's children, in poetry, art, or music, in the calm confidence that our own young hopefuls are destined for the rarer and more mature achievements of science and philosophy.

Carnegie Bon Mots

Some good stories are told of Andrew Carnegie, and he was also himself a raconteur of no mean ability, while his maxims reveal a mix-

ture of philosophy and shrewd commercial common sense.

His advice to would-be millionaires was:

"Boss your boss as soon as you can. Try it early."

"Do not be particular. Take what the gods offer."

"It is a great mistake to think that the man who works all the time wins. Have your amusements."

"There is always a boom in brains. Cultivate that crop."

Some of his maxims were as follows:

"The aim of the millionaire should be to die poor and thus avoid disgrace."

"The highest use of great fortunes is in public work and service for mankind. This is the true antidote to unequal production and distribution and would pave the way for the communist ideal in the yet unevolved future."

"Death duties and inheritance taxes, provided they are high enough, should be considered among the wisest forms of taxation."

Speaking at his wedding reception in Skibo Castle, Dornoch, Mr. Carnegie said that King Edward offered to make him a duke if he would bring about a coalition between Great Britain and the United States.

"I told King Edward," said Mr. Carnegie, "that in the United States every man is 'king,' and why should I be the duke?"

A good story used to be told by Mr. Carnegie about a St. Andrews caddie. The caddie's wife was much troubled by her husband's frequent visits to the tavern. Hoping to cure him of his bibulous habits, she lay in wait on the road one evening, dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she arose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

"I'm Auld Nickie," said the figure in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waiting for us up at the house, and noe doot she'll mak' ye welcome."

When Mr. Carnegie's father was leaving his native country to settle in America he borrowed 20 pounds from a relative. The family had an uphill battle on the other side of the Atlantic, but when the tide of prosperity turned with the son he remembered his father's indebtedness, and determined to clear it off, together with its accumulated interest.

He started by remitting the sum of 20 pounds, and every year sent the same amount or a dividend equal to exactly 100 per cent, a fairly good return on the capital invested, it will be admitted.

Returning to Scotland, the Pittsburg iron-master met the old relative. "Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "having paid up a good deal of interest, I should like now to clear off the principal."

"Ay, ay, Andrew; dinna ye fash yersel' aboot the loan. A'm perfectly satisfied with the interest."

"Oh, but I'm rich enough now, I think, to clear off the principal," replied the millionaire. "Dinna mind the principal, Andrew; it's very well invested as it is."

Costumes of the Air

As it is probable that flying will soon become a normal form of transit, the subject of the clothing worn by airmen is of considerable general interest.

At present airmen are a little exposed to the air, and so are affected by the speed at which they move. The consequence is that fur-lined helmets, tight-fitting, are worn in order to prevent an uncomfortable ruffling of the hair, and to protect the ears and face; while goggles are used to protect the eyes and to prevent them "watering" which would very soon blind a pilot. Continual exposure to air rushing at great speed also tends to flatten slightly the eyeball which may dangerously affect the sight.

When flying low it is not necessary, as a rule, to wear any extra clothing, and it is generally warmer in an airplane than in a motor car. On

a fairly cold day it is quite comfortable to go for a two hours' trip in an airplane, wearing only a muffler and a pair of woollen gloves in addition to indoor clothing. Had the same journey been made in a motor car, it would probably have been necessary to wear a heavy greatcoat, thick fur-lined gloves, and to have a motor rug over the knees.

At the present time of the year flying in a pair of flannel trousers and an army shirt is not uncomfortable, and there have been cases in the Orient when the pilots wearing only pajamas have been up pursuing enemy machines without feeling the cold.

For High Flying

A pronounced change of temperature begins at a height of about 10,000 feet and increases proportionately. At such heights it is often necessary to wear several pairs of thick socks, leather flying boots lined with fleece, a couple of sweaters, thick fur-lined gloves, and either a leather flying-coat or fur-lined overalls.

These overalls, which during the war were very popular with French and German airmen, are about the most convenient flying garments devised. They are generally made of a strong waterproof material, and are lined with soft fur, and when in use rather resemble a diving-suit. Straps at the ankles and wrists and a belt around the waist keep the wearer airtight and thus very warm, for it is exposure to a moving current of air in an airplane, as in a motor car, which usually causes coldness.

Electrically heated clothing is also coming into use, and the modern aviator is able to "plug" himself up to a battery, as if he were a telephone or an electric light, and to receive a steady, comforting warmth in his suit, which becomes heated with the passage of the electric current.

In the machines which are now coming into use, however, the passengers will be entirely enclosed, and their compartments will be heated by electricity. They will be able to sit and read or write in their indoor clothes as com-

Drama for Workers

The munition workers at Crayford, Kent, conducted a dramatic society in conjunction with a branch of the Workers' Education Association. They performed "Fanny's First Play," "Fancy Free," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and "Phipps." At Bourneville there is an active dramatic society, which has been in existence since 1912. In Lancashire, however, the endeavor to start a dramatic society was a complete failure. But at the same works an operatic society, which gave vocalists a chance, was so successful that every year before the war an opera was performed. The movement is a symptom of the higher standard of life now growing among working people.

The Newspapers and King Albert

On principle, democracy is opposed to kings; yet now and then the coldest-hearted democrat pays tribute to the manhood that heads a monarchy. In the case of King Albert, one could not fail to notice, in the daily print, a true admiration mixed with a hereditary ridicule for the wearer of a crown. It is pleasant to note that the sarcastic element was very slight, especially in the towns where the king was a guest. Before his arrival there existed a feeling that he was only a king; when he came, he could not be mistaken for other than a modest hero. He acted, from the onset of the war, as became a king and a soldier, and in his travels takes his honors about as jauntily as a

doughboy. With all that, some of the news writers could not forget that Albert is of the despised clan that inherits the crown jewels. We do not believe in the theory that government of the people is a thing to be devised from father to son. We should rather see it passed from man to the man who can persuade us that he is the right one. The privilege of signing his name to an official document is about all that remains to the modern king. Otherwise he is a functionary who by his presence lifts the banner of approval on certain institutions and celebrations. Even in these matters he is influenced rather by duty than choice. He is part of the scheme of things. The stern republican finds it hard, though, to get over one detail; which is that the king gets more honor and more money than anybody else would get for the same amount of work. However, we assume that the hereditary ruler acts in a princely way, and performs most of his duties a little bit better than anybody else. At least, he is trained to do so. Every king cannot be a good nor a great one. Belgium was fortunate in having the right man in the right place and at the right time; even as we had George Washington. These two heroes could not be improved at the instance of the most captious critic. It has several times been mentioned that Julius Caesar remarked of the Belgians that they were the bravest of the brave. Modern standards have found King Albert a fit ruler for such people. So one cannot but condemn the efforts of some publications to deride the mere fact of kingship which Albert occupies. The typographical error of "kink" has slipped through too often to have been unpremeditated. A petty trick toward a gallant visitor. He is here in duty and gratitude more than for recreation. Praising everything and everybody, day after day, is not the easiest pastime in the world. It is no vacation; no picnic. So while a prince inherits his country, the country inherits the prince. Each loses certain rights, and if thereby each gains something, so much the better.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 3
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET

in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

or

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Queen's Reception

When the royal Belgians came to San Francisco, the most rabid republican among us was moved to look upon them as fellow democrats and loyal workers in the world's work. Their courage, their bravery, their services, placed them on a throne to which Americans look with reverence, not bestowed by them upon the royal chair of state.

At the queen's reception, the women of the city were eager to be presented to her and a throng which looked to be near the 2,000 mark made obeisance to her; more or less gracefully. After the committee's presentation, it happened that Mrs. E. W. Crellin was the first lady to be presented. Mrs. Crellin distinguished herself by the most graceful court courtesy of the day—but then there is nothing in the line of graceful accomplishment to which Camille D'Arville Crellin is a stranger. She presented her majesty with a little bunch of her favorite flowers, forget-me-nots, which the queen held during the entire reception. Mrs. Crellin was president of the Stage Women's War Relief, which included in its activities the making of garments for Belgian children.

Mrs. Roos Greets the King and Queen

The visit of the Belgian monarchs will certainly raise many new points of social precedence in many of our cities. In San Francisco the festivities took the same democratic turn that was accorded President Wilson. Society in its technical sense was not officially in the foremost ranks of host and hostess. So who knows but that a smile here and a word there will be as effectual here as it is in Europe for creating social leadership? At any rate, there will be some pleasant memories and anecdotes of the royal jaunt. For instance, at the Orpheum, last Tuesday night, Mrs. Achille Roos sat between the king and queen, a situation that, had it occurred across the Atlantic, would have established the lady's social eminence in every foreign capital. The royal party entered late. The lights were turned on; the audience stood and cheered. Mrs. Roos bowed slowly and profoundly (not too profoundly for an American citizen) and took her seat between the king and queen, while behind them the other members of the entourage and reception committees stood against the wall. The visitors saw only the last two numbers on the Orpheum bill, which they applauded, well, cautiously. It was the last bit of entertainment in San Francisco; after which the royal party left for the south. So Mrs. Roos, heading the mercantile and advertising factions of the city's reception, had the honor of the Queen Elizabeth's farewell.

Lieut. Joe Moody's Return

A jolly gathering of sportsmen assembled at "Pop" Kessler's rosterie in lower California Street last Saturday evening to welcome home, after long and valiant service for his country in France, rollicking "Joe" Moody. Young "Joe" returned a full fledged lieutenant, United States Marines, 78th Company, Sixth Regiment. Best of all, he won his rank on sheer merit of military service and personal worth. His record shows Lieutenant Moody to have "smelled powder looking down the muzzle" for he was in the very thickest of the welter at Chateau Thierry.

He was gassed, made prisoner and escaped, wounded, and cited by general orders for gallantry. On June 22nd in Chateau Thierry he directed a squad of men under a close and heavy barrage for over thirty minutes, where the casualties ranged over 86 per cent per hour, and performed a defensive assignment under volunteer orders saving the lives of hundreds of American boys later in the bloody day. For this and at least two other incidents of personal courage and military efficiency Moody received the croix du guerre from General Petain. The young San Franciscan rose from private, corporal, sergeant, and finally to lieutenant. Members of the old Polo-Hockey Club, champions of the Pacific Hockey Association in 1917, were among the sportsmen to celebrate their comrade's return. Eight of the old team were on hand, nearly all veterans of the late war, including Wendell S. Kuhn, Corbett Moody, Kenneth Monteagle, George S. Young, Hugh O'Connor, Percy Knott, Frederick Beaver, Jerome Kuhn, B. J. Bowers, Leroy Nickel, S. Johnson, Dearborn Clark, M. P. Madison, "Eddie" Hills, J. H. Stedman, James A. Macdonald, J. A. Stedman and Frank A. Berry.

The Proll-Goeppert Betrothal

Mrs. R. B. Proll and her daughter, Miss Besie Ramona Proll, were hostesses at a pretty tea in their charming Geary street home, in the picturesque section west of Fort Miley, last Saturday. Tiny envelopes were presented to each arriving guest who, upon opening them, discovered the delightful tidings of Miss Proll's betrothal to Karl Theodore Goeppert. Miss Proll is a very pretty girl of the brunette type and only eighteen years old. She has a large circle of friends by whom she is loved and admired. The hostesses were assisted in receiving their guests by a bevy of young girls of far more than usual beauty. Several were her cousins, those of the Allen, Ringo, Yates and Tingman families; Mrs. Ruth Marsh, her sister; Mrs. Basil Proll, her brother's wife, and Mmes. Door, Weiss and Lloyd Goeppert, besides a score of school friends. In the evening there was a gay dance in honor of the engaged couple. Mr. Goeppert was a lieutenant who served as instructor in the air service during the war. His brother, Captain Goeppert, is stationed at Fort Miley. The wedding will be an event of the late winter or early spring. Miss Proll is a granddaughter of the late Rev. S. A. Ringo, whose large family of descendants all reside in San Francisco and the bay cities.

Speck-Switzer Wedding

A wedding feast of unusual interest took place in Gonzales, Monterey county, last Saturday evening; one hundred guests attending. The wedding ceremony of Esmond C. Switzer and Mrs. Martha Lee Speck was solemnized many weeks ago and their friends were bidden to rejoice with them upon their return from their long honeymoon. Among San Francisco friends who motored down to the banquet were Judges and Mmes. Davis, Van Nostrand, Cabaniss, Messrs. and Mmes. W. P. Humphrey, Pioda, Crothers, D. A. White, Wieland, Ralph Merrill, W. P. Buckingham, Thomas Pearce and Mmes. Frederic Funston, Carlton Allen and F. D. Evelyn and the bride's three beautiful

little daughters. The groom has extensive business interests in interior California and the bride, a distinguished looking woman, has endeared herself to a very wide circle of friends by her sterling qualities of character and amiable disposition.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cravens of New York are touring California in their private car. They have a beautiful home in Pasadena, where they live part of the year.

Henry T. Scott, Herbert Fleishhacker, Hugh Goodfellow, Captain Barneson, Wellington Cregg and Samuel F. B. Morse made a jolly party at Del Monte over last week-end.

Mrs. Thomas Sutherland Hutton was a handsome figure at the Dodge-Bandman wedding last week. She is nearly six feet tall, has a willowy form, blonde hair and dark brown eyes. She and the groom, her half-brother, have been inseparable from childhood, when she was adopted by her stepfather, the late Dr. Dodge. Her husband, who is a civil engineer, with offices on New Montgomery street, was a captain of engineers during the war and suffered the loss of one of his eyes in an overseas battle. Mrs. Hutton and the doctor's cousins Mmes. Robert Hayes Smith and Le Roy Neilsen, who were also present at the wedding, attended Sacred Heart convent together in Oakland during their girlhood. Dr. Dodge was very fond of his stepdaughter and a short time before his recent death spent many days at her home in Berkeley.

The lack of a good ice rink this winter occasions general regret, for once again dancing on the ice in Washington, D. C., New York, Paris, London and Boston is to be the vogue this coming season. Great is the pity of this city's lack of a fine rink after the style of the ice rink in the pre-war days at the old Techau Tavern Ice Palace. Here the Monday Night Skating Club coaches developed in Mesdames C. O. G. Miller, Frederick McNear, Walter S. Martin, Frank W. Fuller, C. T. Crocker, J. Cheever Cowdin, Alexander Wilson, Andrew W. Welch, F. H. Kerrigan, the finest exponents of the waltz upon the steel blades known in this country.

A Night in Korea

The inspirational fete, the "Night in Korea," held in the Italian salon and Colonial ballroom, Hotel St. Francis, last Saturday evening, proved an artistic treat, just as predicted, besides affording an impetus to the Korean independence movement in this country of national possibilities. The cultural lore and innate charm of the Korean found a true reflection in the various phases of the evening's entertainment, proving a charming surprise and delight to an audience as numerous and representative as any of recent seasons. Every box in the Crescent Circle, Colonial room, was occupied, a brilliant concert assemblage, while the throng completely took up every available seat downstairs and swarmed out into the lobbies. The intellectuals of California and Stanford, judges, clergymen, members of the learned professions, and the type of men and women interested in the broader sphere of the world's life could be seen here, there and everywhere—an attestation of the certain and eventual factor which the Korean affront is

bound to become in the menacing problem of the Japanese question. Significant was the reference to the persecution in Korea of the Christian votaries on the screen as the motofilm "Korea" went along—significant for the reason that it brought the audience to its feet in demonstration. The "fighting spirit" of the Christian world is becoming gradually tensed as it hears more of the actual situation in Korea under the present Japanese aggression. Dr. Henry Chung, special envoy, republic of Korea, Paris Peace Conference, delivered an impassioned oration upon the "Case of Korea." His fervent story was heard with rapt interest. His basic conclusion was of Japan's becoming "the irresistible vampire among nations thirty years hence if allowed possession of Shantung, its coal, its iron, and its millions of man power". The pretty Korean university girls, who received the guests to the fete and later participated in the salon concert and dancing, added a colorful touch to the function. The Hon. J. R. Ranisch, American minister to China, occupied a box, while Miss Mary Phelan had a party of young people in Senator James D. Phelan's box. A sweet Korean miss of the Dresden doll type, Miss Dorothy Moon, recited Tagore's famous poem, "The Defeated," and incidentally won the hearts and sympathy of every one in the audience. Miss Barbara Merkley's harp numbers were well received, as were also two vocal numbers contributed by Miss Belle Jacobs. The motofilm "Korea" proved a masterpiece of motion picture work, but just how the Japanese censors ever let it out of Korea is a mystery. The Friends of Korea, an organization of American men and women interested in the heroic fight of the Koreans for liberty and their right to espouse Christianity, sponsored the "Night in Korea," which is to be given a presentation at the University of California early next month and again at Washington, D. C., in December, where under auspices of utmost éclat the political effect in favor of the Korean cause will doubtless prove electrically responsive.

French Lectures of Mlle Godchaux

Mlle. Rebecca Godchaux (officier de l' instruction publique) announces that the first of her series of French lectures will be given on Tuesday next, October 21st, at her residence 2620 Buchanan street. The date at first fixed for the 14th was changed, being that of the arrival of the Belgian king and queen, whose reception many of the ladies of Mlle. Godchaux' audience wished to attend. The lectures will follow every Tuesday morning at half past ten to December 23rd, inclusive.

The Hotel Del Monte continues to be a gay place during these fall days. Over the week ends the active out-of-door recreations have been the prevailing attractions, although the Palm grill at the Hotel Del Monte and the drawing room at the Del Monte Lodge have been brilliant in the evenings with dinner dances and parties.

One of the interesting parties that motored down to Del Monte over the past week end was J. K. Armsby of Ross and William B. Dunning, with a group of young folks composed of Miss Armsby, Miss Palmer, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hardy.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Garvan, prominent in social circles of Sidney, Australia, have arrived at Del Monte to make a stay of several weeks. They have been visiting Yosemite Valley and are enraptured with the charms of California.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Barneson are making a sojourn at Del Monte. Mr. Barneson with his distinguished father, Captain Barneson, are interested in the new Pebble Beach Fishing Club, which has a beautiful lodge at Still Water Cove.

Polo, which has been an outstanding feature at Del Monte throughout the season is still played by a number of players at the popular Monterey resort. The week-end matches have been discontinued but there are practice tilts staged several times during the week. Del Monte is laying plans for one of the most attractive programs in its history, for 1920. Teams are coming out from the East and it is also expected that Canada, Great Britain, Mexico and Honolulu will be represented in the tournaments.

The beautiful home of Mrs. Chas. W. Clark of San Mateo is nearing completion at Pebble Beach. Of Spanish architecture, it has aroused no end of favorable comment from the colony of artists which inhabit the picturesque Monterey peninsula. The Clark house is located on a high, rocky cliff, with the Del Monte forest in the background and a beautiful outlook on Carmel Bay. Mrs. Clark is making plans to have the house in readiness by the first of the year. Miss Edith Chesebrough, who has won much fame on the golf links, has a home site adjoining that of Mrs. Clark and is planning to build shortly. The Pebble Beach colony is rapidly growing and promises to be one of the most exclusive residential parks on the Pacific Coast.

Louis Hill, A. King Macomber, George T. Code, J. V. Rittenhouse, Dan Murphy, Fred Flint, the Holts of Stockton, and many others, have their home at Pebble Beach. Henry Rainsworth, the Boston millionaire, who recently came to California, with his three beautiful unmarried daughters, announces his plans to erect a home at Pebble Beach.

California Indians

The California Indians will promote a week of sports next year at Del Monte, which will include trapshooting, tennis, fishing, golf, swimming and in fact every sport on the calendar. It will be a real sportsmen's association, with several thousand dollars' worth of prizes to be distributed. Not only Californians, but sportsmen from neighboring states are taking an interest in the association. High Chief George Anderson of San Jose has called a meeting for the near future to frame the constitution. The membership is growing rapidly to the four hundred mark. The aims of the Indians will be in the interests of out-of-door sports and the preservation of wild game.

Hy Everding, the popular Portland sportsman, has sent along word that he wants to be a charter member, and there are others from a distance who are getting in line to boost the affair along. Not only do these sportsmen plan to promote all branches of healthy out-of-door competition, but they will stage, every year, at the time of their pow-wow, a novel feast which will be anticipated with well trained appetites.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hubert Mee, accompanied by Miss Helen St. Goar, have arrived at the Homestead Hotel, Hot Springs, Va. The autumn season at this famous resort is now full under way, and Mr. and Mrs. Mee and Miss St. Goar are enjoying what may be paralleled in its charm and distinction only by Del Monte. Mrs. Terah Haggin, formerly the Countess Fetics, is house guest at Barton Lodge, where

she is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Campbell Graef.

The California Junior Golf Championship at Del Monte is open to boys and girls under the age of 16 years and will last four days, starting Thanksgiving Day, November 27th, and ending on Saturday, November 30th. The program, with the list of prizes, has been mapped out. It will be as follows: Thursday, Nov. 27th, qualifying round of 18 holes, match play. First eight qualifying for match play, at scratch in the championship flight. Other flights of eight holes at handicap. Friday, Nov. 28th, first round match play. Saturday, Nov. 29th, second round match play. Sunday, Nov. 30th, finals. There will be prizes for the best gross and net scores in the qualifying round, special trophies to the winners and runners-up of the championship, and prizes for the winners and runners-up in the other flights. The events have been sanctioned by the California Golf Association. Golfers throughout the state are working to make the first Junior Championship a success. It is considered a movement in the direction of the development of young material, and already a number of budding stars are lined up to come to Del Monte to strive for the honors. In conjunction with the Junior Championships the annual Thanksgiving Day Tournament for men and women, will be contested.

Hotel Cecil

Accompanied by his beautiful French bride, Captain Richard L. Smith arrived at the Cecil this week. Mrs. L. R. Ellert, who was a guest last winter, has returned to the hotel after a pleasant sojourn at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Ellert is the wife of the late Mayor Ellert of San Francisco. Mr. Charles Walker came out from Salt Lake and has joined his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. E. V. Foote at the Cecil. Colonel Samuel Bottonnes has been giving a series of informal dinners. He and his mother are domiciled for the winter at the hotel. Commander and Mrs. G. A. McKay are enjoying their visit. Mrs. A. H. Hill gave a dinner Tuesday. The decorations were roses. Lieut. A. J. Shafe will sail on the next steamer for Ceylon. Dr. and Mrs. David Fairchild were hosts at luncheon yesterday.

National Tuberculosis Association

To aid in fighting tuberculoiss, the National Tuberculosis Association operates a department in which "cures" for the disease are examined. This department, according to a statement issued by the organization, will be a feature of the great health campaign which is now being undertaken by the association, and will pass on all "cures" that are submitted to it.

The sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals, from which the affiliated bodies derive their chief income, will be increased this year. More than \$6,500,000 worth of seals must be sold during December to meet the greatly increased state quotas needed to carry on the intensive educational and preventive campaign during the next year.

The National Tuberculosis Association experts agree that the only cure for tuberculosis is sunshine, fresh air, good food, expert medical care and rest. They were partially responsible for the examination and rejection of the famous Friedman turtle serum cure five years ago and have proved that remedies offered at various times not only do not cure the disease but, in many cases, have worked positive harm.

To maintain this protection, the National Tu-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Stage

Realistic Drama at Alcazar

"Paid in Full" begins with a high-cost-of-living episode that seems to have been written in the very present instead of years ago when Eugene Walter made his hit with the play. If wifely sweetness be part of his theme, he couldn't have had a better portrayal than Belle Bennett's. Living on \$25 a week in a Harlem flat offers no difficulty to Belle's temperament; and housewives with the same financial limitations might well imitate the way she gets through the vicissitudes of poverty. It is good to look at; and must be equally charming in companionship, though Thomas Chatterton does not think so—in the play, of course. Chatterton with an apron, a crumb tray and a carpet sweeper goes through his realistic part of the work in a manner that betokens he is a close student of the good old grouch system of being a husband. But there is the \$25 a week, and that would spoil the temper of anyone, were it not for that sweetness aforesaid, the very same Belle Bennett. But Chatterton does not care. Then comes the temptation. Embezzlement. His employer, Henry Shumer is the sea captain type, a veritable demon with South American natives, with women and a lot else. There's that embezzlement, and Chatterton sends his wife to see the gruff old Captain Shumer, and fix things up. Chatterton understands fully all that this means, or might mean. Hence the "paid in full." It is a repulsive situation, repellant evil of a husband's mind, and is equaled only by a repellant virtue in all the other characters. Virtue repellant? Why, surely, when overdone on the stage. That is why we do not quite realize the enormity of Chatterton's gift of his wife to square his theft. Chatterton is a clever actor, and makes the role convincing. The whole company is admirable. The fault lies entirely with Eugene Walter, who thought that to compensate for such wickedness, he ought to make everybody else in the play a set of paragons, so that the public might not believe him (Walter, playwright) a glutton for villany. Even the old captain becomes an angel at the finale of his coarse love-making. Belle Bennett is willing to protect her honor with her life. Walter P. Richardson, friend, is ready to part with his \$14,000 (all his savings) to quash the embezzlement charge. And there you are. While the play is replete with all the absurdities that went for American drama at its worst, the Alcazar folk show that good acting can almost make an absurdity look like the real thing. "Paid in Full" has had a big reputation. People wish to see it. The Alcazar has been good enough to give us another chance at this popular drama. It is realistic in intention; and the Alcazar company is particularly good at realism; even with the carpet-sweeper thrown in. The play could not have been acted better by any company. Richardson is a scream as the good friend. His character is one that must be loved always by theater-goers. But when it becomes stagey performance of the plot, we have to blame Eugene Walter for betraying the confidence of the public and the theatrical managers. The production is one that is a continuous enjoyment of character work. The strength of the cast almost makes one forget the weakness of the plot. In fact, much of the time we do forget it in this wealth of first-class acting. All these people have done excellent work right along. Their reputations and the reputation of the Al-

cazar have been made by persistent industry. Yet this one performance alone would be enough to establish the cast as topnotchers in a city of dramatic sensitiveness. The company gains in fame; but the playwright certainly shows that his realism is but a superficial touch, and that in the essentials he has stuck to the least excusable precedents of spurious play-writing.

—L. J.

The Orpheum and Belgian Royalty

Not often is an act at the Orpheum interrupted; a still rarer event there is an audience turning from the stage to see a royal party enter a box. That is what happened to the Farrell Taylor Company, at 10:20 o'clock last Tuesday night. The two black spasms were coon-shouting at each other to your heart's content, when entered King Albert and Queen Elizabeth and entourage, including some of our local merchants. Taylor and Carter gave one look and left the stage. According to moving pictures of the Belgian majesties in New York, the queen wore there the same tiny bronze turban and hanging feather which San Francisco found so chic, an encouraging example of economy. Unfortunately Taylor and Carter had some nonsense about dukes and royalty and blue blood; but the royal couple took it in good humor. A harpist and trombonist (Carlena Diamond and Edith Swan) brought some beauty to this act. Otherwise King Albert might have believed some of the old stories of our wild western amusements, for the only other number he witnessed was the slapstick, horseplay and slambang pantomime of Billy Fern & Co. Both are good acts, though of the rough-house variety; and if our friends will bring in royalty unannounced, at a late hour, it is not the fault of the program, which this week is the superb of many superbas. All that the Orpheum needs this week is a comma separating the second and third words of (like this) "Not yet, Marie". Girls, girls. The cast is just full of fluffy girls. Shapely girls, shaplier and still more shapely. Williams Edmunds must rank with the best of stage Italians. And the naughtiness of the whole affair must rank with the best of all naughtiness. Does it go too far? Well, not yet, Marie. Jack Sidney and Isabel Townley have "A Subway Flirtation". And that last make-up of Isabel in her grotesque dance! I can see it, yet. No one will agree with Jack when he says, "If that's chicken, give me roast beef". But then he inquired if we saw the same thing he saw; and there is a question. Harry Breen, the rapid singer. He is half through before you can make up your mind that he will continue to go on that way for the full twenty minutes; and he almost does it. "If I can't sing that song. I'll fix it so that nobody will ever be able to sing it again". But nobody else could sing it that way. The clever boy knows some things he is not old enough to know. Heard his mother tell a neighbor. Knows where he came from. Bright lad. Donald Roberts, the strolling tenor. A good tenor is always improved by charming scenery, and Breen brings both with him. Besides, the song, "I Hate," is a wonder. Not exactly melodious, but delirium rhapsodized. "A Song Romance" is the beautiful offering of Amelia Stone and Arnan Kaliz. Singularly theatrical, exquisitely human, Frenchy, bewitching, dreamy and vivacious is Amelia Stone; and, while her voice is not a relic of Patti, the effect

of song and acting is sufficient for anybody. Kaliz appeared at his best in "Sammy's Romance in France," a song that almost all French, was almost all understood by all—as a result of the war. As a result of peace, we have the other romantic songs; but their sequels are not peaceful, says Amelia.

—L. J.

The First Symphony

The winter gaieties always seem really inaugurated on opening symphony day. This year, there was an atmosphere more than ordinarily festive, for some reason. Probably because we have no more world strife to detract our attention from the harmonies of Orpheus.

Conductor Hertz received an ovation which must have been very gratifying to him in the beginning of his fourth season. The symphony was the D-major Brahms, beloved of Hertz and played with an insight which only a lover of the master can portray. I am an earnest advocate of repetitions of such superb numbers—the musical soul cannot revel in their beauties until they have become really familiar.

Debussy's "Fetes" touched a responsive chord in the hearts of the admirers of the ultra modern school, the passages for muted trumpets against plucked strings of harp and 'cello being of especial appeal.

Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," a classic in mosaic, was the gratefully received opening number.

The "Love Death" prelude, another piece de resistance of Hertz, was superbly rendered as a finale, the orchestra insinuating itself into the hearts of the audience with the passionate languor of its strains. There was a large attendance of professional musicians and society dilettanti.

On Sunday the same program was repeated to an audience even more keenly appreciative.

—H. M. B.

The Great Ganz

Rudolph Ganz, the eminent Swiss pianist, who will be heard in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, November 14, at 8:15 sharp, combines in equal measure natural gifts and artistic ability.

Ganz's unusual pianistic qualities have long been recognized, but that which above all things make his work of value, is the absolute renunciation of sensational effects. His readings are entirely free from arbitrary affectation and exaggerated sentimentality and yet are widely remote from mere superficiality.

His effects are the outcome of honest conviction; his working out of a composition is logical, and clearly reveals his fervent feeling, which glows alone for the art work.

At the Curran

Bubbling with spontaneous fun, Trixie Friganza comes to the Curran Theater for a single week, beginning Sunday night, Oct. 19, in a new comedy with music, "Poor Mama!". Report has it that it is the merriest concoction in which the roly-poly comedienne has yet appeared. The droll book of "Poor Mama!" was written by Elmer Harris, co-author of "So Long, Letty" and "Canary Cottage," while the catchy lyrics and music are the work of Jean Havez. The irresistible Friganza personality has been fitted with a role that is as becoming as the Friganza smile. She portrays a rather kittenish widow,

encumbered with five children, who have a habit of bobbing up at the most inopportune and therefore embarrassing moments. For the plot divulges several admirers of the male persuasion, who believe her childless, and Trixie or Grace Pine, as she is known on the program, endeavors to keep up the illusion. Uproariously funny situations follow one another with tremendous speed, and laughter is constantly on tap. The action is dotted with bright and snappy song numbers, handled in a novel way. The supporting company furnished by Producer Thomas O'Day, is worthy of the popular star. Saturday night's performance will conclude the engagement of the startling dramatic novelty, "Under Orders," with Zeffie Tilbury and Richard L. Tucker.

The new edition de luxe of the Fanchon and Marco 1919 Revue comes to the Curran on Sunday night, October 26th.

Opening of Hertz' "Pop" Series of Concerts

Alfred Hertz will open the "Pop" series of concerts of the new season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, October 19, in the Curran Theater. These events have been most successful in the past and the outlook for this year is particularly gratifying, for an unexpectedly large number of music-lovers have secured season tickets for the series. Conductor Hertz aims to present music that is light, but not trivial, at these "pop" concerts. He devotes great care in the preparation of his programs, which are designed to appeal to the lover of the more obvious melodic forms as well as the technical musician. The entire orchestra of eighty musicians appear at the "pops" and Hertz always conducts. The first "pop" concert will embrace compositions by Auber, Beethoven, Saint-Saens, Massenet, Boccherini, Schubert and Tschaiikowsky. Beethoven's Larghetto from the Second Symphony is programmed. At each of the "pop" concerts this season Hertz proposes to give the most appealing movement from one of the standard symphonies. The ballet suite from Camille Saint-Saens' opera, "Henry VIII," will prove a most diverting number. Massenet's overture, "Phedre," is a brilliant and effective composition. Boccherini, that unique figure among the Italian composers of his time, in that he devoted himself almost wholly to instrumental music instead of operatic composition, will be represented by a Minuet, familiar to many, but not hitherto played by San Francisco Symphony. Schubert's very popular "Moment Musical" will be played; Frederick Stock's admirable orchestral arrangement being used. The program will be opened by Auber's perennial favorite, the overture to "Fra Diavolo," and it will be brilliantly closed by the colossal "March Slav." The second pair of regular symphonies, scheduled for Friday and Sunday afternoons, October 24 and 26, will be devoted to compositions new here to the Hertz baton. The important number will be Cesar Franck's greatest accomplishment, the Symphony in D-minor; Mozart's humor-saturated overture to "The Magic Flute" and Busoni's Symphonic Suite, Opus 25. Unusual interest will attach to this latter composition, for nothing of this Italian pianist-composer has held place hitherto upon a local orchestral program.

Alcazar

"A Regular Feller," up-to-the-minute motor car comedy, by the popular farceur, Mark Swan, jumps its way across continent less than a month after setting Broadway in an uproar with its laughter and thrills. There could be no better example of Alcazar energy, enterprise and

lavish expenditure in acquiring the best eastern novelties, in quick time. Thousands of auto fans in the greatest motor city of the Coast will revel in the bright lines, funny situations and scenic realism of this merry play, with its triple love stories and moments of exciting road contest. "A Regular Feller" recklessly breaks the laughing speed limit, hits on every fun cylinder and does no skidding. Even New York could not provide a better cast than that of our own Alcazar, with Walter P. Richardson as the all-of-a-sudden auto salesman; Thomas Chatterton as the dreamy inventor of the non-puncturable tire; Belle Bennett and Emily Pinter as their adorable sweethearts; Henry Shumer as the fat, convivial mechanic; Vaughan Morgan as the rural horse-fancier whose purchase of a scrap heap "bus" transforms him into a speed maniac; Jean Oliver as the hotel waitress with no lines, but much comic pantomime; Al Cunningham and Graham Earl as scheming magnates; Edna Shaw as the haughty tourist; Nate Anderson as the village hotel keeper and Rafael Brunetto as the scheming secretary. Early Alcazar offerings will be Laurette Taylor's newest success, "Happiness," "The Country Cousin," "The Little Teacher," "Stop Thief," "Nothing But Lies" and John H. Blackwood's installment plan drama "A Dollar Down". The Belasco and Mayer playhouse is scoring hit after hit in its present season.

American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers

Tickets will go on sale Monday, October 20th, at the box office of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, for the concert of the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, under the local management of Frank W. Healy, at the Exposition Auditorium, on Monday evening, November 10th, at 8:15. The American Syncopated Orchestra is an organization comprised of forty negro musicians, who give to the public negro music, both vocal and instrumental, including not only the present-day music, but the original plantation melodies. This organization has been the rage of the hour in Paris, London and Chicago. It will come direct to San Francisco from its concert at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, where it played to overflow houses and big enthusiasm both of professional musicians and just plain "folks".

Orpheum

Albertina Rasch, the Polish dancer of the opera stage, called "the unsurpassable exponent of choreographic art," and her company of terpsichoreans, will head the Orpheum bill next week, appearing in interpretative dance creations conceived and arranged by her. Albertina Rasch has established herself as the best classical dancer of today, not only for her perfect technique but for her genius in her interpretation of every sort of dance. William B. Friedlander and Will M. Hough have used the expression "Sweeties" as a title for an exceedingly amusing one-act play which might be described as an "International Matrimonial Alliance". Comfort and King thoroughly fill the demand for negro characterizations, which when accurately presented are always popular. They will appear in the laughable skit, "Coontown Divorcons". Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall in "Sense and Nonsense" emphasize the old proverb, "There's many a true word spoken in jest". It is a singing and talking novelty which displays to the fullest advantage the versatility and talent of these two admirable artists. Kharum, the Persian pianist, is undoubtedly a virtuoso. He appears in his national picturesque costume. The Melnotte Duo, exceedingly clever gymnasts,

will introduce an original balancing act called "A Night Out". Jack Morrissey and his company of Australian ropers and whipcrackers will manifest their skill in an unusual but interesting manner. The successful comedy, "Not Yet Marie," will be the only holdover in a remarkable and novel bill, which will have as a special added attraction the celebrated humorist, James J. Morton, who is appropriately styled "An Animated Program," for he facetiously announces each act in the bill, apparently unconscious of the fact that he himself is the life of the party.

Bashful Youth—Will you take this chair, Miss Ethel? Miss Ethel—Oh, no. It has no arm. Bashful Youth (cagerly)—I shall be most happy—ah—to supply the deficiency, I assure you. And he did.

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

Last Time Sat. Night—"Under Orders"
ONE WEEK, STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 19
Thomas O'Day Presents

TRIXIE FRIGANZA

In a New and Scintillating Comedy with Music
"POOR MAMA"

Book by Elmer Harris, co-author of "So Long, Letty" and "Canary Cottage"; Lyrics and Music by Jean Havez.
Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

NEXT—Com. Sun., Oct. 26—FANCHON-MARCO REVUE

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

ALBERTINA RASCH and her dancers; "SWEETIES," a New Frill in Farce, by William B. Friedlander and Will M. Hough; COMFORT & KING in "Coontown Divorcons"; HARRY NORWOOD & ALPHA HALL, "Sense and Nonsense"; the Persian Pianist, KHARUM; MELNOTTE DUO in "A Night Out"; JACK MORRISSEY & CO., Australian Ropers and Whipcrackers; "NOT YET MARIE," the Great Musical Comedy Hit.

An Additional Feature

JAMES J. MORTON

"An Animated Program"

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"PAID IN FULL"

Eugene Walter's Great Domestic Comedy-Drama
WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT., OCT. 19

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

Demonstrating a Honeymoon Joy Ride in

Mark Swan's High Speed Motor Car Comedy

"A REGULAR FELLER"

First Production Outside of New York

100 Per Cent Fun—Hits on Every Cylinder

NEXT—The Hurricane Farce, "STOP THIEF"

SOON—John H. Blackwood's Comedy "A Dollar Down"

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

OPENING "POP" CONCERT

Of the 1919-1920 Season

CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Oct. 19, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM—Overture, "Fra Diavolo," Auber; Larghetto, Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Ballet Suite, "Henry VIII," Saint-Saens; Overture, "Phedre," Massenet; Minuet, Boccherini; Moment Musical, Schubert-Stock; March Slav, Tschaiikowsky.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 (NO WAR TAX)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only.

NEXT—Oct. 24 and 26, Second Pair Symphonies

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—News throughout the week was generally favorable and stocks were on the upward trend with the best prices at the close of the week. The market acted as if it had started on a new bullish demonstration, which will be far-reaching and result in much higher prices for all classes of stocks. The crossing of the previous high records by several stocks the past week would indicate the strong position of the pools and the bullish sentiment of the outside trade generally. The principal factor in the news was the general optimistic feeling over the steel strike situation. Conditions continue to improve for the companies, and the strikers are gradually commencing to break ranks and are applying for their old positions. Under such conditions it is believed that it is only a question of a short time until the steel mills will be again working at full capacity. As far as the stock market is concerned, the strike is a thing of the past; but, due to favorable results to be expected by the defeat of the radical element in the ranks of organized labor, some very interesting comment is still heard in regard to the situation. Railroad stocks were in better demand last week. However, there was really nothing in the news to warrant the strength on stocks, but the buying seemed to come from well informed quarters. The rumor that the roads would be given an increase of 25 per cent in rates was probably the cause of the buying. This, no doubt, would place the roads on their feet and give them an opportunity to face the future with some ray of cheerfulness. Therefore, it was only natural that the market should respond to the favorable news. Motor stocks were all higher at the close of the week—most of those issued had sold far above any price made in their history. The demand for pleasure cars, trucks and tractors is such that they cannot be produced fast enough, and all Motor Companies have orders enough on hand now to insure them prosperity well into the coming year. Oil stocks continue to be the favorites among a certain class of speculators who have the utmost confidence in the future for oil. With the demand for oil exceeding the production and so many new uses being found for oil, as well as the big demand for the cheaper grades of oil to take the place of coal, it is no wonder that those who are well posted in oil possibilities are buying the better oil issues and are predicting unheard of prices for the stock. There is only one cloud on the horizon, generally speaking, and that is the condition of the President's health. Rumor has it that the President is far from being a well man; and, while at times his condition shows improvement, nevertheless, his physicians are not hopeful that his condition will permit him to take an active part in his duties for several months. This may put

a damper on the enthusiasm that has been so pronounced the past week and may even cause a setback in prices; but, otherwise, the market is so strong fundamentally thus any decline will only be temporarily.

Cotton—Speculation in cotton the past week was mostly by the professional element and the outsider was more inclined to look on. Fluctuations at times were rapid and it did not take but very little buying or selling to move the market either way. News was conflicting. The labor troubles in the New England mills, as well as the general interest throughout the country, was a factor that kept the market in check. Exchange rates while showing some improvement did not go far enough to be a factor and exports were again small. The crop condition in this country, if any change, was for the worse. Private experts reduced their estimates of the total crop around ten million bales; and, with continuous rains and the prospects of an early frost, the crop may lie reduced below the ten million mark. Spot news was bullish and there was a good demand reported for the better grades, and holders were showing no disposition to sell a concession. Sentiment, however, speculatively is against the market on account of labor troubles here and abroad which are holding up exports. Under this pressure, prices may work somewhat lower, but it looks to us, with the unfavorable crop prospects in sight, only a temporary decline can be expected. The world is short of cotton goods and shelves are empty. With any improvement in conditions abroad, or, if the peace treaty is finally ratified, a demand for cotton goods could spring up that might make forty cent cotton look cheap. We believe cotton should be bought at present levels from an investment standpoint and continue in our belief that the present price discounts all the bearish factors and that any change is bound to be in favor of higher prices.

A farmer in the country last autumn gave a job to a seedy-looking individual, who had applied to him, and who assured him that he never got tired. When the employer went to the field where he had put the tramp to work, he found the latter lolling on his back under a tree. "What does this mean?" asked the employer. "I thought you were a man who never got tired?" "I don't," calmly responded the tramp. "This doesn't tire me."

"You are looking very gloomy today, Tomkins. What's the matter?" "Matter! Do you know Miss Pascoe, the old maid that lives over the way? Dawkins told me that she was engaged to him, so just for the fun of the thing, I went and proposed to her, and she accepted me; and now I am looking for Dawkins."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund.....	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President

GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager

A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier

E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President

WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier

A. H. MULLER, Secretary

WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary

GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,

General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas

Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen

E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar

E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

MRS. GEORGE KESSLER, ANGEL OF MERCY

(Continued from Page 5)

San Francisco girls go away east or to Europe or somewhere, marry brilliantly and come back more or less distinguished. But Mrs. Kessler has made the best use of her fortune of any of our girls and returned to us the most beautiful. Though she was grown up when she left San Francisco twenty years ago, she looks today not more than thirty. With the fortune of Midas at one's command and every means to preserve beauty, it takes brains and will power to look as lovely as she does after twenty of the most happy years. She declared that her war work is the only thing about her life of particular interest and that she was willing to describe that only in the hope that others would become interested and assist. Two years ago Mayor Rolph gave a day for the Relief Fund here when Mrs. Kessler was accompanied by Mrs. Mary Webster, honorary secretary of the Fund. Mrs. Webster also devotes her life to the work in honor of her husband, a captain in the English army, who was killed in battle.

As I was leaving, I said to Mrs. Parsons, "As your daughter won't tell me anything about her own life, I shall say that 'she is terribly pretty,' because people will at least want to fancy how she looks." "Yes, you might say that," the mother beamed. "Why, mama," exclaimed the daughter, "that is the first time in my life I ever heard you say that I am pretty. Do you really mean it?" "Yes," gently answered the mother. "But the last time I was here you said I wasn't looking well at all." "You were not—you were too fat," criticized the elder with only a parent's blunt privilege. "But now do you like my looks, really, mama?" persisted the daughter. Again a gentle and decisive "Yes, dear," from her mother. Mrs. Kessler looked more pleased at her mother's compliment than she had in the beginning of our interview when she spoke of a queen's decoration. As she accompanied me to the door of her suite, she laughed as she told me that she had never before been able to extract a compliment about her appearance from her mother. "When I was a girl and thought I looked well sometimes, mama would say when I asked her what she thought: 'Never mind your looks. Behave well and try to look as well as you behave.'" I wonder how any mother could listen to the recital of her daughter's noble work in a stricken world and not think her loveliness personified.

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11)

bercubosis Association and the 1,000 affiliated local and state organizations, have the cooperation of the United States Health Service and the American Medical Association.

At the Fine Arts

The joint piano, violin, and dance recital to be given in the recital hall of the Palace of Fine Arts next Sunday afternoon, October 19th, at 2:30 o'clock promises to be an interesting event. A special program in celebration of the newly opened Oriental department of the museum has been arranged for this occasion by Ingeborg La Cour, Leone Nesbit and Jan Mykus.

Miss Nesbit will open the program with one of Edward McDowell's most beautiful piano compositions, the well known "Etude de Concert, Op. 36," in addition to which she will play Moskowski's "Caprice Espagnol." Miss Ingeborg La Cour, danseuse, and Leone Nesbit, pianiste,

will interpret six Chopin numbers and Jan Mykus will play violin compositions of Brahms and Kreisler. The recital, which is free to the public, will begin promptly at 2:30 o'clock.

THE ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

(Continued from Page 4)

moral courage. If we are to believe the chroniclers, temperament was once fashionable with persons in high places. They took their position as entitling them to act as they pleased. They were restrained neither by their inferior functionaries nor their inferior sentiments. Napoleon, with the manner of a student in his young days, was determined to be monarch of his own good graces when he became Emperor of the French. Many esteemed him for a poseur, while, as a matter of fact, it was they who were posing. He would not conceal the childish simplicity of a great general. That is a simple test of greatness. When you see a man behaving always like others or forever like himself, you may be sure that there is little to him. If he is like everything you ever heard of, and more besides, he is manifesting the sublime. Even though it be madness, it is sublime. Reason could only make it useful. Some of the things Queen Elizabeth did and said would be decried as vulgar by the vulgarest woman of today. She lived at a time when it was not conspicuously improper to talk and act as a human being. Best of all, she inspired others to the same end, resulting in some first-class repartee at her court. She was temperamental; which means that she was, according to modern standards, undignified; and she would have considered it beneath her dignity to be otherwise.

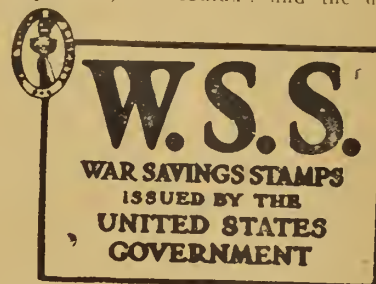
The problem with most of us is whether we shall be governed by a vast mob or a little one. There are two mob spirits: the uproarious and the passive. At a theater, the mob spirit assumes its most placid form. It gazes at the stage; it applauds; between the acts it becomes torpid. A person who would look behind him might be called not only temperamental or ill-mannered, but hysterical. To look right and left is not as bad. It was a great discovery when this principle was found applicable to public behavior. In foreign playhouses, men with opera glasses arise and search the audience for their friends. In our own town, we could take another's wife to the theater, seat her beside him, and he would not know, unless he were temperamental. He has been taught to look straight ahead. It is possible that the opera-glass wielders in foreign lands are on the lookout not for the friends but for their wives. They may have become temperamental for good cause.

It is made out by some that temperament is an affectation, as if a man exhilarate himself to make a show, or sink into a blue mood to be admired. Artistic temperament would then be a sort of advertisement. So to speak: "This man continually acts like a fool. It is his way of telling us that he is a genius. He hath no money to pay for space in the newspapers; so he laughs out loud in public. In the course of a year, the whole town will have had occasion to say, 'That's Van Dyke Brown, the artist.'" Having painted a picture, Mr. Brown makes no attempt to conceal his temperament that upheld him at his work. He may even embellish it a little on the boulevard. But the chances are that he does not let the public see half of his indoor soul. Least of all is he egotistic about it. It is your soul more than his own that he studies. Artists, writers, musicians are one in this respect. Their great lament is that the world is too precise, constrained, un-

picturesque, and that applause has become a complacent function. We should assist them for their art. There is no occasion to be vexed at their personality. It is always our privilege to outshine the others, or in self defense, to suffuse our own thoughts with a darkness which theirs cannot penetrate.

Too Literal

When "Macbeth" was once being played in a provincial town local workmen were requisitioned as stage carpenters. All went well until the scene where Macbeth murders the king. The actor who was playing the part of Macbeth was feigning hesitation, and, holding up the dagger, he said tragically, "Is this a dagger I see before me?" Imagine his surprise and discomfiture when one of the stage carpenters, sticking out his head, answered apologetically, "No, sir, it's the putty knife; we couldn't find the dagger."



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 98779; Dept. No. 10.

IDA L. WESTLAKE, Plaintiff, vs. ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: ROY R. WESTLAKE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's willful neglect, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 7th day of July, A. D. 1919.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DIXON L. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
211-12 Bank of Italy Bldg., Oakland, Cal.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1428

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 25, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Schmitz's Backer

Lemare's Collapse

New Bulletin Blood

Stage, Finance, Society

Mayor Rolph's Politics

Four Years Practicing Law

Men and Women in Club Life

Supervisors in the Milk Business

Roundabout the Changing World

High Priced Living in New York

Edward M. Greenway, Gentleman

Strauss-Linnard Hotels and Candy

Foreign Trade and Longtime Credits

Frank L. Mulgrew on "High Romance"

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, October 25, 1919

No. 1428

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

The Error of Samuel Gompers

It is remarkable how the dipping and tossing of figurative language will tempt men to rock the boat of logic. If they sink their opponents, so much the better. When Gompers was speaking before the Industrial Conference at Washington, he said that chairs and tables, cattle, pork, hides, wool, sugar, oil, etc., are capital, and that labor is men, women and children. Therefore, he added, the public will always have more sympathy for human beings than for chairs and tables, inanimate things. Some readers there are who will take this distinction as clever; and clever it was, for about a minute. Most thinkers desire their statements to last longer than that in the memory. They aim to interest or intrigue or entangle or stimulate long after the mind has had the opportunity of thinking it over. Capital is money and other possessions, true enough: labor is toil. By a figure of speech, the word "capital" has been applied to its owners; and by the same token, "labor" signifies the toilers themselves. When, in our arguments, we keep "capital" to its original meaning, property, we should do the same with "labor". Otherwise we fall into the mistake with which Gompers was so well pleased. If we take "labor" in the metaphorical meaning of laborers, and construe "capital" literally as inanimate things, for the sake of contrasting a human being with a barrel of oil, we expose ourselves to the charge of unfairness. Capitalists are also human beings. Even though, in the mind of the labor leader, capitalists do not compare favorably with workingmen, it is poor logic to place the wealthy man alongside a chair and then ask your hearers which of the two attracts their sympathy. Capitalists are also laborers. Many of them labor more than eight hours a day. Many of them have toiled with their hands. They left off such drudgery as soon as they could. Just how much credit each deserves, if any, is a matter of individual appraisal. Some capitalists are not worthy of any praise. Others are philanthropic; they develop the resources of the country, establish industries, and give millions to the needy. We acknowledge the existence of a philosophy that there would not be any needy if there were no capital. Yet the reverse is perhaps the case. The historical effect of wealth is to exploit

still more wealth, and the laborers receive their share—not enough to their liking, yet more than at any previous age. Most groups of men require a head or chief to keep them together, to give the inspiration for toil (even though it be a selfish inspiration as given) and to formulate the plans of industry and distribution. Even the labor unions have their leaders, some of whom become wealthier than the rank and file. Since it is well nigh impossible for great groups of men to concentrate their minds without leadership, they must pay the price; and this goes to the capitalist; not to an inanimate thing.

* * *

Can Labor and Capital Come to Terms?

The attitude of labor and capital at the national conference is what one could have predicted. At the present writing, harmony does not seem possible; and the country would be surprised if all factions leave the conference smiling. Labor came to the conference with its aggressive ideas; and capital, with its own. The first debates evinced a gentle desire of each to bluff the other, to express in the most forcible terms the fallacy of the other's viewpoint. Between the two, appeared the public's representatives, trying to think it out in so far as the human mind can think out or argue away an antagonism. The biggest ordeal was that of the peacemaker. The big difficulty is the one of collective bargaining. Each employer wishes to arbitrate with the employees of his own shop. Labor desires to mobilize its complete forces against each employer whenever there is a dispute; that is, the employer must contend with labor as a whole. For a while this collective bargaining on one side, and the single employer on the other, led to many an unequal conflict. Gradually so many concerns lost out in this way that they took measures to organize on their own behalf. So that the present situation is one of two great organizations lined up for a division of the profits and a few minor points of industrial welfare. There is no concealing that violent animosities exist, and are of such a sort that one man yielding to the other would feel himself in the position of a man who yields in a fist fight. It is a matter of personal honor to continue the struggle. It is unfortunate that President Wilson's illness interfered with his presence at the assemblage. He might have been able to show the contending parties that it is not beneath their dignity—that it might even be a matter of personal honor—to yield here and there. One of the central figures is Elbert H. Gary, head of the United States Steel Corporation. In the present strike of

his shopmen, he refused to meet the union chiefs, on the ground that they were outsiders to the controversy. As just one instance at the conference, one can imagine the feeling between him and Michael Tighe, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has come out for the principle of collective bargaining up to a certain point; after which, he argues that any dispute should be worked out by the parties in interest. However, he stands before the country as a humanitarian, and has expressed himself in close sympathy with the workingmen. He is more consistent than his father. Rockefeller, junior, has interested the laborites with his statement that it would be misleading for Americans to pledge democracy in government and practice autocracy in industry. This, at least, was a concession to the other side, for, although young Rockefeller, on account of his philanthropic work, has been selected as one of those who represent the public, he is a capitalist. In contrast to his ameliorating attitude was the statement of Samuel Gompers that "if the old concept of labor and capital were prevailing today, you would find children in the textile mills of America working twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours a day." This was not calculated for amity. The labor movement has done considerable toward bettering the conditions of child labor but has not been the only influence in that behalf. Perhaps the most interesting phase of the convention will be the fate of the radical element. At the finale we shall be able to see just how sincere are both capital and labor toward each other and toward the radicals; whether the capitalists stand for extreme autocracy and the labor chiefs for elimination of the professional agitators. Once this has been made clear to good purpose, the movement toward a better understanding between capital and labor will have made great headway.

Tightening the Gates of Immigration

The administration has for some time premeditated a ban on the immigrant. It appears that the time has come when a process of selection is to supplant the former hospitality to all peoples, and the first tremor of activity in the House of Representatives resulted in a vote of 284 to 1. The new legislation will be practically a republication of the war-time law, giving the President discretionary powers in control of the passport situation. About a year will suffice for determining a future policy; whereupon the experience of that period will be embodied in a permanent law. America owes its population to the oppressed

of other flags; and, while some sentiment attaches to the past, it can not be allowed to interfere with necessity. There will be some protest, no doubt; and various anecdotes of our celebrities will be related in favor of a free passport for the seekers of a free land. Yet the fact that Lincoln's parents were this and that, or that Carnegie was a first-class citizen, like millions of others, has no logical bearing on the present situation. The congressional vote indicates that some idea, beyond the usual call for unanimity, pervaded the House. The foreign element has been so much a part of our institutions that, at the outbreak of the war, there was a widespread notion that the United States was an aggregation of old-world factions and not a unified country; that its freedom was naught but a free-for-all stamping ground, and that an attempted move in one direction would be the stampede of a minority. The war proved that we are a consolidated nation, as far as national enthusiasm goes. Still, there is no surety that a continuance of millions, year after year, marching into the country, would not have a qualifying effect upon our national instincts. Newcomers are not Americans the moment they leave Ellis Island. Many of them depart from their native land because, like the Puritans, they could not endure the state of affairs there. Some come for high wages. In fact, it has been said that twice the number, and more than that, would have

taken ship for our shores, but that they discredited the tales of wealth and wages which they heard at home. However, these modern Puritans and argonauts, arriving in the United States, do not quickly forget the dissensions and sentiments of the realms they have forsaken. They continue the argument here. They have become accustomed to certain class conflicts, and are ready to believe that the same conflicting interests are a part of human society everywhere. They consider the Land of Freedom primarily a land of free speech, which they use to the fullest extent, not so much because they need it but because they were not permitted to enjoy it elsewhere. They avail themselves of the same epithets here that they would have liked to shout against their government at home. Some of them revile this government and their own with equal vigor. They do not bend themselves to the problems of America but stretch their arms against the rigors from which they have fled.

* * *

Lumps in the Melting Pot

In this way the United States has become more or less a debating ground for quarrels which are no part of our economy. The debaters come here and segregate themselves largely according to old-world distinctions. At first, unfamiliarity with the language is their motive. It is also the cause of their immanent ignorance of our customs. They

have their societies and meetings, resolutions and pronunciamentos and memorials, their serf systems and their dignitaries, and they hurl back to the native land their defiance from the free. This would not be so bad if they did not cast at the free the curses of their native prejudice. This attitude was recently pointed out by Attorney General Palmer. Palmer, being one of those that have been mentioned as presidential possibilities, may be presumed speaking with some conservatism. Said he: "The mistake made by many who come here from other parts of the world is that they believe the problems of their former habitat have a counterpart in this country." In other words, many become citizens in name only. Their aspirations and ideals and hatreds are still on the other side. They think that on this side the Statue of Liberty the ideal is money; the only legitimate hate, for prohibition. While the immigrants in the aggregate may do no great amount of damage, nor such that will not wear off in the course of time, some come with a propaganda that requires watching. One does not know what they will try next. As the United States has problems enough on its hands for a long time to come, there is no demand here for those which are foreign to our traditions, and no necessity for additional hands with which to work out the industries and institutions that are still cherished in their purest form from colonial days.

Woman and the Weed

By Andrew Lang

In the Morning of Time, when his fortunes began,
How bleak, how un-Greek, was the Nature of Man!
From his wigwam, if ever he ventured to roam,
There was nobody waiting to welcome him home;
For the Man had been made, but the woman had not,
And Earth was a highly detestable spot.
Man hated his neighbors; they met and they scowled,
They did not converse but they struggled and howled,
For Man had no tact—he would ne'er take a hint,
And his notions he backed with a hatchet of flint.

So Man was alone, and he wished he could see
On Earth some one like him, but fairer than he,
With locks like the red gold, a smile like the sun,
To welcome him back when his hunting was done.
And he sighed for a voice that should answer him still,
Like the affable Echo he heard on the hill:
That should answer him softly and always agree,
And oh, Man reflected, how nice it would be!
So he prayed to the Gods, and they stooped to his prayer,
And they spoke to the Sun on his way through the air,
And he married the Echo one fortunate morn,
And Woman, their beautiful daughter, was born!

The daughter of Sunshine and Echo she came
With a voice like a song, with a face like a flame;
With a face like a flame, and a voice like a song,
And happy was Man, but it was not for long!

For weather's a painfully changeable thing,
Not always the child of the Echo would sing;
And the face of the Sun may be hidden with mist,
And his child can be terribly cross if she list.
And unfortunate Man had to learn with surprise
That a frown's not peculiar to masculine eyes;
That the sweetest of voices can scold and can sneer,
And cannot be answered—like men—with a spear.

So Man went and called to the Gods in his woe,
And they answered him—"Sir, you would needs have it so;
And the thing must go on as the thing has begun,
She's immortal—your child of the Echo and Sun.

But we'll send you another, and fairer is she,
This maiden with locks that are flowing and free.
This maiden so gentle, so kind, and so fair,
With a flower like a star in the night of her hair.
With her eyes like the smoke that is misty and blue,
With her heart that is heavenly, and tender, and true.

She will die in the night, but no need you should mourn,
You shall bury her body and thence shall be born
A weed that is green, that is fragrant and fair,
With a flower like the star in the night of her hair.
And the leaves must ye burn till they offer to you
Soft smoke, like her eyes that are misty and blue.

"And the smoke shall ye breathe and no more shall ye fret,
But the child of the Echo and Sun shall forget:
Shall forget all the trouble and torment she brings,
Shall bethink ye of none but delectable things;
And the sound of the wars with your brethren shall cease,
While ye smoke by the camp-fire the great pipe of peace."
So the last state of Man was by no means the worst,
The second gift softened the sting of the first.

Nor the child of the Echo and Sun doth he heed
When he dreams with the Maid that was changed to the weed;
Though the Echo be silent, the Sun in a mist,
The Maid is the fairest that ever was kissed.
And when tempests are over and ended the rain,
And the child of the Sunshine is sunny again,
He comes back, glad at heart, and again is at one
With the changeable child of the Echo and Sun.

Roundabout the Changing World

Lionel Josaphare

The smell of powder off the battlefields, a certain fragrance has blown into the air, and the nostrils of men have sniffed of exotic philosophies. It is now a commonplace to say that a change has come over the little old world which we knew in the days of yore. I have employed the new view now and then, in order to prove some great statesman behind the times in his statesmanship or beside himself in his logic. Yet now that the topic is placed seriously before me, I am not as sure about it.

Individuals are the same as ever; aggregations, just as they were. Any tampering with the world as it goes must have been done to the beliefs, institutions, ideals. Verily, come to think the matter over, an ideal is the only possession that is not immutable.

Having said that much, one must be prepared to include nations and governments among the ideals that are eventually superseded by others, while the facts gloat along as the centuries knew them. Turning to a map dated before the summer of 1914, we find it here and there as unreliable as our constitutional right to buy a bottle of rum. When the Constitution changes, the world changes. That sounds like taking a political view of the North Star; yet to some, the prohibition amendment came as a cloud over the universe, and made them divinely sad. This amendment switched like a devil's tail attached to the Bill of Rights. The Constitution is a warrant of liberties. Liberty is not an unmixed boon; yet it is a pure because a simple blessing. Therefore it is said that the United States of America is not what it was. Prohibition has mayhap steadied the world for the foothold of a few, while unsteadying it for the mental grasp of others. Bolshevism shakes Russia, and a hen with a new egg-laying record throws Petaluma into a furore; yet these matters do not make the world essentially different.

Let us turn to the newspapers. New persons and newly known places are emblazoned in the old panorama. Novelities of diction came with them. This reminds us that our vocabulary has increased. The war drama played to a cosmopolitan audience, and strange words are heard. The mind and the vocabulary are one. Here is an important point. A word added to the mind may be more portentous than an amendment put to the constitution. That is to say, an addition to the mind is more spectacular than a tag to a document which we seldom contemplate, unless we be like the politician who, when walking with a lady, meditates upon the star-spangled banner. Most of us try the effect of the latest slang. If it be a good word, it may remodel the landscape and the spiritual slopes as well. For the world is a mere human outlook, where we get what we see. The world is enchanted at the behest of a great man, and disillusioned at the request of another.

In the year 1492, men trembled with an incomprehensible fact. Christopher Columbus has been called a navigator. He was a magician. He waved his wand over the ocean and caused the billows to bend with the skies. Prior to that intellectual miracle, well-informed men knew the earth to be a sphere. Columbus revolutionized popular opinion of it. That was more difficult than convincing a scientist. However, the gentleman from Genoa left the natural world exactly as it was before his time. He did not reform the potentates and pundits of Europe; yet

he caused them to be more prudent. America and the universe have always been sources of wonder. Niagara, as I understand it, was falling superbly in the days of Julius Caesar. The Roman Empire relegated the Atlantic Ocean to the mysteries of religion. Certain details of the planetary system were not officially recognized at the court of Louis XIV. At all events, the flats of earthly magnificence were revoked as various discoveries made proper. And the facts will continue to evolve as long as there are scientists to ponder over them. The exposure of a continent, the burning of a new wire, the writing of a fairy tale, the ascent of an airship or the promulgation of a thought, causes a transformation scene ever and anon, dissolves our views into other designs, and recreates our fancy with the romance of another land, the light of another lamp, or the whirl of an angel's wings.

The way of the transgressor crosses the path of the reformer in science as well as morality. Nobody knows what will happen next moment, when an old codger in a laboratory or at a writing table is bent on proving that the people of the past have deceived us. Occasionally we have to admit that the forefathers were right in some matter wherein we fancied we had the better of them. And while I proudly number myself among those who believe (and think they know) that the world is round, I should be the last one to deny that it could be proven flat again. This might be readily accomplished by a sufficient amount of ignorance or a supernatural wisdom. Who can prevent the day when some geometrician, sailing the seas of logic, will bring back the news that there is no such thing as a sphere? Man's eyeballs being as they are, he was destined to see the roundness of most things. My main objection to the globular theory is that it is the most obvious, and we have learned that science is the upsetting of one illusion after another.

The actual shape of the earth having undergone a change in the mind of the human race, it is quite plausible that all earthly things endure some transition. A thousand years is a long time for the prosperity of one thing and another. The streets of history are full of banners and shouting. Off somewhere in a slum, is a grief-checked hermit objecting to the whole celebration. Within a hundred years, associated fanatics are meeting fanatical antagonism over his words. One expects any day the resurrection of a theory incarnate with living fact. Ideals of statecraft, urgencies of toil, the pomp and plentitude of high places, and swamps of the lowly, supply the materials for the fads of eternity. From age to age, we find that the architecture of glory has changed somewhat, while the castle of dreams is the same. Dreams are personal. Ideals are a product of the mob; and the mob is likely to be ticked from one ideal to another.

There are two persons much to be pitied: the hungry man and the overfed one. The latter bears the delusion that riches can satisfy two appetites in one body. For the last quarter century, we have heard much of the folly that collects the wealths of a hundred livelihoods although only one can be used. Wealth is just a clamor of the race to acquire something more than bed and board. Disintegration of wealth would impoverish the soul, and even make fier-

er the struggle for bread, since bread would be the supreme fact of existence.

The offspring of all animals have an immediate recognition of their food. Long life is engaged in elaborating that first instinct. However spiritual be a man's philosophy, it is likely to be connected, in some way, with the idea of sustenance. Many of the nobler aspirations are confused with it. For aught we know, the birth-wail of an infant may be a word for hunger or the farewell of its soul to the angels. It seems angelic, yet may mean milk. The same uncertainty pervades his philosophy of later life.

Most aversions to a change in human affairs are due to a fear that the food supply will be endangered. Despite the fact that scientists have pursued paths close to seraphic abodes, no plan has yet been devised for the equal distribution of potatoes. An attempted reorganization of society would frighten most those who have the biggest dining rooms. They who eat in the kitchen would be the first with reasons for turning the commonwealth upside down. If the world has changed within five years, it is because there are livelier arguments concerning the men who do, or should do, the most eating. This is certainly a divergence from the old quarrel to see who should do the most praying. When the plutocrat felt no longer constrained to keep a solemn countenance, he lost his hold on credulity. He elected to laugh and grow fat; and there were those who thought they knew what he was laughing about. Besides there now are men who are deeper students than their masters; a topsy turvy condition in itself.

The war has made no change in psychology. It has produced more psychologists. The things that men fight and die for are the realities. The things they love most are invisible; maybe impossible. There are men in Florida who would lay down their lives in defense of a square mile in Oregon; but few men would give battle in behalf of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. There might exist some topheavy savant who would cede the District of Columbia to Japan in exchange for absolute proof as to the authorship of the plays. Such an extremity of mind does not enter the general public nor a few thereof. There is such a thing as paying too much for knowledge. He who loves the truth feels that

(Continued on Page 15)

"Caltex" ---Scientifically Correct Bifocals

The placing of these newly invented and improved double vision glasses before the eyeglass wearing public created a popular demand for them almost instantaneously, particularly by those who have been wearing with difficulty the old style bifocals. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are ground from one piece of glass combining reading and distance glasses in one. The superiority of "Caltex" over other double vision glasses is easily recognized—so invisible that no one knows you are wearing bifocals.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Four Years Practicing Law

By a Former Newspaper Man

Four Years Practicing Law

I was over forty years of age when I was admitted to practice law in California and my friends, to put it mildly, said that "I had a great temerity of purpose". Of course, the first year or two I went through the various vicissitudes, the selling of the scarf pin, piano and whatnot and then gradually, very gradually, I began to establish myself as a lawyer.

My first impression or my first discovery was that lawyers as a general rule are far more kind, agreeable and considerate to competitors in the profession than rivals are in the newspaper world, in theatrical or medical circles. If a lawyer is ill, has suffered some bereavement, or is in misfortune, his brother attorneys will not only extend time in a trial but will even offer their services, and in plain English do everything they can to assist him. Rarely does a lawyer speak ill of another and if one does, investigation will show that his action was justified to the fullest extent.

After I had been practicing a year or so the most oft repeated question asked me by my friends was: "You specialize in criminal law. Does a person charged with a crime tell you whether or not he really is guilty?" I have always answered this question by saying that sometimes they do, and sometimes they do not. I have defended two persons charged with murder, a young woman and a young man. They were both acquitted and they both told me a truthful story of their tragedies, and in court their stories were corroborated not only by the defense, but also by witnesses called by the prosecution. Yet on the other hand I have had clients who tried to convince others of their innocence with a weird, rambling story that when told so many times that they really arrive in a mental condition to believe it themselves.

* * *

Attitude of Police

In a criminal trial there are usually one or two policemen who are called as witnesses for the prosecution. These officers of the law as a general rule go on the stand without any personal animosity, tell their story without any indication of bias either way, and if you secure an acquittal they will be the first to come up and congratulate you. I have said as a general rule, but once in awhile you will find a detective who will indulge in sharp practice. I will give an illustration. I was appointed by the court on a certain occasion to defend a known criminal charged with robbery. The prisoner's identification was not fully established and I looked for an acquittal. But the jury went out and walked back again without any delay and rendered a verdict of guilty. A few days later I met one of the jurymen and

asked him how it was that the jury were so quick in their deliberations. "Why, that man you were defending was an ex-convict," said the juror. "How did you know that?" I asked. He had not taken the witness stand on his own behalf and during the trial there was no evidence introduced to show up his past record.

"I will give you a pointer, young man," continued the juror. "While you were arguing your case and facing the jury, your back was to detective John Doe; this detective held in his hand a photograph with the defendant in his convict clothes with a number across the front. That is how we knew your man was an ex-convict." But these sharp practices are, as I said before, a rarity and my experience has been that in nearly every instance a person charged with a crime secures a fair and impartial trial.

* * *

The Comedy Side

But for the comedy end of the law—if there is any—I find rests in the man who looks upon legal contests as some sort of mental recreation. This type of man loves to sue and be sued. If he buys an automobile under a lease contract, he claims that the car was not as represented. He will not stand a raise in rent, so down he comes to his lawyer and demands that the said attorney resist the advance to the last ditch. He reads the "Recorder" and watches all matters of law and if he has not a civil action himself, reconciles himself to his fate by going to court and listening to other cases. If he even is given a wrong street car transfer, down he dashes to his lawyer and is disappointed when he is informed that he has no case.

Then in the same category is the married woman who seems to be never satisfied with life. Last week a married woman left my office in high dudgeon because I explained to her that there was no law in the state of California compelling a married man to employ only a male stenographer.

* * *

Judges

I suppose the general public knows that some judges look upon infractions of the law with more severity than others. But for one instance of severity I think this would take the prize: In the federal courts I was once appointed to defend a man charged with having purchased a flask of whiskey for a soldier. This was in war times. After the poor man had told me his story he asked me to plead for leniency and to explain to the court that drink was his downfall and that prior to liquor's getting a hold upon him he was an expert accountant, and respected by the community.

The day of sentence, I explained all these circumstances to the court, in a way I thought was quite impressive. When I had completed my plea for clemency the judge looked at the prisoner with an expression which brooked no good. Then the judge said—and you could hear a pin drop in the courtroom: "Until counsel drew my attention to certain facts, I was going to look with great clemency in your case. But your counsel has explained drink has been your curse and that instead of being a dull-witted man you were once a public accountant. A man in that profession must be a man of education. You are not the ordinary boot-legger, and so what counsel has said makes your crime all the more flagrant." And then the poor man received an extra dose for asking through counsel for clemency.

But all judges are not alike. Judge Maurice T. Dooling is ill and it may be months before he returns to the bench. But Judge Dooling is a real judge. He seems to recognize the frailty of mankind. I never saw him sentence a defendant off-hand. He sits and thinks. Then suddenly you can discern when his mind is made up. "Step up here, Harry, my boy," he said to one young man who was just starting out on the downward career. "I guess if you go home there won't be any fatted calf killed in your honor. We have no probation here in the federal courts, but I am going to put you on your honor. I am going to let you go on one condition. I want you to go home and start in life all over again. No one back in Kansas will know you were ever in trouble. Keep it a secret. When you get home write me a letter and show me how useful you can be to your folks back home there on the farm."

* * *

L'Envoi

While I was writing this article, I was interrupted by a woman. She said she saw my name on the directory of the office building. That her father is eighty years of age—that she wants to go back East and see him. She suggested that I should present her case to some of my wealthy clients and that she would pay me five per cent of all the money I could secure for her in that way. I suggested that she should go to the Associated Charities and explain her case to them. She has gone.

What is the slogan of Santa Cruz?—"Never an idle moment."

Well, that slogan will well fit the life of the average lawyer in San Francisco.

TAXES

TAXES

Tax Payers Take Notice

1. That the taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half the taxes on all real property, will be due and payable on the 3rd Monday in October, 1919, and will be delinquent on the first Monday in December next thereafter at 5 o'clock P. M., and unless paid prior thereto fifteen per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and that if said one-half be not paid before the last Monday in April, 1920, at 5 o'clock P. M., an additional five per cent will be added thereto. That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the first Monday in January, 1920, and will be delinquent on the last Monday in April, 1920, thereafter, at 5 o'clock P. M., and that unless paid prior thereto five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

2. That all taxes may be paid at the same time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

3. Taxes are payable at the office of the Tax Collector in the City Hall, between the hours of 8:30 A. M. and 5 P. M.

For the convenience of taxpayers, the office of the Tax Collector will remain open until 9 o'clock P. M. during the last week of the collection.

EDWARD F. BRYANT, Tax Collector,
City and County of San Francisco,
City Hall

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children, from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California
2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
or
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

The Spectator

Mayor Rolph's Politics

Our versatile mayor has won over the admirations of so many political parties that some citizens have lost sight of his original party affiliation. Last Monday, at the meeting of the Board of Supervisors, Rolph took occasion to remind those present that he is a Republican. In a general way, he is, for municipal purposes, non partisan. He limits himself to no party platform. He takes the good from them all, and uses it for benefit broadcast. In this way, Rolph has captured the Republican and Democratic endorsement; the Labor Union too; and that of the Civic League. Many minor assemblies have passed resolutions that he ought to be mayor as long as he desires. However, his political manifesto came about in this way: the board was taking up the matter of the ferry system between North Beach and Marin County. As the land across the bay is a military reservation, a permit must be had from the secretary of war; so a resolution authorizes the mayor to communicate with Secretary Baker for the right to construct three ferry slips between the forts. Rolph, although a shipping magnate, was not enthusiastic about the enterprise, especially his own part in it, as portrayed by the supervisors. He thought Congressman Kent could do better. Said he: "Mr. Kent being a Democrat, and I being a Republican, he can do more with the secretary of war than I could." This is quite modest of the mayor, after entertaining a president, an admiral and a royal party, and then to think that a mere secretary of war would not be rejoiced to comply with any request that could be made by San Francisco's big chieftain.

Lemare's Collapse

The nervous attack which Edwin Lemare, official organist of the Civic Centre, suffered last Sunday evening is causing his admirers and the city officials, who are his faithful sponsors, much disquietude. All musicians are entitled to an indulgence in demonstrations of artistic temperament upon occasions, so it was regarded as a symptom of that esthetic malady when our organist refused to play a wedding march at the Land Show festival, for which the Auditorium received rental and which sum, it is reasonable to suppose, would materially assist in helping Lemare's stipulated salary reach the 10,000 dollar mark. No! when Lemare plays, he desires his public to sit at attention. If they have neglected to have the marriage ceremony performed before presenting themselves at the Civic Centre, why, the Auditorium is not the place for such formalities, but the City Hall beyond, within judges' chambers. Let them hie them thither and leave him to play to the multitude, undistracted by all thoughts of marriage. Poor things! Most people who frequent the Lemare recitals are sad and sorry enough because they are married and seek forgetfulness of their prosaic state in the organ's strains.

But, though Mr. Lemare has often of late shown symptoms of artistic irritability, he was so overwrought on Sunday that a few of his sympathetic friends suggested an afternoon in the fresh air to steady his nerves. They took him yachting out on the bay, but without soothing effects. As the afternoon wore on, while Mr. Lemare meditated upon the indignity offered him by the uncultured music committee, his sensitive nerves became wrought well-

nigh to the breaking point. Indeed, when he arrived in the evening at the Auditorium, the tension became too great; as his hands touched the keyboard, the realization of the commercial purpose which desecrated his art, caused him to lose control of his dextrous fingers and he is said to have nearly collapsed. He was induced by his wife to retire to his home and prepare for a period of absolute repose.

A Doctor Summoned

Dr. Maurice O'Connell who upon occasions recently charmed Auditorium audiences, and who did so also at the Exposition in Festival Hall and the Illinois Building, was hailed to the rescue,—not of Lemare (who had his own doctor, doubtless), but to that of the music-expectant multitude. O'Connell played Mendelsohn's "Wedding March," "Pilgrim's Chorus" from "Tannhauser" and "Queen of Sheba" March of Gounod, numbers which crowds who frequent Land Shows could be expected to understand. They did evidently, for they were quiet, attentive and applausive. Yet Dr. O'Connell, being a musician, must be of the artistic temperament, too. Still, being a medical doctor, perhaps he knows secret methods of keeping the esthetic temperament submerged when occasions demand.

Rumor has it that Mr. Lemare's indisposition will not be of permanent nature. Physically, he is the fortunate possessor of a rugged British constitution which can survive many shocks to the nerve centers.

Supervisor Hayden, as a member of the music committee, has evidently acquired the invaluable knowledge of how to diagnose "organist's neurasthenia" because Mr. Hayden said that when he saw Lemare approaching, he knew instinctively that that artist would not be able to live up to his musical reputation that evening; hence his forthought to summon Dr. O'Connell.

Edward M. Greenway, Gentleman

Fremont Older, editor of the Call, has the reputation of having the psychological dexterity to dominate weaker intellects. He has proven his occult powers many times in this city, usually upon the politically ambitious. Recently, he entered the fray (though but mildly it must be owned) with a mere butterfly of the world,—none other than Edward M. Greenway, the only social leader whose sovereignty San Francisco has ever acknowledged. Ed possesses qualities of leadership and he knows perfectly well how to ride on the Older wheel without being broken. Mr. Older negotiated for Ed's reminiscences, "The Golden Age"; promptly propaganda went forth that Ned had said awful things about San Francisco society and its forbears and it was well to subscribe for the "Call" and then tremble if one had ever so little a skelton in one's closet. The serial appeared,—it was absolutely harmless and not a bit exciting. Never mind, perhaps there was more "dangerous stuff" coming. Then Older became apprehensive and told Ned that the "Call" expected spicy stories about people. "You know them, of course," he is said to have announced. Ned owned up that he did indeed but that there is no consideration which would prevail upon him to divulge secrets which would cause pain or embarrassment. And there you are! "Once a gentleman always a gentleman" is a motto which, unknown to Greenway, has always been blazoned upon his banner, and that

motto has been a great factor in his successful social leadership. If Editor Older really wants up-to-date sensational material, let him commission Greenway to write his true opinions of prohibition, profiteering, woman's rights, the social evil, and union labor demands. Let him have his say about domineering capitalists, the high cost of living, soaring prices and methods of cutting down expenses. It is astonishing how eloquent Mr. Greenway can be upon such live topics and he is irrepressibly courageous when expatiating upon them. But it takes a lot of editorial courage to publish frank comment upon matters involving expensive advertisements and it is not every publisher who cares to experiment in that kind of courage.

Strauss-Linnard Co. and Candy

Not elsewhere has the war made more drastic changes than in the great American business of hotel keeping. Formerly the Swiss held the palm as the greatest hotel keepers, but recent years have shown Americans to be pre-eminent in the field based on the one sure spirit-level test—the quarterly dividend. American hotels have been enormous dividend producers for the past fifteen years, until nowadays English, French and German investors leave no stone unturned to insinuate themselves in new hotel ventures in the United States. For instance, I'm told the Strauss-Linnard people of the California Hotel Co., have interested both Alfred Thomas, the coal Croesus, and the Duke of Westminster, the richest of Albion's noblemen, in their string of American hotels. But as to "drastic changes," what do you think of hotels going into the candy business? Well, all the wide-awake ones are doing just that and then some. Dropping in on Charles F. Badd, executive manager, Hotel St. Francis, last night, he asked that I should sample the new Pralines

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN P. CUNNINGHAM

being put on the market by the Hotel Gruenwald, New Orleans. I voted the candies delicious. Later in the evening, J. S. Mitchell at the Palace Hotel, showed me a sample of the "California Poppies," a new-fangled glace fruit drop, chocolate and perfumed, which is to be marketed and sold by the California Hotel Company all over the country, in its various hotels. I'll say right now this bit of candy confection is going to make us famous as candy makers, just as Tipo Chianti engendered the world-wide belief in the quality of our state's table clarets. But here is the nub of what I'm trying to get over. The California Hotel Company is negotiating for the purchase of the entire business, lock, stock and barrel, of the Pig'n Whistle Stores Candy Company; retail stores, factories, stocks and everything. The offer runs an even million dollars. Another thing. Early in the coming year the old Palace barroom, with its Maxfield Parish flaming canvass, its silver mounted railings, and solid Siberian oak furnishings, will be transformed, at a cost of \$100,000 into a palatial "candy den," the most unique candy shop in America, where instead of the 5 o'clock highball rush, one will find miladi dragging in her cavalier for Russian tea, cake and candy. And another observation. Do you know the candy business is shortly to become one of the most lucrative of all? Seemingly man's stomach is a bit of a "still". It alcoholizes strong candy, with an attendant "kick". Great! No wonder the consumption of candy in the United States has trebled since July 1st.

New Bulletin Blood

In San Francisco the Bulletin has received a sudden and terrifying awakening in the encroachment of the Call. Just now superhuman efforts are being made toward sustaining the proud leadership in the evening field so long held by the Crothers-Pickering journal. Some \$30,000 worth of motors are being given away in a boost for circulation, while J. Fred Wilson, an efficiency expert, is making a complete survey of the Bulletin property. Wilson made good with the International News Service and among competent judges he is regarded as a Napoleon in his line. Harry Coleman, for eighteen years one of the "make-up" experts with the Hearst publications here and in Chicago and New York, is on the Bulletin, while I am told to look for a complete rousting out of the bookish set, both in the reportorial and business ends of the paper. There is to be a new publisher with aggressive and snappy promotion ideas swung in downstairs pretty shortly, while a dozen new men are coming in upstairs. The fact of the Call having appropriated \$50,000 for the establishment during the coming year of a Merchants Service Department, after the manner of the Examiner, Los Angeles, the Georgian, Atlanta, the News, Chicago, and the Item, New Orleans, means the Bulletin must follow suit. Incidentally local adboys will recall "Will" Swayzie, originator and idea man for the Street Railways Advertising Company. He went to Los Angeles with the Service Scheme for the Merchants. He made it succeed on the Examiner with a bang. And now he goes to New York to undertake the same work for the American at \$25,000 a year. One thing about Hearst, he likes a winner and is willing to pay big money for his wares.

Schmitz's Backer

Who is financing Schmitz? The most expensive and exclusive halls are being engaged for his meetings, choicest billboard spaces, costly banners, and tons of literature—why do we call mailing list letters and handbills "literature"?—are to be used on the Brazen One's behalf. All

bills are paid in spot cash, too. The Schmitz "barrel" makes the Rolph treasure chest look like a jam jar by comparison. Around the Schmitz offices in the Mills building—yes the Mills building—the rumor is in effect that Gene has \$100,000 for his fight. Apparently the pace his managers are setting justifies the assertion. But who is putting up the money for Schmitz? I am told a coterie of rich realty owners, two extremely wealthy Americans of German extraction, among their number, are gleefully bankrolling Schmitz—not that they like Gene the more, but Rolph's administration the less. Paradoxically the Schmitz backers do not think they can win with him, but they will be satisfied to lose plenty of money to disconcert and hector Rolph by giving the mayor a strong race. A formidable showing by Schmitz now will throw a chilling shadow over the Rolph figure as it comes to scratch for contest in the Senatorial Derby against Governor Stephens, a year hence. It would be foolish to underestimate Schmitz's chances. The insiders all agree he is going to poll a surprisingly heavy vote. Of course, his infliction upon us as mayor is not to be seriously considered for a single moment. Rolph will win, but not by the margin we laymen expect. For correct racing form you must go to the stable and the paddock, not to the drawing-room. Last night Keegan Monohan, an expert pricemaker, told me there is some six to five money on the proposition of Schmitz being not beaten by 15,000 majority.

Foreign Trade and Longtime Credits

A Town Talk editorial of last week touched gently on the lack of co-operation shown by San Francisco concerns in the matter of Asiatic trade, that huge perquisite of our coast having gone to New York. Whenever local exporters forgather for a discussion of the subject, two topics are brought up: the need of mutual assistance and longtime credits. The latter is a delicate question. San Francisco merchants have no great liking for accounts that linger season after season. The European exporter

is not as punctilious in the matter, since his country and the banks help him out; so he finds more favor in South America countries. The Yankee is a speed fiend in every particular. He yearns to sell quickly and to be paid without procrastination. The Latin Americans are slow; so are the Europeans. Between the two there is a congenial understanding that tomorrow is a beautiful day, and that next year is the astronomical conjunction for paying a bill. But sunset on the Golden Gate would be without charm when the gold lies beyond the horizon unpaid and unsecured. Easterners too have suffered some qualms on the subject. They did not wait long, however, before concluding that something must be done; and according to the story, they have done it. Here is the way in which the locomotive and car companies have grasped the situation. They have formed a corporation and capitalized it for \$100,000,000 to finance foreign credits. It is understood that banking interests have joined the equipment companies, and that, all told, twenty stockholders have subscribed \$5,000,000 each. Included in the deal are the American Car and Foundry Company, the American Locomotive Company, the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and the Standard Steel Car Company. It is said that one of the orders already received is from the Belgian government for 400 locomotives. Extending the time of payment unaided would have strained the resources of even these big companies, and so the abetting corporation materialized. Surely something of the kind could be undertaken in San Francisco. Still more surely comes the old statement that unless credits are lengthened with foreign buyers, the trade will go elsewhere.

Present Living Conditions in New York

Charles F. Hanlon, one of San Francisco's brightest legal lights, returned to town last week after a three months' sojourn in New York City, where his presence was required attending to cases of some eastern clients. As a rule, the genial Charles enjoys life in the metropolis, whether toiling in his office or seeing the sights

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

after hours with his numerous eastern friends. But his last trip seems to have left an impression quite different. A number of his friends dropped into his office in the Phelan building to welcome him home last Friday, when he amused them by giving his reasons for his glad return. He said:

"I was so terribly rushed with long distance cars, long distance walks, long distance tramps, and long distance 'phones in this long distance town, that I did very little business except travel around, and I was worn out every night with the climate that has a true spite against anything in human form. When I first arrived the climate said: 'Grill him to death,' and I was in the frying pan stewing around in a terrible condition. Then the climate changed its tune to 'Dose him with dirty water,' and we got water for three of four days in torrents. Then it said 'Turn on the heat,' and again we got jumping around in the frying pan. I was roasted at night and roasted in the daytime. I spent three-fourths of my energy fighting the climate; went twenty miles to see somebody every day, and had only twenty-five per cent of my strength left for business.

"With regard to life in New York it seems to have a Russian flavor since I was last there, and there is more fun in San Francisco in a minute than I saw in New York in three months.

"First, forgiving the city for its climate at the expense of closed cabs, I went around; but all the theaters were darkened and closed, with the extraordinary spectacle of actors and actresses, the former in high hats and funny coats, and the latter in bizarre costumes, parading the streets instead of being indoors, all of them shouting and yelling as the teamsters did in the strike in San Francisco years ago. The theaters were closed and the people walked the streets as do in a country village. I do not see much fun in that!

"Next we had the transportation strike. Passing the Savoy, I saw men sitting on the roofs of cabs, and on the Fifty-ninth street and Sixth avenue cars, men and boys were sitting on the tops of the cars and holding on to the rails. I do not see much fun in that! But the strangest thing was that an attorney friend of mine told me that if I went to the Brooklyn Rapid Transit line, which is on the west side of the city, I could find plenty of room to sit down, and I went and found what he said was true. The cars were not filled and you could get all the seats you wanted on that line, and this continued through the strike. I inquired of my attorney friend why this was so, and he said that New York people run in certain grooves, and when they are accustomed to going a certain way, they would never think of moving over a few blocks and going on a different line; in fact, they did not know of any other line, except the line they were accustomed to, with the result that the other subways were crowded and so were the street cars and cabs, and the B. R. T. ran light at the same time.

"The first day that I traveled on the B. R. T. I arrived at my office in Wall street at 9 o'clock and left a little before 12 to go to lunch. I met a friend getting out of a cab, who said, he had left Fifty-ninth street at 9 o'clock in the morning and it took him until nearly 12 o'clock to get down town to his office in the cab. This man is a broker and he told me he did not know that he could have come in the B. R. T., and he was sore because he had spent nearly three hours in getting to his office in a cab, not to speak of the expense.

"But New Yorkers forget the expense and do not kick any more, because financially they are deadened. You will find a New York man or a New York woman being cheated finan-

cially, being overcharged, without any kick at all in that town. They are so accustomed to it that it does not create any extra sensation. It is just simply we westerners who are continually kicking and cutting down the restaurant tags. The night I arrived at the Hotel Savoy, I gave a dinner to a crowd who awaited me, and the waiter did not think I was watching the tag, so when he came in with a smiling face and an inflamed and swollen tag, I called his attention to overcharges which he denied, but I had kept a bill of fare, which they usually pull away from one, so you cannot check up, and showed him where some good American eagles were about to be taken from my pocket under a misapprehension of having overeaten, so he deftly reduced the charge and I paid it. These mistakes occur in every restaurant high and low in New York and the mistakes are always in favor of the man who presents the tag.

High Prices a Habit

"The fact that prohibition exists is also evidence in New York, but as I told you the New York people are creatures of habit and the restaurants and hotels are also of the same class and act from habit. They were accustomed before the first of July to charge from six to eight dollars for the wine and liquors which a party had at dinner. Of course, the liquors are stopped, but they sell you a substitute good only for lavatory purposes, yet the check comes in just the same, for six or eight dollars because table waters or anything that has a squeeze of orange or lemon in it is charged for at the same rate that champagne and wines were in prehistoric times. For instance, two ladies, and myself had ice cream at the Biltmore one evening. Sister and I had two glasses of one per cent beer; our friend had a drink of loganberry juice which was served in a liquer glass, and the evening being very hot she threw in into a tumbler and asked to have some more put with it. The bill for that glass was \$3, the waiter explaining that they sold the liquer glass full for 50 cents, and that she had drank five of these tiny glasses in this tumbler. I told the waiter that so long as the bill was for \$9.00, I supposed I would have to give him a tip proportionately inflated.

"Another night we were at the Cascades at the Biltmore and as I had two trunkfuls of liquor at the Hotel Savoy, I served my own Gibson cocktails, Chateau la Tour 1898, and then two quarts of Paul Roger, winding up with a liquer glass of Grand Mariner. When the bill came I found I was charged for corkage \$8.75, being the charge for the liquer itself in prehistoric times. I told the waiters I did not mind paying corkage, but I thought they were getting a good thing by getting percentage tips on the inflation of the bill during prohibition times. They replied that the hotel had to make up the deficiency caused by prohibition in some way, and they thought this was just as good as any other way.

Out for Johnson

Mr. Hanlon is an admirer of Johnson and was enthusiastic about the latter's attitude toward the League covenant, and waxed eloquent over the questions regarding it which Henry Foster is propounding in the East. Foster, whose father was the counsel in all the reform measures of Theodore Roosevelt, when he was police commissioner as well as when he was president, today stands out prominently against the treaty and in favor of Johnson. He has given up a wonderful law practice to devote himself to an intelligent fight against this treaty, which he considers destructive of his country's independence.

Alexander Moore, editor of the Pittsburg Leader, was the closest friend that Roosevelt ever had, and Roosevelt never did anything in the latter years of his life without consulting Moore; Johnson, as you know, was very close to Roosevelt and was a great factor in Roosevelt's fight on the Progressive ticket for the presidency. Alexander is a great friend of Hiram Johnson's, and he and his wife, Lillian Russell, and Hiram Johnson and his wife are together constantly. When Johnson is away, Mrs. Johnson is with the Moores. Hiram Johnson occupies, they tell me, one of the quaintest historic residences in Washington, which was inhabited in Colonial times by a celebrated man in American history. It is furnished exactly as it was a hundred years ago, without a thing being touched, changed or replaced. Mrs. Johnson has a genius for artistic homes and their decoration.

Incidentally, Mr. Hanlon is regretful that Town Talk has arrayed itself upon the other side of the fence, being strong for President Wilson's viewpoint, and entirely out of sympathy with Senator Johnson.

Williams' "High Romance"

A newspaper man has written a spiritual autobiography! "The Book of High Romance," by Michael Williams, city editor of the San Francisco Examiner at the time of the great fire of April, 1906, has recently gone into its third edition. In substance, the "High Romance," published by the Macmillan Company, is all it purports to be, all the author claims for it: a spiritual autobiography; in form, it justifiably bids for a permanent place in American literature. From a subjective viewpoint, the "High Romance" is remarkable in that it is a veritable "confession of the soul" from the pen of a man who has been, and yet is, a member of that profession which, according to the general acceptance of things, possesses no soul. Michael Williams has told us the story of the romantic and idealistic quest of a famished spirit for the

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

food and drink which make life peaceful and abundant.

But the "High Romance" is more than this. It possesses peculiar charm for those who find interest and joy in following the material events and crises which mark milestones in the life of a human being. Whether of prince or pauper, beggarman or thief, chronicles of human progress along the line of life bespeak the ear of a humanity moved by kindred joys and woes. From the material standpoint, alone, the "High Romance" is fascinating. From the spiritual, it enthralls, whether or no the reader accepts the logic of Michael Williams' conclusions—the redemption of his soul, as it were. It is in this bigger part of his book that it must be assumed, as spiritual diagnoses and conclusions must of necessity be assumed, that Williams' statement of principles, profession of faith, are personal—perhaps it is this personal note in which the "High Romance" abounds which makes it the vital, blood-filled book that it is.

His Boyhood by the Sea

Michael Williams begins his story with his boyhood in the sea-blown city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where he must have absorbed the spirit of the ocean which widens and freshens the outlook on life manifested in the pages of his book. He does not tell us that his boyhood was a hard and fast one and we know that it was not confined. He does tell us of long sea voyages with his father, a sea captain who was known as "the Gentleman". It is in the story of the death of his father that we first are suddenly led into the realm of mysticism which from this time forward continues to pervade the atmosphere of the "High Romance".

Williams uses the tale of his mother's dream-premonition of the death of her husband at sea, to prepare us for the evident inherited faith in the mystical on his own part. It is then, at the loss of his father and the necessity for the family to move to pedantic Boston, that we are taken hand in hand with Williams on his persistent quest for spiritual happiness, spiritual attainment of the life that is abundant. From this time forward, fascinated by the tale of material battles and hand-to-mouth struggles for the common wherewithal of existence, we are carried along, sorrowing at times, but exulting in the end when, in the old and famous Carmelite mission of San Francisco, he finds the haven of his dreams and the joy of spiritual attainment. Your road and mine, our quest, perhaps, might not have led us where we follow Michael Williams, but we cannot but give thanks for the fascinating and joyous manner in which he has held our hand, and we, at least, grant him absolution and share his happiness at what to him is the realization of his dreams.

Yet, Michael Williams does not give us to understand that from his early boyhood he found unhappiness in the realization of a lack of faith. In fact he leads us to believe that general abandon to vices among which was the curse of drink,

marked the earlier years of his struggles as a writer of a kind of literature which found little appreciation among the editors of what he terms "commercialized" magazines and newspapers. It was not until after he had been juggled about on the journalistic sea in both New York City and San Francisco, and had lived a life of experiment, as it might be called, with Upton Sinclair at various times, with Edward Bjorkman, at Helicon Hall, and other realists, romanticists and dreamers, that with deliberate determination, he starts on the quest for the satisfying of the craving for a broader and peaceful spiritual life.

Descriptive Flights

In the "High Romance," Williams has essayed high and beautiful flights of descriptive narrative, not only of the state of his mental struggle, but of the country through which his path leads. His descriptions of the sea off Halifax and off the Atlantic coast in this country where he takes long pilgrimages, of the view toward New York City from Helicon Hall, of San Francisco on the evening before the terrifying shaking of the earth, of the city and its quivering humanity during the three days that followed, and of the beautiful Carmel Valley, where for several months, he labored on the stories which eastern magazine editors admitted were of high standard, but unsuited to their commercialized needs—all the word pictures Williams gives us of these are radiant with the color and vigor of his mind.

While the book abounds with the acceptance and glorification of the wonders of nature and the omnipotence of God, it registers vigorous and bitter protests against the social and industrial conditions of the day. Williams is particularly bitter, and convincingly so, against the present system of exploiting cheap labor, stifling those who must work in the lowly places through the theft of sufficient air and light and general comfort. He laments what he openly declares to be the decadence of newspapers of today into the slough of commercialism, dragging down with them the brains and pristine brilliance of the men who serve as editors and gatherers of the news. He has pleasant and intimate incidents to relate of his associations with many of the San Francisco newspaper men of the days just past and the days of now—Arthur McEwen, Edward F. Cahill, Edward H. Hamilton and James Tufts and Frank L. Mulgrew.

In recapitulation, "The Book of the High Romance" is a vital book, a book that might bleed if you cut it with a knife. If there is no other laurel wreath for the head of Michael Williams, there should be this one prepared for him—that as a working newspaper man, a journalist of the day, he has given to those who knew labor at his bench, and will labor on through the years when he is gone, a new creed: "It is not what I write, but what I am".

An Impromptu Committee Meeting

The average citizen finds it tedious to wait for the good graces of officialdom. When a man wants municipal action, and sees his beloved enterprise engulfed in a committee's report or a clerk's records, a few remarks on procrastination seem to be the proper thing. But city officials can assume speed when they are keyed up to the necessity of it; when they feel that the dear public has an eye on them. And here goes for a case in point. It appears that away out on some street that you know by name only, is a certain laundry. The merry laundry girls and boys have a way of musing up the sidewalk with soap-suds, perhaps, or

leakage from the machine with which they file and set your collars. And some very good citizens have slipped on the pavement, much to their astonishment, chagrin, pain and personal inconvenience. At least three hundred residents of the neighborhood have gone on record to such effect, and signed a petition that something be done for the good of all. The question before the board of supervisors was—shall the abatement of the nuisance go to the street committee or to the department of public works. It was decided that the D. P. W. would be likely to act as soon as the street committee should give the tip that all was ready for action. Three hundred signatures is no laughing matter with a public official. He can make three hundred friends all at once. Did the street committee take the matter under advisement for another week? No, sirs. Three of them were right there in the board meeting. They popped right out of their chairs and gave their sanction to the D. P. W. It was a meeting within a meeting. "We can vote right here and now," they said. First arose Welch, and voted "aye," then McSheehy and Lehancy. It was all over in a few seconds. Some action!

Supervisors May Give Milk to the People

Only one supervisor looked with disfavor on San Francisco going into the milk business. This was Jimmy Power, who thought that as the city is about to conduct a water works, there might be a scandal. Power also pointed out that the municipal railway is not as prosperous as the casual observer imagines. The depreciation fund has been drawn upon to pay the platform men. Power hasn't great faith in committees. The garbage committee, he says, was appointed a long time ago, when a number of city fathers were enthusiastic about the city going into the garbage business. That committee has not reported yet. However, the milk situation is to be investigated, and all signs indicate that, as the mayor says, "the city is to be the milkman." Not that the mayor is highly wrought over the subject. He asked Andy Gallagher if success with cows might not eventually lead to dabbling in chickens and eggs. There are few questions that Andy cannot answer directly, and this was one of them. At the same time, Rolph's curiosity was justified. Milk goes to the consumer on a scientific basis. Like a supervisor, it stands on its record. Once pasteurized, its past and its present are authentic. We know just what could be expected of municipal milk, even as we know what to expect of municipal music. But the municipal egg might be altogether another matter. Take one chicken and one egg, for instance. Before being sold, they would be sent to the board of supervisors; at the next meeting, the supervisors would turn them over to the committee on chickens and eggs. Then the committee would report. Supervisors Gal-

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET

in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

lagher and Hayden would get into a squabble and do something that would cause the chicken and egg to go back to committee. By the time that the consumer got hold of the commodities, the hen would be no spring chicken, but the egg would. In the case of milk, it is different. Milk can be canned or turned into butter, and any delay of the city fathers would cause little loss of profit to the city, and never mind the consumer.

Andrew Gallagher Eloquent for Milk

This question of taking over the milk supply will result in more eloquence than the board of supervisors has known for some time. Gallagher, father of the idea, has already set the pace. "Is this matter," said he, "one of such a hideous import that the supervisors are unable to gaze at its face without fear? I myself scan it calmly. Are we to say that because an idea does not come to us with all the glory and encomiums of the past, that we shall be afraid to touch it? I for one have no such apprehension. Is this a type of socialism that the conservative members of the board tremble to handle it for the benefit of sober-minded citizens? Is there a disposition to ridicule and despise those projects which come to us in the course of necessity, and are not avouched in the chronicles of sumptuous legislation? Is there any one who does not dare to express himself on a question of the hour because it does not come decorated with the laurel wreaths of the years? In short, are we to record ourselves as being in fear of innovation? They may be some of such category; I am not. And I shall say this: whenever, in the course of public affairs and private economy, any commodity is so mishandled or so misapplied or manipulated or I might say so unfortunate that it cannot be distributed without great inconvenience or loss to the public, then it is the right of the public to step in, take over the supply, and administer the commodity on a fair basis of profit and justice to all. I may be one who speaks before his time. I may be a dreamer and a visionary. Yet here I am to say what I have thought of the subject, and ready to give it my support to the end." It was one of the longest orations that Gallagher has made for some time, and, from a dramatic standpoint, created a profound impression, one might almost say a solemnity, until the mayor interjected his little question about chickens and eggs. As aforesaid, the whole debate moved Power to a somewhat negative attitude, on account of the Hetch Hetchy, garbage and municipal railway conditions. Power made the irrelevant remark that cows may come and cows may go, but the bull goes on forever. Just before election time, every supervisor up for re-election stands like a brilliant torador, and throwing the bull is—well, it is not for an outsider to intimate it, but the supervisors themselves are continually making remarks to that effect. From Power's words, one would imagine that throwing the supervisory bull is a feat in which not one of the eighteen is unskillful.

Men and Women in Club Life

Recent activities of women as club members have raised many a discussion ancient the contrast between the two sexes as participants in club life. As far as the women are concerned, they have been going on with their studious work and charities for some time. It takes years and years, though, before a fact of this nature becomes generally recognized. A large part of the week's news, in the present state of society, is related to what the ladies are doing for the community. Formerly when club life

was mentioned, it related to the masculine element exclusively. It called to one's mind visions of cocktails and card games, billiards, big leather chairs, gossip, risque stories, business and politics, and for the most part was a record of man in his hours of ease. From the feminine point of view, it represented extreme selfishness, luxury, comfort, indolence. That is just the very opposite of what women take club life to be. When we scan the record of their club doings, we find the motive to be unselfishness, as a usual thing. With them, activity is the word instead of indolence. Philanthropy, community improvement, reform and various matters of a spiritual nature, take up their time. Beyond that, there is a marked yearning for mental improvement. Almost all of the women's clubs go in for some sort of study. This is something more than a form of mere feminine divertisement. It looms to the eye as a challenge. The relative powers of the male and female brain have long been a matter of dispute. If woman is to take a leading part in the affairs of civilization, presumably she must be mentally prepared. And this is evidently the aim of her club life. It is an organized effort to compete with man on his own ground; and for this purpose, she has availed herself of an institution to which made an instrument of quiet pleasure. With man, the club was a fortress of defense against the encroachments of a noisy world. It was an asylum to which he fled for a quiet hour, an evening or peradventure a week. With woman, it became an encampment of aggression, a rallyport from which she can dash to meet the issues of the day. In this regard, she is keenly alive to the value of numbers. It was an old idea that there was a kind of antagonism, a jealousy, even a spitefulness between men's wives and sweethearts, a condition which he used to some advantage. The co-eds of a wider campus were supposed to be divided in sentiment, and therefore when complacent man, in convention assembled or in tacit harmony, made an official statement of what was what, the other sex was thoroughly discomfited, without means of retaliating. The women had no system of mass attack upon the psychology of their lovers and husbands. Each relied upon her intuition and lonely intellect to maintain whatever philosophy she could against superior forces. When first challenging this superior creature, she opined that the best thing to do would be to imitate him in every way. Clubs were merely one of the concerns or possessions of man, and woman established these to demonstrate that what he had she could have. It was not long before she perceived the benefits that could be derived from association with those who could bring about an intellectual development. With charities and odd bits of civic interest, woman joined a measure of study concerning the whys and wherefores of the situation; and she has brought philosophy to bear upon matters which men took for granted. This is the motive of the women's clubs in San Francisco, and their mental industries have certainly put the men to thinking—a performance that is all the easier, now that the cocktail is gone. If it be not all gone in the clubs, it is scarce enough to cause profound meditation on what must be done to pass the time when the supply will be about nil. There may then come a time when we shall hear of well-known club men reading papers on "What Shall We Do With Our Children?" or "How Can We Keep Our Brethren Out of Jail?" or "Who Is the Villain in the Food Plot?" There could also be deeper questions, such as "What Is the Effect of Metempsychosis Upon the Citizen of Today?" All these matters require continued explanations, which have been neglected in the men's clubs.

The women, beginning in an amateurish way and then soaring to the higher realms of thought, have shown what intellectual feats could be performed; and it remains with the men to enter the competition and match their mentality with the newcomers. Will the men's or the women's clubs be first to attain the modern empyrean?

NAME THIS CHILD

"Peace," said the proud godmother, at a baptism, in answer to the padre's admonition, "Name this child;" whereupon the padre permitted himself to smile in his beard, for the child was the very opposite of a pattern of peace at the moment, indeed, was making a prodigious uproar. And the thought occurred to the padre that the child objected to a name which, some thirty or forty years hence, must needs, by linking her to this year of grace, tell all the world her age. His sense of humor being thus stirred, later, at the baptismal tea, the padre told one of his good old stories—how a Devon parson was sorely puzzled on demanding the name of an infant, by the answer, "Job's third daughter, sir, please, sir." The reply being persisted in, he sent for a Bible, to discover, to his horror, that the intended name was Keren-happuch. The padre then explained why the names of the daughters of Job were popular of old—because those daughters were described as the fairest in all the land.

LEONCAVALLO'S JOKE

Leoncavallo possessed a fund of humor which once landed him in an awkward predicament. Visiting incognito a provincial theater where "Pagliacci" was billed, he found the stall on his left occupied by a music-lover, who applauded freely throughout the performance, and, as the curtain fell, remarked to his neighbor, "What a masterpiece!"

The composer, being in the vein for a joke, replied: "Nothing of the kind. Speaking as a professional musician, I can assure you that the opera is one mass of plagiarisms. The cavatina is practically all Berlioz. The opening duet is taken from Gounod. The finale sounds like a bad imitation of one of Verdi's finales. And so on, from beginning to end." Leaving the town by train the next morning, Leoncavallo bought a local paper at the bookstall, and found therein an article headed: "Confessions of a Plagiarist. Startling Admissions by Signor Leoncavallo." His neighbor was a journalist who happened to recognize the composer.

"For the faults of married people continually spur up each other, hour by hour, to do better and to meet and love upon a higher ground. And ever, between the failures, there will come glimpses of kind virtues to encourage and console."—B.

No man is so powerful or so great that he isn't afraid of somebody. And usually that somebody is a woman.

She—"Have you brought me any souvenirs?" He—"Only this little bullet the doctor took out of my side." She—"I wish it had been a German helmet."

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTION
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Mrs. George Kessler left San Francisco last Friday for her home in Paris. She will join Mr. Kessler in New York where they will remain a short time before sailing. Mrs. Kessler enjoyed her sojourn in her "home town" very much, but is eager to return to her Blind Relief work in Europe. Her greatest happiness lies, to use her own words, "in bringing light and brightness into the broken lives of the blinded soldiers who are struggling so heroically in their darkness toward a realization of their newly awakened hopes for a useful, serviceable life in the future."

Mrs. Josephine Huff will spend the winter at the Savoy Hotel, New York, where her brother Charles F. Hanlon visited her for the past three months. Mrs. Huff will visit Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian Russell) at their beautiful Pittsburg home for the next fortnight.

The Charity Ball

The Charity Ball to be given at the Palace Hotel, November 11th (Armistice day), in behalf of the Little Children's Aid (formerly called the Children's Bureau of the Humane Society) promises to be the brilliant success, financially and socially, which it proverbially was when it set the pace for the social season before war days. The object of the Little Children's Aid is to establish homes for orphaned and dependent children. In addition to furnishing food and clothing, a clinic is maintained at St. Mary's Hospital every Saturday morning, where the child in need receives every medical care. The society has now in its charge 1200 children in this city irrespective of creed. Some aid is given by the state; but for the upkeep of the clinic, for shoes and clothing, the Little Children's Aid depends entirely on charitable people. Boxes can be purchased for \$100 each from Mrs. D. C. Jackling (St. Francis) and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, 1969 California street. Thus far, boxes have been taken by Mmes. Jackling, J. A. Donohoe, Templeton Crocker, J. A. Folger, William O'Brien, E. Eyre, E. J. Tobin, H. S. Stetson, O. Sutro, H. Bray and Mr. M. H. de Young. The Humane Society was founded by Catholic women in this city. Its first president was Mrs. Eleanor Martin who was succeeded by Mmes. Frederick Kohl, Garret McEnerney, A. J. Folger, Mrs. E. J. Tobin is the present chairman in charge of the coming ball. There is an Auxiliary which does very important work for the Aid, its principal duty being to raise funds to purchase shoes for the little feet of the children. The president of the Auxiliary is Mrs. Henry Sartori, who was preceded by Mmes. Platt Kent, Andrew Welch and Ferdinand Theriot. This year the Auxiliary assists the main body in disposing of tickets. To both branches most of our prominent Catholic matrons and maids belong, although there are no lines drawn as to the religion of the children cared for. The results of the work of these ladies show a remarkable energy and efficiency upon the part of the leading members, and a beautiful esprit de corps.

The first of Mademoiselle Rebecca Godechaux' French readings took place on Tuesday morning at her residence, 2620 Buchanan street. The beautiful play of "Pasteur," by Sacho Guitry, was read with telling effect before a large and

appreciative audience. Mlle. Godechaux is one of our most gifted and cultured literary women. She possesses marked dramatic ability and a speaking voice reminiscent of that of Sarah Bernhardt. Mlle. Godechaux has been twice decorated by the French government for her services in propagating the French language abroad, and her readings are welcome hours to French students and to those who desire to hear the great French authors read in their own beautiful language. Next Tuesday morning the subject will be Alphonse de Lamartine's "Joceelyn". Among those present last Tuesday were: Mmes. M. J. Brandenstein, N. Bransten, W. D. Bliss, W. Breeze, Miss Rose Cohn, Mmes. Hasket Derby, Charles Eels, Mortimer Fleishacker, I. W. Hellman, Jr., M. Koshland, W. Haas, L. Goldman, M. Esberg, Heller A. Ehrman, N. Jones, D. Roth, A. W. Kent, S. Lilienthal, Andrew Welch, Jr., and Miss Laumeister.

The Horse Show

A fine idea apparently off to a poor start. Many persons seem to think otherwise of the Live Stock Exhibition and Horse Show to be inaugurated at the California Building on the Marina. Who would care to mix rain water with sparkling Burgundy? And by the same token, how impossible the holding of a cattle exhibition and a horse show under the same roof at one and the same time? It can't be done. There is an Anglo-Saxon sentiment about a horse show—spirit, romance, a fine social dignity in the homage to the blooded horse on show. Everywhere the horse show, from Dublin, Ireland, to Babylon, Long Island, holds imperial social position. You cannot bring the paddock and the barnyard together. But it is to be tried at the Marina next month. And why at the desolate Harbor View? We all remember the night functions at the Exposition through November. We shiver yet. But the idea of a horse show is fine. The city needs and wants it annually, but to enjoy it the correct background and staging must obtain. In the meantime we'll all give impetus to the present effort, misdirected though the conception may be, with a hope to pull through for better things next year. Many well wishers of the thoroughbred horse in these parts thought the Live Stock Section of the show ought to receive a staging at Tournament Park, Eighth and Market streets; and the horse show at the Civic Auditorium, where the facilities are truly wonderful when one thinks of the ramshackle old Madison Square Gardens and the brilliant New York show. It would be quite easy to tanbark the Auditorium floor and stall off the exhibit reservations. In New York and Dublin the sale of boxes for the show is inaugurated at least three months previous to the show. The financial and artistic success of the Olympia Show in London is known by the box sale records a month before the opening night. Here in San Francisco the box sale ought to have been in progress for a month past. However, we are started on our horse show and must make the best of it, hoping by next year the spirits behind the movement will divorce the cattle from the equines. Among the women of society keenly interested in the horse show movement are: Mesdames Charles T. Crocker, W. B. Bourn, Christian de Guigne, J. S. A. Macdonald, Frank B. King, M. S. Martin, W. H. Taylor, Roy M. Pike, P. E. Bowles, George T. Cameron, M. S. Koshland,

A. B. Spreckels, Fred W. McNeer, C. O. G. Miller, Sydney Erkmann, C. V. Pinckney.

Red Cross Work

The newspapers of San Francisco have received a communication from John A. Britton, chairman of the A. F. Chapter of the Red Cross, announcing the week of November 2nd to 11th inclusive as Red Cross Week throughout the nation, when annual memberships are to be received and money collected to keep the Red Cross flag flying.

The San Francisco Chapter must raise a total of \$200,000 to continue the home service work, care for the wounded soldiers in this city and be prepared to meet emergencies such as a recurrence of the influenza.

During the last epidemic alone the Red Cross spent more than \$135,000, which is approximately three-fourths of the entire sum asked for all of next year.

The local chapter officers are: John A. Britton, chairman; James W. Lilienthal, vice-chairman; Mrs. Thurlow McMillan, secretary; Wm. H. Crocker, treasurer; F. E. Boland, counsellor. Harry R. Bogart, general manager.

The board of directors is: F. E. Boland, Judge Thos. F. Graham, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mrs. Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, O. K. Cushing, Chas. W. Fay, Adolph Mack, P. H. McCarthy, Rabbi Martin A. Meyer, Bishop Wm. Ford Nichols, Archbishop E. J. Hanna, Mrs. Geo. Cameron, Mrs. Latham McMullin, John A. Britton, M. H. de Young, A. R. Fennimore, Jesse W. Lilienthal, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, A. J. Lowenberg, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Wm. H. McDaniel, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Miss Anna Beaver, Thomas H. Doane, Wm. H. Crocker, Mrs. Jas. Rolph, Jr., Edward Rainey, Henry Sinsheimer, Miss Alice Griffith, Perry Eyre, Thomas Rolph, E. H. L. Gregory, John P. McLaughlin.

It has been well said by one of our modern philosophers that he who "demands a reality more solid than that of the religious consciousness seeks he does not know what."

Should a man, owing to some mental aberration, come to doubt that he is alive, no argument that could be advanced and no proof that could be offered would allay his skepticism. If he does not directly know that he lives, he cannot know it with conviction at all.

A man who does not experience within himself that God IS, cannot, even though he give intellectual assent to the proposition, arrive at direct conviction of the fact.—Emma Marie Cailard.

"Did you ever hear of a real goose laying a golden egg?" asked the young seeker after knowledge. "No," said his experienced papa, "but a young duck—I forget his name—once laid a five pound bet with me, and the money was counterfeit."

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

The Stage

Automobile Comedy at the Alcazar

Laughter at the Alcazar, this week, is popping around the theme of a non-puncturable tire. This is the basis of the plot that takes title as "A Regular Feller." The audience makes no pretence of being non-puncturable. There are numerous explosions, blow-outs, guffaws and other characteristic indications that the stage is contributing to the hilarity of the public. The regular feller—and he might have been a regular fellow—is Walter P. Richardson, than whom no stage director anywhere could have made a better selection. The playwright has insisted that we should accept the title role as a good sport, a man who must be admired even though he has a very wealthy father. Wealth has no contaminations for the regular feller. He just slides under an old automobile and goes where the grease is thickest, and is bent on winning your esteem at all hazards. This he does, despite the fact that he is not the pivotal hero of the play. He shows his superb fellerishness by rescuing from poverty a poor inventor of an automobile tire that cannot be punctured with a hand-drill. Thomas Chatterton is the inventor. Chatterton has gained considerable fame as the portrayer of dreamy, dopey, gloomy parts that, though beyond the usual ideals of modern life, are still within the appreciation of the theater-goer. There is nothing dopey about his performance in "A Regular Fellow;" he is just a visionary, food-scorning, unbusinesslike inventor, who with his charming sister, Belle Bennett, conducts an auto repair shop on the wayside of a country town. As merely one of a large cast, there still is something conspicuous about Chatterton, delightful though all the others are in their characterization of rural eccentrics. Some day, a playwright, with the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe and the dramatic power of Sardou, might fashion a four-acter devoted to a theme that would bring out the best that there is in Chatterton's stage personality. It is one that is slightly remote from the up-to-date frivolity that comprises the greater part of dramatic history, year by year. There is, in it, something suggestive of the past in solemnity of purpose, and something of the dreamier or at least an imaginative quality of the past, such as appears in Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher." Chatterton would be quite equal to the presentation of that tragic tale. Vaughan Morgan adds to his name for versatility, in the part of a Rube road commissioner who transfers his affections from the horse to a delapidated automobile, which goes sometime and sometime goes not. This is the machine which Richardson repairs, and sells when all hope had fled that any commercial use could be made of it. As there is a strong money plot, or financial interest, in the play, and as Richardson is the only one that conveys the monetary idea from the wealthy to the moneyless characters, the merit of the regular feller is readily established.

—L. J.

Popular Concert of the Symphony Orchestra

If any proof be needed that San Francisco is hungry for good music, the Sunday crowd at the Curran was proof positive of the keen appetite of the music lovers of the city. The "pop" audiences seem to listen more devoutly, to appreciate more keenly the opportunity of sitting at the feet of the muse than those upon regular symphony days. Perhaps the masculine preponderance at these affairs has something to do with it. In this country, the proportion of men

who are taught to express themselves musically is much less than that of women. I always feel this to be deplorable when I attend the Sunday concerts and am sensitive to the worshipful attitude of the masculine auditors. I do not observe the same call to the blood of the uncultivated woman music listener. Great numbers of women go to concerts because they have studied music, are familiar with some of its technicalities. In cities, as in our own, when there is a great symphony orchestra, unbounded opportunity is given to develop a love for music and there is provided a wonderful incentive to study. If American parents would have their sons develop a love for music and place within their grasp the divine power of self-expression in music, let them take the man-child early and often to hear these concerts. We don't know how many mute, inglorious musicians are bound, as with chains, to humdrum business because of this opportunity, too often given exclusively to their little sisters. When a boy really takes up music study under beneficent guidance, the knowledge gleaned sinks more deeply into his soul than in that of the average girl.

The overture to "Fra Diavolo," charmingly played, is like a resurrection of the pale naughtiness which was considered shocking in the Victorian era, which the opera preceded a few years.

The Larghetto of Beethoven's Second Symphony was received with great enthusiasm. Its harmonic beauty, heightened by melodic embellishment, was emphasized by the Hertz rendition.

Saint Saens ballet suite from "Henry VIII" was a rousing appeal to the admirers of brisk tempo and stirring melody. The number has the perennial verve of the great Frenchman, who so endeared himself to us during his Exposition visit.

"Phédre" overture by Massenet was played as the composer intended. The Phédre, sick with love, is the aspect of the Grecian domestic terrorist portrayed in the composition and Hertz grasped this insight.

The mighty and soul-rending "Marche Slav" of Tchaikowsky, always superbly played by this orchestra, sent the audience away in a mood of gratitude to the orchestral players.

—H. M. B.

Trixie at the Curran

Two-hundred-and-fifty-pound stars are rare on the stage. But it is not this fact alone that makes Trixie Friganza a remarkable comedienne. She has cleverness as well as weight for two. I am not sure about the 250. She made some mention of weight, and it might have been 230. But then she made so many exaggerated quips about the rotundity of her flesh that she would hardly object to a difference of twenty pounds. And the average person is not experienced in distinguishing between 230 and 250 in a matter of that kind. Trixie assumed a role that will appeal to many. At the age of forty-two, and as mother of five children, and having passed the time when the memory of her husband was a sorrow, she possesses a big estate in Pasadena. She has been a sedate mother. Just a wife and nothing more. Then comes the idea that she will go to New York and "kick up her heels." She returns in the first act, followed by a young Apollo-Beau Brummel-Chesterfield and then some. They are about to be married. She has neglected to inform her Jimmie about the five children and the former husband. But she told him all about the half-

million-dollar estate, and the latter is the vital point in his eyes and heart. Miss Friganza's uproarious popularity on the vaudeville stage has not detracted from her ability in the finer strains of acting. In "Poor Mama" (herself) as the mother of five, "which would have been ten, if Mr. Pine had not weakened and died," her work is quite consistent and worthy of serious criticism, which must give her high praise. Without intending to be captious, though, I should like to find one fault in the performance, pointing out one little error, which Miss Friganza evidently overlooked in her otherwise perfect rendition of a Pasadena widow, equipped with a new gown for every entrance. In the last act, she leaves the stage, and a few minutes later returns in the same attire with which she left. Surely an inadvertence. On all other occasions, each exit means an entrance in another brilliant costume. Why the exception at a time when the audience has come to believe that such carelessness is impossible with the lady? One more dress, and "Poor Mama" becomes a production perfect in every detail. The singing of the Dennis girls—three of them—in what might be termed unusual voices and with unconventional manner, without orchestra, with a delicious homelike manner, made a distinct hit, the audience being hardly appeased by the encores.

—L. J.

The Great Ganz

Much of the success of the eminent Swiss pianist, Rudolph Ganz, is due to his personality. His fine humanity, his nobility of thought, enter into his work—as an artist to such an extent that everything upon which he lays his hand professionally assumes a dignity, a glowing intensity and an irresistibly appealing quality. He is the master, but he never lords it over his subject. He rules by the art of gentle sympathy, which never deserts him, even in the moments of dramatic stress, and thus his appeal is to the heart as well as to the intellect.

He has been described as the pianists' pianist, as Shelley is the poets' poet, but he is also the people's pianist, because he is always the master interpreter of human feeling. "He is," says a writer who has come under his spell, "an artist of contrasting passion and tenderness, a singer of joy and sorrow, a pianist who can tell of the world's fierce passions and its ineffable tenderness, all in one breath." Rudolph Ganz will be heard in concert at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday, Nov. 14th, Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland, Nov. 17th; Assembly Hall, Stanford University, Nov. 19th, under the management of Frank W. Healy.

American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers

"American music for Americans" is the slogan of the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers; and its forty members proved the sincerity of their motto by a hurried trip from Chicago to Wichita, Kansas, that they might launch their American tour with a concert for President Wilson and his party.

However, the President was taken ill on Friday morning, September 26th, so could not hear the orchestra. George Edmund Dulf, conductor, and his men, arrived by special train to give an half-hour private concert for the President and his party before the meeting opened. George Edmund Dulf, conductor with the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, leader of the famous Black Devils Band overseas, which introduced to Paris and the French army the

negro harmonies and "jazz," bears the honors of war as he does his shrapnel wounds—modestly.

His band played for General Pershing at Brest and won honorable mention from Generals Foch and Petain when the Black Devils gave their inimitable program for these military strategists.

Dulf began his musical career as leader with Primrose and West, and later distinguished himself during the overseas service with the Black Devils.

Losing fourteen of his men in the Marne was one of war's tragedies—not without its humorous aspect—which befell George Edmund Dulf, famous leader of the Black Devils band, and now conductor with the American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers, at present touring America. The casualties were confined to the instruments, lost when the truck carrying them to the front ran off the pontoon bridge. It was hot enough near the front to dry out the chest of water-logged music and save it for the unfortunate who were confined to the hospital with pneumonia, and concerts were given according to schedule.

The American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers will be heard in concerts at the Exposition Auditorium, San Francisco on Monday, Nov. 10th, Greek Theater, Berkeley, Nov. 11th (Armistice Day), and Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland, Nov. 24th.

Orpheum

The Orpheum will present another great new show next week.

Saranoff, who excels as violinist and comedian and who won fame in such plays as "When Dreams Come True," "All Over Town," "The Passing Show of 1916," and "The Whirl of the World," will appear in a musical comedietta by Harry Timberg, in which he will have the assistance of Billy Abbott, an English comedian of the Cockney type and the Five Winter Garden Violin Girls.

Harry and Emma Sharrock will appear in a comedy skit called "Behind the Grand Stand," which is really an excuse for the most extraordinary display of mind reading ever witnessed in public.

Bryan Lee and Mary Cranston will contribute a musical comedietta by William H. Friedlander, called "A Brittany Romance," which is an episode of the war, not as it is waged at the front, but away behind the lines.

"Color Gems" is a posing act in which two men and four women will present what they call "A Study in Color, Light and Form." It introduces a series of beautiful and picturesque subjects.

William Ebs will demonstrate that there is still something new under the sun. He is a remarkable ventriloquist and the possessor of a remarkable puppet.

The Kanazawa Boys, a trio of Japanese, who are supreme as Risley artists, also include among their number a genuine novelty, a Japanese comedian.

Carl Emmy will introduce one of the prettiest

animal acts in vaudeville, in which ten lively little terriers are the performers. There is also a comedy portion to the act in which a cute little canine ludicrously impersonates a clown.

Albertina Rasch and her company of dancers will vary their program.

James J. Morton has been retained as an added attraction and will continue to comment wittily on the acts of the program.

Second Hertz Sunday Symphony Concert

The admirable program played by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon last, will be repeated on Sunday afternoon, October 26, in the Curran Theater, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, as the regular repeat concert of the second pair of symphonies. Prices will be popular.

None of the numbers programed have been offered previously under the Hertz baton, and one number, Feruccio Busoni's Symphonic Suite, Opus 25, was not only new in San Francisco, but musical records do not show that any orchestral work by the great Italian pianist-composer has had previous performance in this city. This symphonic suite is a most interesting work, classic in form and very melodic, in contradistinction to the very modern character of Busoni's later work. It is in five movements: Prelude, Gavotte, Gigue, Slow Intermezzo and Alla breve (Allegro fugato).

The most important work to be offered will, as on Friday, be Cesar Franck's greatest work, his Symphony in D Minor, a rarely beautiful lyric work filled with noble sentimental and emotional qualities. It is in three movements: Lento—Allegro non troppo, Allegretto and Allegro non troppo.

The remaining offering—and the first, as regards program order—will be the exuberant overture to Mozart's immortal opera, "The Magic Flute," not only this composer's final opera, but the last music of any importance that he wrote.

Composer Hertz announces another characteristic budget of light masterpieces for the second concert of the "pop" series, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Curran Theater, on Sunday afternoon, November 2nd. The Andante Cantabile from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony will be the movement from a standard symphony included on a program which is certain to appeal to all music lovers.

Following is the complete list of numbers: Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); Andante Cantabile from Symphony No. 5 (Tchaikowsky); "Carmen" Suite (Bizet); Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Minuet (Beethoven); Humoresque (Dvorak-Stock); "Ride of the Valkyries" (Wagner).

Seores were literally turned away at the first "pop" concert, and the coming event will unquestionably see a repetition of this condition. Those anticipating attendance, are urged to make immediate ticket reservations at the symphony boxoffice, in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, to avoid disappointment.

At the Curran

When Fanchon and Marco appear at the Curran Theater, next Sunday night, Oct. 26, at the head of their celebrated Revue, "Let's Go" by arrangement with Ackerman, Harris and Brown, it will be with an augmented company of real favorites.

Chief of funmakers, with clever stars, is Harry Hines, a black-face comedian of action, who has been a headliner in vaudeville for several years. Nelson and Chain are funsters who are thoroughly irresistible. Madame Donald Ayer, the famous Boston Opera Company prima donna, is also one of the featured members. Dave

Lerner, Eileen Miller, Mary Lewis, Mildred and Mayo, Phil Harris, "Three Boys and a Girl" and a host of others, will contribute to the general gayety.

"Let's Go!" is quite the merriest hodge-podge of merriment in revue form that has been given to the stage in a long time. It abounds in excur-

(Continued on Page 15)

AMERICAN SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA and SINGERS

Frank W. Healy, Local Manager

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

Monday, November 10, at 8:15

50c to \$2.00, war tax 10 per cent extra
Tickets on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase

GREEK THEATER, BERKELEY

Tuesday (Armistice Day), Nov. 11
at 8:15
(Steinway Piano)

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Friday Evening, November 14

RUDOLPH
G A N Z
Master Pianist

ONLY
SAN FRANCISCO
RECITAL

Other Ganz recitals: Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland, Nov. 17; Assembly Hall, Stanford University, Nov. 19. Tickets now on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. Usual prices, war tax 10 per cent extra. (Steinway Piano)

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

J. FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

SARANOFF and Billy Abbott with WINTER GARDEN VIOLIN GIRLS in a Young Musical Comedy by Herman Timberg; HARRY & EMMA SHARROCK "Behind the Grand Stand"; BRYAN LEE and MARY CRANSTON in "A Brittany Romance"; COLOR GEMS, a Study in Light and Color; WILLIAM EBS, Vaudeville's Newest Offering; KANAZAWA BOYS, Equilibrists with a Laugh; CARL EMMY AND HIS PETS, Prettiest Act in Vaudeville.

ALBERTINA RASCH AND HER DANCERS
In New Dance Creations

AN ADDITIONAL FEATURE

JAMES J. MORTON

An Animated Programme

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

ALCAZAR

Starting Next Sunday

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Walter P. Richardson and Belle Bennett

in

The Sure Fire Joy Farce

"STOP THIEF"

A Hurricane of Hilarity

One Hundred and Twenty Minutes of Chuckles, Giggles, Laughs, Shrieks and Screams of Merriment.

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

Last Time Sat. Night—Trixie Friganza
in "Poor Mama"

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 26
The New Edition De Luxe of the

FANCHON & MARCO REVUE

With Fanchon & Marco, Harry Hines,
and an All-Star Cast

"The 30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World!"

LET'S GO!

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

Second Sunday Symphony Concert

CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Oct. 26, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Mozart.....Overture, "Magic Flute"
Busoni.....Symphonic Suite, Opus 25
Cesar Franck.....Symphony, D Minor

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1 (NO WAR TAX)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—An upward tendency, often actually buoyant at times, marked the general course of the stock market during the week. A number of issues, principally the motor shares and oil issues, went into new ground, and steel common also came in for its share of activity with quotations above the high level of last August. All of this may be taken as Wall Street's forecast of the solution of many of the problems now perplexing the country. In fact, the whole atmosphere of the market is a disposition to again leap forward as soon as it can divest itself of such burdens as labor unrest, railroad control and the peace treaty. Labor, at present, continues to occupy the centre of the stage, but the belief generally expressed is that as a factor it is on the wane. While the steel strike is still on, men are returning every day, and the company, while handicapped in some districts, are at least running; and, in other districts, are running nearly normal. The attention of the country is now turned toward the Industrial Conference at Washington in the hope that out of it there may be at least a plan formulated which will be acceptable to all interests and which will establish a basis for the settlement of all labor disputes. The action of the steel stocks, in face of the attacks by labor and the Government, gave encouragement to the trade; and, as it is generally conceded by speculators that there can be no bull market without an advance in the steel issues, the trade took hold of the general market and prices of all stocks were in good demand and higher with a very optimistic feeling that the top of the market was a long way off. A broad look ahead to the end of the year suggests that on breaks meantime in the general market buying opportunities for speculative investment account should not be neglected. Conditions are shaping themselves so that current uncertainties, holding back optimism, will be largely removed within the next thirty or sixty days, and in case that outlook is confirmed with no weighty factors of adversity to disturb confidence, there is little doubt that improvement will take place in the price of those securities in the standard class which have not yet participated in the rise caused by inflation. Looking over the general list, there is no doubt that coppers have been backward; that the best rails have enjoyed no advance; that the steels did not rise as a group. Commensurately, that while oils have been buoyant, they have not discounted coming events. Extravagant activities have largely been restricted to specialties in various classes and we think they should be avoided, but the groups named above offer good buying opportunities during market weakness.

Cotton—Weather conditions throughout the entire belt, during the past week, was very unfavorable and with little promise of any immediate change at the close of the week. Pick-

ing will be delayed, and this probability was the cause of a strong and higher market with best prices made in the final trading of the week. The serious outlook for the present crop is shown clearly by the eagerness of the Southern spot people in the market. Reports from the South indicate that spot sellers, who have put out high grade cotton for future delivery, are making every effort to obtain supplies to fill their commitments. Heavy spot sales were reported from Central Texas early in the week, but all indications pointed to a sharp decline in sales, as farmers have disposed of practically all of the cotton they had picked before the rains, and that these rains, as well as the weather prevailing during the past few days, had made it impossible for picking to be resumed at once. There was a fair amount of hedge selling at times in the market, as well as realizing by longs who were content with the actual profits in sight, but the demand from the trade houses was ample to absorb all of these offerings, and with contracts in strong hands the market is in a good technical position to take full advantage of further bad crop reports. The cotton market gives a good account of itself, considering the adverse news it has to contend with. The exchange rate is still so far below normal that it is almost impossible to do any export business, and the labor situation is such that buyers are only buying from a hand to mouth basis. Should either one of these factors, and especially the former, show any signs of improvement, a good demand will take place which will put cotton considerably higher. On the other hand, financial conditions in the South are so strong that the farmer can easily hold his cotton and any decline would only be temporary.

A LUCKY MAN

At a church conference a speaker began a tirade against the universities and education, expressing thankfulness that he had never been corrupted by contact with a college.

After proceeding for a few minutes the bishop, who was in the chair, interrupted with the question:

"Do I understand that Mr. Dobson is thankful for his ignorance?"

"Well, yes," was the answer, "you can put it that way if you like."

"Well, all I have to say," said the prelate, in sweet and musical tones—"all I have to say is that he has much to be thankful for."

Lady—"I am looking for a governess for my children." Manager of Intelligence Office—"Didn't we supply you with one last week?" "Yes." "Well, madam, according to her report you don't need a governess; you need a lion tamer."

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BLICK, President

GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager

A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier

E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President

WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier

A. H. MULLER, Secretary

WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary

GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,

General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas

Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen

E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar

E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherinan

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

ROUNDAABOUT THE CHANGING WORLD

(Continued from Page 4)

it could not be established by the shedding of blood; that it cannot be verified by popular belief. Waging war over a theological dogma is not a part of higher criticism. It has been done, but not when either side was sure of its ground. In the brains of men, heavenly conceptions change, like the boundary lines of nations, yet are borne to combat only when financial use is made of them. Men do not fight for Socrates, because no worldly interests are bound in the Socratic method of reasoning.

One can read the Bible and Plato until words of city officials seem paltry and far away. To a mind that scans the multitudinous horizons of history, there is truth that looms grandly in many examples. It is not so much that Babylon has fallen but that it still falls. There is always a Babylon ready to sink from the skyline into the pages of a book. He who convinces himself of this is not greatly concerned whether the next collector is half or more than half honest. If one scrutinize the world or the head of a pin, he will conclude that hearsay on it has been misleading. Study a frog for a year, and you will gradually undo your estimate of a statesman. He who hears the Peer Gynt harmonies for the first time can never again have the same respect for a jelly cake. Whether he or the cake has changed is not so plain as the fact that the psychological gulf between the two has widened.

Augmented knowledge may mean increased contempt or a new love. He who studies constantly dwells in an inconstant world. Some of his mental earthquakes are unaccountable and some quite plausible. We can readily understand how learning more about Shantung might or might not recast our opinion of Senator Johnson. What is not clear is why reading of Athens should alter our prospect of him.

Simple things do not vary with the years. As the world bristles with pretence, it necessarily collapses here and there when we discern the underlying motive. A peach and a rose are always the same. Empires, republics, displays and extravaganzas are measured again and again by the surviving intelligence. Also great passions, a sorrow or a tragedy will expose a false and trivial idea. The gaunt and tragic epilogue of old age draws aside the curtains where tawdry heroes wither under the glance of the withered eye. The hero has become a charlatan. Love leads its procession of candidates for our affections; statesmen stroll as public lovers. All repeat the phrases by which their predecessors deceived us. It is in part their fault and ours. We leave the tempting material lying about loose; they pick it up and redound upon our emotions. One by one they disappear in the great shadows of obliquity or shrivel in the light of a true master. The lovely truth comes unannounced and slowly. It is not, in so far as all of us are concerned, it is not the ecstasies and passions of war and peace but the mysterious approach of wisdom that has brought about a change. A few golden idols have melted in

the high flames; a few pagan gods have been set in the same places and the heavenly message of truth is whispered from a humble source. Unto those that have hearkened has come a change.

STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

ciatingly funny comedy scenes, novelty singing numbers, ensemble dance effects, and a host of features calculated to allay gloom. Also there are girls, thirty of them, and they are announced as beautiful. In addition to taking part in the stage ensembles, they will appear in several evolutions on the runway.

A feature of "Let's Go!" is the catchy music. The songs are of the popular whistleable variety and everyone will be whistling the airs the morning after the show. Everything about the show has been calculated to make for gayety.

Alcazar

One of the most successful farces of the past decade, "Stop Thief," which after a long season in New York, toured the country for many months, is to be the offering of the versatile Alcazar Players next week. The plot revolves around a clever thief who enters a fashionable home and through his deftness manages to accumulate a great deal of loot. The circumstances are such that the various guests suspect that the others are kleptomaniacs and the fun which results may easily be imagined. A "boob" detective who is worked into the scheme of the story accelerates the humorous complications.

"Stop Thief" will serve as an admirable vehicle for the abilities of Walter P. Richardson and Belle Bennett, in the leading roles. It will also afford Thomas Chatterton, Henry Shumer, Vaughan Morgan, Jean Oliver, Rafael Brunetto and other members of the cast wider scope for their individual talents than they have had in a long time. A long cast is necessary and additional players will have to be engaged for the production. Alcazar patrons can prepare themselves for a laugh feast next week.

"A Regular Feller," the automobile speed-breaking comedy, is the current attraction, and it is a veritable fun riot.

Estelle Deshon, who scored in a brilliant contralto act at the Orpheum during Fleet week is on the Oakland Orpheum bill this week. Many of her San Francisco friends have had dinner parties at the Hotel Oakland, later going to the theatre to hear her.

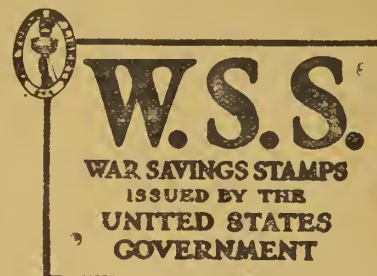
Loring Club Concert

The program announced by The Loring Club for the first concert of its Forty-third Season, on the evening of Thursday, October 30th, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, contains a number of compositions for men's voices which on this occasion will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. The programme also includes W. Franke Harling's "Before the Dawn," a Persian Idyl for chorus of men's voices, solo tenor and solo violoncello with accompaniment of piano, the text by Richard le Gallienne being selected from odes in the "Divan" of Hafiz, the Persian poet of the fourteenth century. Easton Kent will be the solo tenor and Horace Britt the solo cellist, the important piano score being in the hands of Frederick Maurer.

Other composers represented in the programme by their compositions for chorus of men's voices are the Americans George W. Chadwick and Mark Andrews, Sibelius of Finland and the old English-glee writer Reginald Spofforth will also be represented on the programme which will conclude with Wallace Sabin's spirited chorus, "The Long Road."

"It's seven o'clock, Jack. We must run home." "No; if I go home now I shall be whipped for being so late. I'm going to stay till nine, and then I'll get 'sweets and kisses because I'm not drowned."

"Dorothy, is that sweetheart of yours an auctioneer?" "No, father. Why?" "Because he keeps on saying he's going—going—going, but he hasn't gone yet!"



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, State of California

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Helen M. Bonnet, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Managing Editor of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Helen M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her.

HELEN M. BONNET,

Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of October, 1919.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN.

(My commission expires May 29, 1921.)

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1429

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 1, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Defeat Schmitz

The Printers' Strike

The Sense of Humor

Stage, Finance, Society

"Twenty-five Years Ago"

Absence of Platform Makers

Re-elect Charles M. Fickert

Personnel of the Horse Show

Publishing Opportunity in the West

Senator Johnson Mijs the Republicans

Statue Used to Cause a Political "Jam"

Raphael Weill, Best Loved San Franciscan

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, November 1, 1919

No. 1429

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75, three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Re-elect Fickert

The re-election of Charles M. Fickert as district attorney of San Francisco means more than the triumph of an individual officeholder. It will be the declaration of San Francisco to the world that the citizens of this city are heart and soul for upholding the principles of American liberty and honor and that we unite with all our strength against anarchy and its coercive methods. Charles Fickert suffered a long period of personal abuse for his steadfastness in prosecuting anarchists, for his stand against "the reds". The Mooney bomb-throwing case, which it was Fickert's duty to prosecute, became a cause of international celebrity, and was used by I. W. W. all over the United States and in Europe to inflame honest labor by making the pretense that Mooney was a labor man who was being persecuted in California courts. Fickert stood by his guns, continued the prosecution in spite of anathema hurled at his head by supporters of I. W. W. and its sympathizers, in spite of personal weapons employed in places of power to discredit him and undermine his peace of mind. Results gradually proved that his attitude was right, that by not receding from it he proved himself the 100 per cent American. Gradually the circle of supporters about him widened, became strengthened by addition of the most loyal citizens. Fickert goes to the polls in this election with backing founded upon the principles of true Americanism. There is not a name upon the roster of his committee of sponsors whose owner can be challenged for disloyalty to the American flag and constitution.

Town Talk gladly adds its word of praise to Mr. Fickert for his unfailingly faithful performance of his duties; in his re-election we shall take a personal pride. For the Mooney case caused an upheaval in the conduct of this paper, when Edward F. O'Day, assistant editor, resigned last December as a

result of this paper's repudiation of Mr. O'Day's attempt to change its attitude from anti-Mooneyism to pro-Mooneyism. This resignation occurred after Mrs. Bonnet wrote an article repudiating one which Mr. O'Day had, entirely upon his own initiative, published in these columns, attacking Fickert and opposing the policy of this paper regarding the Mooney matter.

Although Mrs. Bonnet had never before spent an hour in a newspaper office, the encouragement which she received for the successful effort of repudiating Mr. O'Day's article inspired her to continue its editor during Theodore Bonnet's absence. Leading members of our courts, public officials, and prominent citizens of California and eastern cities promptly sent by letter, telephone and telegram, their congratulations upon the patriotic spirit displayed by her. It is not a matter of surprise that citizens of the same belief emblazon their names publicly as endorsers of Charles M. Fickert as a candidate who can be depended upon to oppose the efforts of the I. W. W. and all forces inimicable to American liberty and progress.

★ ★ ★

Defeat Schmitz

Many voters in San Francisco proclaim their intention not to cast a vote upon election day because on the one hand they would not vote for Schmitz because of his infamous administration as mayor of this city, and upon the other, because Rolph does not come up to their standard of what the mayor of a great city ought to be.

Are persons who act upon such decision going to do their patriotic duty by not casting a vote? On the contrary, they are sending down the balance in favor of Schmitz, giving the element who uphold his methods the opportunity to place him in power again. Eugene Schmitz was adored by the labor element of this city and he betrayed them, which was his meanest action. He has repented because he was made to realize that his flagrancy did not pay. He has suffered, but let him expiate his sins in privacy, in the conduct of his own or some sympathetic corporation's affairs. San Francisco does not want him in the honorable position of its chief executive—he has forfeited all right to be there. Would we be proud to have him, as our chosen representative, welcome to our city a president of the United States, or a distinguished foreigner? A thousand times no! We don't want a mayor whose public record can not be explained to the satisfaction of law-abiding people. Can we trust him to steer the municipal boat in safe waters? There is such a thing as criminal carelessness

and it would be abject cowardice to give him a chance at the helm.

★ ★ ★

Senator Johnson Miffs the Republicans

One of Senator Johnson's hobbies is to go about assailing the motives of those who do not agree with him politically; which is to say that he impugns baseness and un-Americanism to those who do not favor the Johnsonian idea of the world and the presidential chair. That he was going too far for his Republican friends has been noted several times in these columns. In the course of the downfall of amendments to the League of Nations, Johnson has discovered that he is not the special pet of the Republican party. He now knows that a number of Republicans have been attacking the administration for their own purposes and without the least idea of boosting "Johnson for president". Senator Borah might have been his sincere friend; but the others were merely playing politics in their own Republican way, and making use of the California senator without giving him so much as a promise. Now that mild reservations have taken the place of once-proud amendments, Johnson finds a willingness on all sides to make peace without him. He is so amazed that he can do naught else than doubt the motives of even the Republican party. In this he has been answered by the Republican Senator Hale of Maine. Hale touches up the affair thus: "Let me say to the senator from California that the motives of those opposing his proposal are every bit as honorable as his. I am just as much opposed as he to any inequality in the league; but I believe in meeting it with a reservation that will remedy it rather than an amendment that will not." As time goes on the senator from California will realize that his definition of Americanism and Californiaism is not one that appeals to the majority of Americans and Californians. The state which stood by Wilson at the last election does not seem disposed to recede even at the entreaty of the former governor. On the whole, Johnson's visit to the West was a fizzle, because he had dreamed that it would be converted into a march of triumph. Instead, it proved to be a steady march of his foremost supporters to the Wilson ranks, an extraordinary situation in politics, and conducted with a flourish of publicity that was astonishing to the successor of Roosevelt. The number of Californians who urged Johnson to change his stand was likewise disconcerting. So the speech-making tour was not viewed by the senate as a Republican or a Progressive triumph. In all probability the senator had been urged to

make the trip by men who wanted to see just what presidential material was in him, and what the people would think about it. He did not make the western hullabaloo that his promoters had vouched for, and the Republican part of the senate had reasons of its own for softening its denouncement of the League of Nations as un-American. The tour easily demonstrated that Johnson is not so popular personally that the Republicans could afford to take him with all his Progressivism. They never did want him, because to support him would have been too great a sacrifice of Republican theories. Other Republicans have expressed the opinion that Johnson was too far-fetched in his visions of a conspiracy between the Democratic party and John Bull;

and, as it appears at the present moment, the senator will have to write out his own platform and attempt to form a party of his own if he still feels inclined to run for the presidency.

* * *

Possibilities of the Printers' Strike

The strike and lockout of the New York typographers may result one way or another, and out here few will be any the wiser as to what it was all about. Maybe the same old story. The interesting part of the situation is that New York publishing concerns have been invited to Chicago. Acceptance of the invitation has been endorsed by a committee representing a majority of the periodicals and trade papers. It is a matter of national importance. The big question before the publishers is whether or not they are willing to forego the prestige of issuing from the present center of the fine arts. It is not unknown in the history of learning that the center of gravity can shift from one city to another. They say that New York is America; and they once said that Boston was the Hub of the Universe. Now the hub has become but a spoke in the New York wheel; and the wheel itself shows a tendency to roll away. The migration of all or even half the New York houses would carry a large amount of prestige with them. There might result a certain inconvenience, being remote from metropolitan artists and writers. Eventually many of these would take the trail to Lake Michigan, and conjure up their inspirations undepressed by the cabbages and corn of the Middle West. Not only that, but the typographers themselves would soon follow the procession, as Chicago has not enough printers to take care of all the newcomers; and, for that matter, the controversy would have to be waged all over again. The fact that some of the magazines, taking up the cause of the others, have locked out their men and voluntarily surrendered their November editions to oblivion, indicates an intention to stand firmly against the demands of the unions. There has even been talk of doing away with typesetting altogether and working with photo-engraving from typewritten copy, as an illustration is made from pen and ink. This has already been tried out by the Lit-

erary Digest, and though the result is crude, it has proven practicable enough in the emergency; is legible if not pleasantly readable, and has the encouragement of those publishers who are solicitous about labor troubles in their own shops. At present, photo-engraving is an expensive substitute for the linotype machine, yet may lead to something cheap and effective. However, with that phase of the strike, we have nothing to do. It is a matter of industrial evolution. The vital point is that if New York is to lose the publishing trades or a greater part of them, San Francisco should not stand by and see Chicago capture the first, second and third prizes in the overflow.

* * *

Publishing Opportunity in the West

If the publishing center can switch from New York to Chicago, there is no reason why it cannot give a further jump and come to San Francisco. Numerous painters, illustrators and authors have praised the Pacific Coast as a place of residence; and most of them, if they must depart from metropolitan splendors, would prefer the Golden Gate to the stockyards city. The moving picture concerns took up quarters in California for the climate, the magazine folk might readily find something of equal import for their needs, should they look over the resources of San Francisco. Climate itself has been mentioned highly as an attraction to the Muses, though we can hardly accept this idea, as some of the greatest writers have passed most of their lives in London, scintillating with cleverness through the fog and the humidity. Howbeit, San Francisco has long claimed advantages as a home of the fine arts, and this would be a good opportunity to try the thing out on a grand scale. Our printing firms ought to get together and invite the eastern publishers; should at least not neglect to make a bid for the publications, which can seriously be regarded as the greatest asset of our times. Within the previous generation or two, our city has produced or entertained enough writers and artists to make a beginning as a publishing center. A number of reputations have been earned right here. The worst of it is that as soon as an aspirant acquires what he deems the proper amount of fame, he hies to the Atlantic Coast. Thus the benefits to be derived from Pacific Coast writers have been lost to Pacific Coast publishers, who, after giving the geniuses a start in life, let them escape to eastern fields. Many an eastern publisher has become wealthy through having on his list writers that were discovered locally, and now is a chance to even up the score. We have a Home Industry League devoted to the local use of local products. It has committed itself to an acknowledgment of local poets as a business asset, yet has done nothing in their behalf beyond giving them a luncheon and a few eulogies. Local newspapers have accorded some space

to the efforts of the Home Industry League, without showing pronounced enthusiasm, perhaps because the papers themselves are the greatest sinners in that regard. The larger part of their comic serials, all of their comic supplements, their serial fiction, special stories and almost all the Sunday supplement stuff and variety for the editorial and household pages, come from the eastern syndicates. Much of it is tommyrot, which could be improved in San Francisco or in Oakland. If a certain amount of tommyrot be considered necessary for home reading, why not give local writers the coign of advantage? Newspapers buy the syndicated material because it is offered to them at a price far less than even a bungalow genius of Piedmont could afford to sell it. If the eastern magazines should drift to San Francisco directly or via Chicago, the syndicates would no doubt drift with them, and would purchase from home industry the manuscripts of "Why Mrs. Cochondore Slapped Her Husband," or "How Miss Flip Furnished Her Home With Old Boxes". Western papers would then have a western atmosphere, and not print such absurdities as happen when an episode in a New York subway is changed to a San Francisco street car, and a "Ramble in Central Park" comes to us locally as a "Ramble in Golden Gate". At any rate, some of the New Yorkers are eager to get away, and now is the time to help them—while they are in the mood. If we can not acquire all, we may attract some of the moving picture concerns from Los Angeles. It is the biggest opportunity that San Francisco ever had. If it be not too big, there will be an effort to grasp it.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

The Sense of Humor

By Lionel Josaphare

Having the least bit of fun is a mark of disrespect to creation. Anyway, it shows lack of attention. To be consistent with the heritage of man, we should never let out of our minds the enormity of Adam's fall from grace. It is a lifelong contemplation. It was so serious a disaster to the human race that one wonders how anybody could be so negligent as to think of anything else. To make wit on a hobo as one of the inevitable results of that first disobedience would be the height of vanity. If humor be an invention of the devil, then laughter is a premonitory tickle of hellfire. There is some ground for taking wit as a devilish view of things; and humor, in meditation of death, is a forgetfulness which few men carry bravely to the end. Yet another inference might be that if we come to Heaven as little children, we may rejoice and clap our hands at a miracle, and entertain a doubt that gladness is less miraculous than solemnity.

A sense of humor is commonly misapprehended as an aptness to recognize the absurd, and gurgled over it. This involves the belief that society is apportioned among buffoons and perfect gentlemen—an idea preposterous in itself and the very pivot of the merry-go-round where the true humorist rides hilariously. The mechanics of it interest him less than the make-believe horses and the egotistic spectators. A sense of humor sees no particular absurdities here and there, but the absurd element in all persons, whatever their social position; in all things, with or without reference to their portentous design; and in all institutions, regardless of the hosts that shout praises.

Humor plays no favorites. One cannot, merely for enjoying a joke, lay claim to it. If he walk about the world as a paradisaical place, muttering that this he may smile at, and this he may not, he is setting up one part of the world as more honorable than another, as if creation were in the hands of Republican or Democratic angels, who award aggrandizement here and folly there. So, if he chuckle at Mike in a dialect story, but not at an account of the Pilgrim fathers, he intimates that, in the sight of Heaven, an Irishman is less impressive than a Puritan, and this, for aught we know, is a presumptuous commentary.

He who surmises that humor is unsympathetic or irreverent will revile its application to a memorable event, which he is disposed to remember for the solemn details only. So he will exercise his mirth only on matters that are adjudged trivial to the universe or himself. In other words, he has a settled opinion that some things are funny and some not. This is no show of his own admiration for the sublime plan, but rather an evidence of his injustice and cruelty. He is a psychological executioner, cutting off those belated vagabonds from the respect of mankind; a moral hangman who exhibits a few dangling follies that he executed for the capital offense of not conforming to the customs of their time. Your partial jester is more likely to become facetious over an outcast or an aspiring soul than anything else. He is not reverent, because he is unfair. When he says that these men are to be derided and those honored, he infers that honor is too frail an armor for the knocks of wit; and he may be right.

What is humor? It is a palpable superiority; which presupposes an inferior, and thus a mistake on some one's part. It is also an equality. This will account for all conditions; and

humor is nothing more than a perception of true relationship, or a failure to perceive; while wit is a clever way of telling it. The moment you behold a person more ignorant than yourself, you know he is likely to arouse your sense of humor. It may be in his manner, his grammar, or his fund of information. If he excel you at one point, you will try to find his inferiority at another. In the Sunday comic pages of the newspapers, the effort is to depict an ignorance beneath that of any possible reader giving all, even little children, something on which to assume a superior air.

Most humor, then, exists on the theory of inferior subject matter. There is a reverse effect, as where, for instance, a child goes into merriment before your stagey tricks. And there is the roar of equality with a friend over the very facts of existence. Now, as for the supercilious: on the vaudeville stage, the mere mention of Milpitas or Alameda gets a blurt from the audience. Holding to gaiety Milpitas or the known world would require a correspondingly larger intelligence, real or pretended. New York jeers at Yonkers and Chicago. Chicago taunts the lofty Manhattaners. San Francisco sees the extravagance of both, and cannot restrain itself when a nearby village is called by name. But then, consider the stupendous attitude of Alameda mocking the smugness of the whole country. Or go further and imagine in Milpitas a laughing philosopher who holds his sides when he thinks of that comedy, the world.

Men laugh at an ape or a yogi—an indulgence in good humor for what we cannot understand, or understand too well. They who comprehend nothing and they who know it all have the same material for their smiles.

The erroneous factor is important. A wretch in rags is no laughing matter; but if he have made a mistake of becoming raggedy in his plug hat and evening clothes, he is something to grin at. Had he tried to dig ditches and failed, we should be sorry for him; but as he attempted to be a gentleman and fell into the ditch of poverty, he is a grotesque relic. There is a blunder somewhere in his make-up, or, as is said, an incongruity. The all-seeing satirist does not focus his wit sharply here, but his sardonic eye takes in also the gorgeous fiasco of civilization that makes this wanderer possible—the continuous glittering cataclysm of society that has emitted gloomy crystals with the bright ones. The beggar abroad with his breakfast in his hand, and the society queen going to bed with a hot-water bag, are all one to a sense of humor, against whose lance, as against the shaft of Death, comes condolence for all.

Out of fashion, you are ludicrous; the more so if you do not know it. Fashion is a whim of the many; the caprice of one is an eccentricity. It may be beautiful or bombastic, antique or classic, it remains the subject of derision. As the majority sees it, the minority has failed to catch on; then a few of the latter conduct a counter revolution and find amusement in the crowd. It is not a bon ton revolution. By all the rules of civil government, it is bad taste to make farce of the multitude, who are theoretically suffering from lack of food. One way or another, the laughing-stock is not up to standard. Subsequently he may excel his betters; or he may prove himself to have been right in the first place, while his mockers became outlandish. In this way, he who laughs last laughs at laughter. What could be more appropriate?

Humor does not always mean contempt. I

may be pure joy. It may be somewhat sorrowful. It may contain something of grandeur. Fancy a man rushing into a hurricane, meeting the gales of the world with gales of laughter. Then he joins another who shrieks at the destruction. As for taking the storm to be humorous in itself, neither is that impossible. It depends on one's mood and capacities. There is something astonishing in a fall of snow; but that it is absurd, I am not prepared to say. It is not an evident mistake or folly of Nature; nor does it arouse a feeling of disdain. Neither can I decide that we do not poke fun at a snowstorm because we haven't the wit or for want of audacity. Had we never heard of snow, and were it a human proposal that every winter city and countryside be covered with frozen white particles, causing respectable persons to tumble and householders to shovel it away with all dispatch, I fear that the innovation would be ridiculed. Some persons believe that everything in Nature, having cause and effect, must have a reason and a virtue. Therefore they refrain from criticism. Whoever has stood at a window and beheld pedestrian after pedestrian whirl and go down at a smooth spot, must acknowledge that snow has a comic aspect. And if we assume that Nature foresees the results of her acts, we might speculate that she sends a snowstorm with some jocularity. I do not say that the white precipitation is inherently funny, nor the further precipitation of proud man part of the scheme, nor whether the frost be a necessity or a luxury in natural economy, a prime requisite or a by-product. If the latter, Nature herself would not look thereon with sheer solemnity, unexpectedly beautiful though sometime it be. Our sense of humor does not readily go that far, a sense of awe interfering.

Occasionally a virtuous man laughs against his will; mayhap a woman too, embarrassed between mirth and morality. Such person gives evidence that something natural within is amused at the telling of that which should not be told. He may reject the assertion that Nature would play a practical joke. Yet if, instead of the ice cast by the weather, a banana peeling should be thrown by an ordinary scamp, and some poor fellow slip to his haunches, we might denounce the crudity of the humor perpetrated. Now, since we have humor, and it comes from the same place whence issue spontaneity and joy, we might as well commune with Nature in frolic as in furor. Similarly with human celebrities, even momentarily honest ones. Enthusiasm for a statesman is not incompatible with a glance of humor at him, especially as enthusiasm itself is more or less a matter of comedy. Drama tells the truth; comedy-drama, the whole truth, and real life, nothing but the truth. Our fear of the satirist is that he will not make the same distinctions we have made, after we have taken centuries of struggle to place the facts before him. If a few millions of men unite in believing a narrative of prehistoric times, each one of them will regard criticism as a personal insult. Each one of them fancies himself supporting the cosmos when he is merely upholding the dignity of his hat. If you smile at a man's hat, you insinuate that he and his progenitors have lived and studied in vain. Smile at his idols, and he thinks you await the opportunity to smash them. The humorist is an iconoclast only when the idol is so frail that a friendly slap on the back will shatter it. If, in a breeze of laughter, an ideal does not blow away, it is a good one.

Raphael Weill, Best Loved San Franciscan

By Helen M. Bonnet

All my life I have known Raphael Weill (as what San Franciscan has not?); that is, to see him, to hear of him from scores of his associates, to know of his public activities and of his good deeds; but it is only of late that I have had the good fortune of his personal acquaintance. The few half hours I have spent in his society have been periods of enlightenment. Everybody welcomes him and entertains him since his recent return from France—c'est la mode à present in San Francisco, but no one can be within his radius and not be entertained by him. Nearly always when a brilliant man reaches his age we think: "How wonderful he must have been years ago!" But when Raphael Weill tells us he is eighty-two, one thinks: "How beautiful it is to be eighty-two!" Years have not robbed his appearance of attractiveness, world contact and experiences have polished his scintillating wit, have increased his soundness of judgment, have made more tender his great heart. As one enters his apartments in the St. Francis Hotel, the first objects which greet the eyes from the vestibule are an American flag and a French flag. I asked him which one he loved the better and he promptly replied, "San Francisco." He came to this city when he was seventeen. Thirty-five times since, he has gone to visit his native France, but he calls this city home. He seems to know more about it than anyone else I've ever met. It was when he was seventeen, in 1854, he came here, when, from all accounts, it was a town where there was something doing all the time—and he helped to do it. For instance, he was a "volunteer of volunteers" of La Fayette Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, S. F. F. D., and he ran with the old machine and helped to put out fires. He said that Lillie Hitchcock belonged to the Knickerbocker Co. No. 5 and that verily the lively young lady did indeed run to fires. A few months ago Mr. Weill saw her in Paris, her present home, and she is still Mrs. Coit. Also, at nineteen, he was a member of the Vigilantes, which he said with conviction, were the saving of this town. For three years he was a clerk in the drygoods house of Davidson and Lane, and then he became a partner. The White House of Raphael Weill & Co., is the wealthy descendant of that aristocratic early-day "magasin" and it reached its present position through long years of his splendid management. He said that the tradition of the White House has always been to be absolutely businesslike and square, everybody taking a part for the betterment of the business and doing its share in keeping up the city of San Francisco, and of elevating this city to the highest standards of a community. If taking an active interest in the political welfare of San Francisco and of aiding every public and private cause for its improvement has been the way to keep that pledge, then Mr. Weill has kept his faithfully. Always one of the first to be called upon, no one responds more quickly than he to the demand for the strength, the means to upbuild, to develop institutions and humans. The Downtown Association the other day called him its daddy, a pretty compliment and true; for his was the vision while the city still smoked, of a greater, more populous metropolis than the one which had been consumed. Other merchants listened to his counsel to "hurry up" and rebuild; the retail business district which he mapped out at the time, whose boundaries were

to be O'Farrell to Post and Kearny to Powell have extended blocks each way.

One afternoon when I went to see him he received a wire from A. Lawrence Lowell, chairman of the League to Enforce Peace, of which William Howard Taft is president, with a request for \$500 to further the cause. Mr. Weill promptly answered by saying that having done all he possibly could here, he was delighted to join them on a larger basis to spread the doctrine all over the nation, and he gladly sent the money. Whereupon John Landers, who was present, remarked that his friend Raphael would give his head away were it not screwed on, and while the latter was busy welcoming some late guests Mr. Landers repeated a long list of the Weill benefactions. Our host, who never neglects any guest, wanted to know what Mr. Landers was communicating sotto voce and of course he was told politely that the talk was about the photographs on the wall. Then Mr. Weill looked particularly happy and there was a personally conducted tour of his gallery.

What a blessing to love one's friends, to cherish memories of them, as Mr. Weill does! "There is Colonel Alexander Hawes, the dearest friend I ever had," he said; "Dr. Robeson Taylor—I love that man; Reuben Lloyd, the best friend I ever had; Uncle George Bromley—and there he is again at the tomb of Jules Tavernier in Honolulu; my eldest brother, Alexandre—there is a street named for him in Phalsbourg, Lorraine, which I stayed in France long enough to see restored to France; my dear friend fire chief Sullivan, and here is his successor, chief Murphy—both splendid fellows; John Landers, Edmond Godchaux and his father, Adolphe; Lucius Foote, first minister to Korea; Judge Ralph C. Harrison, dear Peter Robertson, Hugh Burke, Horace Hill, Eugene Meyer; Gen. Funston, grand man and splendid soldier; Judge Morrow, Fred Yates, the artist; he was a great friend of President Wilson's first wife, and was the only White House dinner guest on the President's first dinner there, March 4th, 1913; Herbert Fleischacker, Charles de Young, a fine boy; Sam D. Mayer, Charles Jocelyn—the latter two with Landers and myself are the four survivors of the Bohemian Club Old Guard." There was something interesting to say about each one, until my head buzzed with the tangle of kind words. Sometimes I would ask, "Who is that?" Mr. Weill's sight not being very keen he would appeal to Francois, his faithful valet, for the name. Sometimes the answer would be "C'est, monsieur avec M. Un Tel." The portraits of Mr. Weill, with his friends, were souvenirs of glorious days in Bohemian Grove or on voyages to distant countries, or perhaps upon a veranda of a country cottage. One was of Mr. Weill as a chef, photographed from a painting by Joe Strong, and now the property of the Bohemian Club. Still another of a bronze of Mr. Weill done by Haig Patigan, a striking portrait. As for souvenirs of gala occasions, Mr. Weill possesses them by the score. Some of them are works of art. I recall a magnificent memorial in book form, a tribute from Mr. Weill to Reuben Lloyd, another volume artistically illuminated by Frank Unger, a memento of a dinner at the Bohemian Club in 1910, in honor of Mr. Weill's return from France. Page follows page of loving tribute to him. I copied this one by Charles S. Wheeler, our eminent attorney:

Respected and beloved by men and women and little children;

Smiled upon by the good people of two continents.

Patron of Art! Upbuilder of a Commonwealth! Gentle, strong, staunch, true, The intimate of all that is best in life; Always wise—always kind.

Good fellow—good friend, good citizen, good Bohemian.

In these words, Raphael Weill, those who know you best salute you!

On another wall by themselves are portraits of Marshals Joffre, Foch and Petain, Generals Pau and Castellau, Admiral R. F. Nicholson, U. S. N., and Viscount French.

"In my bedroom, I have my family." Those of us who had not seen them before accompanied him to look at a Louis Philippe portrait of his handsome father and another of his beloved mother, his six brothers and three sisters. "That pretty girl was Julie, my youngest sister. She died at twenty and for the past twenty-five years I have dreamed of her every night." There are photos of nephews and nieces and of children named for him, one little girl, first child born in the maternity home built by Hattie Crocker Alexander. "And this," he said tenderly, taking up a small gold framed picture, "is my constant companion, wherever I go—my mother." So Raphael Weill is never alone in his hotel rooms even when his friends in the flesh are not trooping in to call upon him.

On one occasion I asked him why he had never married. I said that everybody is dying to know. "Once," he answered, "when I was very young, I was engaged to a young lady. She was a French girl and attended Notre Dame Convent in San Jose. I loved her, but some foolish difference arose, and we did not marry. She died later, and then again there was an American lady whom perhaps it would have been well if I had married, but I don't know—we did not marry." "Did you love her also?" I asked, much interested. "No," he laughed. I can't imagine this wise man marrying without love, for previously he had spoken with great admiration of the happy marriages of his brothers and of his nephews. I asked if he had ever regretted his bachelorhood, and he became serious as he replied: "I advise young men to marry. Let them not expect perfection, but

(Continued on Page 15)

"CALTEX"—NOT LIKE ORDINARY BIFOCALS

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are the most modern type of double vision glasses and are entirely different from the old style. They are made differently and the results are more satisfactory. Ground from a single piece of glass—larger field of reading vision than other bifocals—practically invisible, having the appearance of regular glasses. "Caltex" are optically correct—you'll appreciate the difference when you wear them.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Twenty-five Years Ago---With Apologies to the Chronicle

By a Former Newspaper Man

Just twenty-five years ago, I was playing with John Drew at the Baldwin Theater.

And Maude Adams was in the cast.

And Ethel Barrymore made her debut in the play called "The Imprudent Young Couple".

And Louis Morgenstern was out in the box office.

And handsome Alfred Bouvier was the manager of the theater.

And in those days we had double tracks on Market street only the outside tracks were used by horse cars.

And the policemen wore derby hats.

And Ellert was Mayor, and he was just as popular as Rolph.

And his secretary, Mr. Newman, was just as good a mixer as Eddie Rainey is today.

And Dr. Franklin Shields took me to lunch at the Bohemian Club.

And he does not look a day older than he did then.

And I quit the theatrical world and went to work on the Examiner.

And Andy Lawrence and Levings were cited for "contempt" in Sacramento.

And I was sent out to secure interviews on the injustice of the "contempt proceedings".

And I interviewed Major Frank McLaughlin at the Palace Hotel.

And he asked me to say in the paper "that he would like all newspaper men to get life imprisonment".

And then he asked me to take a drink with him—and I think I did.

And William Broderick placed me as an election officer.

And I was sent "South of Market".

And all the other election officers got drunk, cashed their warrants and left me to count the returns alone.

And Alf Fritz, who was later a police judge, stayed up all night with me in the booth and we counted the returns and turned them in.

And the Elks had a Memorial Service.

And a thin young man delivered the eulogy.

And his name was John J. Barrett and his eulogy was good.

And another thin young man handed me a photo of John Barrett and asked me to run it in the paper.

And the thin young man was William F. Humphrey.

And the editorial rooms of the Examiner were on Mission street.

And the business office of the paper was Grant Avenue and Market.

And a young artist who sketched people for the paper was Harrison Fisher.

And in those days we used to have a French course-dinner, including wine, for twenty-five cents.

And Mr. Hearst gave all the employes of the Examiner a banquet at the Palace.

And Al Murphy whispered to me that under each plate was a whole week's salary.

And I looked under my plate and there was no envelope.

And Tom Williams was the business manager of the paper.

And he used to come up to the editorial rooms and take us "cubs" to dinner once in awhile.

And he would tell us at the dinner that he was once a reporter himself, and that we must always be loyal to the paper, honest, and that every young man should get married.

And I was sent to interview W. W. Foote, the lawyer.

And he got mad and told me if I did not get out of his office he would throw me down the elevator shaft.

And when I returned to the office the boys told me he was a regular "fire eater"—but that his bark was worse than his bite.

And "King" McManus threw a brick through the windows of St. Patrick's church.

And I had to get the story and was almost killed again.

And after the rough stuff "King" McManus offered me a cigar.

And Gus White, our "Chief," worked in the office of the Gas Light Company.

And he took my card in to President Crockett.

And Gus and I have been friends ever since.

And Major Hooper ran the Occidental Hotel and fed his guests five meals a day.

And every guest going East was given a basket filled with California fruit and flowers.

And I was sent out to Holy Cross to interview a young curate.

And his name was Father Joseph P. McQuaide.

And he was always doing good just as now.

And a court reporter was studying law, and his name was Frank C. Drew.

And after he was admitted I sent him one of his first cases.

And he never forgets it either.

And the Southern Pacific never had a train on time.

And the Examiner used to photograph the blackboard down at the Ferry.

And then the Southern Pacific got real mad and brought their trains in on time.

And Edward F. Moran was detailed to write up a wedding in the lion's cage at the Chutes.

And though the minister and the couple went into the cage, Moran refused.

And we all congratulated him for his caution, and he wrote a story that had all San Francisco laughing.

And Phil Hastings composed a song in those days that was a hit of the country.

And I think twenty-five years ago nobody worried.

And everybody knew everybody else.

And though we cannot bring back the old days, sometimes we like to think about them.

The Spectator

"If I were mayor of San Francisco," began Supervisor Power at the board meeting. There was a lull throughout the biggest crowd that for some time has attended the deliberations of the city fathers. Perspiring citizens filled the seats and the floor, and the only standing room remaining was in the corridor. "If I were mayor," he repeated impressively, while Rolph glared from the chair, visibly impressed, "and a park commission would not accede to my dignified request, then and in that case I would get a park commission that would do so". The audience applauded vigorously, not so much that they had an idea of Power wishing to be mayor but disciplining of the park commission would be gratifying. The lords of Golden Gate Park had refused to accept the statue of Father McKinnon, and an eloquent committee was plying the board with resolutions to know the reason why. Father McKinnon's memory is beloved by all, and his statue has been lying in obscurity for years, because a few landscape and figure painters had declared the work inartistic. Power offered a resolution that the city accept the statue and then look around for a suitable site afterwards. Then he made the remark about

the park potentates. "If I were mayor—" "Not a chance," replied Rolph. "Somebody might have the chance," retorted Power, esoterically. At this point, the mayor fired up, as it were, turned red, saw red and flashed with the righteous indignation with which he has awed many an opponent. "Can I fire men like Curtis H. Lindley, Earl Cummings, A. B. Spreckels and John McLaren merely because they disagree with you on a question of art? No, Colonel Power, I cannot do that, even for you". Then he paused. It was a momentous occasion, and everybody in the hall knew it. Election was near. Father McKinnon's admirers are many; and the religious side of the controversy was several times brought to the fore. As Supervisor Hayden said, while he was one of the most ardent enthusiasts for Father McKinnon, and was up for re-election, he didn't like to be caught in a "political jam". "Jam" is supervisorial slang for the situation where a measure that is forced upon members of the board, particularly at election time. All of the supervisors were in favor of a McKinnon memorial, but they scented something ominous in the present instance. They did not wish to say what is was.

The cloud hanging over the debate was this: a certain supervisor was absent. Presumably he was meandering about the city distributing election cards. He had once been mayor; he knew what it was to meet the glaring eye of a criminal court, and he wanted the people to try him again—as mayor. And there, standing against the rail, demanding that the board do something for the Father McKinnon statue, was Charles B. Johnson, a hot adherent of the absent candidate. Rolph was perplexed for a moment, and then decided that he would clear the atmosphere of all misunderstanding. First he paid his respects to the departed chaplain who died at Manila in the Spanish-American war. Then he said: "I am very sorry that this matter has come up at this time. The question of this statue has been hanging fire for six years; and it seems funny that it should come up today. It is remarkable that at a time when the city of San Francisco is engaged in a process of supreme importance to its officialdom, that you gentlemen should come here with a resolution which we all respect for its subject matter, but which would more appropriately be settled at another time". Johnson endeavored to explain that his very

motive had been to keep the affair out of politics. "Not so," rejoined Rolph; "you are a strong partisan of a man who is opposed to me. Right here and now, I charge you with coming here on a political errand. I have the proof. I know that you have been passing out match boxes bearing the portrait of this candidate". This was a squelcher; and that part of the debate subsided. There was also an artistic side.

Criticism of the McKinnon Statue

The proponents of the Father McKinnon statue had endeavored to place it at the juncture of the south and main drives of Golden Gate Park. A model was erected, and a committee of artists appointed to judge the artistic side. Not one of the seven said anything in favor of the work, and this fact seems to have aroused the idea that some latent objection existed. Arthur Mathews reported that the figure was not much worse than the McKinley statue, now at the entrance of the park panhandle. He was also of the opinion that there are too many monuments of low grade in the park and about the city, and that no more should be accepted until the appearance of a truly great sculptor. Cadenasso declared that the figure was out of drawing, and unworthy of public exhibition. Arthur Putnam wrote that it was a poor piece of work; and the other members of the committee reported in similar tone. At the time, A. B. Spreckels moved that the work be denied a place in the park. Rolph's standpoint is that a memorial should unquestionably be built to the memory of the chaplain, but that it should be a suitable one, and he is ready to contribute to it. This is the only view to take. The members of the McKinnon committee are evidently—and frankly—undetermined as to the artistic worth of their possession; yet they evince an attitude to compel acceptance with regard to anything but the heroic sentiments involved. If Father McKinnon is to have a public bronze, so that this and future generations shall pause to admire, it should be a figure that will command admiration from every angle, and this can be accomplished only by one that will endure on its artistic merits alone. The more love we have for a hero's memory, the more should we demand that it be signalized by a sculpture that is adequate in every respect. To set up a work that fails from the standpoint of a cold critic is to confess the failure of our own appreciation. The better the man the greater the genius he deserves to depict him. The consensus of the opinions of the supervisors is to accept the statue for the city. It was plain, though, that this is done because so many citizens have manifested a desire that this be done. If the committee of artists were right, then we should not offer to a noble hero and revered churchman the indignity of a memorial that is unworthy of him. The best thing to do would be to appoint another committee of critics. In the meantime, the statue could be exhibited in some convenient place, where the public also could judge. This is not uncustomary in the art centers of the world. Let the public judge, and let a number of reliable artists judge, and no doubt the result will be satisfactory to all concerned. If the present statue is not of sufficient merit, another should be entrusted to the hands of a sculptor whose work would be accepted by all admirers.

A Quiet Election

All writers on the coming election have commented on what they term the apathy of the public. It is, of course, unusual, and may be caused by the new election laws. Last time, there was the same lack of excitement; but the advent of daily war news was a supposed tranquilizer of other sentiments. Today there is material enough for turmoil in the selection of

nine supervisors, two police judges and a district attorney. No doubt some of the candidates are as anxious about themselves as ever a candidate was. Here and there one of them has cooked up a little enthusiasm with a red light and martial music to accompany the glow, if the word enthusiasm can be applied to curiosity-seekers who come to look at a colored light and listen to a tune. As far as the mayoralty is concerned, it is what the wise ones technically call a foregone conclusion. And that may be at the bottom of the apathy. The head of the ticket usually supplies the *casus belli* and the other contenders make their skirmishes to conform with his battle line. As no one has had the temerity to declare that a battle is going on for the mayor's chair, and as all feel that Rolph himself will hardly notice when his old term expires and his new begins, the supporting candidates have a hard time to convince the people that something important is about to happen in official circles. At least, nothing of such magnitude as to claim a spread-eagle in the general news has transpired. We hear no mention of "campaign," "battle-standards," "victorious banners," and bombast of that good old character. The issues are between men rather than principles; not that principled and unprincipled men have not placed their names on the ballot; but there is no magnificent question before the people—no question before which one man arises and exhorts that it is a virtue, while his opponent is equally loud in his shout that it is evil. The issues of this voting occasion are but meekly denied here and there, if they are denied at all. In short, there is no violent dispute.

Absence of Old Platform Makers

It is the custom, or it was the custom, for party platform writers to stir up such controversies as would divide the people and cause citizen to argue with citizen. The party boss would consult his attorneys for good material, which might have been inspired from some statesmanlike utterance a year before, and then the boss would look around for intellectual champions to right the thing out. The orators

were summoned to do their best for the principle first and then the man. The candidates are taking care of themselves now, and not one of them has been able to think of a topic that would make the opposing candidate come forth and flout the very idea of it. Nationally we have the League of Nations dividing the orators. In municipal affairs, we find that the people have gradually become aware of political methods, are accustomed to the phrases, the shouts and the bonfires, the rockets and rallies; and this fact may have reacted on the candidates. So their publicity work has not been spectacular. On Monday night, there will be some noise, and a few late showers of election cards. Thus far, I have observed few little boys collecting the cards in stacks, as they did in days ago. In those days, about a half million cards went to the small boy, who sought you at every entrance and exit and pleaded that you turn over to him those vest-pocket portraits that had been printed in the interests of good government. "Vote for Jones" does not circulate as freely today. The kiddies have no handbills, the streets are not littered, and our pockets do not bulge with political entreaties. We see no groups of citizens on the corners acclaiming their favorites. We make a business call, and no mention is made of election. Apathy, sir, all is apathy.

Seven Definitions of Home

1. A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.
2. The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise.
3. The place where we grumble the most and are-treated the best.
4. The centre of our affairs, round which our hearts' best wishes twine.
5. The place where our stomachs get three square meals a day and our hearts a thousand.
6. The place on earth where faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.
7. The place where the great are small and the small are great.

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Dressing to Please the Public

We have a flurry in dress reform. It had to come. It comes every little while throughout the ages; and all the time woman's attire keeps getting worse and worse, according to some; which means that its better and better according to others. In the opinion of latter-day prophets (not Mormons but just as good) woman has become too beautiful by means of diaphanous drapery and certain blank spaces. Her motive as well as her gown is transparent. Unless she go back to where she stood a quarter century ago, she will plunge forward to perdition, dragging man, man, innocent man along with her. Perdition is a bad neighborhood for bringing up families. Women always dress for the occasion, or aim to do so, and everybody is concerned to know what the aim is. The philosophy of dress is an urgent one. It is closely connected with the future of the race; and that is enough to make anything important, especially if one have a penchant for adding to posterity on his own account. His first objective is a beautiful and pleasing woman, so that his children may have a good start in life. During the last few years woman has adopted a style of raiment that unto man is just as serviceable as a course in eugenics. She puts him on the right track; which is the reason for her being on earth. See Darwin. It is true that the biologist paid more attention to the splendor of the male than the female animal in bringing about sexual selection. Yet that matters little, as long as the selection is performed somehow. It is woman's biologic and moral privilege to see that the course of nature goes on with eclat. Certain local philosophers, though, have their own ideas about it. They feel that evolution has gone far enough; that it must stop somewhere; and woman has been chosen for the stopping place. She is man's natural destination, and ought not shift about to keep him guessing. The philosophers have been holding up woman's dress to scorn, and have said nasty things about your daughters and mine. If you have no daughters at the present moment, your chances of acquiring the right sort are slim, say the moose-eyed critics. Woman is tampering with the whole scheme of things, having made herself so voluptuous that she can never be great in anything of practical advantage to the aforesaid and highly respected human race, which must go on, willy nilly. Should woman reject all expert advice, she will soon be too charming for man's words, and he will consider her too expensive for his pocketbook. I am glad that not everybody believes this. Who has much faith in a philosopher anyhow? What does a college professor know about the world, and why should he presume to make statements about the future co-eds? Why, when only last month it was proven that members of the faculty were not drawing sufficient salary to pay for a co-ed's after-theater supper once a year.

Startling Condition of the Co-eds

Way down in the southern part of California, one President Silas Evans, of Occidental College, made a remark about "unbecoming grease". We can infer that he alluded to pomade, paint and other paleozoic devices with which the female embellishes her hair and face. The question of savagery is always brought up. It is undesirable that the savage continue to play a part in the modern commonwealth. Then there was an outburst of Dr. H. H. Holden, secretary of some educational board, on the subject of "outlandish hair". The girls, to give him an object lesson, made themselves up like Sis Hopkins, and there was a bready, feed-the-chickens look all around the college. This act of independence has been acclaimed as a Machiavellian stroke. Berkeley and Palo Alto feminine sym-

pathy, declaring that college girls stand ready to uphold the race, or their part of it, in their own way. Of the outcome of the dispute, we have nothing to say, and nothing to fear. One can be interested only on the irritability of some men working toward the private concerns of their fellow creatures. While some girls overdress the part that a philosopher says they should play in life, others of the fair sex are negligent. So we have other savants advising school teachers to put on a few more frills in order that the pupils be more interested in their lessons. This is apparently to make every child long to be a teacher's pet. A boy may have no native ambition because the duties of manhood are too far ahead. Only heroship appeals to his imagination. But if his teacher array herself in that finery which, later in life, will appeal to the chap, why, his instincts to study geography are given quick impetus; there is an impetuosity to learn the intricacies of getting along. He will experience the thrill of seeing a fair hand write "excellent" on his report card, and he will realize that the feminine heart is to be won with fairy tales gramamatically told. School teachers, co-eds and debutantes are not the only objects of criticism. The most amazing part of the present reform mimpulses is that it has spread from the feminine target, where it traditionally belongs, to the masculine—masculine what? To be sure, masculine prerogative; that's the phrase. Men are supposed to do as they please, and amke no fuss about it. Can we believe that the United States of America has entered the dress reform spasm by telling internal revenue men how they ought to tidy up? So runs the tale. A revenue collector, having no popularity at any point in history, is usually a depressed individual. The moral effect of meeting his fellow men's recriminating stare is too much for the ordinary servant of the people. Anything in the nature of taxes has an evil reaction. We are told that the revenue clan has been admonished that more attention be paid to the cleanliness of the collar and fingernails, the spruceness of neckties, the neatness of the hair. This is ele-

mentary. If a revenue man had ever attended school, with or without a pretty teacher, he would have learned to polish his shoes, brush his hair and keep his fingernails free of evidence that man is made of dust. This is a good beginning for a place in decent society. An internal revenue man must go further than that if he hope to win one of those debutantes with the open-back gowns. Or, again, she may be his daughter, and that's why he can't afford a new necktie until the old one becomes too fuzzy to wear. It is a complicated state of affairs. The college professor may be sincere in his attempt to solve the sex question through the use of more gingham and fewer dressmakers' bills; yet in the interests of all concerned, I advise that all future criticism be directed at married persons only. "Single blessedness" is not mentioned expressly in the Declaration of Independence nor the Constitution; it has always been regarded as part of the natural bill of rights. When you agitate the younger set, you disturb society in its formulative state, in its most delicate operations, its exquisite fermentation, and so do more than anything else to sour the spirit for its matrimonial uses. By all means, improve the appearance of the revenue collectors, and reform the middle-aged set. Then the young person will have a visible ideal to emulate.

Formation of International Academic Union

At the request of the Academy of Inscriptions and of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, delegates from France, America, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Greece and Japan, assembled in Paris, in May of this year, to form an Academic Union for the study and publication of matters of interest among the scientific institutions which they represent. Further, they decided to request the Allied and Associated Nations and neutral countries to join the union. The union held its second sitting on October 15th and 18th, at the French National Library. Their delegates unanimously voted to group the academics which they represented into a scientific federation to be called the International

Retain

Charles M. Fickert

District Attorney

Troubled times demand a district attorney with back bone. Such a man is Fickert.

¶ Fickert stands for industrial peace and the maintenance of order.

¶ Fickert was a pioneer in I. W. W. suppression.

¶ He has the support of the well-ordered men and women in the city.

Academic Union. They voted the statutes of this union, and declared that it was now in existence. They decided to establish the secretariat at Brussels, with the shortest possible delay, and to provide, by means of equal contributions, for its financial needs. They suggested that the different subjects to be studied or to be brought before the academy for examination be suggested and considered when the Executive Committee holds its first sitting in May, 1920.

The Results of Demobilization in France

Demobilization of the army is being considered complete. One hundred and one thousand officers and 3,322,000 men have been discharged. The bureau of employment for discharged soldiers in Paris has received 90,000 applications for workers which have been distributed to its various professional sections. The office which is to find work for discharged officers and soldiers belonging to the liberal professions has already placed 2,000 men. The demobilization of material is not yet complete, but France's livestock, which before the war included 3,220,000 horses, is now almost at its pre-war level, as it numbers three million head. There are still 50,000 animals for sale. At the present time 50,000 motor cars have been placed at the country's disposal. Since the armistice over 6,000 buildings have been restored to their owners to whom they have been worth twelve million francs in rentals. The aviation department has restored over 21,000 hectares of land used as landing grounds during the war, which have brought the owners three million francs in rentals. The Belgian army has restored to their owners 100 buildings; for half of these no rent was paid but the other 50 were hired for 200,000 francs.

Mr. Klotz Explains France's Financial Position

During a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on October 17th, on a credit of 200,000 francs to improve existing arrangements for the collection of taxes in the department of the Seine, Mr. Klotz, minister of finance, replying to a question of Mr. Lefevre, made a statement on France's financial position. In spite of the war and the vast sums loaned to her by the United States, France is still the greatest creditor country in the world. Before the war the sum of money invested abroad by French citizens amounted to 48 billion francs, of which sum Russia had absorbed one-fourth. The advances made by France during the war to other countries amounted to seven billion francs; there was a further sum of six and one-half billion francs due for material. France's debtors in this connection were the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Greece, Serbia, Poland, Czechoslovakia; only one-tenth of this amount was due from Russia. France has due to her from other countries in round figures the sum of 61 billion francs, which is 50 per cent more than she owes to Great Britain and the United States. There was also due to her from Germany sums which she would certainly collect. Dealing with

the position of the country from the point of view of the budget, Mr. Klotz said that before the war the revenue amounted to about 20,000,000 francs. In the course of the next few years about 2,000,000,000 francs a year would have to be borrowed. The bill for the first loan would be presented at the end of January or in February. Referring to the statement that France has not raised sufficiently large sums by taxation during the war, Mr. Klotz said that Great Britain had been held up as an example, but that it was much easier for Great Britain which had not been invaded, to increase taxation than it would have been for France. The budget estimate of revenue for 1919 was roughly ten billion francs; actual receipts, however, were very much above the estimate. The principal increase was in stamp duties, this in itself being an excellent sign, for it showed that mortgages were being paid off and that real estate was changing hands, the farmer was becoming a land owner and contributing by his labor to the growth of the country. Continuing, Mr. Klotz said that there was no doubt that the country could support an increase of 50 per cent over present taxation, and that those who, during the war, had not borne their share, would be able to do so now, and this increased taxation would enable receipts to balance the expenditures. France has the means of restoring this equilibrium. She is determined to do so and will note with pride the increase of receipts which were always considerable. Her record is a proud one when it is considered that her ten richest departments have for four years been under the enemy's yoke.

French Charge Against Six Hundred German Officers

Six hundred German officers are named in a report which M. Ignace, French under-secretary of state for military justice, has prepared in connection with the crimes committed by the invaders in France and Belgium. Each name is followed by a detailed account of the offense committed and by witnesses' depositions. High birth in Germany has no restraining influence upon criminal instincts, for some of the most conspicuous names of the German court guide figure in the list, among them that of Prince Rupert of Bavaria. The list will shortly be sent to the German government and will be published simultaneously.

Fines and Election Time

If the amount of fines imposed on evil-doers by police court judges is indicative of the quantity of crime obtaining, then the city dwellers are about one hundred per cent more moral at election time than at other periods; for in October, the month devoted to intense electioneering by mayors, supervisors, police judges, etc., the police court fines average \$1,000, while in December, following victories and defeats, these mount to nearly \$2,000. But psychologists may not rise with attempted explanations of this extraordinary coincidence by pointing to December as the month most seasonable for crime, the statistician is ready with the information that, in balmy April, these fines average \$1,800.

Federal Law to Check Auto Thieves

The number of automobiles stolen has increased so considerably that comprehensive steps will have to be taken to break up what has become a well organized business. During 1918 in eighteen cities alone 22,273 automobiles were stolen. It is estimated that cars to the total value of \$25,000,000 are stolen annually. The tremendous increase in the use of the automobile for pleasure and use may be seen from the fact that on July 1, 1919, there were 6,353,

233 cars and trucks registered in the United States.

A good start toward breaking up the organized gangs that are now engaged in stealing cars would be to pass into law a bill recently introduced into Congress by Representative Dyer of Missouri. The bill is a drastic one and provides that any person that steals, or by fraud, false pretense, or deception, obtains possession of an automobile, and who shall remove or cause to be removed from one state, territory, or the District of Columbia, or to any foreign country, or who has in his possession any automobile, knowing the same to have been stolen or that the possession thereof has been so obtained, shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$5,000 or by imprisonment for not more than ten years, or both.

Any person violating the proposed law will be punishable in any district in or through which the stolen vehicle has been transported or removed. The bill also contains authority for sheriffs, marshals and other peace officers to pursue beyond their jurisdiction any person violating the law, and apprehend such offenders and take them before any court, judge, justice of the peace, or magistrate, to be dealt with according to law.

With a federal law such as the above on the statute books a good beginning will have been made towards discouraging the efforts of the automobile thieves.

Senator Scott for Supervisor

When State Senator William S. Scott staged his sensational entry in the local race for the office of supervisor four weeks ago, some of the ultra-wise political observers immediately predicted defeat for at least one of the incumbents seeking re-election.

Since that time, predictions that Scott would be returned a winner have become so general that his election is now practically conceded. Just which of the incumbents Scott will beat out, however, is a matter the wise one cannot guess and the answer will not be known until the votes are counted next Tuesday.

Up to the present time, but four of the contenders in the supervisorial dash have been mentioned in the election betting. At this writing there is even money that Scott finishes among the first four and likewise, there is even money that he does not lead the list. Small bets at even money have been recorded that Mulvihill tops Scott and that Welch also beats him. According to the betting, however, no one seems to doubt that the senator will have a place in the leading quartet.

A commendable record in the state legislature and an admitted ability to out-campaign his rivals appear to be Scott's most valuable political assets. He has been at the vote-getting task twenty hours a day since he entered the fight.

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Virginia Hot Springs

Mr. J. Hubert Mee, who has been at the Homestead Hotel, Va., the past fortnight, with Mrs. Mee and Miss Helen St. Goar, made a remarkably low score in the golf tournament just ended on the Homestead course.

The season at this fascinating Virginia resort is now at the apex of its autumn glory. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt arrived on Monday for the balance of the season.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, accompanied by Mrs. Walter Scott Roberts of New York, has arrived at the Homestead Hotel, Hot Springs, Va. Mrs. Kohl is looking remarkably well, though her eastern friends think that the increasing stateliness of her beauty is attributable to a sadness which has been apparent ever since her separation from her husband. The girlhood friends who knew her in Georgetown and Washington are at one with her California friends in wishing sincerely that time will clear up the misunderstanding between her and her husband. Mrs. Kohl is a whole-souled, unselfish woman, and her reward is a circle of friends who warmly defend her. It is a good old world, after all, and the majority of it is pained to see one of its favored daughters, who seemingly had everything worth while in life—beauty, youth, unlimited means to do good, friends and a loving and beloved husband—suddenly deprived of that which was dearest to her heart—her husband; and all through the machinations of an envious critic, who repeated thoughtless remarks and doubtless greatly exaggerated. Fred Kohl has such a big heart, and was apparently so fond of his beautiful wife, that his obstinacy in refusing to overlook her impetuosity, his failure to realize that she wouldn't be human were she not a bit spoiled by Fate's generosity to her, cause mild wonder and genuine regret.

At the Symphony Concert

Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit and the three beautiful Rainsworth girls, of Boston, with Mr. Henry Rainsworth and some navy officers, were a box party which was the cynosure of eyes of the music devotees. The ladies, besides being an extremely beautiful quartette, are always gowned exquisitely and in a style which is indicative of New York or Paris. On this occasion, Mrs. Stephens was enveloped in Russian sables of wonderful designs. One of the Rainsworth ladies wore sealskin, another baby lamb, and another a handsome chinchilla coat and turban. Miss Denise Rainsworth's blonde loveliness was accentuated by a costume of terra cotta velvet and black lynx.

Mrs. Edward Elliott of Berkeley is a faithful attendant at the symphony concerts. Mrs. Elliott, a very pretty young woman of exquisite refinement, is the youngest sister of the first wife of President Wilson. Their parents dying, Mrs. Wilson brought up her little sister, who lived with her until her marriage to Mr. Elliott, a lawyer. The Elliots have resided in Berkeley for about six years.

Samuel F. B. Morse was host Sunday evening at a dinner at the Del Monte Lodge. He had as his guests, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Thane, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Drury, Col. Thornwall Mullally, J. O. Rodgers of New York City, E. H. Platt of Denver, Col. Nutting, Byington Ford and Erie Pedley. Mrs. Samuel F. B. Morse, who recently underwent an operation in San Francisco has arrived at the Del Monte Lodge to recuperate.

Mrs. A. Fleischhacker, mother of Herbert and Mortimer Fleischhacker, has arrived at Del Monte with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wolf, for an extended stay.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kaife, prominent in society circles of Montreal, are sojourning at Del Monte to enjoy the out-of-door activities.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Munson of Los Angeles, Mrs. L. E. Stanton and Mrs. Otto L. Erdt of San Francisco, motored to Del Monte this week end for golf.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wilson Pritchett are spending their honeymoon at the Del Monte Lodge. Mr. Pritchett's marriage with Miss Natalie Campbell was a social event in San Francisco last week. The young couple intend to leave shortly for Philadelphia to make their home.

Mrs. Chas. W. Clark and Misses Edith and Helen Chesebrough motored down to Pebble Beach over the week end to inspect the beautiful home which Mrs. Clark is having constructed in the Pebble Beach colony. Miss Edith Chesebrough has an adjoining homesite and is contemplating building a home in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm L. Huey of Philadelphia are paying a visit to the Del Monte Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Emmert and their daughter, Miss Barbara Emmert, of Detroit, have returned to Del Monte after a visit in San Francisco. They have as their guest Mrs. James A. Hope of Prescott, Arizona.

Brigadier General Frank Taylor, retired, U. S. A., and Albert Hansen of Seattle are stopping at Del Monte. They are making a tour of California by motor.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. MacPeak of Los Angeles are enjoying a visit to New York.

California International Live Stock and Horse Show California Building (Exposition Grounds)

November 1st to 8th, 1919

10 a. m. to 11 p. m., Daily

Horse Show Nightly, Except Sunday

Matinees November 5th and 8th

Admission to Building, 50c, Children 25c

Admission to Horse Show 50c, Reserved Seats \$1.00

On Sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's

(NO WAR TAX)

Mrs. Arthur Banks and her son, Allan Banks, of Venice, have taken an apartment in San Francisco for the winter.

Old Football Stars and Rules

Del Monte, Cal., Oct. 28.—That too many rules in football as played today was voiced here over the week end when three famous old stars of the gridiron, got together in a fanning bee. There were Jim Rodgers, who was a celebrated tackle for Yale in 1897, B. L. Thane, quarterback for the California eleven, which defeated Stanford in 1898, and Sam Morse, sturdy halfback who captained Yale in 1906.

"The cause, to my way of thinking, that football does not command its former public interest, is that so many rules have been manufactured that the opportunities for a variety of plays is necessarily limited. The initiative of a player is curtailed because of the predominance of so many rules. When we were playing the game we were permitted to have more latitude in carrying the ball and I believe that we put on more attractive contests for the spectators."

Rodgers and Morse agreed with the California football star. Rodgers, who is now a dignified and influential business man of New York City is paying a visit to California and expects to take in some of the big contests on the coast. He is remembered by Yale men as being one of the best tackles who ever represented the "Blue". He has been away from football for a number of years, as have Thane and Morse, but all three of the veterans naturally keep pace with the new rules and regulations, and retain their interest in the great American sport.

Golf Will Soon Be Prominent Sport for Children in School

Del Monte, Calif., Oct. 28.—Officials of the California Golf Association in giving their sanction for the initial California Junior Championships at Del Monte on Nov. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, make the prediction that in the course of a few years, golf will take its place as a prominent sport for grammar and high school pupils. The wonderful progress made by the royal and ancient pastime in attracting recruits from among the grown-ups is the basis for making the prediction.

Already the number of youngsters engaged in the link sport is encouraging. This interest is indicated by the number of inquiries being received regarding this coming event at Del Monte for boys and girls under 16 years of age. The Municipal Links in the majority of coast towns has been instrumental in providing opportunities for the youngsters to take up the game and the Golf and Country clubs have also been encour-

aging the youthful recruit. The Junior event this year at Del Monte will be held in conjunction with the annual Del Monte Thanksgiving Day Handicap Tournament for men and women.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Moor Falls, U. S. N., are proving an acquisition to the service set. They will spend the winter at the hotel. Twelve guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Greenley Thursday evening. The dinner table was abloom with roses and maidenhair ferns. Dr. and Mrs. H. Burger also entertained on the same evening. Concluding an extensive visit in the Orient, Mrs. George Klein, Mrs. James Cannon and Mrs. W. F. Potter arrived on the last steamer. They will spend a month at the hotel before returning to their home in Virginia. Mrs. William Staats of Pasadena has been giving a series of informal dinners and luncheons. Col. and Mrs. Eben Swift were dinner hosts Wednesday. Captain and Mrs. R. L. Smith, U. S. A., have been the motif for much entertaining. Mrs. B. N. Rowley is being welcomed after a month's sojourn at the Peninsula. Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Reese motored up from Los Angeles.

THE PEACE SURPASSING

By Thomas A. Ashe

It is night; grim Death his vigil keeping,
Wistful, waits the glut of morrow's toll;
The earth God fashioned seems by Him deserted,
And man, his image, thing bereft of soul.

When high o'er head, as though in playful fancy,
The gods their planet toys let crash to earth,
Thunders wake the silent night; then echoes
Sound as of ten thousand demons' mirth!

"Peace! Peace!" Oh God, do senses trick us?
Lo! far-flung over roar and clang of bells,
'Mid tumult loosed on babbling tumult, hear it!
"Peace! Peace!" the mighty chorus swells!

And in the land of man-made hell and chaos,
Friend sees in foe a friend and yields his hate
As wild the clarion cry sweeps trench and rampart
Where hero dead the final call await.

But these pallid, mutely pleading faces
Question: why must brother brother slay?
They ask it vainly, if, O God of Nations,
Men seek for Peace, and Thou lead not the way.

A Ready Answer

It was a trembling class that faced the inspector, as he bounced in and rapped out questions like a machine-gun. But the boys were not to be caught napping, and the replies came back very well until he asked one boy whether

he would prefer one-sixth or one-seventh of an orange. "I would prefer one-seventh, sir," answered the scholar. "One-seventh—eh?" said the inspector grimly, and thereupon proceeded to explain that although that fraction sounded larger, it was really the smaller of the two. "I know that, sir," said the pupil. "That's why I chose it. I don't like oranges."

Culinary Art

Bridget, the new maid, had been but a few weeks in the employ of the Dauber family, composed of three artists. Her time, however, had not been spent exclusively in the study of the domestic arts.

One afternoon her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Now, Bridget, don't forget the potatoes," said she. "I want you to prepare them carefully."

"Yes, ma'am," obediently replied Bridget; and will you have 'em in their jackets or in the hood?"

"Johnnie," said his father, "I am surprised to hear that you have dared to dispute with your mother." "But she was wrong, pa," replied Johnnie. "That has nothing to do with it," said the boy's father; "you might just as well profit by my experience, and learn once for all that when a woman says a thing is so, it is so, whether it is so or not."

By one of those strange chances, most of the women passengers inside the motor bus seemed to be carrying infants, one or two of whom were fractious. At one stopping-place the harassed conductor was faced by two more women, each of whom carried a baby. "Outside only, ma'am," he said sternly, as he held out a detaining arm; "the incubator's full!"

A young man summoned for examination by a Military Tribunal claimed exemption on account of his eyes. He had been told of various methods employed by the doctors to detect men who were evading service, and was determined not to be caught by them. "Read the letters on the wall," commanded the Chairman. "Where is the wall?" the young man asked.

An amateur authoress who had submitted a story to a magazine, after waiting several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it, finally sent him a note requesting an early decision, as she stated "she had other irons in the fire." Shortly after same the editor's reply: "Dear Madam—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.

**BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO**

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California
2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
or
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

The Stage

Great Show at Orpheum

Says the captivating idiot, James J. Morton, the "animated program" at the Orpheum—by the way "idiot" applies only to the stage version of himself—says he: "He who has tasted thereof and liked it, has lived; and he who has never tasted, has been dead forever". He was referring to the juice of the grape and the potatoes from the corn in their pre-war efficiency; but he might as well have meant the vaudeville as staged this week at the Orpheum. Albertina Rasch's company have nine numbers of the dance, almost every one of which was a novelty, if not intrinsically so, at least through superbness of execution. Albertina herself, with her Italian type of beauty, is particularly adapted to those dances for which a certain antique (in the sense of classic) dignity is required. For my own choice, her rendition of Sarasate's "La Tzigane" is the acme of dancing perfection in the somber and therefore more dramatic view. Attired in gleaming black, with a slash of crimson, and loose black boots, she made a picture never to be forgotten. The quiet splendor of her stage settings, the almost gloomy, old-world note that pervaded it, lent to the performance a delight and a passion that is seldom witnessed on the vaudeville stage. Somewhat in the same artistic category, though designed for a lighter mood, is the Saranoff and Billy Abbott company with their Winter Garden violin girls. These girls are dancers as well as violinists, exercising both arts simultaneously, and are exquisite in costume. Saranoff is a slick little comedian, a serious and jazz violinist, and a corker with the gallery gods. The "Color Gems," tableaux, are equal to any in that line of work, and a bit daring now and then in their lack of drapery, a boldness that is retracted by the softness of lights. I heard one remark to the effect that the tableau of "The Lily" was as perfect an imitation of perfect nudity as had ever come into the beholder's line of vision. If, in the portrayal of "the lily," there was anything besides woman, anything in the nature of covering, other than the dimness of the illumination, yours truly lacked the strength of eyesight to see it. "Brittany Romance" is a pleasing medley of song and dialogue with Bryan Lee and Mary Cranston. The Kanazawa Boys, of Japanese persuasion, lie on their backs and toss a barrel in a way that only a Japanese can. They have more humor than the average equilibrist, and do an upside down dance around the barrel to the tunes of Yankee Doodle and Everybody's Doing It—quite equal to the demand of the songs. The fox terriers and other doglets trained by Carl Emmy are entitled the "prettiest act in vaudeville." While a soberminded critic would hardly go that far, he might say that the intelligence of the canines is sufficient to arouse enthusiasm in their manager, but that less admiration and a more subdued title for his dogs would not detract from their remarkable performance and popularity. Harry and Emma Sharrock repeat their well known success, "Behind the Grandstand," a bold, bad burlesque ("bad" meaning "good" here, as badness—well, you can't get along without it). Then there's William Ebs, "vaudeville's latest offering." William is not a ventriloquist's manikin. He isn't a boy, in so far as sophistication is concerned, though ventriloquists' dolls are a naughty and sophisticated lot anyway. This "offering" comes in a valise, and may be two feet tall, or less; but his voice in song and story goes away up to the gallery, and the gallery goes right down in its heart to him. He may be a five-year-old

or a twenty-five year-old midget. Anyway, he is an "offering" and a good one.

—L. J.

The Symphony

The second regular symphony concerts were as forcefully artistic as any of the previous seasons, "The Magic Flute" overture of insinuating appeal was revealed by Hertz in all its pristine beauty. There is that about all of Mozart's music as impenetrable as the web of circumstance which enshrouded his life. Busoni's Symphonie Suite, heard the first time in this city, made a profound impression and gave the different sections of the orchestra an opportunity for individual distinction. Busoni's music possesses the modernism built upon archaic tradition which makes for popularity. The D minor symphony of César Franck was superbly played, and here we had opportunity to rejoice with different soloists. Hertz' manipulation of brass and woodwind illustrates, at every performance, his mastery in distributing tonal proportion. If only we had in San Francisco, a suitable auditorium where our splendid orchestra could be heard in the evening! It can never exercise its full educational power until that time comes. It is painful to relate it, but last week when I was endeavoring to persuade a young man of nineteen that if he were really serious about studying music he would go often to the symphony concerts, he demurred, saying that he was not sufficiently advanced to appreciate classical music. I insisted that a great orchestra would be the best means to educate his taste. Half convinced, he asked me: "What is it—Lemare?" There are thousands just like that boy, who squander money and time in search of amusement and inspiration, and go to the end of their lives missing the divine companionship of true music.

—H. M. B.

The Curran Has a Runway

When you buy your tickets for the Fanchon and Marco 1919 Revue, don't neglect to have your mind well made in advance concerning the whereabouts of your seats. Be absolutely sure whether you do or do not wish, desire, crave, long, hanker or, on the contrary, indomitably refuse to sit alongside the runway. He who goes to the box office in a haphazard manner, may realize too late that a facetious ticket-seller reads physiognomy and concludes that here is a man who wishes to sit as close as possible to that elevated board walk along which the bare-legged nymphs trot with a delectable and trottingly innocent—trot. Comfortably situated at one side, you can observe the desperation of the honest citizen, who stares straight ahead while shapely calves are flitting and trotting past his car. There they are, the old boys, on both sides of the planking, from rows A B C to X Y Z, now and then giving a furtive glance to leeward when the "most beautiful girls in the world," stockingless and minus other articles of apparel enact a review of the most engaging legs of the year 1919, theoretically. If these are actually the best—well, I imagine there are better in the audience, or they wouldn't have been invited by well known connoisseurs. But talk about moral courage, these men come to the Curran to behold a show, and when it is right next to them, they haven't the hardihood to look up. It is needless to tell San Franciscans that Fanchon is an entrancing dancer. She is going east with her troupe, and it is sufficient to say that she will create a distinct im-

pression on Broadway. As an exemplar of fashion alone, merely standing still and looking at the spectators, she would arouse thrills in the heart and applause in the hand. Dancing, she manifests that finer grace which is the possession of the great ones. As for Marco, he is an adequate partner, and must be a man of extraordinary physical strength, as he does the lifting and swinging stunts without apparent effort. The complete performance itself is hardly to be mentioned in a short review. A volume could be written on the various terpsichorean effects performed by the members of the company. It is a glorification of the dance, of all that is delightful in ancient and modern steps, gyrations and bends, poses and graces, though viewed as a production, it is very light, even for a revue. Vaudeville too has been drawn upon for the grotesque and comedy side of the show. The whole revue is a fluff of beauty and humor, now and then animated by the jazz element; and therein it becomes the jazziest of all attempts that one can call to mind. Even the orchestra leader, Paul Asche, takes upon himself the spirit of the occasion, and goes to the limit of physical violence urging his musicians to action. All in all the performance is one that could not have been produced at any time other than the contemporaneous year, in comparison with which, the liveliest productions of even a short while ago are out of date.

—L. J.

The Horse Show

What promises to become a very successful annual event in the annals of San Francisco is the first California International Livestock and Horse Show, which will open this Saturday, Nov. 1st, for eight days, in the California building on the old Exposition grounds. It will include the most complete exhibition of the livestock resources of the Pacific coast ever assembled and the very best of every improved breed of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and goats have been entered. Every allied industry will be represented and the Dairy Division, with its world-famous cattle and its exhibits of dairy products, will make it the "National Dairy Show of the West". The most complete poultry and rabbit show ever presented on the Pacific coast will also display the best that is offered by the most progressive breeders.

The Horse Show, which will take place every night except Sunday, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday, Nov. 5th and 8th, will be of particular interest to fanciers of blooded stock. World famed horses will be exhibited in competition, furnishing educational amusement features that will be made into a different program for each performance. The show will take place in a wonderful arena, built in the west wing of the building, and surrounded by over five thousand seats, including about eighty boxes.

Society is taking a keen interest in the undertaking, which is sponsored by a company of public spirited citizens, with Wm. T. Sesnon as president; the patronesses include Mesdames Roger, Bocquerez, P. E. Bowles, Charles Butters, E. D. Beylard, Wm. B. Bourn, George T. Cameron, W. E. Creed, Wm. H. Crocker, C. W. Clark, Charles Templeton Crocker, Christian de Guigne, James L. Flood, A. W. Foster, Herbert Fleischhacker, Mortimer Fleischhacker, Ernest Folger, J. D. Grant, S. L. Goldstein, L. E. Hanchett, Walter S. Hobart, Frank B. King, M. S. Koshland, John Lawson, Hunter Liggett, Wm. Kittrick, G. E. McNear, C. O. G. Miller, Eleanor Martin, Atholl McBean, George A. Newhall, Roy

M. Pike, George A. Pope, James Rolph, Jr., Ruano, Henry T. Scott, A. B. Spreckels, Wm. S. Tevis, George Wingfield and Mountford Wilson. Reserved seats for the Horse Show may be obtained at Sherman, Clay's.

American Syncopated Orchestra and Singers

Will be with us for a concert at the Exposition Auditorium on Monday, November 10th, at 8:15 P. M., and at the Greek Theater, Berkeley (Armistice Day), Nov. 11th, at 8:15. They gave a concert at Orchestra Hall, Chicago (the home of the symphony), and Frank W. Healy, under whose direction they will appear here, received telegrams from his eastern representatives to the effect that the orchestra created nothing short of a sensation. As the Chicago program met with such success, it will be repeated here; it is as follows:

Orchestra and singers, "Swing Along," Cook; Trombone solo, William Dover; quartet, Spiritu-als, James Lillard, William Coleman, William Dixon, William Crawford; orchestra, "Call of the Woods," Tyers; Tenor solo, "Mammy," Cook, James A. Lillard; orchestra, "Arabian Nights," David; orchestra, "Oh! You Drummer," Archie Bell; Solo and chorus, "Exhortation,"—A Negro Sermon, Cook, solo by William Coleman; orchestra, "Humoresque," Dvorak; orchestra and singers, "Rain Song," Cook; orchestra, "Lucile," Wadsworth-Arden; quartet, Folk Songs, Charles Alexander, Charles Williams, T. P. Bryant, H. T. Jackson; violin solo, Clarence Lee; double quartet, "Mammy o' Mine," Pinkard; orchestra, "Hungarian Dance," Brahms; orchestra, "Jazz as Is"; grand ensemble, "A Dream of the South," Lampe. Vocal arrangement by George Edmund Dulf and William Coleman. Solo by T. P. Bryant.

Ganz Recital

Here is the wonderful program that Rudolph Ganz will give at his recital at Scottish Rite Hall, Friday evening, November 14th:

1. (a) Variations on a motif by Bach, Liszt; "wailing, crying, mourning, sighing".
- (b) Three Impromptus, Schubert; (1) A flat major, (2) G flat major, (3) F minor.
2. Sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11, Schumann; introduction, un poco adagio; allegro vivace. Aria—Scherzo e intermezzo, Allegrissimo. Finale—Allegro un poco maestoso.
3. Preludes, Debussy; (a) Voiles, (b) Hommage, S. Pickwick, Esq., P. P. M. P. C.; (c) Ondine, (d) Des pas sur la neige, (e) Ce qu' a vu le vent d'ouest, (f) La puerta del vino, (g) "General Lavine," eccentric; (h) La fille aux cheveux de lin, (i) Feux d'artifice.
4. Two Legends, Liszt; (a) Saint Francis of Assisi, preaching to the birds; (b) Saint Francis of Paulo, walking on the waves.

Second Hertz "Pop" Concert of New Season

Alfred Hertz announces a most attractive program of light masterpieces for the second "pop"

concert of the new season, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in the Curran Theater on Sunday afternoon, November 2nd, beginning at 2.30 o'clock precisely.

That a capacity audience will be attracted is easy to predict in the face of the tremendous success achieved by the first concert of this series, when hundreds were literally turned away. The management advisers concert-goers to secure tickets at once to avoid disappointment at the box office on concert day.

The program will be opened by one of Mendelssohn's masterpieces, his overture to "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," written at the age of 18. It will be followed by the emotional Andante Cantabile movement, that with the famous French horn solo, from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony. This number is programmed in line with Hertz' policy for this season, that of including a movement from a standard symphony on every "pop" program.

The perennial favorites follow, Bizet's suite from "Carmen," comprising the prelude and entre acte music from the opera, and Liszt's Second Rhapsody.

Two paraphrases by Frederick Stock of well-liked and always welcome compositions will come next—Beethoven's Minuet and Dvorak's Humoresque. Stock has most successfully and ingeniously intertwined "The Suwanee River" melody with the Humoresque.

Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," interpreted as only Hertz can, will bring the concert to a whirlwind conclusion.

The third pair of regular symphonies will be played on Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 7th and 9th, in the Curran Theater. The symphony will be Beethoven's Eighth, in F major, ever beautiful. Brahms's deeply dramatic "Tragic Overture," which has not had performance before in San Francisco, will be the opening number.

Two Liadow compositions will be balanced as a and b parts of the second number. They are "The Enchanted Lake," a short dream-like work played by the orchestra in pianissimo, and grim "Kikimora," based on an old Russian folk-tale.

Tickets are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where reservations may be made for all events of the San Francisco Symphony.

At the Curran

While Fanchon and Marco themselves are naturally the outstanding features of their new and elaborate revue, "Let's Go!", which is drawing capacity houses to the Curran Theater, the stars have seen to it that their large supporting company is of the first water. The second and last week of the attraction starts Sunday, November 2.

Madame Donalda Ayer, a prima donna of celebrity, receives an ovation nightly for her beautiful rendition of a group of popular songs. In the Oriental scene, her handling of "Kismet" comes in for especial commendation from the audience. Madame Ayer was formerly prima donna with the Boston Opera Company, and also has appeared as soloist with famous symphony orchestras, but she has toured in vaudeville as well, and knows how to select numbers that will have a general appeal. This faculty is finely brought out in the Fanchon and Marco Revue, as she has become a favorite with the audience.

Convulsing black-face comedy is contributed by Harry Hines, whose work throughout the show and specialty on the runway, in particular, is a veritable riot. Nelson and Chain score with all manner of foolery. Dave Lerner is a valuable factor in the entertainment, while Eileen Miller, Mary Lewis, Mildred and Mayo, Phil

Harris and the other clever principals do delightful work. A Neutich dance in the first act is admirably executed by Muriel Stryker.

The "thirty most beautiful" wear many changes of costume—artistically abbreviated—and disport on the runway, which extends from stage to foyer, to the vast delight of the male contingent in particular.

The famous farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep,"

(Continued on Page 15)

ALCAZAR

Now Playing—The Hurricane of Laughter

"STOP THIEF"

Starting Next Sunday Matinee—The Comedy of Heart-Throbs and Romance

Brilliantly Satirical!
Sparklingly Witty!
Irresistably Humorous!

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"

By Booth Tarkington and Julian Street
With Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
and The New Alcazar Company

First Time at Popular Prices
New York Raved Over It—You Will Do the Same
Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

SECOND AND LAST WEEK STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 2

The New Edition De Luxe of the

Fanchon & Marco 1919 Revue

With Harry Hines, Nelson & Chain, Mme. Donalda Ayer
and the 30 Most Beautiful Girls in the World

Let's Go!

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

NEXT—Nov. 9, "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"

Crepheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

U. S. JAZZ BAND, 25 Formerly Enlisted Blue Jackets; Ensign Alfred J. Moore, Conductor; LYDELL & MACY, in "Old Cronies"; LEONA STEPHENS & LEN D. HOLLISTER, presenting "Out in California"; ALBERT RAPPAPORT, the Eminent Russian Tenor, in Operatic Selections; JIMMY SAVO & CO., in "A Salvo of Screams"; MISS ROBBIE GORDONE, in Character Studies and Poses; ERGOTT'S LILLIPUTIANS in "A Little Surprise"; EDDIE WEBER & MARION RIDNOR, Youthful Prodigies; SARANOFF and Billy Abbott, with Winter Garden Violin Girls.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

AMERICAN SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA and SINGERS

Frank W. Healy, Local Manager

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

Monday, November 10, at 8:15

50c to \$2.00, war tax 10 per cent extra

Tickets on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase

GREEK THEATER, BERKELEY

Tuesday (Armistice Day), Nov. 11

at 8:15

(Steinway Piano)

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Friday Evening, November 14

RUDOLPH G A N Z Master Pianist

ONLY
SAN FRANCISCO
RECITAL

Other Ganz recitals: Ye Liberty Theater, Oakland, Nov. 17; Assembly Hall, Stanford University, Nov. 19. Tickets now on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. Usual prices, war tax 10 per cent extra. (Steinway Piano)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

SECOND "POP" CONCERT

CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Nov. 2, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM: Overture, "Midsummer-Night's Dream"; Mendelssohn; Andante Cantabile, Symphony No. 5, Tchaikowsky; "Carmen" Suite, Bizet; Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Minuet, Beethoven; Humoresque, Dvorak; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 (No War Tax)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only.

NEXT—Nov. 7 and 9, Third Pair Symphonies

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—From a point of activity and large turn over, the past week was by far the most interesting that Wall Street has seen this year. News, at times, was both favorable and unfavorable, and this kept the market in an uncertain trend; until, at the close of the week, when the announcement came that the long talked of coal strike was scheduled to take place November 1st. A coal strike at present, when factories of all kinds are doing their utmost to increase production, would be a calamity and business of all kinds would quickly feel its effect. Traders, who were strongly of the belief that higher prices were in order and had been enthusiastic on the buying side of the market, suddenly became alarmed and threw their stocks overboard. This break in the market brought about considerable liquidation, as stocks declined and there was very little recovery. However, President Wilson's letter to the heads of the union, in which he called upon them to forego their instructions to the men and warning them that a coal strike, at this time, was unlawful and that the government would find a means of running the mines, even if they had to take them over, brought about a more cheerful feeling and prices again turned upward with confidence in the market at least partially restored. Stocks, led by the motor group, were in good demand, and some of the motor stocks even made new high records for the year.

Sentiment, while more hopeful to better prices generally, is not quite as bullish as heretofore, and the big break, no doubt, has had a warning effect on the trade in general. While it looks as if there will be no coal strike, the labor situation can hardly be regarded as satisfactory.

It is true that the steel strike has faded away, and, in fact, as a strike it is no longer a factor. It has, however, left an aftermath of troubles more or less serious. For one thing, it has uncovered wide-spread anarchistic and Bolshevistic plots which cannot fail to cause apprehension. Yet, the commonsense of the American people can be depended upon to settle this problem sooner or later. Impatience is growing, and, if these radicals are not careful, they will bring about an uprising of a character quite opposite to that which they are plotting.

If the labor unrest could only be disposed of, the country would surely enter a period of prosperity that would outdo anything ever known. The demand for steel metal, for instance, is so great that it is estimated that it will require full capacity during 1920 to meet. With a reduced output caused by the strike, premiums are already being paid for 1920 delivery. Building is far behind the requirements. The demand for homes and office buildings is far in excess of the supply. Structural work of all kinds is far in arrears, while the demand for automobiles, farm tractors and the like continue unabated. If only the disturbing elements could be brought

in line, there would be an abundance of prosperity for every one.

Cotton—Cotton prices were higher early in the week with all the news generally in favor of the bulls. Weather news was again the important factor, and, with continuous rain and frost reported in Texas, it was no trouble to advance prices. Conditions in the cotton belt are probably the worst ever known and the crop is now being estimated by crop experts, who are in the belt, at around nine and a half million bales. There will be no top crop and very little lint, and the quality will be far from satisfactory. At present, the better grades of cotton are selling around 40 cents per pound in Texas with very little to be had.

Later in the week, the market turned lower with the decline in stocks and the threatened labor troubles; and, while the break was rather sharp, the market recovered most of its decline.

The technical condition of the market keeps healthy, owing to the constant liquidations without any great increase in miscellaneous speculative holdings. The high prices and the wide fluctuations as well tend to restrict general speculation; and if cotton is to sell ultimately at higher prices, it will be due largely to the supply and demand situation.

The fact that the lower grades are now excluded from delivery on future contracts makes the future markets more attractive than ever for hedging purposes, and the trade buying in the future markets is likely to increase and sustain prices.

Sharp fluctuations are to be expected, but taking a long range view, it looks as if higher prices will ultimately prevail, and we favor purchases on recession.

THE NOVELISTS' CHURCH

It is rather curious how the scene of fashionable weddings changes (remarks the London Evening News). St. Margaret's, Westminster, has again been a favorite this season. Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, recently witnessed several smart weddings in a few days. Quite lately St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, has been frequently used.

A church where only a few fashionable weddings have taken place this season is St. George's, Hanover Square. This church in later Victorian days was quite the most fashionable resort for smart weddings. Even in the novels of that time every hero and heroine of any social pretensions had, on the last page, to tie themselves to St. George's, Hanover Square.

The church register must be one of the most interesting in London, the marriage entries including Sir William Hamilton and Nelson's "Emma," Benjamin Disraeli and Mary Ann Lewis, Mr. Cross and "George Eliot," and Theodore Roosevelt and Miss Carew.

THE SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH, Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, Haight and Belvedere Streets

JUNE 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK, General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny L. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street

San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

RAPHAEL WEILL, BEST BE-LOVED SAN FRANCISCAN

(Continued from Page 4)

take their chances. We have the salvation of divorce. Too often people marry unwisely or too young and it is a tragedy for them to remain married." He mentioned that Italy has no divorce law and that Senator Noquet introduced it in France, Mme. Patti's divorce from the Marquis de Caux being the first granted. Also that the cantatrice had told him at a dinner party shortly after she had married Niccolini (who was a Frenchman named Nicholas), that she intended to erect a monument to Noquet. "You know we say in French 'Quand la marchandise a cessé de plaire, nous la renvoyons.'" Just then some more callers arriving. I told them I had been trying to learn why Mr. Weill had not married, as his dearest friends thought he would have made the tenderest husband, the fondest father. Then our host became frivolous and announced: "The father does not exist, and the husband never was."

Another day when I saw Mr. Weill, he had been the guest at a luncheon given by the Golden Gate Park Memorial Association. No boy coming from a party could have been more interested in relating the events of the occasion—one young lady had sung the Star-Spangled Banner beautifully and the speakers had said thus and so. He would present the last statue of Rodin—of Victor Hugo. Raphael Weill himself resembles in person the great author, whose doctrines and whose philosophy of life had the most potent influence upon the mind of his earnest disciple.

In 1870, while on a visit to Paris, Raphael Weill was arrested for trying to incite the people against Empress Eugénie. He was advising his hearers to do with the Spanish lady as other Frenchmen had done with Marie Antoinette. He was taken before the military governor and searched. In his pockets American papers were found and documents and literature of a nature proving his loyalty to France. "Anyway, it was the first day of the siege of Paris, and as the authorities had something else more important to do that day, they released me." A young lady who heard Mr. Weill's narrative exclaimed: "Don't tell that—I am sure he has repented long ago." "What do you say, Mr. Weill?" I inquired. "Well," he answered mischievously, "Eugénie was a menace to the relations of France and America upon account of her attitude towards Mexico. In her capacity as regent she could have caused great trouble." That settled it—nothing must come between France and America and the Monroe Doctrine was then, as now, inviolable by interference from any sovereign.

I remember having been told at a Thanksgiving dinner some years ago that when a Portuguese prince, who was also a churchman of high rank, attended the annual Thanksgiving dinner at the home of the good sisters of the Holy Family in S. F., generous patrons were invited to see the children at their feast and leading society ladies waited upon the little ones. Raphael Weill, a patron, was present. One of the ladies wished to present him to the royal personage, but Mr. Weill declined. "Wasn't that very strange?" said the lady. "Not at all," replied her husband, "for Raphael Weill has no use for kings." Yet when Albert and Elizabeth were in San Francisco, he was a member of the reception committee. His words were the most gracious in praise of their majesties. Ah! but the loyal republican who wears the red ribbon of the legion d'honneur, the médaille de reconnaissance de France and the American Red Cross for his war work, holds in highest honor the Belgian king and queen, who were voluntary refugees

working among the lowliest of their people and comforting them.

Mr. Weill expects to pay his annual visit to Paris next year—and then he's coming home again. Better than the public reception when he arrived a few months ago, was the demonstration in his honor by the tired multitude waiting for President Wilson in the Civic Auditorium. As Mr. Weill was escorted across the length of the stage, the applause and cordial greetings must have warmed his heart. Later he was requested by the committee to sit beside Mrs. Wilson, an honor which just suited the audience. In this city, where few have lived as long as he, he has no enemies and he is admired and loved, even by those who have never spoken to him. Is not that a blessing and a reward for a well spent life? Strangers say of him, "To see him is to love him"; his friends add, "To know him is to cherish him".

STAGE

(Continued from Page 13)

with Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, comes on Sunday, Nov. 9th.

The Alcazar

One of the most delightful comedies of the past decade, "The Country Cousin," from the pen of Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, which but a few short months ago was played here at one of the leading theaters at two dollar prices and with tremendous success, will be the offering of the New Alcazar Company for the week starting next Sunday matinee.

In the part made famous by Alexandria Carlisle, Belle Bennett will find opportunities that do not frequently come her way. Walter P. Richardson as George Tewksbury Reynolds III, who starts out to be a snob, but is properly reformed, should delight Alcazar patrons. All of the other capable members of the cast will be delightfully fitted with suitable parts. The production is to be lavishly staged.

Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be an exceptionally fine one.

The U. S. Jazz Band, which is the headline attraction, is composed of 25 former enlisted men in the navy; organized and conducted by Ensign Alfred J. Moore. It has developed into one of the finest bands to be found anywhere. When war was declared, Mr. Moore was in the House of Representatives in the state of Massachusetts, and as a state official was exempt from the draft; but Mr. Moore is not that kind of an American and he went to the Charleston Navy Yard and enlisted. His ability as a musician was discovered and the jazz band was the result. When the President first went to France he heard the navy jazzers and immediately became one of their strongest boosters.

Al Lydell and Carleton Macy, exceptionally clever character comedians, will appear in a little musical comedy by John J. McGowan named "Old Cronies," in which two old friends meet at a Decoration Day celebration at Bucksport, Maine, and exchange a few reminiscences and indulge in good tempered jests.

Leona Stevens and Len D. Hollister, who have gained success on the legitimate stage, will appear in a delightful little playlet called "Out in California".

Albert Rappaport, the eminent Russian tenor, whose efforts previously have been confined to the operatic and concert stages will make his debut in vaudeville.

Jimmy Savo, assisted by Joan Frank, will appear in a laughable skit which he calls "A Salvo of Screams". He is an eccentric comedian and dancer of originality.

Robbie Gordone, who will be seen in character studies and poses is not only an artist, but also a beautiful woman.

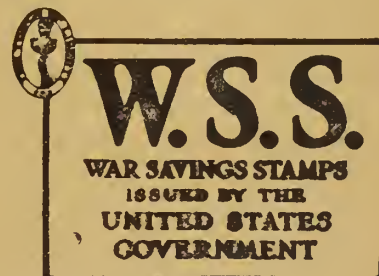
Ergotti's Lilliputians are three tiny wonders whose astounding gymnastic feats are hazardous and thrilling.

Eddie Weber and Marion Ridnor are youthful prodigies who never fail to make a great hit with their singing and dancing.

The only holdovers will be Saranoff, Billy Abbott, and the Winter Garden Violin Girls.

The Wonder of War in the Holy Land

This really great book vividly shows the extraordinary difficulties of the campaigns in the waterless deserts of Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Syria, as well as in the burning flood-plains of Mesopotamia. At the same time. Dr. Rolt-Wheeler reveals how the Allies won these historic lands in the "Last Crusade"—wherein lie Babylon, Ninevah, Bagdad, Damascus, and Jerusalem—not only by the skill of engineering and the valor of their troops, but by the even greater weapons of fair dealing and consideration for the feelings of others. The contrasts are startling: aeroplanes in the home of Sinbad the Sailor, machine-guns at Bedouin encampments, tanks in the Garden of Eden, and cavalry charges near Bethlehem. The hero is an American boy, son of an archaeologist, who is taken captive by an Arab sheik at the outbreak of the war and sees the fighting at close range. Here is the picturesque thrill of a war unlike any other, amid the hot color of the desert, the spell of Bible lands, and the glamor of the East.—By Dr. Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.



SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

GILE & MANOR, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1430

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 8, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Japanese Diplomacy

Battle of the Alphabet

Stage, Finance, Society

Twenty-five Years Ago

The Day Before Election

Perking Up for Film City

Supermen and Superwomen

The Mikado-Phelan Imbroglia

Sutro Baths Puzzling Supervisors

Permanent Blind Relief War Fund

St. Maurice, Founder of Red Cross

Prohibition, Congressmen and Bolshevism

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, November 8, 1919

No. 1430

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Where All the Daylight Is Going

The proposal to put daylight-saving on the basis of local option is not the most brilliant idea in the world. Still, with San Francisco taking the lead in the West, we could see where a number of bright calculations would be necessary to keep a man up-to-date and to-the-minute, around the bay cities. This would improve the general intellect. An Oakland man would have to keep in mind his own time and San Francisco's; but that is not the best part of the story. Some of the nearby towns might take a notion to follow suit, and some would not. A man with business connections and a few sweethearts or friends scattered around the bay would have to keep informed on current events, so as not to arrive an hour late or early for a dinner, a court proceeding or something just as important. He would have to keep tally on all the town clocks in his visiting list. The United States is divided into zones that make a difference of three hours from east to west. Prudent citizens keep well within their own zone, so as not to get mixed in their time. The national daylight-saving law made no exceptions or reservations. The daylight fell on the just and unjust alike. When this bill was repealed, the city of Detroit decided to go it alone. Cleveland followed the example, and last week New York City joined the innovators. San Francisco then put to a committee meeting the advisability of being the fourth city, and the matter came into the board of supervisors for debate. The board's chambers are the last place in the world where this matter could be taken seriously; for every Monday afternoon, the shades are pulled down, the full daylight shut out, and eight chandeliers of sixteen incandescents each are switched on. However, it was expected all along that there would be some diversity of opinion. There were millions of men who objected to saving daylight during wartime. They thought that in some way they were being imposed upon. They

were told that the new law merely took advantage of the fact that the sun rises earlier in summer than in winter. The daylight was there. Why not make use of it and jump out of bed an hour earlier in the good old summertime? But not everybody could see it that way in the San Francisco debate. Strangely enough, the pros and cons were arrayed according to their occupations, or seemed to be, from the emphatic way in which their representatives argued. The musicians were first to protest, for what reason is not clear. The farmers had been shouting for a year that they were being victimized by the city fellers, and that it was time the countryside call a halt. The shoe dealers gallantly declared that they had no objection to saving daylight. The lamplighters are in favor of it, the law being a veritable boon to them. The scavengers claimed that they would be losing an hour's sleep, and that the whole scheme was in revenge for D'Annunzio capturing Fiume. The longshoremen are sure that it is a ruse of capital to get them up an hour earlier in summer and work an hour later in winter. The motion picture houses told the committee that they would reserve decision so as to see how the populace is affected by it. It may be good; it may be not. The street sweepers assert that it is an evil law, because it will give the people more time on the streets and wear out the pavement. The milk wagon drivers say that they wish to be patriotic, although nobody has yet proved that this is a matter of patriotism or not. The drivers declare that at one time the ordinance would have been all right, but that now it is the height of folly, as milk is delivered during the day, and there is no necessity for monkeying with the morning hours. The peanut and popcorn men, after due deliberation, are in full approbation of the law. It will get commuters mixed on their dinner hours, just at twilight when the popcorn vendors come out; the people will become accustomed to buy popcorn in their emergency, and thus civilization will be put on a higher level. The Amalgamated Order of Chauffeurs are strongly against the innovation. They say that if they bring a man from Hayward toward San Francisco, the hour may change back and forth several times before reaching the city, and will promote fisticuffs and other evils. After all, it is too big a question for one city. Let every man get up when he pleases.

* * *

The Mikado-Phelan Imbroglia

The Emperor of Japan is like one of those Japanese equilibrists who dance on odd place with fans and parasols, or lie on the back and

rotate gilded barrels with a wicked skilfulness of toe. In this case, barrel represents the occidental world's idea of morality, tossed to the feet of an Oriental juggler. It is painful to see our morals and vegetable boxes juggled in that way. Yoshihito himself is not a well known figure in this part of the globe. Not even the war brought into prominence any human trait or other detail of his personality. We don't know what he wears on Sunday or drinks on Monday; whether he admires Mrs. Pankhurst or Herbert Hoover, Sessue Hayakawa, George Washington or Nick Carter, laughs at a joke, melts at a sad tale, prefers his tea black or green, takes one lump or two lumps. A man who does not divulge himself on these matters is hardly to be trusted. Certainly his diplomacy is not green, and we know him chiefly through his obscurities. Of the Japanese at large, we possess more information. Besides, we have an extremely diligent senator, James D. Phelan, who has made a special study of them. After due deliberation, Phelan concluded that the little bronze banzaists are highly deleterious to the state of California. He has published a number of official reports on the subject. The only persons who are not wrought up about it are they who have not yet had good occasion to observe the influx from the various marus. Not yet; but soon the influxers will round into such numbers, and their fecundity is so great, that their presence will be conspicuous on any street corner and railway station. Nippon statesmen make no secret of an over-populated country. They frankly declare that some outlet is required for their small islands. It was for this that they extinguished the light of Korea; and for this they puff their cheeks to blow out the flame of liberty in Shantung. It is also for this that they are grubbling into Mexico and California. Upon California's application, there have been some exchanges of notes between Washington and Tokio; yet neither capital takes the California position seriously. The general idea at Washington is not to hurt the feelings of the new Japanese equilibrists on the world's vaudeville stage. And so we should like to know: who is to have his way in California, to whom shall we and congress accord respect—Yoshihito or Phelan?

* * *

A Shantung on the Golden Gate

While the Chinese are making wild, spectacular and ineffectual protests against the Japanese in Shantung, we should not be contemptuous of them, for we are doing the same thing over here. The Chinese will chatter and gesticulate; then will ensue a Mongolian meekness, a Confucian calm. Will we con-

tinue to asseverate loudly at Sacramento and then buy our vegetables from the Japanese in Imperial Valley? Their colonization of California is an out-and-out contest for supremacy between the chrysanthemum and the poppy. Thus far the chrysanthemum has won on points. The Japanese have not come to us with bayonets. They approach with bridal blossoms and diplomacy. The fact is that they are here, crowding, supplanting and superseding N. S. G. W. in many industries, principally on the vegetable farms. The future Maud Muller will be a Susuki Takano; and if the man to whom she hands a cup of water be not a Japanese judge, he will be a Japanese potato king. Whether they can buy the land or lease it or gain control of it through dummy corporations, they do get it by some technical jiu jitsu of the law. It is plain as Fujiyama that we should have a law that cannot be jiu-jitsued. An extra session of the legislature has been called by Governor Stephens for ratification of the female suffrage amendment to the federal constitution. Presumably California women would be as glad to safeguard the state for their daughters as to get the national vote for themselves. Such matters are the very reason why women wish to enter the election booths. Therefore we can understand the sentiments with which Phelan telegraphed to State Senator Inman: "I am astounded at the refusal of the governor to include land regulation in his call for an extra session. It is not too late to convince him of his grave mistake in not meeting peremptorily the Japanese conquest of California. Everybody knows the danger, and action is absolutely necessary to prevent serious complications and possible conflict. The peace of the world is involved in settling this question amicably and by law. I know that the Japanese are now making an extra drive to possess our best agricultural lands. I can see the end of American life in California unless action be taken immediately." If we understand Senator Phelan aright, he takes the view that if we do not offset the Japanese now, the situation will become diplomatically worse in the course of years; the Japs will consider that they or their sons have some vested interest in the state, and by that time they will have become how numerous we cannot now foretell.

★ ★ ★

Japanese Diplomacy

The Japanese have an aggressive diplomacy and an aggressive land policy in Asia and California. This is not always apparent, because they never talk any more than they have to. They squat on certain ideas and places, and stay there until they can squat on more. In this, they are quite different from the occidental mind, which atomizes the air with fragrant ideals before attempting an enterprise. The Jap just goes and does it, and says nothing until questioned. Then he issues a polite statement, which amounts to—nothing. A reading of all the Nippon communi-

cations finds only the assertion that Nippon is profoundly concerned for the well being of the world, and desires to help us keep the good work going. The Jap mind and that of its imperial occupant of Tokio is still an unknown quantity, to those who believe what they read. The other day, when Ambassador Shidehara was traveling this way on the T. K. K. liner, Siberia Maru, he reeled off more than a hundred messages, while the American steamer Manoa tried vainly to get in an S. O. S. call for the disabled freighter Diablo, which she had in tow. The Jap wireless boy stuck to the Pacific ether, and would not let go for a mercy call. The government at Tokio will aver that the Shidehara messages were particular and urgent compliments to California and the nation, to say nothing of the Jap reception committee here, and that if a disabled ship was calling for another tow, why, the mistake and misery of all parties concerned, is much to be regretted. What they do on the ocean and Asia, they will not neglect in California, if they see the fraction of an opportunity. The Japanese diplomacy works on the principle of no-see, no-hear, no-speak. Were its hands placed with a further qualification of no-do, its system of morality would be complete. The Japanese emperor does not consider himself the valet of civilization, but rather an elegant Mumbo Jumbo. He is colonizing the western coast of the United States for future use, to intensify it with diplomacy. In the meantime, the disruption of the Japs from all real and fancied ownership of California soil will go far toward making the situation simpler.

★ ★ ★

A Man Mustn't Drink, Says Sen. Johnson

The Brooklyn magistrate who said that hypocrites in congress had deprived Americans of their personal rights, may have had reference to all or merely a majority of the two houses voting for prohibition. Whatever the congressmen are, they did not keep the country long aguessing. Early one afternoon last week, we read that President Wilson had vetoed the dry law. A few hours later, at the end of a perfectly sweet and fanciful working day, surrounded by phantom friends quaffing the visionary nectar, headlines told us that the House of Representatives, representing the great American people, had flipfopped the law right back over the President's veto, had done their part to dry us up again, and booked the drastic measure pell mell to the senate. It was quick work, and unnecessarily harsh in its rapidity. The first news of the President's veto caused so much hilarity around town that we wondered why the sirens didn't shriek. Nearly everybody examined his exchequer and figured how much his private little budget would stand for liquor. As we hurried joyously along, the most forbidding newsies ever beheld on mundane streets popped up to us with the dire news. There was one hope. Maybe the senate, bulwark of conservatism, would

side, if not with the President, at least with the people. No such luck. No such senate. First and foremost—as far as California is concerned—that rotund champion of liberty, that staunch and well-paunched gladiator of the west, that ebullient bulldozer of despotism, that incorruptible toreador of the people, Senator Hiram Warren Johnson, the fluttering idealist, honey-bubblef and lover of the Golden State, servant of the sunshine, fruits and flowers, left the vineyards in the lurch and tripped over to the teetotalers. If Senator Johnson meant all the flattering things he said while out here, particularly at the women's luncheon (Oh, fie!) he should have stood up in the senate and said, "Let the whole country go dry, but let my own California, the only state in the union that knows what idealism is, have a pint of dago red per capita, every Saturday night." He didn't say it. When he returned to the senate, he was afraid to say that we are any better than the rest of them. By his vote, he intimates that we are unable to take a flicker of Tipo Chianti with anything like discretion; that we are all a lot of noisy wine-bibbers and rum-boozers, and cannot be trusted with the sparkling glass. Back to the pink lemonade. Grenadine punch for you. Loganberry cocktails for Powell Street. Get in line for the butter-milk and let the cows eat the grapes. By the way, this congress voted for wartime prohibition, an emergency, food-conserving measure. The constitutional law (which some say is not constitutional) is not enforceable until January 16. It appears then that we are still in a state of war. The enemy is at our gates, or we are at the enemy's gates; it matters not. Division after division is being sent overseas. Mills, factories and warehouses are turning out war products. Technically this is true enough. A state of war still exists, and no doubt about it. War exists right in the United States senate, because the senate feels that the psychological moment has not yet arrived for answering the roll-call of peace, although it is 362 days after the signing of the armistice, and one month after Senator Reed was rotten-egged for carrying the war into Oklahoma and telling why he was prolonging the issue. As soon as the senators have made up their minds that they cannot argue any more, and if the Bolshiviki come to the same conclusion, the world will be in about as peaceful a state as it normally enjoys at any time. But of course that time will not come, and the senate will not let go of the treaty, until there is little or no opportunity for the people to buy a few bottles from the grocery man's back room. The senate will eke itself as near as possible to January 16th before saying, "Let us have peace".

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit
Hotel Del Monte
Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

The Battle of the Alphabet

By Lionel Josaphare

When it was proposed to boil down the Ten Commandments, Satan scratched his ear. To some persons the project was as sacrilegious as boiling a martyr in oil. It was a poser, even in these days when churches are designed to resemble office buildings. It was not a concession to the devil but a compromise with human memory, which is beset with twenty centuries of thought, theology, science, fiction, poetry and invention, representing the lifework of more than twenty thousand thinkers. To peruse their library of intellectual bequests would be beyond the heroism of an intellectual Hercules. Mind is infinite; yet a finite number of days is ours with which to absorb of infinity as much as we can. Acquiring wisdom, once a jaunt with Aristotle, has become a race with time.

The subject is brought up merely in deference to a widespread idea that mankind has blundered into an excess of scholarship. Scientists may pursue their unmolested ways; but we are not sure of a popular duty to bloodhound their footprints all over creation. We do enough when we accept the results of their labors, nor seek to acquaint ourselves with the details of production. We cannot follow the least of their pursuits without neglecting our visible splendors, the myriad wonders of the modern world, which have become too many for professional sight-seers.

It is then a matter of surplusage. To be sincere in thought or action, we must first choose between infinite theory and infinite fact. The present elaborate world is not likely to produce a d'Annunzio equal to a de Vinci. Of course, Fiume will never be as popular as Mona Lisa. That is hardly our purpose. Our investigation is to decide whether or not it would be more economical to drop the wisdom of the ancients altogether, deliberately and at once, rather than let it peter out as it has been doing. This is not a question for the world but the individual; to study the physical world in its entirety or disregard its inventions as trivial. We must judge which are the more important—useful or unuseful things? Which is the ill-fated vision—reality or the unreal? Human achievement is founded on something. Do away with the foundation, and we have a castle in the air. Is that airy edifice a philosopher's dream or a millionaire's mansion? Society, to protect its own argument, is constantly pulling down its structures and erecting higher and stronger ones. The dead philosopher never rebuilds. He remains equally interesting as a marble shaft in the sun or a ruin in moonlight.

So chaotic are the possessions of today, so maddening in their complexity to the mature brain, that pedagogues have warned us against placing a too serious construction in the mind of the child. They would take the tender student, and make play of his learning-time, pretending, as far as possible, that science is a game; a book is a toy. Learning the A B Cs by brute force of intellect is no longer demanded of the six-year-old. The celebrated episode of the cat and the rat is performed by a little theater of letters. The infantile spectator is led into arithmetic by a ramble through an orchard, and lured into geography through a landscape of mud pies. The poor, innocent victim is inflicted with reading, writing and arithmetic while imagining that he is having a good time. His brain is trapped by the rule of three when he thought he was playing a trick on a kewpie. Eventually the child sours on the best efforts of civilization, and suspects a game of tiddle-

winks as grammar or history in disguise. At the advanced age of seven years, he examines his hoop, top and marbles for concealed nouns, verbs and adjectives. The ultra-scientific youngster, though, is not permitted these toys. The discovery has been made that they lead to nothing. Only the ragged, neglected urchins play marbles. The fashionable tot's toys are bought in a bookstore. Yet they are not exactly books. They are something midway between a book and an artist's outfit; a combination of portrait gallery and tool chest; a hybrid that inherits music from its mother, and a monkeywrench from its father; a book of directions and handy information with a box of wooden apples. With these he is bidden to play and learn, to be fruitful and multiply. He grows up familiar with neither play nor work; his task being play; and his amusement, routine.

Learning was, like most things, set to fashion by kings. It was never proven that mankind should read and write. In the beginning, agriculture was an essential; war, a diversion. When the forefathers foregathered, the ale was good and strong; the roast beef was worthy of the feast. It was a sturdy race that gloated and bloated round the table. Then, in those days, life was so good that men took a notion they should improve their manners to be worthy of the meat. They held a renaissance of the old Greek meditation. Why the Greeks began it, nobody knows. At any rate, the medieval monarchs stood ready to ponder on infinite things in return for the compliment and fitness of their crowns. Or they would let their sons ponder. So the young princes were put in custody of the church. They were instructed in such unworldly matters as algebra, logic, geometry, prosody, music, grammar and rhetoric. There was naught in any of these that the world at large would call useful, though college professors and gunners' mates have used them to advantage. However, the royal intellect was exalted; too much so for its own good, so they say.

When republics displaced the monarchies, the people took to education as a popular right. They grasped wisdom with the same avidity with which they tore down the Bastille or melted the statue of George III. And just as the statue was molded into bullets and fired at the king's soldiers, so were the king's books melted into knowledge and shot at the royal renown for sagacity. Under the old regime, Ben Franklin, Daniel Webster and Abe Lincoln might have hired poverty-stricken notaries to write love letters for them. But they studied on their own hook, and wrote political paragraphs that could not be excelled by men living in a superbly scientific age years afterwards. Ben, Dan and Abe were firm believers in the proverb that though learning is royal, there is no royal road to it. There were willing to slave for knowledge. Now, today we still quote these men, yet do not imitate the alphabetical procedure by which they arrived at whatever they arrived at.

Of late years there has come a suspicion that most of our boasted knowledge is useless to a useful man. The other day, at a session of the Teachers' Institute in Santa Barbara, was broached the subject of weeding the educational garden. The flowers of rhetoric bear no fruit. Practically they are weeds.

From Berkeley, the superintendent of schools, H. B. Wilson, gave the teachers to understand that half the subjects taught in high schools and universities are not used in later life. If a man

can get along with a grammar school education, or even less (as has been demonstrated by our former newsboy-capitalists) high schools and colleges are being conducted for the useless part of the population, or the useless part of the brain that is otherwise industrious. Consider the energy wasted in study by men who enter the universities with no other motive than to get on the football team. Consider the years lost even at a primary school, when for two-bits one can purchase a pocket dictionary that will answer more questions than a fool would ever think of asking it.

It is pleasant to be informed that the new state speller has been abridged from its 12,000 words to 3,000. This is a direct cut of 75 per cent, and is a slash in the right direction. If the abridgers had the courage of their convictions, they would have gone further. Five hundred words is sufficient for anybody nowadays. Most people could get along on a hundred, and many do get along on less than that. We must regard this curtailment of the spelling bee as pioneer work. No doubt the editors eliminated such words as would lead the student into vain ambitions. They have given a list of what they think the ordinary man should learn to spell and pronounce. The list is too long.

It has been computed that there are three hundred words in Italian opera. And surely, after hearing Lucia, for instance, or Lucrezia Borgia, for another, we feel that everything was said that could have been said, and that an additional vocabulary of 2,700 words would have created one hullabaloo of a situation. In up-to-date love affairs, tragic or comic, the three hundred vocables of the Italian opera would bore one to death. Many a romance is promoted well on its way with less than a dozen words and phrases. And in all departments of life, men are using fewer and fewer words.

The primary fault of education is its unevenness of distribution. It conduces to too many grades of intelligence, and creates intellectual caste quite independent of what is going on in organized society. In short, superfluous mentality it likely to work itself into a kind of rebellion. Approximate equanimity would be possible in any country, were there not so many factions getting into argument over their vari-

(Continued on Page 15)

Maybe you can do without Bifocals

But why be unnecessarily inconvenienced and handicapped with two pairs of glasses—one for reading, one for distance—when "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are made to save you the time and effort you are losing by constantly changing your glasses. "Caltex" double vision lenses are so invisible that no one knows they are bifocals—"Caltex" are the newest and most improved type of double vision glasses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St. San Francisco
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

St. Maurice, Founder of Red Cross

By Helen M. Bonnet

(Reprinted by request from Town Talk of Feb. 9th, 1918.)

Crossing San Francisco Bay recently at the witching hour of sunset, my companion drew from her purse a velvet case, and touching a spring she revealed to my enraptured gaze the miniature of a warrior in armor. From the noble countenance beamed an expression of intrepidity, lofty purpose, and the strength to dare which comes from spiritual, inward grace and belief in help from above. The helmeted head, almost in profile, was poised in relief against the arms of a red cross from which emanated an ineffable radiance.

My friend said, "It is Saint Maurice, founder of the Red Cross." Her words and the picture seemed almost an answer to my unspoken thought, for the glory of the eternal sunset upon the calm waters and the presence upon my left of a number of splendid American sailor boys and upon my right of a group of pretty university students knitting for the Red Cross suggested the often recurring question: "Must there not have been some great sentiment for the selection of the red cross as the insignia of the society?" The Redeemer upon the bloody cross of Calvary was of course the real Founder, but surely there must have been some mundane, tangible reason for the adoption by the Geneva Convention in 1863 of the symbol of succor to the wounded in time of active service at the hands of volunteers. It could not have been out of compliment to Switzerland whose flag was recognized as neutral, for that standard is a white cross upon a red field.

My friend told me that the painter of the picture was Evelyn Withrow, of course, through her art studies, versed in sacred and legendary lore. I asked if she had taken an artist's license in depicting St. Maurice as the source of the inspiration of the Red Cross but was told that she had sketched the figure according to what her ideal was of one who laid the foundation for the great practical work of the Red Cross Society. My interest was so intensely aroused that I spent two hours that evening searching The London Library Index for works bearing upon the proceedings of the Geneva Convention and others which might lead to authentic data on the subject. Finding little that would be available in San Francisco, I inquired of my ecclesiastical friends. None seemed to have a profound knowledge of the life of St. Maurice, but "with cheerfulness abounding with industry" they delved into their libraries, and from the works which they generously placed at my disposal I discovered that St. Maurice is a popular saint in many parts of Europe, if one may be permitted to use the adjective popular in describing a canonized person. He is the patron saint of the Swiss cantonment Vallain; there is a Sardinian order of monks and a monastery (dating from the fourth century) named in his honor in the city of St. Maurice, to which the ancient name Agaunum where he was martyred was changed. Also there is a magnificent chapel of St. Maurice in the cathedral of the Swiss city Slon. Cloth dyers and instrument makers of Zurich call him their patron saint, and the pious faithful invoke his aid against many physical ailments. There are many celebrated paintings in which he is the central figure, in Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Germany and other countries. Especially in Italian paintings he is depicted with a red cross upon his mantle or breast.

All this was interesting but not sufficiently convincing to establish in my mind a connection which he might be said to have had with the founding of the order.

The task to which I set myself proved more arduous than I had expected, and though the results of my researches may not satisfy many, they were fraught with discoveries which I take pleasure in recording in the hope that someone more persevering than I may pursue them to ultimate satisfaction.

At least, it is to be noted that on the soil of his martyrdom, traditions of Saint Maurice were kept alive in the names of places, institutions, industries and persons. It is not unlikely that, at the Geneva Convention, were Swiss delegates whose minds from childhood had borne the image of the saint and the fiery vision of his sacrifice, inspiring them to plead for the emblem as a warrant of honor, humanity and succor.

Among the many papers which I perused about the origin of the Red Cross, to me the most interesting was one sent by my good pastor Rev. Philip O'Ryan (himself a busy, valiant captain of the society) in a copy of the "Extension Magazine," published in Chicago. The authoress, Mary G. Murphy, also dissatisfied with the conventional acceptance by the world of the unexplained symbol, traces the first military nursing order of the Christian era to 400 A. D., to the days of Fabiola, a noble Roman lady who built and maintained a hospital in Bethlehem for the care of weary pilgrims to the shrine of the Nativity. She speaks also of the order founded during the Crusades for the care of the wounded in battle. But the first Crusade was begun in the eleventh century A. D., whereas St. Maurice was a martyr to the cause of the bleeding cross in 287. In this paper I find also that among the thirty-seven nurses whom Florence Nightengale conducted from London to the Crimea in 1854, ten were Sisters of Charity, which order was founded in Paris in 1634 by Vincent de Paul, suppressed at the Revolution and restored by Napoleon in 1807. Upon the gray habit of one of them, Jeanne Rendu, Napoleon pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor for her great courage upon the battlefield and over her grave his soldiers fired a last salute. Members of this order are seen today in great numbers upon the battlefields of Europe ameliorating the sufferings of the wounded as they have ever done. Florence Nightengale gave unstinted praise to the Sisters of Charity and even entered convents as a postulant in Paris and Rome to study their methods before persuading the British Government to send her to the scene of action. In a letter which she wrote at Balklava to the Rev. Mother Moore who was about to return to England, Miss Nightengale wrote: "God's blessing and my love and gratitude to you, Rev. Mother, as you well know. You know, too, that I shall do everything for the Sisters you have left me. But it will not be like you. Your wishes will be our law. And I shall try and remain in Crimea for their sakes as long as there are any of us there. I do not presume to express praise or gratitude to you because it would look as if I thought you had done the work not unto God but to me. You were far above me in the fitness for the general superintendency, not only in worldly talent of administration but far more in the spiritual qualifica-

tions which God values in a Superior." (This from the Murphy article.)

Does not that letter breathe the generosity which only a sublime nature unconsciously possesses?

Another letter which I discovered in my researches was one written by the Crown Prince of Prussia, father of the present Kaiser, to Col. Lloyd Lyndsay in 1870 in grateful acknowledgment of twenty thousand pounds, during the Franco-Prussian War, from "The National Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded," an equal amount being sent to the French: "In this, as on other occasions of distress, the help of the English public has been poured out with a liberal and impartial hand. The gifts which have been offered in a truly Christian spirit have excited a feeling of heartfelt gratitude among those upon whose behalf I write."

Another note of interest was that the idea of the Geneva Convention was popularized by a work of Henri Dumont, "Un Souvenir de Solferino," published in Switzerland in 1862, recounting the Swiss author's observations of the horrors of the uncared-for wounded in his observations of the decisive battle between the French and Austrians in 1859.

But what has all this modern lore and reference to the knights of the Middle Ages to do with Saint Maurice who was martyred in 287 A. D.?

Maurice was captain of a legion sent for by the Roman Emperor Diocletian out of Thebais, northern Egypt, where Christians abounded, to compose his army for an expedition into Gaul to put down a rebellion of the inhabitants, chiefly peasants. When the Thebans arrived at Octodorum (now a village called Martigni, near Lake Geneva) the auxiliary emperor Maximian issued an order that the whole army must offer sacrifice to the gods for the success of the expedition. Thereupon the Thebans withdrew to Agaunum (now St. Maurice). In consequence there were two decimations by order of Maximian, the fatal tenth falling by lot, the rest exhorting one another all the while to perseverance. Their answer to the emperor's decree that a general massacre of their army of 6600 must ensue in event of their refusal was by

(Continued on Page 15)

CAFE COLOMBO

The New \$80,000 Cafe Concerto in the Heart of Old Bohemia

At 615 Broadway, just below Stockton St.
Take the Stockton Street Car at Market Street—
Only Ten Minutes From Market Street

MARDI GRAS FETE

NEXT THURSDAY NIGHT

Challenge Dinner Extraordinaire

\$1.25

Chef August Ferrero's Master Effort in 7 Courses
With European Service
SALON CONCERTO

Guest Dancing Danse Colombo
Kelli's Jassaraire Band
Community Sing Ballad des Allies
Royal Milano Operatic Trio
Marta Hjentier, Danseuse M. T. Allegrande, Lyricist

CAFE COLOMBO—Where the Spot
Light Hits—CAFE COLOMBO

Direction S. FIRPO
The only establishment in the New World serving
a genuine Milano Dinner

Twenty-five Years Ago

By a Former Newspaper Man

Twentyfive years ago when I was a cub reporter,

And was working on the Examiner,

And Garrett was the city editor and he used to fire me and the rest of the staff twice a week.

And then he would meet us on Market street and would forget that he had fired us and would send us out on another story.

And so one night just before Christmas, I was really working on the paper, and he called me into his office.

And he told me that a young man had committed suicide by jumping off an Oakland ferryboat.

And he told me to go out to the young man's house to rustle up a photo of the lad for the paper.

And I ordered a hack and drove out into the Mission.

And the hack driver could not find the house.

And so we enlisted the services of a policeman.

And he climbed up into the box seat.

And at last we found the home—and it was a pretty cottage.

And a strip of a girl about eighteen answered the door.

And when she saw the hack and the policeman in front,

"She kind of half fainted and I led her into the old-fashioned parlor.

And when she recovered she asked me the reason of all this.

And I told her with a big lump in my throat, that I was afraid to tell her. "I hate to tell you the truth," I said.

And she said, "It is never wrong to tell the truth".

And then something seemed to dawn on her.

And she grasped me by the hand and dragged me out into the kitchen.

And she showed me on the stove her brother's dinner that she was keeping warm.

And she told me that she knew something had happened to him.

And she told me that he was an electrical worker.

And that the company had placed him in the warehouse.

And that he had complained because he wanted to be out in the fresh air.

And then she turned to me and asked me what she should do.

And then I told her that her brother's body was down in the morgue.

And she asked me if she could go and see him.

And I told her she could ride down in the hack with me.

And so she threw, I think, a shawl over her head.

And we got in the hack and she cried and she told me that the two were orphans and that they had lived so happily together.

And then I cried.

And she asked me if she could hold my hand.

And so we rode down Market street hand in hand.

And we were sobbing our hearts out.

And I never saw the poor young girl again.

And this one of my first details was one of the most pathetic.

And the city editor said I was a bum police reporter.

And he shoved me on "hotels," and I covered banquets and carried a cane.

And I learned to call wine agents by their first names.

The Spectator

The Day Before Election

'Twas the night before Christmas. No; not that. And yet throughout the meeting of the board of supervisors, there was an expectancy of the members, and a virtuous cast of the countenance, as if somebody was about to make them a present. It was the afternoon before the morning after, when the people were to turn Santa Claus and drop nine supervisorial desks into the stockings of half the board, or perhaps let a few newcomers into the game. The other nine supervisors, whose terms held over, were not in the least worried. They maintained a superior air. Four of the candidates were absent from the meet, being about the city telling the public to re-elect a tried and fearless man. Mayor Rolph's gavel did not rap to a quorum until 2:40 p. m., and at half past 4, the suspense of election being unendurable, the board adjourned. There were few attempts to stampede public enthusiasm at the last minute. Supervisor Wolfe told the world how deep in error Governor Stephens was in refusing to call an extra session of the legislature to deal with the food prices. Mulvihill introduced his resolution calling for an inquiry into the twelve-cent loaf of bread. And when the moving picture men asked use of the California Building at the exposition grounds, Mayor Rolph remarked, "That is a delicate subject for me. I trust that I shall not be asked for an opinion until the day after tomorrow, as one of your members has accused me of being too much in the movies".

Perking Up for Film City

Girls with "million-dollar faces" and men who can snap out a cigarette in approved movie manner should practice with their smiles and cigarette cases as they saunter along the streets, as there is a rumor that camera impressarios are on the lookout for good new material. First we

must establish here what has been spontaneously called Film City. The idea is to have a large building and grounds where anybody with a super-production idea, a company of actors and a few thousand dollars can rent a studio with all the mechanics and appurtenances for rivaling Clara Kimball Young or Charlie Chaplin. The main result thus far is the Motion Picture Welfare Committee, consisting of public-spirited citizens who are neither camera-shy nor shy of coin. The only question that is troubling the supervisors is whether the movie men thus far in the forefront of the enterprise are merely daredevil promoters or have honest-to-goodness capital to invest on their own account. Last Monday Supervisor Mulvihill received a letter from a gentleman now in Los Angeles and who might be termed the traveling and provisional mayor of Film City. The present plan is to take studio space on the Marina, using the California Building temporarily, until Film City can be established in proper quarters, for which purpose \$2,000,000 is coming—whence and whereby, nobody yet knows. The Los Angeles correspondent writes that he is strong for the social, commercial and scenic advantages of San Francisco, and promises to develop our talent for acting. He has beheld us, and has faith in us. Mulvihill stated that Frank Keenan also had looked us over, and is ready to be one of us. Supervisor Power was not profoundly impressed with the importance of Keenan; and it is well that the moving picture fraternity were not present, as they would have swooned, fainted, collapsed in large numbers. Power wanted to be informed whether the promoter has money of his own or is merely making a million-dollar face at the people of San Francisco. After some repartee on this phase of the situation, Supervisor McLeran said that he could throw some light on the subject; to-wit: that the California

building is shortly to be torn down. "That's not throwing light; that's throwing cold water," said Mulvihill. "Not throwing cold water on your proposition at all," laughed Mack. "Just warning you to shift your gears and speed up, if you want to get the building while it's there".

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

This also raises the question, what is to become of the State Normal School, which was supposed to have its home in the California Building. But when you mention the normal school, even the best-informed official shakes his head, and smiles with a sad, sweet smile.

Sutro Baths Puzzling the City

How, why, when, if and wherewith to acquire the Sutro Baths and adjoining property for the city of San Francisco, is causing the city fathers more than a little debate. The city children should learn to swim, and the splash-me form of amusement be inculcated and cultivated on all sides; that's admitted. Three municipal committees are contending for the honor of advising San Francisco to buy or not to buy the lands. Ordinarily one committee is sufficient to make another howl. When there are three, an interesting time is assured for all. "I say," said McSheehy to Ralph McLeran, chairman of the finance coterie, "There's a lot of work to be done. Don't try to do it all. Divide it around a little bit. The Park and Playground Committee is an important civic welfare; but we haven't had many questions put before us recently. We are all competent men. It seems to me that the Sutro land matter should come before us. I don't see what the finance committee has to do with it until we express our opinion whether the proposition is good or no". "Allow me to inform you," put in Andy Gallagher, "that this is not in your line. The Land and Tunnels Committee, which I humbly represent, is the proper scene of action". "Nay; not so," retorted McSheehy. "Nearly every proposition has something to do with land. You could gather in everything on that score. I see no tunnels here". "Well, you dive under the water, don't you? That's a tunnel". "Maybe; but you do it in play; and that's a playground". "I don't see it that way; it's play-water". "All right; if you think a public bath is lands and tunnels, I'm willing. I just wanted to say that our committee is ready to perform its functions, if we get a chance". To an outsider it seems that public bathers would more appropriately be the concern of the committee on weights and measures.

Prohibition, Congressmen and Bolshevism

More than a little discussion has been aroused by the remark of Sam Gompers that prohibition laws will account for many a recruit to the ranks of the radicals in America. It appears that the words of the labor leader were inspired by resentment rather than a cool appreciation of the facts. Or so it impresses men about town, and San Franciscans may be deemed as typical of the nation's thought in that regard. A few months ago we heard of the New York Workingman slogan, "No beer, no work". Gompers' idea stretches the sentiment to "No beer, no government". The theory of the general citizen is that if a law does not please him, he will subsequently elect representatives to enact what is more in accord with popular opinion. It can hardly be put forth seriously that a good citizen, or even a fairly good citizen, who is bereft of his wine bottle, would say to himself that hereafter he is against all government, since it has been so unkind as to put him in a wineless plight. Radicalism, as commonly accepted, is a disapproval of the very form of government that actuates the so-called law and order of society. Radicalism makes no effort to reform evils by the ballot box, but has more or less violent forms of dealing with what it considers unpopular. In this regard, the term, "direct action" has been used, to the terror of the virtuous, law-abiding householder. This householder is evidently much aggrieved at the present time; but it is difficult to credit him with

an attitude which turns from citizenship to Bolshevism, because he cannot get a drink. One has only to scan the recent election news to realize that the hold of the two major political parties upon their constituents is very frail indeed. The way that politicians turn from Republican to Democratic standards and vice versa is nothing short of amazing, in the light of former years, when the ill repute of apostasy surrounded him who changed his political faith. No doubt Gompers had in mind the fact that both Republicans and Democrats were in the deal by which Americans were deprived of personal liberty in the matter of beverages. So he calculated that if men could not logically reciprocate between the Republican and Democratic parties in order to express their will, they would select some other faction, and this selection could be none other than Bolshevism. It is an unjustifiable interpretation of the usual procedure, in so far as this country is concerned, even though there be a small proportion of voters in that vague region between the conservative and the radical idea. Undoubtedly there are radicals and near-radicals; conservatives and near conservatives; and the two "nears" may be much alike in temperament. By "conservative" in this instance, one means a man who conserves the inherent theory of government rather than any particular statute or custom of it. There may be a few men who will say, "If we can't have saloons, we will have soviets," but such state of mind would count for little in a country of a hundred millions. If twenty million men, or fifteen million, feel that they have been deceived by their representatives at Washington, the logical result will be to elect representatives that will do the popular bidding.

The Future of Prohibition Congressmen

There is no doubt in the minds of most men that a large proportion of their congressmen voted the dry laws through coercion. Some of the senators and representatives were primarily dry themselves and frank in their alliance with the prohibition party; but in the case of many, their vote for prohibition astonished the coun-

try at large. The members of this dry surprise party made what they considered a shrewd political business deal. With them it was a question of where the most votes lay. Although the dry votes were in the minority, nevertheless their better organization was given preference over the loosely expressed will of the wets. It was an example of "united we stand." The dries were united with almost military discipline, and that is the secret of their strength. Congressmen felt that the prohibition leaders would always keep tab on them, while the public would forget. The public is presumed to have a short memory. Within a few months, other problems would be before the country, and few voters would remember who were responsible for the dry enactments, and who not. We can imagine the champions of the people striding the floors of their Washington residences and engaging in soliloquies over the value of prohibition to their political lives. Yes; the people would forget. Republics are ungrateful; so much so that republicans are even ungrateful to themselves. In the course of time, drinkers will conclude that they are better off without drink, and pay no more attention to it. In this regard, the question of personal liberty has been slighted, merely because it has been used so often. As far as we know, liberty, like truth, crushed to earth or forced to the bottom of a well, will rise again. If this is really and truly, without cavil or circumbendibus, a matter of natural and constitutional, human and inherent right, then the aforesaid congressmen will never hear the end of it, and they have made a fool's bargain with the tectotalers. It is true enough that the ordinary man will not remember the full list of names that went on the congressional ballot; yet each will recall those of his own state. If he should not, then there will be rival candidates to do the recalling at the next election. Can we imagine, for instance, California forgetting that Senator Johnson, while full of zeal for the canal boats, rice and bamboo of Shantung, was getting ready to sacrifice the vineyards of California? If it should slip from the memory by the time that Johnson is planning to run

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

for some other office, if he should ask our votes to make him president of the country or re-elect him in the senate, there will be orators enough to remind us that Johnson voted to override the President's veto at a time when the vines of California were in a magnificent state of cultivation, when the question of uproot or not to uproot was the quandary of big sections of the population. Other states will have the same information at hand when their own representatives call for a re-election; and, now that the deed has been done, we can fancy that many a favorite son is less sure about his place in politics. When he returns to the people who elected him to office he will have a few explanations to make. If, as has been intimated broadly, there may arise a new party to work out some of the problems that this congress has left unworked, the favorite sons have themselves to blame. However, there is no likelihood that the new party will be a radical one in the up-to-date sense of a riotous expression of principle. A radical party of that stamp would bring no fears to the congressman's heart. But a radical platform in the old sense, one that goes to the root of human principles and liberties, and goes about its task in an orderly balloting way is one which must be taken into account. But if no new party is to be formed, and there is no true necessity for one, at least new representatives will be required in many a district, to prove that not every voter has a short memory.

An Abundance of Supermen

At this time, when the war has supposedly decimated the flower of the world's chivalry from farm and fireside, it is peculiarly fitting that there should be found, in the full exultance of their manhood, a new race of supermen. Still more gratifying is the fact that these overlords of brain and brawn are to be seen any day at our colleges. In the West, proper habitat of all that is extraordinary, one university after another tells the world fairly enough that it has the makings of an aristocracy, which, one way or another, or even in all ways, will bid to place the human race on a higher standing than any-

thing known hitherto, previously, heretofore. They will not only demonstrate their superiority by plying oars in the water, making a boat go exceeding fast and will kick a football far and furiously for the improvement of mankind, but they have the measurements to prove that they are no mere pretenders to honor. The tape measure has been called into action, and, as figures cannot lie, here stands the superman before us, in feet and inches, many of him. He is here in height, breadth and thickness, ready to challenge the bygone champions that were less high, less broad and less thick. It may not be considered meet and proper to glance over this tridimensional excellence with an invidious eye. And yet, if one be a genuine, honest-to-goodness, bona fide superman, he must possess the hardihood to brave all criticism. He must withstand inspection. And in this regard, there appears to be a slight error or forgetfulness, a lack of caution in bestowing the wreath upon these paragons of achievement. Thus far they have displayed no supermentality. This is an important item when summing up the advantages of genus homo. The fourth dimension of the specimen goes into the intellect, and the hero must compete with Shakespeare as well as Norman Ross. So it is clear that a claimant to the title of superman has a big task on his hands. Otherwise, that is, if mere physical dominance were to control, we could simply advise the near-god to go forth and challenge Mr. Jack Dempsey for the fistic championship of the world. There exists a mental championship, and upon this basis we have not yet noticed any of the new supermen issuing their defi.

Superwomen Also in the Arena

Just as interesting as the supermen, even more so from another standpoint, is the superwoman, whose propagation in large numbers we all hail and enthusiastically advocate. Since we have with us today many scientists who do not hesitate to meddle with nature and man, and who give their advice freely on this and that without stint, we advise these public spirited men to urge that supermen and superwomen intermarry. Thus will arise a still nobler progeny, human thoroughbreds, dreadnaughts of flesh and blood, ultra-supercreatures, neo-demigods, beyond anything that the world has ever gazed upon. As we have had the presumption to point a little commentary at the supermen, it is only fair that the superwomen be asked to undergo the same test. There is no need to raise the issue of mentality in their case, as all women are admittedly clever nowadays; but since the proof of the tape measure has been utilized to establish the claim of perfection, one may pursue his theories along that ground. The perfect woman is commonly known as a modern Venus. Most of the modern ones are diving Venuses. Just why, is not obvious, unless, remembering that the first Aphrodite took birth from the sea-foam, and as such origin is impossible today, the present incumbents do the best they can by diving back into the element whence the first one sprung. But now as to that criticism. It must have been noted by many that the new goddesses are Venuslike in everything except the face. This too is an important item. The countenance is the first thing we see when meeting a woman on the street or in a parlor. She may carry in her vanity box a schedule of her measurements, by which a gymnastic professor has attested her physical proportions to be beyond cavil; and such pulchritude, reduced to arithmetic, no doubt makes interesting reading. At the same time, it must be repeated and made emphatic that good proportions along the facial lines are just as consequential as elsewhere be-

fore the Venus can vaunt superiority over, say, Hebe, cup-bearer to the gods. "Cup-bearer" is merely a highfulating term for the simple fact that Hebe was a waitress on Mount Olympus. To show what a high standard of beauty was maintained in those days, it may be mentioned that although Hebe was a waitress, she was ravishingly sweet from top to toe, so that she was chosen to wife by Hercules, the superman of his time. Not every waitress today is in Hebe's class, as far as can be seen by the casual quick-luncher. Any one of them indeed may conceal, beneath her demure habiliments, a figure that has been pronounced perfect at college or on the springboard of the beach. Conversely, the diving Aphrodite, the university Venus, may be in countenance no more extraordinary than is the cup-bearer to the clerks who rush to her at midday for a wedge of strawberry shortcake and a glass of milk. This, of course, is not the fault of the girls themselves nor of the college instructors. If the modern world be content not with one Venus but must have many—here, there and everywhere, the supply will no doubt endeavor to meet the demand. One cannot censure a girl for allowing herself to be called a Venus and submitting to the fraction-of-an-inch methods for corroboration. However, when it comes to the face, one does not require a tape measure for passing judgment. To proclaim a co-ed as divine, upon private information, and send her abroad with a smile that belies the dumb testimony of the twenty-two inch thigh, is, to say the least, a hasty performance. It were better to have half or less than half the number of Venuses, and let them be almost as beauteous as Hebe, before advertising the supremacy or equality to the queen of love, beauty and goo-goo eyes, who did her darndest to make Olympus and the ancient world exciting, lovely and occasionally scandalous. If we are not so cautious, we run the risk that somebody will come along and say that we do not know what we are talking about. Nevertheless, it is encouraging to note a revival of interest in supermen and superwomen, and perhaps there will sometime appear a Venus who will claim attention and instant admiration from a throng who have not brought their tape measure along.

Tact

To possess tact, it is necessary to have a fine perception and to be sensitive; for how can we know what will pain another without having some criterion in our own feelings by which we can judge of his? Hence, tact is always in proportion to our sensibility.

The Work of Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Although Ella Wheeler Wilcox attracted only the lighter moods of American critics, there have been those who declared her work entitled to another estimate. Now and then, among coteries of authors who go in for the high standards, a poem or two is read, and the opinion bruited that Ella Wheeler has written at least a few things that command attention. In her young days, she was avowedly bent on the attainment of fame. She looked upon public honors as something that was due her, and she made no secret about it. It was perhaps the sensational quality of these early efforts that lost her the serious criticism which otherwise would have been hers. She was widely read, and, had the reading public been less controlled by an undercurrent of Puritanism, the laurel wreath, if only a small one, would have been placed on her brow. At that, there was one other matter detracting from her poetic ascendancy. This was the charge of plagiarism. It attacked chiefly her best-known poem, "Laugh and the World Laughs With You". I cannot recall the name of the man who asserted he had

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

indisputable evidence of his own authorship. His claims appeared in print again and again, and were never satisfactorily refuted or even weightily disputed. It was said that Mrs. Wilcox never saw the seriousness of meeting the charge so as to set at rest the controversy. As the first two lines of the poem have become part of popular philosophy, it was considered proper enough that the reputed author put aside her objections and go into the court of letters to sustain her title. The value of Mrs. Wilcox's first work may be gauged from the fact that her journalistic effusions were a disappointment. Some readers kept excerpts of her newspaper philosophy in a scrap-book; yet this is no more than has been done for anyone who has published advice to the lovelorn. As a pundit of heart throbs, Ella Wheeler was no better than the ordinary query editor. She drifted into various channels of new and exotic thought, eventually spiritualism, and though her assurance was absolute, she was evidently led by enthusiasm rather than logic or even by the fine emotionalism that characterized her girlhood days. To those familiar only with her newspaper column, some of Ella's earlier volumes might come as a surprise. One especially, "Sweet Danger," was written to compete with fiction of similar titles, a generation ago. Published in paper covers and bearing the picture of a boudoir scene where a man, woman and a couch were acting out the problems of society and sentiment, it lured the sensual reader of those days. Yet the author had more than a bid for fame on sensational grounds. Her "Poems of Passion," while largely of a nature indicated in the title, and reveling in sin, had passages of true exaltation, and here and there touched upon the sublime. Mrs. Wilcox was always sensitive to criticism and particularly on the point of her place among writers. She regarded herself as a celebrity, and went through life on that basis. She was one of those whose value depends on the excision of numerous unworthy contributions. Her death may cause some editor to select the best part of her work and publish it. Such an act would prove to serious readers that Ella Wheeler was not a charlatan but a woman with several volumes that are a credit to American libraries.

Mrs. Farrington Has Improved Us

From all accounts, we have emerged from the vicissitudes of a Better Speech Week, and nobody is any the worse for it. Throughout the country there was a crusade against the heathenish utterances that are bound to creep into the best regulated languages. It is no longer good form to say "Whatchagivinus?" when you mean: What theory are you endeavoring to declaim in our behalf? This improvement has been brought about by Mrs. Guy Stevens Farrington, California representative of the National Committee on American Speech. With such title and the proper credentials, one might accomplish anything. As soon as the committee feels that we have learned all the lessons, it should go further

and advise us that, having acquired the proper speech, we should use more of it. One branch of society evinces a disposition to avoid conversation by joining in the dance accompanied by such loud music that even the sitters-out can do naught but sit in dismay; while the other extreme goes to the movies for a good silent time. You visit a corporation president and see near him a little card, "This is my busy day," or "Make it snappy". Perhaps he removes it when a more congenial friend enters. Casual observation impresses us with the fact that even love affairs are being conducted in a snappy style. You hear a bit of repartee something like this "Oo la la!" and "I'll say it is". You know that an entente cordiale has been established without loss of time. Prior to that, you heard, "That's the limit," to which came the reply, "You said something". An earlier form of the same bright idea and compliment was. "That's going some," which was appreciated with the remark, "Kid, they got nothing on you". Quite different from a primitive state of society, when the maid would murmur, "How clearly and obviously and at the same time how mysteriously the moon shines tonight!" And the swain would respond, "Ah, yes; there is a simultaneous display of clarity and gloom. I was about to make the same observation myself". It is all very well to instruct people that they should not say "nope" and "yeh"; but when a large part of the population spends its evenings at the silent drama on one side, and the concatenated thunders of jazz on the other, most efforts at reform would be futile. "Nope" and "yeh" are good enough for ordinary business transactions. What we should like from the committee is an amusement that would make the pure forms of speech popular through sheer necessity. Write and produce a truly interesting drama; or publish a book whose characters do not talk slang and gasoline. Such innovation would be more effective than a committee.

Extract From a New York Letter, October 22nd

A police detail last week contained 8,000 automobiles going in the same direction in one hour passing Forty-second street and Fifth avenue.

The play "Clarence" has been the greatest selling proposition in New York so far this season—seats have to be ordered three and four weeks in advance. The receipts have larger than those of any other theater in New York, breaking all records.

The employes of all the American, Wells Fargo, Adams express companies are out on strike—and all these companies are controlled by the government. The longshoremen are striking at the same time and nothing can be taken from ships and trains. Eatables are spoiling and the sugar can't be unloaded from the trains, which is a great loss considering that there is no sugar for sale here. If a shop has the rare luck to have some, it is doled out by the half pound to customers.

At the fashionable Netherlands Hotel, which enjoys the unique reputation of serving corned beef and cabbage in real Irish style, all the help went on strike. Sunday all day the striking waiters paraded outside wearing cardboard signs in their hats: "No chance to get corned beef and cabbage at this rate". At night with the strikers outside, the usual dinner crowd assembled within where they were served by strike-breakers whose shadows moved back and forth on the drawn window shades. Police were called to quell the disturbance of the protesting strikers, and a detail of police remained on duty there for two nights and a day.

On account of the express strike the parcel post business is booming—lines over a block long wait in front of every station.

Having lost my trunk key, I had to wait twenty-four hours for a locksmith to come and fit another. The cult of locksmiths are receiving eight dollars a day just now.

It is amazing how many San Francisco women I have met here lately. All have told me that they are busy shopping for themselves and their friends. There is no denying that one's wardrobe does take on an astonishingly stylish air after a campaign of the smart shops here. The men, too, look better groomed after passing through the hands of a classy New York tailor. Perhaps our San Francisco shops are not altogether to blame for the lack of distinction in the dressing of our population, for we have a climate which encourages latitude in the choice of materials, and we have not a single individual whose sartorial exquisiteness inspires a desire for emulation in the breasts of those ambitious to wear shining raiment.

A drill sergeant was drilling the recruit squad in the use of the rifle. Everything went smoothly until blank cartridge were distributed. The recruits were instructed to load their pieces and stand at the "ready," and then the sergeant gave the order, "Fire at will!" Private Lunn was puzzled. He lowered his gun. "Which one is Will?" he asked.

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Permanent Blind Fund

When Queen Elizabeth was in New York Mrs. George Kessler was received at a private audience and decorated by her majesty for services in establishing the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. Mr. Kessler a few months ago received from King Albert, the decoration of Leopold II. The Kesslers will return to Europe this month. While in New York, they were active in their endeavors to increase the fund. In an interview recently in the New York Times Mr. Kessler said:

"It should not be imagined that because the war has ended nothing remains to be done for those who lost their sight. Fifteen hundred of them in France alone are still waiting to be cared for, and five million dollars will be required to carry on the work for the next five years.

We have aided Belgium, but more help is asked. We are assisting Serbia and Rumania, and the plight of the Italian blind is distressing. Poland, too, seeks a helping hand from America. And shall we deny the claims of the Czechoslovaks, of Denikin's and Kolchak's armies and other anti-Red forces fighting in Russia?

"We have made a thorough investigation of conditions and requirements. Italy has more than 800 blinded men of whom sixty have lost either both arms or both legs in addition. Of the 800 blinded men only 200 have been re-educated.

"Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians has placed a chateau at Boitsfort-lez-Bruxelles at the disposal of the fund," Mr. Kessler said. He gave out a copy of a letter from the Queen asking for typewriters, Stainsby-Braille machines and Hall machines, tablets for writing Braille with the stylus, specimens of special games for blind men, playing cards, musical instruments, knitting machines, assorted wools for teaching knitting, lots of wool to enable them to start their trade, and the necessary resources so that they may have 1,100 to 1,200 francs at their disposal when they first go home for buying tools, paying rent, furniture, etc.

Mme. Paderewski, wife of the Polish premier, in a letter received a few days ago, wrote that the work among the blind soldiers in her country was greatly handicapped by lack of money and appealed for assistance in erecting five institutions for the men. Mme. Paderewski pointed out that while the war has ceased on the western front it was still going on in Poland and men were being blinded in action each day.

"I have only given you an idea of the great task that still lies before the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund," Mr. Kessler said. "All that it has accomplished has been through the American people. It is still to our great-hearted public that has done so much in this war for the suffering and starving and despairing that the impoverished nations slowly emerging from chaos, must of necessity turn. We know that our people will not fail those that still remain to be helped of these most terribly stricken of all the war's victims."

The New York headquarters of the fund is at 590 Fifth avenue. Make check payable to Hon. Eugene V. R. Thayer, at that address.

On Monday, Mr. Richard M. Tobin entertained at the Bohemian Club at luncheon, in honor of Yoné Noguchi, the Japanese poet. George Stir-

ling and Joseph D. Redding were the other guests.

* Red Cross Week is a busy one for the pretty Red Cross ladies, who it is to be hoped, are reaping a harvest of dollars for the great work. San Francisco, as Mayor Rolph reminds us, ought to be particularly liberal, as the Red Cross went over the top for this city in 1906.

San Rafael society enjoyed itself at a fancy dress party Saturday night at the Marin Golf and Country Club, the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans (née Miss Minton). Among the guests were:

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Bocquercz, Mr. and Mrs. Millen Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Berrien Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall, Judge and Mrs. Edgar Zook, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Foster, Miss Amanda McNear, Miss Elizabeth Schmiedell, Miss Anne Dibblee, Miss Margaret Madison, Miss Mauricia Mintzer, Harry Crocker, Lucio Mintzer, Edward Schmiedell Jr. and Arthur Evans.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fagan, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Gibson, Miss Betty Folger, Miss Elena Folger, Miss Josephine Grant, Miss Emelie Tubbs, Miss Marie Louise Winslow, Jerome Kuhn, Orel Goldarcena, Gordon Johnson, George Montgomery, Howard Spreckels were entertained by Tallant Tubbs at a dinner at the Fairmont on Friday, later attending the Madison Halloween dance.

Wedded in Bohemia

The wedding of Uda Waldrop and Miss Marguerite Raas was a lovely affair, at the Bohemian Club Tuesday evening. In addition to its being the only wedding ever celebrated at the club, the decorations and details of the beautiful function were designed and executed by the artist members of the club. Marguerites were used in profusion in the floral scheme, and the illusion of the Bohemian Grove forest was very impressive. Five hundred guests made merry in the ballroom and at the sumptuous supper table; there were beautiful women and lovely gowns galore and the keynote of the affair was warm friendship—attested by the groom's fellow members giving him their roof-tree for the celebration of his life's most important event.

The Charity Ball

Keen interest is being evinced in the Charity Ball, which takes place on Tuesday night at the Palace Hotel. Guests will be assured of a delightful evening and will at the same time be helping a worthy charity, as there is no better cause than the Little Children's Aid, which provides for homeless and neglected children in this city.

The boxes, which will encircle the court have all been taken, so the success of the affair is more than assured. Mrs. Edward J. Tobin is the chairman of the affair and she has associated with her a number of the prominent society women of the city.

The tickets for the ball are \$5 and at the rate at which they are selling, the affair will net a handsome sum for the little ones' care.

The most prominent ladies of our social world are keenly interested in this charity, so the ball will eclipse in éclat all previous ones given

J. M. Donohoe, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, Mrs. R. A. Bray, Mrs. George de Latour, Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Misses Christine Donohoe, Josephine Parrott and Elvira Mejia are working faithfully to perfect the details of the ball.

Mrs. George Boyd and the stunning Miss Jean Boyd will be in town for the winter, at the home of Mrs. William Hinekley Taylor, who with Mr. Taylor, will spend the next few months in the east.

In the Comparative Room of the Museum in the Palace of Fine Arts director Laurvik has just installed a fine example of the art of the great English landscape painter, J. M. W. Turner, entitled "The Ancient City". This beautiful canvas is one of the most luminous and glowing paintings by this great early 19th century innovator, whose work created a veritable revolution in the art of landscape painting. It clearly shows the origin of the modern impressionist school, of which Turner has long since been acknowledged the progenitor. And to emphasize this point director Laurvik has hung this notable canvas near a fine example of Childe Hassam, the great American impressionist, who so ably perpetuates the point of view and technique of Claude Monet. One has but to compare these two canvasses to realize how deeply indebted was the French modern school to the work of Turner and Constable. The latter's frank out-of-door realism is illustrated here in a capital little landscape that reveals his forthright qualities and which has appropriately been hung above the Turner.

With the addition of this new painting by Turner, the Palace of Fine Arts is the fortunate possessor of two examples by this artist, the other being the early self-portrait, the only self-portrait by Turner on exhibition in any museum in this country. Of unusual interest is the fact that neither of these paintings have been publicly exhibited before, either during Turner's lifetime or since the time they were purchased direct from Turner himself, and the people of San Francisco are the first to have an opportunity of seeing them on public exhibition.

"The Ancient City" resembles somewhat one of the paintings in the National Gallery in London entitled "Ancient Rome, Agrippa Landing

(Continued on Page 13)

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California
2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
or
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

The Stage

Mirthful Week at Orpheum

The most prolonged applause I ever heard after a joke occurred at the Orpheum, and occurs nightly, when an octogenarian remarks that in selecting a wife what he desires is not so much love as patience. De me, Mrs. Farrington, wassa woild coming to? This is hideous language for Pure Speech Week. But a boiling over of approbation on a jest of that sort would upset anybody's spelling and pronunciation. When two old codgers can get all the attention while a beautiful woman (Lida Leah) is on the stage, they must have a good and glorious act. It is a Decoration Day theme. We have the old captain, U. S. N., Charleton Maey, a regular Farragut. He is quite satisfactory, even from a seriously dramatic standpoint. Then enters Al Lyddell, with memories of Vicksburg, with a loose mouth, rheumatism and makeup that sets you wondering if about half of it is not due to the natural course of years; he is more than satisfactory. "Old Cronics" is their offering; classy enough for more than one hearing. The dear old scout likes his liquor strong, and his women wild. That would establish his popularity any time. Talking about liquor, there's "Out in California," presented by Leona Stephens and Len D. Hollister. Judging from their act, the prohibition law does not reach the vaudeville stage, for when Len hears the clock strike two, he drily (that is, wetly) remarks, "Four o'clock". Miss Stephens has a novelty song, of deadly parallels, wherein some of this season's hits are compared with the melodies from which they were pirated. The U. S. Jazz Band goes the ordinary sound production one better. Twenty-five formerly enlisted bluejackets, now in white, "all picked musicians," and making as much noise as the law allows. At the finale, one man throws away his score, a drumstick goes up in the air, then a clarinet, a bass viol, and a piano stool; meanwhile the twenty-five musicians are swaying and rollicking over their implements—or instruments—and there is a general shaky, earthquakey feeling in which the piano itself would hardly add to the commotion if it should be tossed into the air with the other music machines. Albert Rappaport, Russian tenor, more robust in physique than in voice, favors with selections that range from "Dear Old Pal of Mine" to "Celesta Aida". Miss Robbie Gordone has a series of poses, some her own, and some from canvasses of the Paris Salon. Artists' models posing in vaudeville usually have more vaudeville than art in their act. The compromise leaves out something much to be desired. Miss Gordone has a graceful figure, though her knees knock a bit. Argotti's Lilliputians do the "strong man" act with more than expected agility for such tiny fellows. Eddie Webber and Marion Ridnor, "youthful prodigies" of the dance, are youthful in years and mature in terpsichorean step; so "prodigy" goes. Saranoff and his Winter Garden Girls repeat their success of last week. The big scream of the program is Jimmy Savo. We recommend to Charlie Chaplin that he attend one of Savo's performances and see what a variety of grotesque attitudes can be had from clothing that is several sizes too large. Savo makes you think that he is two personalities, one big and one little, and the way he shifts from one to the other would frighten you out of your wits, anywhere else than on a vaudeville stage. As a freak, he will rank with the best of them.

—L. J.

Stirring "Pop" Recital

People "let themselves go" last Sunday at the Curran to the extent of expressing their great delight in the concert by vigorous applause, a few tears and even audible exclamations. It was a demonstration for a San Francisco audience, which is traditionally restrained. The world is changing so rapidly in every respect, that before the end of the season, we may look for expression of approval as vehement as those existing among Italian and British audiences. Let us hope so—it would do us good and would give an extraordinary impetus to musical ambition.

When Hertz composed his program, some applause-loving elf must have been at his elbow, else how did he choose Liszt's "Second Rhapsodie Hongroise," Bizet's "Carmen," and Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" for the same occasion? Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" transports the audience into fairyland, and a movement from Tchaikowsky's Fifth Symphony tore at their heartstrings as only the music of a Russian can. Two dainty music portraits of Beethoven and Dvorak were vividly drawn by the orchestra before they finished in slashing line and vivid color, the cry of the Valhalla maidens. I heard many expressions from music lovers for a desire for a repetition of this superb program, in which the symphony players distinguished themselves and insinuated themselves within the popular heart.

—H. M. B.

Tarkington Play at Alcazar

"A Country Cousin" has given the Alcazar opportunity to excel itself; not only that but to present the company in a set of characters with which the regular patron, the every-weeker is unfamiliar. The management, in selecting the Booth Tarkington-Julian Street comedy, has augmented its hold on the theater-going public. We have Belle Bennett as a matronly and self-possessed citizen of Centreville, Ohio. We have Walter P. Richardson as a typical stage Englishman, not by birth but by preference or imitation, and are somewhat astonished (if one can be "somewhat" astonished) at finding he is an American. Edna Shaw dashing about with riding breeches and a whip, is another novelty. Others of the company fit more or less into their roles, as we have learned to know them. However, the attractive feature of this week's performance, outside the uniformly high-class acting, is a certain bigness and airiness, a breadth and metropolitanism of production that makes the spectator feel he is witnessing something of worldwide importance. The plot concerns a young woman (Jean Oliver) who is suddenly yanked by fate and her long-absent father from Ohio to Long Island. She is accompanied by a bank book worth \$400,000, and followed by her aunt (Belle Bennett) and later confronted by her former suitor, Vaughan Morgan who, as might have been expected, makes a genuine Booth Tarkington hit as the ambitious, seventeen-year-old United States Senator to be. The stage settings, in a way, add to the atmosphere of splendor, and this would have been complete, had Booth Tarkington a little familiarity with what our newspapers call the exclusive set. Tarkington must have got his ideas of high society from reading "Mr. Jiggs". Men and women of the smart set do not go about telling one another how much they excel visitors from Ohio. Neither would a woman with a villa on Long Island give her guests to understand that they must help her snub a country cousin,

who is also a guest at the villa. When an author goes so far as to make his wealthy characters make no remark that will not redound to the merit of the poorer or countrified one, he is getting close to third-rate authorship. One does not like to say this of Tarkington. Maybe he lowered his art as a compromise with the public or some representative of the public; or he might have had to concede a point to his collaborator, Julian Street. In these circumstances, Emily Pinter, Mrs. Jules Wieniawski and Edna Shaw did remarkably well with their roles. They would have done far better, had not the playwright insisted that everything they said should be to the moral and intellectual advantage of Belle Bennett, who thus becomes the ribbon that holds together the complete bouquet of the dramatic personae. She is the binding force of the play, the two playwrights having been remarkably kind to her. Richardson was just as successful in a part that was never seen in real life. At least I have never met the type of man who seems to have an impediment of speech and mentality, who turns his back on women and tells them that they were not accustomed to meet his sort—a man who fails to understand colloquial wit, and yet is quite normal, highly educated, highly placed socially, and makes all his remarks to feed the wit of a very virtuous and severe lady. Richardson has a hard time with the impersonation. The two playwrights were extremely unkind with him. Yet he gets away with the difficulty, and makes a splendid foil for Miss Bennett. Despite the frailties of the smart set in "A Country Cousin," the performance as a whole is fascinating, full of animation, and thoroughly enjoyable.

—L. J.

Luiza Tetrzzini Coming

The praise showered upon Luiza Tetrzzini by the London press is welcome in this city, which claims to be the American home town of the Italian diva. When Italy entered the war the songstress said she would not sing in public until victory was theirs. But besides her fortune, which she placed at the disposal of the Italian government, she went about among the hospitals and sang for the soldiers. Raphael Weill relates of her great triumph in Paris at a monster press benefit in honor of the victory of the allies. Our Luiza was in superb voice and the opera house was aflame with enthusiasm over her glorious singing. On this same program, Bernhardt as Victory, in a marvelous sketch, achieved the crowning success of her career. Following are a few quotations from London critics.

Westminster Gazette, Sept. 22nd.—"Enough to record, so far as Tetrzzini is concerned, that she was in excellent voice, on Saturday, and in such things as "Ah! fors e lui" and the "Mad Scene" from Hamlet gave an entirely successful and characteristic display of her powers."

Pall Mall Gazette, Sept. 22nd.—"Her voice has the same crystalline quality, the same monochrome quality."

Daily Graphic, Sept. 22nd.—"Her voice is as wonderful and as naturally and equally used as ever; and London will not readily tire if given the opportunity to hear its limpid nightingale notes frequently."

The Globe, Sept. 22nd.—"That there was no living singer to rival her in coloratura work we all knew well when she was last here five years ago, and her work on Saturday proved that she still holds her position ahead of all rivals. In "Ah! fors e lui" in the "Mad Scene" from Ham-

let and in numerous encores in the same vein, her voice retained all its old ease, agility and crystalline purity."

Sunday Evening Telegraph, Sept. 21st.—"Her voice was as flute-like as ever."

The Referee, Sept. 21st.—"Mme. Tetrzzini appeared in successive seasons at Convent Garden a sufficient number of times to impress herself on the memories of Londoners, and she revived them yesterday by the beauty and brilliancy of her singing."

Mme. Tetrzzini will soon give a concert in San Francisco under the management of Frank N. Healy.

Rudolph Ganz

Writing of Rudolph Ganz, the eminent pianist, who will appear in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, November 14th, at 8:15 sharp, one of the foremost authorities on music and musicians in the United States, writes as follows:

"As Switzerland is a healthy country, so Ganz is a healthy pianist; not only physically, but mentally, and we also add, morally."

"A soldierly-looking man of impassive countenance sat down before the piano and by his superb art enthralled an audience that hushed to absolute silence, bowed heads to listen."

"He was Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, and he brought an inspired message of nobleness and sweetness to his hearer. His touch, at times so heavy that the tones completely flooded the auditorium with sound, was at other times so light that the notes, although clear, could not have been heard had they been softer."

"Mr. Ganz plays much as Galli-Curci sings. He is technically flawless. He creates admiration for the cultured beauty of his work. He is never sensational; he is never carried away by emotion, but he is masterly in the thing he accomplishes. His own individuality; his defiance of all piano traditions; his sincerity of purpose—all find expression in his music."

Syncopated Orchestra and Singers

One touch of "jazz" makes the whole world kin. Now that our boys in khaki and blue have carried with them to Europe their love of characteristic American music, and showmen from abroad have searched our stages in order to carry back the novelties of American entertainment, music lovers from all parts of the world who follow the call of the saxophone have formed the nucleus for a musical league of nations. Southern folk-music—the soft-toned darky chant—is the pathos of the negro race; jazz is the humor. When both are blended with classics of the sheerest beauty in an exhilarating program, all musical prejudices fall aside and new traditions are in preparation for the world's history of music. This is what happens when Will Marion Cook and his American Syncopated Orchestra appear in one of their insidious performances. They begin with orchestra numbers of the most finished technique, switch to old negro melodies, inject the subtle influence of the moaning trombone and drums, throw in a few spontaneous antics—and it is all over—the most highbrow of audiences has by this time acknowledged itself entertained and has capitulated with applause. Each member of this unique group has a specialty of his own to offer, yet each is so accurately responsive to the slightest suggestion of Mr. Cook's baton as to make the symphony numbers a satisfaction to the ears of the critical. Balancing their almost diabolic rhythm with a musicianship that is thoroughly refined, gives a program of indefinable charm and beauty. Whatever talents of comedy or drama these performers may employ to vary their numbers, they are at all times music makers of un-

doubted skill. Will Marion Cook is a composer of note, whose work is popular in America and Europe. He has done for negro music what Paul Lawrence Dunbar has done for the poetry of the race in endearing it to the hearts of the world. The American Syncopated Orchestra will appear here, under the local management of Frank W. Healy, at the Exposition Auditorium, on Monday evening, November 10, at 8:15. Tickets now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase. The event promises to be one of the highest drawing cards of many seasons.

At the Curran

"That which pleases long and pleases many must have merit," is an old adage which applies at the present time to that most amusing farce "She Walked in Her Sleep," which comes to the Curran Theater beginning Sunday, Nov. 2, with Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson.

The play is from the pen of Mark Swan. "She Walked in Her Sleep" is an up-to-the-minute farce and the possibilities of the plot rest upon the sleep walking proclivities of a charming young woman who wandered in a somnambulistic state through the rooms of a hotel, showing an uncanny tendency to enter the rooms of young married couples and perfectly proper bachelors. The situations are screamingly funny and the dramatist, to his credit, has dwelt only upon the most innocent features of a most natural complication. Nothing of the risqué is really needed to make "She Walked in Her Sleep" one of the funniest farces ever presented and nothing but the best of comedy can be used to carry out this particular idea. For that purpose a perfectly balanced company of farceurs has been brought together to interpret the farce and the original production is complete in every detail.

The production is by Broadhurst, the well-known playwright, himself the author of an almost endless list of successful pieces, which include farces, comedies, dramas, also several musical piece. Broadhurst, in addition to his writing of plays, has made up his mind to branch out more largely as a producer than has been his custom. Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson head the cast.

Orpheum

The Orpheum offers for next week one of the best bills in its history. It is composed chiefly of famous headline acts and is also unusual for variety.

Lillian Shaw who will return after a lengthy absence is one of the most celebrated and popular stars of the vaudeville stage and as a vocal dialect comedienne she is unrivaled. Her dialect ballads of the Italian-American have become vaudeville classics and her Hebrew character portrayals are clever and amusing.

Harry Green, the character comedian well known and deservedly popular in this city, will appear in a satirical comedy playlet called "George Washington Cohen" written for him by Aaron Hoffman, the author of Mr. Conhen's previous success "The Cherry Tree."

Ciccolini, the famous grand opera star who was principal tenor of the Royal Grand Opera, Paris, London, Milan, Brussels and Petrograd, will be heard in a delightful programme which will include arias from the grand operas in which he has achieved his triumphs. Ciccolini last season sang opposite roles to Galli-Curci with the Chicago Grand Opera Company and created a furore in the Chicago musical world. Ben and Hazel Mann modestly style themselves "Nonsenical Nonentities." While they cleverly



RUDOLPH GANZ

The eminent Swiss Pianist, appears at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday evening, Nov. 14

and amusingly indulge in nonsense they are far from being nonentities,—indeed they are among the cleverest and most entertaining comedians in vaudeville.

Flo and Olli Walters, two winsome girls who are delightful singers and dancers, will fill up fifteen minutes most entertainingly.

The Pickfords are acrobats, jugglers, illusionists, pantomimists and comedians.

Rosano will perform on the Nabimbaphone, a new instrument which has a peculiar, vibrant quality of tone which can be found in no other sound-producing medium. When played softly it somewhat resembles the mandolin and in the lower register the mando-cello. There is also a pronounced resemblance to the saxophone and bass clarinet. The extreme low notes suggest a combination of the contra bassoon and the tuba.

Al Lydell and Carleton Macy in "Old Cronies" and the U. S. Jazz Band in new selections will be the only holdovers in a bill that is destined to make new history for the Orpheum.

At the Alcazar

Because of the tremendous demand for seats for "The Country Cousin," the play will be continued for another seven days at the Alcazar.

Histrionically and scenically the Alcazar "has done itself proud." The spirit of excellence is evident in the work of each individual member of the company, with the result that the entire presentation eclipses any production during the past season.

"The Country Cousin" is scintillating comedy. Its situations stir laugh after laugh because of the genuine humor which the authors have injected into their sparkling dialogue.

The production is staged with a lavishness that is amazing even for the Alcazar.

Third Hertz Regular Sunday Symphony Concert

The third regular Sunday concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be played under Alfred Hertz' brilliant direction on the afternoon of November 9, in the Curran Theater, the program being precisely the same as that rendered on Friday; popular prices prevailing, however.

Beethoven's ever-fresh and joyous Eighth Symphony will be the important number. Despite the fact that this great work was written during one of the darkest periods of Beethoven's life—when he was completely deaf and harassed by troubles and pronounced ill-health—he infused the symphony with a greater measure of gaiety and good spirits than is found in any other.

Brahm's "Tragic Overture," which has its initial performance in this city on Friday, will be repeated. It is a composition of virility and power, possessed of a strong and passionate note.

Liadow's "Kikimora," also a novelty here, is a lively piece based on a shuddery old Russian folk-tale. Another Liadow number, "The Enchanted Lake," forms a marked contrast, for it is an impressionistic picture in sound of a tran-

quil forest by a lake wherein are presumed to dwell, according to Russian folk-lore, protecting guardians, in the form of nymphs and fairies. This is an exquisite composition, calling for performance by the orchestra in utmost pianissimo.

That tickets for the third "pop" concert, announced for Sunday afternoon, November 16, in the Curran, will be quickly disposed of is certain, judging by the demand for admittance at the previous events of this series. At the second "pop," the entire house was sold out several days before the giving of the concert, and had the Curran twice its capacity, every seat would have been gone.

Conductor Hertz apparently aims to make each "pop" event even more attractive in its appeal that its predecessor, for the coming program is an ideal one. These will be the offerings:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai; Symphony No. 8 ("Unfinished"), Schubert; "Es-pana," Chabrier; Danze Picmontesi, Sinigaglia; (a) Solvejg's Song, Grieg; (b) Meditation from "Thais," Massenet (Violin obligato, Louis Persinger); Valse de Concert, Glazounov.

Tickets for all symphony events are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 10)

With the Ashes of Germanicus, the Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Caesars Restored". And like this very famous and well-known canvas, the painting in the Palace of Fine Arts is one of the vague, indefinite visions of his late period, a most splendid scheme of color: the full moon sails in a sky all flushed with the glory of the setting sun, and the palaces are aglow with pure crimson, the foreground and the gilded galleys are in shadow and a mist hangs over the river where it rushes through the arches. As compared with many paintings by Turner of his later period, which are fast deteriorating from the lavish use of bitumen, this canvas is in exceptionally fine condition and will serve to give our public an excellent idea of the characteristics and qualities that made Turner supremely great as a landscape painter. Three other galleries are now in process of preparation for the installation of special long-time loan collections, which will be opened to the public during the next few months.

There is a bright new spot in old Bohemia. The smartest and prettiest concerto cafe in the city's Quatier Latin. It is the new cafe Colombo on Broadway, just below Stockton street. In fact, it is but ten minutes from Market street by car through the tunnel, a short jaunt and you are lifted right out of the modern American rushing life into the Old World. It is good news to hear that beginning next Thursday night, and to be observed on each following Thursday night, the old-time and festive Mardi Gras carnival night will be the rule at Cafe Colombo. On each Thursday night at Cafe Colombo a special seven-course dinner Italian will be served, under the direction of Chef Ferrero, at \$1.25 a cover. It is the best dinner at this price anywhere in America. The carnival features include guest dancing, with Kelli's Jazz-nine Band and a wonderful concert of operatic voices. The fun and merriment will begin at 7 o'clock and last until 1 o'clock in the morning. Guests will be supplied the Mardi Gras caps and serpentine, while everybody will participate in the ballad des allies and the community sing. Be sure and make your reservations for table space at an early moment. And just a word about the Jazzaraine Band. Paul Kelli, the accordionist, the boy who made Caesar's famous; Ernest Coccari, saxophone; Luis de Risi, pian-

ist; Romeo Suppanish, violist, comprise the band. The Cafe Colombo is directed by S. Firpo and associates with great success.

The noblest service comes from nameless hands, and the best servant does his work unseen.—O. W. Holmes.

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

Third Sunday Symphony Concert
CURRAN THEATER
Sunday Aft., Nov. 9, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Brahms....."Tragic Overture"
(a) Liadow....."The Enchanted Lake"
(b) Liadow....."Kikimora"
Beethoven.....Symphony No. 8

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1 (No War Tax)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only.

NEXT—Sunday, Nov. 16—Third "POP" Concert

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

Last Time Saturday Night—Fanchon & Marco Revue

STARTING SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 9

George Broadhurst Presents

Mark Swan's Great Laugh Play

"SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"

With

MISS NORTON—PAUL NICHOLSON

Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.

ALCAZAR

Success! Success!

Second Big Week Starts Next Sunday Matinee

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Headed by

Walter P. Richardson—Belle Bennett

in

"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"

By

Booth Tarkington and Julian Street

Brilliantly Satirical!

Sparklingly Witty!

Irresistibly Humorous!

NEXT PLAY—First Production of a Big Human Drama

"A DOLLAR DOWN"

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

A NEW BILL OF HEADLINES

LILLIAN SHAW, America's Premier Vocal Dialect Comedienne; HARRY GREEN in "George Washington Cohen"; CICCULINI, Famous Grand Opera Star; BEN and HAZEL MANN in "Nonsensical Nonentities"; FLO and OLLIE WALTERS, "Two Sunbeams"; THE PICKFORDS, Comedy Manipulators; ROSANO and His Nabimbaphone; LYDELL and MACY in "Old Cronies"; U. S. JAZZ BAND, Ensign Alfred J. Moore, Conductor, New Selections.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

RUDOLPH GANZ

The Eminent Swiss Pianist

Scottish Rite Auditorium

Friday Evening, Nov. 14, at 8:15

WONDERFUL PROGRAM:

Liszt: Bach Variations; Schubert: Three Impromptus; Schumann: Sonata, F sharp Minor; Debussy: Six Preludes; Liszt: Two Legends.

Tickets on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase

Usual Prices

War Tax 10 Per Cent Extra

Steinway Piano—Duo-Art Records

Local Management FRANK W. HEALY

AMERICAN SYNCOATED ORCHESTRA and SINGERS

Frank W. Healy, Local Manager

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

Monday, November 10, at 8:15

50c to \$2.00, war tax 10 per cent extra

Tickets on sale Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase

GREEK THEATER, BERKELEY

Tuesday (Armistice Day), Nov. 11

at 8:15

(Steinway Piano)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Trading in stocks continues on a large scale—and while one group of stocks is being advanced, other groups are allowed to react only to come forward again with now and then new high records made.

The speculative public are willing and ready to follow an advance that pool interests bring about and price or class of stocks seems to make little difference to them, just as long as the issue is active. Now and then, local professionals try to bring about a reaction by offering large blocks of stocks, but as yet they have not succeeded in bringing about any material decline and what reaction takes place is quickly recovered—just as soon as the professional selling has exhausted itself. That this is a stock market that cannot be stampeded, no matter what the developments in the industrial world may be, has been proven beyond a doubt.

There were times last week when a pronounced break in prices might have been justified by all the rules of the game and yet the tone was steady.

Profit taking was on a scale never before known in the history of trading, but the eagerness of those who wanted to buy was not diminished in the least. Stocks were picked up just as fast as they were being offered. At no time since the present upward movement began were the bears more confident of making a big turn, but it was only on one day of the week that they succeeded in lowering the level in comparison with that of the previous day. This was on the day that the heads of the soft coal miners union gave it out that nothing could be done to prevent the 500,000 men of the organization from going out on a strike. Meantime, the government has been disposing troops, so that all points of danger might be covered and safety insured. There has been threats that anthracite miners would go out and the railway brotherhoods showed some signs of uneasiness and unrest. Their spokesman said their men must have the increases in wages demanded before the railroads were returned to their owners.

Wall Street seems to have gotten over the fright and strikes do not cause the uneasiness in speculative circles that they did heretofore. The steel strike proved to be a fizzle, as likewise the dockmen's strike in New York—and the feeling seems to prevail that the miners' strike will be short lived, as no strike can succeed with the government strongly opposed to it and using all means within their power to putting an end to it. It will only be a question of days now when the more conservative union men will advocate arbitration of some kind that will bring about a settlement, as it is useless to buck the government and it can only end in ultimate defeat for the men.

Trade conditions, as shown by the leading mercantile agencies, is booming in all lines and only checked here and there in sections of the country where the steel strike had its influence.

The demand for all kinds of manufactured articles is such that mills cannot produce goods fast enough and premiums are being paid for quick delivery.

With the signing of the peace treaty in the near future it will open up the markets of the world for everything we can produce; and, with long-time credits arranged so the foreigner can take hold, it will mean a period of prosperity for this country that will extend well into the next year. This sentiment seems to prevail in speculative channels, and it is the feeling of optimism that brings about the quick rallies whenever the market is temporarily depressed.

We feel the market will do much better and believing, as we do, that the labor troubles are only momentarily, we would advise buying stocks on all recessions.

Cotton—There was a good demand for cotton futures throughout the week with prices above all previous records made since the Civil War. The principal factor was the small crop prospect combined with the floating of the large British loan, which brought about a more optimistic feeling and lead to considerable buying of all the future months.

Traders now believe that the ratification of the peace treaty will mean additional credits to Europe, especially Central Europe, and that this will line up foreign buyers in competition with domestic spinners for supplies. That this probability has also occurred to the trade was evidenced by the strong volume of trade buying which entered the market; and, as heavy buying by the trade means that the contracts are taken out of the market, this influenced many of the sellers early in the week to enter the market again on the buying side and also induced many shorts to cover.

The South sold a little cotton above thirty-five cents, but their selling was limited and the demand was so urgent that prices went up quickly—as soon as selling has exhausted itself.

Weather reports again favored buyers, as the improvement which had been noted early in the week failed to hold and the belt was again generally wet at the close of the week. In addition to this, export clearances should soon be considerably heavier because of the recent heavy spot sales along the coast. There was no concentrated buying by any one interest, the demand coming principally from trade interests, which would indicate that the speculative public are beginning to see the probability of enhanced values in the near future due to a strong statistical position, as well as the prospective demand from abroad which will be large enough to take all cotton we can offer—now that credits to Europe are about to be established.

The position of cotton is extremely bullish, and we look for very much higher prices and would prefer the May option that is now selling ten cents per pound below spot cotton.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets
June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, FEELIS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

THE BATTLE OF THE ALPHABET

(Continued from Page 4)

ous amounts of knowledge. Observe two carpenters toiling side by side. One of them reads H. G. Wells and the Russian realists. The other is regaled with Snorty Stories. There is no intellectual companionship. If neither of them could read at all, they would be alike in thought and respect each other highly. As it is, they have little in common beside the conspicuous ignorance of the boss. Now, the boss carpenter, in his youth, may have spent so much time learning how to boss that he failed to read anything. The underlings despise him. They frustrate many of his good intentions. This topsy turvy condition of authority and thought is noticeable throughout the world.

There is always a personal side to labor strikes and other controversies; yet human-kind is but the fuel of greater forces and vaster elements. A never-ending war blazes between fantasy and fact. The contemplating villager sees before him a gorgeous army of occupation; the other he carries in his head, a flamboyant army of thoughts. The war between internal and external factions may be too much for the individual. He falters between what he beholds and what he meditates. A genius may go mad with too much learning; the populace becomes excited with less. A prosperous man of today is plied by a world of inventions that the centuries have established around him. He lives in a wircd structure that flashes with the messages of the hemispheres. Instead of directing his attention to the immediate environment, he draws a livelihood from facts in New York, London, Tokio. Eventually, he becomes distracted with riches and distances; his thoughts burst with a superabundance of destinations. Nervous breakdown is the reward of every man tempted into the glittering chaos.

To ease the mental operations of posterity a tedious alphabet is erased from the blackboard of the new schoolboy. Later in life, he is armed with a magic sword to slay the spelling monster and other abstruse chimeras in his path. If he be not up to standard, he is advised to take a business course in psychology.

Antiquity will always live side by side with the present. And the two will be involved. There will always be dreamers, and great ones, passing across the stage, or silent in the wings; but there will not always be great worldly audiences. The inspired actor may play to empty seats, the concourse of citizens being absent on their own affairs, the realistic spectacles of their own age. It seems plausible that the mind of the multitude could endure both. Yet if the contemplation of an airship so humiliate men that they disdain the spelling of words with which to write down their admiration, then it appears that a world of people has its limitations, and that fact is too big for them. It will not accommodate the fancies of bygone men who had less fact to fascinate them.

ST. MAURICE, FOUNDER OF RED CROSS

(Continued from Page 5)

the advice of their leaders, one of whom was St. Maurice, as follows:

"We are your soldiers, but are true servants of God. We owe you a military service and obedience; but we cannot renounce Him who is our Creator and Master and also yours, even though you reject Him. We cannot dip our hands into the blood of innocent persons. We have taken an oath to God before we took one to you; you can place no confidence in our second oath should we violate the first. You command us to punish the Christians: behold!

we are all such. We confess God the father, author of all things, and his Son, Jesus Christ. We have seen our companions slain without lamenting them and we rejoice at their honor. We have adequate arms in our hands but we had rather die than live by any sin!"

My attention was called to this summary of the martyrdom of St. Maurice and his companions by Mother Germaine, Superior of the order of St. Joseph (the order of which a late sister of Alice Nielsen was a member): "Real valor differs infinitely from that of fury, rashness and inconsiderate contempt of dangers which the basest passions often inspire. It is founded in motives of duty and virtue; it does brave and great things—nor this for hope of reward, the desire of honor nor the fear of punishment. So infinitely more precious is the least part of integrity than all the possessions of this world that the righteous man is ready to venture upon all its perils and behaves amidst them without terror."

When I see the Red Cross flaming everywhere about us, always I shall think of St. Maurice who sacrificed his own life amid torments that he might be faithful to his ideals and be just and merciful to others. Today, that Red Cross inspires to deeds of service to those who fight for justice. Maurice pointed the way to succeeding generations to that First Great Cross upon Calvary nearly three hundred years earlier. And who shall say that he was not the inspiration of the convention, fifteen hundred and seventy-six years afterwards in Geneva on the western shore of Lake Geneva, nine miles from whose eastern shore he perished for the Red Cross?

Letters

Camp Fire Girls in War and Peace

This distinctly superior Camp Fire Girls' story, while complete in itself, deals with characters already met and enjoyed in "Girls of the Morning-Glory Camp Fire" and "Camp Fire Girls and Mt. Greylock." From the thrilling opening scenes in a military training camp, where the brother of one of the girls vanquishes a fiery temper, inspiring her to do the same, to the last chapter, where this hero returns from overseas, happily terminating a Torch Bearer's romance, the story is lively and full of up-to-date interest. Woven into this girls' story is both a delicate thread of romance and an exciting spy plot. An insight is also given into the preparatory processes of modern warfare, the most taking feature of which is the landing of a war airplane near the girls' Council Fire. Stimulated by the resulting story of adventures in cloudland, the members of the patriotic group redouble their energy in war work that they may not, like the grounded aviator, "come through the game with no wings at all." Their "wings" are proved to be of the finest fabric of loyalty, equally competent in War or Peace.—By Isabel Hornibrook. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, publishers.

The Book of Hallowe'en

The "Book of Hallowe'en" completes the list of books on holidays, and is the only one entirely devoted to Hallowe'en, the most romantic and the most frolicsome of all the year's celebrations. The author, an active librarian, has carefully planned her work and done it thoroughly. Starting with a brief account of sun-worship, it tells of the rites of the Druids on their autumn festival, now Hallowe'en. Down the centuries to the "holidays" of All Saints' and All Souls', it reaches the survival of mingled superstitions in our own land.

The work is freely supplied with quotations

from the classics and from modern authors. The very full index to these quotations will be invaluable to those looking up material for reading or presentation. Other excellent features are a list of recreational readings, one of magazine references to Hallowe'en entertainments, arranged under such headings as "Church Parties," "School Parties," etc. Four distinct elements of Hallowe'en are indicated in four selected poems at the end. Few books so simply and connectedly present such a wealth of research.—By Ruth E. Kelley. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers.

"You know," said the man who stores his mind with quaint and curious facts, "that the savages have a way of getting fire by rubbing two sticks together?" "What a very tiresome method!" "Yes. And yet it must be a heap quicker and handier than fooling with a box of safety matches on a damp day."

POULSEN WIRELESS CORPORATION VOTING TRUST CERTIFICATE HOLDERS

All holders of voting trust certificates in the POULSEN WIRELESS CORPORATION are herewith notified that the voting trust under which such certificates were issued has been dissolved and that the certificates now outstanding are entirely worthless for the purpose of participating in any stockholder's meeting of the POULSEN WIRELESS CORPORATION. The holders of such certificates are entitled to have the same exchanged, share for share, for stock in the POULSEN WIRELESS CORPORATION, and the Company takes this means of urging that such exchange be made for all outstanding certificates in order that the rights of the holders thereof be preserved. The voting trust certificates should be forwarded by registered mail to the office of the POULSEN WIRELESS CORPORATION, 812 HOBART BUILDING, San Francisco, where the same will be exchanged for stock and the stock certificates promptly forwarded to the owners. Shareholders forwarding stock should notify us without fail of return address.

AUGUSTUS TAYLOR, Secretary.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Office Phone: Sutter 3218
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



Gas Insures Winter Comfort

Prepare now to meet the situation before a possible lack of fuel means a cold home and discomfort. The satisfaction of knowing your home is provided with heating equipment for any emergency is well worth your most serious consideration.

A full line of gas heating equipment awaits your inspection—

Gas Service Assures Heat When It's Cold

—the popular *Radiantfire*—the *Rector*—*Steam Heating Systems*—*Furnaces*—
—all installed and recommended by this Company.

Don't Delay—call our engineers now—their advice, based on many years of experience, is yours for the asking.

Telephone Heating Department—Sutter 140

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1431

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 15, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Provoking to Crime
Society, Finance, Stage
Events of the Horse Show
Willis Polk's Poetic License
Yone Noguchi, Poet of Japan
Mrs. Selby Hayne's Triumph
Needle-Work Guild of America
Jewish Women's Red Cross Work
The American Legion and Dr. Blue
Along the Road With Father Time
Pandemonium of the Election Count
Supervisor Power Won't Scold Uncle Sam

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, November 15, 1919

No. 1431

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Red Cross Nurses Lose Their Jobs

When Surgeon-General Rupert Blue stigmatized sixteen Red Cross nurses at Palo Alto as "undesirables," he used a word that will cause a lot of comment and not a little bitterness. The term has ugly associations, and persons who read hastily might gather erroneous notions as to what happened at the United States Public Health Service Hospital. The undesirability and subsequent dismissal was brought about by a petition, last September, when the girls dared to criticize the hospital management. It seems that they were thus guilty of insubordination, and this word might more gallantly have been ascribed toward their conduct, even though the present time is not a propitious one for the strictest sort of military discipline. Insubordination in time of war is a heinous offense; in peace, the public will not readily see the enormity of it. Some of these nurses have served on the war fronts in France, and considerable sentiment will attach to them on that account. A post of the American Legion has armed itself with paper and pencil to investigate. If the nurses have committed a serious breach of hospital ethics, they will have to make the best of it, although they still have a right to explain that they are not otherwise undesirable. They merely broke the rule of criticizing a superior in authority. The people at large have not always the opportunity of knowing what their heroes and heroines endure in the way of discipline. In fact, observance of discipline is itself a kind of heroism. One must be in body and mind prepared to take orders from those who are established by still higher authority. Any question that arises in the mind of the subordinate must remain right where it arose, and not issue from the lips, nor least of all take expression in written form. The nurses committed this error. They complained that in the performance of their duties, they lacked administrative support; that the head nurses were over-

bearing and that on one occasion she had called the heroines a "bunch of hoodlums". We do not know whether these charges were investigated or the mere receipt of them at headquarters was considered sufficient to cause the complainants' discharge from duty. They were part of a system, and all large organizations conduce to certain psychological evils. This is inevitable when one person has authority over another. If this evil consist of nothing more than a little vanity, it still suffices, now and then, to cause a great disturbance. The subordinated one instinctively knows that he is being treated as an inferior. The higher-up instinctively acquires a sense of importance and a superior air. There is constant aggression on one side, and resentment on the other. Egotism is the usual reward of those who possess the arbitrary word over their fellow men. Fortunately, this is not universal.

* * *

The American Legion and Dr. Rupert Blue

It is a psychology of this sort that would materially come up for argument, if the American Legion should take up the fight in behalf of nurses whom Dr. Blue considered no longer desirable at the Palo Alto Service Hospital. It has been publicly said that some of the overseas men did not return in the most delightful mood for comment about disciplinary methods. The sturdy lad from the mountains, where he was as good as anybody, or better than many, is hardly fitted by temperament to take the snappy words of a second lieutenant, whom he may not personally admire. In time, the mountaineer learns that the second lieutenant is acting in good faith, for the good of all. There are exceptions. It may be hard to convince the American Legion that the casting out of sixteen Red Cross nurses was necessary for the good of the hospital. Of course, convincing the legion is not part of Dr. Blue's duty. His idea is to maintain discipline. There are times when discipline itself is inefficient. This is a point which democratic spirits never ignore. One incompetent person at or near the head of an institution can foster a large coterie of inefficients beneath him. He will have favorites, incompetents, mismanagement and insubordination. All these may go on for a long time without public knowledge. It is useless to demand perfect conduct in a large organization, for the human material is not to be had. Frailty and imperfection will obtain to a greater extent among greater numbers. The best possible safeguard is to have as chief executive of the institution an official as near perfection as sincerity can select, and

his virtues will be extended all down the line. It frequently happens that the head of an institution is unknown to the public until a disgruntled subordinate describes him in print. Then the public's curiosity is aroused. Since these nurses protested and were ousted, and then protested against their ousting, no doubt there is an interesting story somewhere in the controversy. In a matter of this nature, the popular idea is to demand abstract justice, regardless of rules and regulations—sometimes regardless even of reputations. Yet there is, too, a disposition not to take too seriously the statement of a dismissed servant. In this case, the dismissed ones are entitled to some credence on the mere account that there are sixteen of them. And, since their charges were preferred before they were let out, the Fremont Post of the American Legion may find itself well supplied with evidence for a long debate in its first attempt to deal with a semi-official subject matter.

* * *

By Their Clothes Ye Shall Not Know Them

A Seattle clergyman has remarked that "in public, these days, you can hardly tell the difference between a street woman and a church woman". This was impolite, even though referring only to raiment. Perhaps this cleric, the Rev. J. R. Crowther, has not directed much of his attention toward the fine distinctions which he ought to know has always been necessary when judging women by their clothes. There was once a little quip in England that duchesses of high and low life were hard to tell apart. Maybe another clergyman was the first to make the statement. There are men who claim that could never make a mistake in that regard. They say that one glance is sufficient, and that no amount of paint, powder and gorgeousness could cause them to hesitate for a moment in deciding which is which. It is not improbable that with most men the classification is intuitive and instantaneous. This is all the more remarkable when one considers how few have made practical use of their intuitions. They admire the women of the passing show, without attempting an overt act in extension of their private deductions. The masher is a rare bird; much rarer than the mashess. It is the prevalence of the latter that has given men their experience in reading that kind of physiognomy. One can hardly see why the clergyman should be peeved because the difference is not obvious to him. The Reverend Crowther's statement was made at the National Training Conference of the Interchurch World Movement of North America. This is quite a complex organization, if one may

judge from its name, and extremely serious persons take part in it. They convened at Atlantic City, which never went dry. Unfortunately, the more serious a man is the more is he out of whack with the spirit of his age, especially the present one. Its glitter and trivialities vex him, and he is apt to take its playfulness for sin. This clergyman also says: "the indecent dress of some women of our churches makes it tremendously hard for a young man to keep his thoughts clean and pure." This would be an unfeeling hit at any congregation. If a young man cannot attend church services without having his mind tremendously diverted by stylishly dressed women, then it must be said that he is in a precarious condition.

★ ★ ★

What Is a Clean Mind?

If, as this clergyman intimates, a young man cannot sit with spiritual comfort in a church, when a woman with a beautifully exposed neck sits near him, he should absent himself from all female society for a few years, until he be of such age that he can marry or otherwise be enabled to stand the strain. If this be impracticable, he should go more frequently where women congregate in all the styles, until he become inured to their charms, and need not cry to his pastor for help. A clean and pure mind is not necessarily one that does not admire women in all their finery. It is possible to admire a beautiful woman without exposing oneself to the machinations of the devil. However, it is tremendously hard to understand what is meant by the term "a clean mind". What is the standard of mental cleanliness? The normal mind should not be regarded as impure or unclean, nor could a normal woman be accused of causing it uncleanliness. Thought is thought, and no idea is more unbrainly than another. The man who has anything to tell the world, or to whom the world has anything to tell, must meditate upon all subjects that come before him. It is all part of creation, and in the contemplation of a sincere mind, or even an unsincere one, there are no different degrees of cleanliness of thought.

Presumably all normal brains are alike, just as all normal hands have five fingers. So it would be silly to say that a man's mind is not clean unless it be subnormal. What we all desire is a good, effective, self-reliant mind that will tell the truth and shame the devil without shaming a woman's little vanities. If what is pleasant and clean to the eye be unclean to the thought, then the possessor of such thought is in a bad way. He is too frail for the world, and something ought to be done for him or with him, in order that the world suffer no embarrassment from his frailties.

★ ★ ★

Will Senator Johnson Take Second Place

A political reporter on one of the dailies has been told that there might be some movement of the Republicans to offer Senator Johnson the smaller chair, the less ornately carved, and guaranteed to hold a tall or short, fat or slim vice-president. Says this reporter: "I happen to know Hiram well enough to say that he will never accept again the second place on the ticket. He is out for the presidency or nothing." The same thing was once said of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt himself was one of the most violent protestors that he would never play second to McKinley. Then Tom Platt, the "easy boss," worked so hard on Roosevelt's nerves that the colonel gave in. Hiram Johnson may be more steadfast than Roosevelt; may possess a fortitude that no boss could overcome with soft persuasion, political threats or patriotic argument. As Hiram once ran for the vice-presidency, he could have no valid reason for not doing so again—except that he has since that time become a senator, and it would now be beneath his dignity to take anything less than the supreme gift of the people. On the other hand, since his league of nations amendment was wrecked by the senate, he may be a changed man and would accept a less exalted place.

★ ★ ★

Prohibition Meets a Few Reverses

Governor-elect Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey construes his election as a protest

against prohibition. He hears in the ballot the voice of a thirsty and disappointed people. At this writing it looks as if the state of Ohio had pulled the cornerstone from under the thirty-six ratifications of the federal amendment. If Ohio, on official count, should prove dry by a handful of votes, another state's referendum is likely to prove more efficient. The constitutionality of the federal law has recently been more severely questioned, and the opinion in some quarters is that the first defendant to attack the prime legality of the law will demolish it, especially as President Wilson had sufficient doubts to cast his veto against the law in its present uncertain form.

★ ★ ★

Twelve-Cent Bread

Hundreds of Berkeley housewives have pledged themselves to resist the two-cent raise on a loaf of bread. They threaten to make the college town famous for its raised biscuits and crest-fallen bakeries. The supervisors on this side of the bay, led by General Mulvihill, are bringing up reinforcements for the two-cent war; the federal authorities have offered troops of investigators; the grocers of Berkeley have proclaimed their allegiance to the ten-cent loaf, yet swear they are in the grasp of destiny and must add the two pennies whether they wish it or not; the bakers declare that they are helpless victims of the delivery men; and the latter aver that they hate to have their wages go up, preferring that the high cost of living would come down. This is a merry-go-round of responsible and irresponsible parties. From the first moment that the machinery of high prices started, every one on board said, "He did it." It appears that one of them can't stop unless they all stop; when one goes round, they all go. Now then, altogether—all jump off the whirligig, and come down to earth. At least we may be able to discover who has been winding up the machine while the others weren't looking.

The Poet

By Yoné Noguchi

Out of the deep and the dark,
A sparkling mystery, a shape,
Something perfect,
Comes like the stir of the day;
One whose breath is an odour,
Whose eyes show the road to stars;
The breeze on his face,
The glory of Heaven on his back.
He steps like a vision hung in air
Diffusing the passion of eternity;
His abode is the sunlight of morn,
The music of eve his speech;
In his sight
One shall turn from the dust of the grave
And move upward to the woodland.

Along the Road With Father Time

By Lionel Josaphare

Slowly, painfully opening his eyes, and with still more pain parting his lips, Tom Bagley groaned, "Louise!" He was alone. His eyelids lifted again, and he saw something large, bright, blue. It was the sky. Bagley was lying at a roadside, having fallen from a rocky embankment while climbing toward the path above. Dragging himself to a better position, he looked for the camera, whose safety was uppermost in his mind. Fragments of it lay here and there. "Nasty fall. I wonder how long I've been here," he said, half aloud. He fumbled for his watch. It was gone. His money was gone. This delinquency made him all the more excited as he searched for his cigarette case, embellished with the miniature of his beloved. It too was gone. "Well," he said, moodily, and with a grotesque intoxication of sorrow, "The angels took Louise; but no angel took that cigarette case, with her picture."

Bagley was a moving-picture photographer, and looked the part; that is, he looked it prior to his tumble. Should anyone ask what might be the essentials of resemblance to Bagley's profession, the answer is that an experienced reel-grinder looks like nobody else on earth. But now, propped against a tree and a rock, he looked like anybody rather than what he was. He picked little stones from his hands, and tested himself for broken bones.

Presently, out of the sunset and lane of eucalyptus trees, came an old-fashioned rig, or gig, pulled by an antiquated nag. In this flimsy vehicle, and seemingly much too large for it, was an old, long-limbed, white-bearded codger, not unlike your caricatures of Father Time.

"Dusty road," laughed the old wayfarer in loud, clear tones—too cheery for the occasion, Bagley thought. "Hardly saw you. What's up?" "I fell—fell down."

"The law of gravity is a public nuisance, I declare. What do you intend to do about it?"

Bagley snapped his words: "Say, this world and you are kidding me, and making me delirious. I can't get along anywhere. A year ago I had a million dollars and the most beautiful wife in the world. Now here I am, and there's nothing left of me but a few bumps and bruises. What's the answer?"

"The answer would only make you feel worse, my boy. Why shouldn't you be bumped and bruised. That's another question? You didn't stay where you belonged, or you'd be all right at this moment."

"I'll say you're a keen observer. Tell me now, can you get me to a surgeon or a tailor or somebody who can put a few stitches in me? A washtub would even be of some use." He gathered a few pieces of his camera, and bound them with a strap.

"Jump in," said the other. "I'm a physician and a farmer and a postage stamp collector. I heal all wounds, they say. Let me see—" as he helped the victim of circumstances over the wheels. "Scratched; bruised; and maybe a concussion of the stomach."

"Making a joke of me, eh? Well, I guess I can stand it. Do I look like a joke or anything?"

"Not extraordinarily so. The ozone out here is delightful. You'll be as good as new in a week or more; if not, there will still be many good men left. All right, Babylon; geedap!" This to the nag.

Babylon jogged along the eucalyptus road. The antique driver, with his knees high and his

whip held higher, sat at one side of the gig, which evidently he had weighted down, for years. It was an ancient, mud-splashed, rickety two-wheeler, and rolled along smoothly enough, despite its looseness.

Bagley eyed the details of the outfit ruefully, as the patriarch now and then flicked Babylon with a light lash.

"I see you still use a scythe," Bagley remarked, intending to forget his misfortunes. "My dad's a farmer, but he keeps up all the latest fashions in plows, cultivators, mowers, and all that."

"Huh! I never have use for such."

"They save a lot of time."

"Now, do they? Don't be too sure about that. Your fine fellow may work like all tarnation for half a century, and then go out of the world—piff—poof! Where's the time he saved? Where's all the time that was ever saved by your labor-saving machinery? Far as I can see, men are busier than ever."

"That's the trouble with me. I am always in a hurry."

"Take your time. I'm giving you professional advice. Enjoying time is the best way to save it. Some kind of saving is wasting."

"Yes; I remember Louise used to say something like that. She wouldn't have let me take that short-cut up those rocks. There's an expensive camera gone, and the whole afternoon lost. Worse than that—do you know I was robbed besides. I had a silver cigarette case with the portrait of an angel that was once my wife. I wouldn't have lost it for all the world and the best half of hell."

"Stranger, I consider your point of view perfectly justifiable, though it be inadequately related to anything possible. Your case reminds me of an amusing little calamity in Egypt a while back."

"My dear sir, I care nothing about Egypt."

"Some charming landscapes there, son, and picturesque thoroughfares."

"But they are full of Egyptians."

"Oh, yes."

"What have Egypt and Egyptians to do with my cigarette case? I told my wife on her deathbed that I would keep it forever. It was the only thing left of all our fortunes. I told her that I would die with it and bring its last kiss to Heaven for her."

"Hm! You are an emotional soul."

"Ah, my friend, if time could turn back! What a sweet world this would be."

"Well, now here, young man, if you want that picture as badly as all that, let's drive back and look for it," said the old-timer, reining up.

"O, what's the use?" said Bagley. The scoundrel who took it is far away by this time. If I could see the slightest chance of recovering the picture, I would go back and live there."

"Sometimes they return to the scene of crime," said the other. He circled and backed the horse, and in another moment was retracing his tracks on the dust-clouded road.

"I know you are putting yourself to a lot of trouble," said Bagley.

"No trouble at all when one knows how. I do this once in a great while, at special request."

Bagley pondered. "If we could be free from the torture of the past or the helplessness of the present—say, what in the world have you down there? An hour-glass?"

"Hour-glass, to be sure."

"Maybe you are—"

The resplendent, wizardlike head turned squarely on him. Tom Bagley took one look at the deep-set blue eyes, and fainted. He came to, calling for Louise, while the old fellow was patting him on the back and chuckling cordially.

"Still dizzy from that fall," said Bagley. "Then that scythe and hour-glass of yours got into my head, and for a moment, do you know, thought you were Father Time himself. I haven't slept much lately, thinking of Louise, talking to her in the dark, calling her name about the house."

"Well, eventually you might come across her in some quiet little byway of infinite distances. Get along Babylon."

"Your optimism is even greater than your kindness," said Bagley, with a touch of the theatrical in his manner.

"Are you an actor?" queried the antiquarian.

"Ever hear of Tom Bagley?"

"Can't say so."

"That's myself. Guess you don't read the motion picture magazines. I once pulled off a picture stunt that was talked about and printed all over the country."

"You're a famous man, then."

"I was once—then. I produced a freak picture that made every man in the business familiar with the name of Tom Bagley."

"I like a good story."

"Here's what it was. Louise was playing in 'The Lightning Express.' She was to be tied to a railroad track, and the train was to stop within an inch of her body. When it came to that scene, she refused. Wouldn't let a cow-catcher come near her. Well, what to do? We had used two thousand feet of film, and somebody suggested that we construct a dummy for the track scene; others said we could hire a human substitute, who would be glad to take the risk for fifty dollars. But that didn't satisfy me. I wanted the public to see the horror-struck features when the locomotive was almost upon her. Louise was a wonder at that. A substitute would have to turn away her face or be seen at a distance, when the train was moving. Then I thought it out. We had all heard of the reversed film. You know where the screen shows men jumping up the side of a house into a window, when they have been photographed jumping out of the window to

(Continued on Page 15)

"Caltex" ---newest perfected Bifocals

"Caltex" One-piece Invisible Bifocals, combining reading and distance glasses in one pair, meet every requirement for a perfect bifocal. They are scientifically correct and mechanically true—manufactured under the most exacting conditions, making it possible for many to wear double vision glasses who heretofore could not wear the old-style bifocals.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St. San Francisco
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

Yone Noguchi, Poet of Japan

By Helen M. Bonnet

Yoné Noguchi, the Japanese dreamer of dreams, the painter of beautiful thoughts, the artist who perceives beauty in the humblest works of nature, the idealist who finds peace in the communion of souls, is visiting San Francisco. He is the exponent of the lofty philosophy of Japanese thought and an acquaintance with the force which he brings from another land cannot help but turn our thoughts into new channels, which if they lead not to new places, take us along strange paths of beauty and solace.

Mr. Noguchi, when I met him last week at the St. Francis, had just returned from a luncheon given in his honor by Richard M. Tobin, who is, of all our literateurs, en rapport to the greatest degree with the writers of poetry in distant lands.

Mr. Noguchi said, "San Francisco is home to me. I lived here twenty years ago and know the place well." He had been out walking in familiar vicinities and while at first the buildings seemed strange and different, he found the spirit of localities easily revived in his memory. His home during his residence here had for three years been with Joaquin Miller in Piedmont, to which on Sunday Mr. Noguchi had made a pilgrimage. His emotions had overwhelmed him, he said, and he had cried. "There were so many memories of Joaquin about the place and of our happiness there," he said. "I saw the trees which we had planted, now grown into a forest. Everything there spoke to me of him. I was very young, the world was all so new to me twenty years ago, and the charm of his personality made a profound impression upon me." To my question as to whether Mr. Miller had been his mentor in the study of English literature, Mr. Noguchi said that they had not talked about literature; that Joaquin Miller had never made any suggestions to him about writing, but that they had lived in harmony together, over on the heights, in the sunlight and under the moon. Very, very often, there was beautiful silence between them, but always a soul-satisfying spiritual communion. I said: "Mr. Miller's wife and daughter, whom you saw yesterday, are not literary are they?" "I do not know," he replied. "They were lovely to me and as they live there where Joaquin lived, in the place he loved so well, they must be in sympathy with his ideals." Mr. Noguchi, upon returning from the Heights, wrote a poem expressive of his emotions and which will be published in one of the dailies.

I asked him if he remembered writing about a performance of "The Geisha," at the Tivoli, about nineteen years ago. He did, but couldn't recall what he had written. So I told him, as I had only a few months ago quoted his words, when I interviewed Mme. Tamaki Miura, the Japanese prima donna. The poet, when he heard the American at the Tivoli sing in "The Geisha," likened her voice to "the music of spring rain, the whispering of mountain winds, the fine, clear, high voices of birds," and visualized the passing of ten centuries before Japanese vocalists could emulate it. He had exclaimed at the time: "O, my countrymen, come to America and fight a thousand years to free the captive song-angel from Japanese throat prisons!" In writing of Mme. Miura's vocal triumph in 1914 at Albert Hall, London, I told Mr. Noguchi that I had said that his adorable compatriot had realized his dream in fourteen years and that I knew he would have been amazed and delighted if he happened to be among the London throng

who welcomed the Japanese nightingale into the charmed circle of occidental grand opera singers.

Of the Japanese poet's work, I wanted to record the opinion of an American poet who has impressed his genius upon American literature; so of course I immediately thought of California's George Sterling. Mr. Sterling sounded very sleepy over the telephone when he was aroused from his slumbers at the Bohemian Club about 11 a. m. (but no wonder, for it was the morning after Uda Waldrop's wedding at the club). However, Mr. Sterling has a never slumbering instinct for poetry or its creators, so he amiably responded to my request by saying: "It is very hard for me to give tangible expression to what I think of Noguchi. He is absolutely subjective and makes the rest of us feel coarse and objective. He weaves his visions from the finest textures, but which have an everlasting durability." Mr. Sterling agreed with me that the impression which some eastern people had given Mr. Noguchi that lectures or readings by a Japanese author would be frowned upon in San Francisco owing to the antipathy to Japanese, is decidedly absurd. The opposition to Japanese has nothing to do with individuals or their intellectual or commercial productions. Students of foreign literature in this city are familiar with the works of Noguchi, Shimazaki, Tsuchii, Susukida, Kankara, Iwano and other writers of modern Japan, and would welcome the opportunity to hear Noguchi. George Sterling said: "We may object to German opera before the ratification of the treaty, but there is absolutely no reason why we should object to Japanese poetry." To quote an editorial note in Noguchi's "Spirit of Japanese Poetry": "A deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another color."

Noguchi expressed it to be his own opinion that a feeling of great cordiality exists in his country for the United States. "Why should we wish to fight?" he asked with an unanswerable gleam of sadness in his poet's dreamy eyes. He spoke of Japan's own present labor troubles. Labor in Japan is unorganized but there is an awakening desire for better conditions. The unequal distribution of wealth, the disproportionate division of remuneration among different classes of workers cause dissatisfaction. High school teachers in Japan receive fifty dollars a month, while day laborers at present are paid a dollar and a half a day. Mr. Noguchi is at the head of the department of literature in the University of Keio, Tokyo, where there are eight thousand students. President Kamada of the university is a delegate to the international labor conference in Washington. Biographical contemporary compendia record Noguchi's foreign success as having begun in London about 1903. His contributions created a sensation in the leading English periodicals. Later he visited the continent and returned to Japan in the beginning of the war. Now he plans to take a look around about the new world and I dare say his impressions will be recorded. His best known works are "The Pilgrimage," a collection of poetry; "The Spirit of Japanese Poetry"; "Story of Japanese Art"; "American Diary of a Japanese Girl," and "Lefcadio Hearn in Japan," are his best known works. In a chapter on the earliest Japanese poetry, he quotes his own lines on the sunflower:

"Thou burstest from mood:

Marvel of every atom burning in life,
How fully thou livest!
Passionate lover of sunlight,
Symbol of youth and pride;
What absorption of thy life's memory,
Wonder of thy consciousness,—
Mighty sense of thy existence!"

He continues: "Go back to the age, many thousand years ago, when our Japanese mind was the Japanese mind, pure and true; not the Japanese mind of later age, sometimes, doubtless, refined by the despotic counsel of Chinese literature and Buddhism, therefore the Japanese mind, like the sunflower, a seeker of sunlight and life, the Japanese mind which is the personification of life's activity itself; you might call it the individualism, conscious or unconscious, following after the modern fashion—'Marvel of thy every atom burning in life, how fully thou livest!'"

Of death he wrote: "I am pleased to sing on and of death because it makes life more strong, more beautiful, and more meaningful through its virtue of difference; and when I put stress upon the fusion of death with life, or upon valuing them equally, my mind dwells on the real spiritual freedom which will soon become a perfect idealism like a broader day born from the mixed souls of East and West. But when the Japanese mind of later days began to deal with death as a state of lifelessness, or something hard and final, then the thoughts of death ceased to have a better, greater influence on life; I despise such a death or such a thought of death. Go back to the age when our ancient Japanese did not know death and shadow, or even when they knew them, or scorned them, like children laughing with winds and sun. To return to the age of Kojiki (the first written book in Japan) is indeed a rare treat in a time like today, when our aspiration or ambition (I mean that of the Japanese) only wastes its energy under incongruities, contradictions and confusions of wild cross-currents of East and West."

When I spoke to Mr. Noguchi of my impression from his writings that he deplored the passing of the insular life of Japan, he said that far from opposing progress by contact with other national ideals, he welcomed it; but there passed over his fine thoughtful countenance, an expression of introspection, as if perhaps the potential thing to him about his native land was its difference from other countries, not only in its landscape but in the simplicity of its primitive inhabitants. Somewhere, he wrote, "In Japan's understanding, the real poet is primitive, as primitive as are the moon and the flowers; the voice of a wind we hear today is the same voice which echoed to the ears of Adam and Eve through valley and trees. I think it is a happy epithet to call the poets the friends of winds and moon. You may think it a pantheism when our poets go to Nature to make life more meaningful, to make humanity more intensive. It was from the sense of mystical affinity be-

(Continued on Page 15)

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit
Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

The Spectator

Architectural and Poetic License

When Willis Polk rejected with scorn his license issued by the California State Board of Architects, he set a precedent that may have much to do with the welfare of the community which he has helped to adorn architecturally. Polk's standpoint is that he has a freeborn right to practice architecture as well as practice on the piano. He doesn't like the idea of making application to a body of men for permission to draw plans and specifications. By making such application he would imply that they have the right to refuse him; and, while no state board would deny Polk's eminence in the architectural world, he still finds himself without such pre-eminence as would entitle him to practice without documentary evidence from the state government. Aside from that, his attitude raises an interesting question generally. In order to reinforce his standpoint with concrete argument, Polk says that he intends to practice dancing, music, poetry, public speaking and other arts on his own volition and authority; and thus he draws the inference that if one vocation can be enjoyed without a certificate from the state, so can another. Architecture is merely one of the fine arts. Why should the government interfere? Well, why not? Would it not be better to license everything? Then there could be no cry of favoritism. Why shouldn't the apartment house coloratura soprano be required to take out a municipal license giving her the right to warble between the hours of 7 a. m. and midnight only. Before or after those hours, she would be committing an infraction of the law. Furthermore, why shouldn't she be required to go before a committee and register her highest note, and then give bond that she will not attempt to go higher within the city limits. Besides that, all apartment house and other neighborhood singers should be compelled to change their repertory at least once a month.

Effect of Willis Polk on Public Speakers

Another of Mr. Polk's intimations is that all public speaking be allowed its unlicensed and unbridled course. This at a time when there is some public opinion to the contrary. Judging from certain past performances, it would be no more than right that bona fide audiences be protected in some way. It should be demanded of amateur orators that they justify their abilities in some capacity before breaking into the confidence of the people. Consider some of the men we have heard within the last few weeks. Where would they be, had they been required to prove familiarity with, and pronunciation of, the English language? Fifty per cent of any speech should be the maximum of errors in grammar; and more than that should result in forfeiture of platform rights. And before a 145-minute man is permitted to elucidate any subject, he ought to pass an examination before a board of citizens as to the amount of knowledge he possesses. In other words, he should first prove that he knows what he is talking about. Dancing too might well be licensed. Why accord the precarious floor to men who are not proficient in the fine art of equilibrium? Just as soon as they feel instinctively that they are about to fall, and are likely to get hurt anyway, they aim for your ankles. Or they torpedo you on the shins, and are allowed to cruise the floor again

as soon as they have had a good laugh. Similar cases of apprenticeship have long been noted in poetry, cooking, painting, phonograph disturbances, and the farcical performances of poker players who yell to the four winds whenever they win a pot. These are all public characters, and should be compelled by law to earn a diploma in their respective callings. Tlfev should not be allowed to practice without filing a petition signed by at least a dozen reputable citizens that the peace and quiet of the neighborhood will be respected. The constitutional right to disturb your neighbor's sleep arose shortly after those days when apartment houses were unknown. Cities are too thickly settled now for illicit music and cooking odors. We submit to a marriage license bureau, why not to a bureau of other amusements? Poets claim possession of a poetic license; yet where they got it nobody knows. Our police commission issues no such licentious document. If the truth were known, most bards versify on their own responsibility. In the case of architecture, we fancy that some degree of erudition be requisite before the public is invited to walk up a stairway that is supposedly storm-proof and fool-proof. Most architects are efficient in that regard. But we don't know that all are. In order to exclude the ignorant ones, the masters of the art should accede to governmental rules. The public is not always acquainted with those who minister to its welfare, and some way of controlling the situation is to be expected. A license has its defects as part of a system; yet it has some merits. Extend it to every department of the community, and then nobody could object that his dignity has been ruffled. You move into a flat at your own risk as regards a neighbor's penchant for jazz music and fried onions. Enthusiasts of such pleasures could be put into segregated districts, and the only way of discovering their habits is to require application for a dicense.

Supervisor Power Won't Scold Uncle Sam

The city of San Francisco has called to United States to account. We—that is to say, you, I and all of us—officially, through our public servants, the city fathers, the board of supervisors, have passed a resolution informing the government at Washington that we do not approve of the federal injunction against the United Mine Workers of America. Any citizen who feels that he has been misrepresented or misquoted or has called America to account without his knowledge and consent, has the opportunity of protest. Supervisor Power has served notice that he will move for a reconsideration next Monday. In order to do so, under the rules, he had to vote with the majority. The question is not so much whether the administration be wrong or not as the propriety of San Francisco to say so. Power too is against the injunction, but does not like the words of Andrew Gallagher's resolution to the effect that "the government has acted unwisely". The technical point is—has San Francisco the ethical right to arise on her seven hills and shout to Washington, D. C., that a big mistake has been made? Such words as "unprecedented," "unjustifiable," "chaotic" and the like were hurled to characterize a condition that has left sixteen of the supervisors as amazed as Sam Gompers; or, as they say, "something has happened, the like of which this country has never

seen". At this stage of the argument, a gray-haired gentleman extended his forefinger from the visitors' loge box and demanded recognition as one of the populace, which is always hanging around the board meets. The gentleman had in some way caught the impression that the supervisors were championing the anarchists who had been rounded up the day before. He confused two news stories he had read in the "Chronicle" and was just about ready to have the city and county of San Francisco arrested for treason when the error was explained to him. Anyway, the consensus of the San Francisco supervisors is that the federal government has made a tactical blunder with the people, a blunder which they consider will rebound to the discredit and futility of the Declaration of Independence; and their idea is to telegraph a municipal reprimand for the perusal of President Wilson, his cabinet and Attorney-General Palmer.

So whatever be the outcome, there can be no question as to what our labor indorsed supervisors believe to be within their rights in administering vigorous rebuke to the federal government.

Can San Francisco Sway U. S. Courts?

While the debate was going on to swing the country's courts to Andrew Gallagher's way of thinking, Mayor Rolph beamed with no approval on the board. He sat behind a huge bunch of pink and yellow chrysanthemums, and took in the oratory with a boys-will-be-boys cast of countenance. Just after election, too, when everybody should be happy (almost everybody) and there the supervisors go and tell the big government at Washington how to behave. "It is a delicate matter," said Power sensibly. "The President made a request for arbitration, and something may come of it. The offer of arbitration still stand. How can we say that the government has acted unwisely? Everybody knows my stand on labor; but I can't rebuke Washington, when I don't know what is going on." Labor Secretary O'Connell told the supervisors that the miners' union has \$15,000,000 in its treasury and had been enjoined from using any part of it to feed women and children during the hard eastern winter and if the government injunction should bring starvation to these victims, we could hardly enjoy the warmth of our coal out here. The vote for the resolution stood 17 to 1, Hayden being the only "no".

J. Emmet Hayden and the Japanese

The supervisors are keen for the demand that Governor Stephens call an extra session of the legislature to settle the Japanese land question. When the matter came up before the board, last Monday, J. Emmet Hayden arose and vindicated himself of certain things that had been said in uncertain places; and, be it understood, Emmet is some vindicator. "Of all members of the board," said he, "I have been most maligned when there was any public discussion of the Japanese question. There has been dirty politics somewhere, and men have tried to make me out as pro-Jap when I have been anti-Jap all the time. I am in full accord with the purport of this resolution to keep the Japanese from acquiring land in California, and fathered a previous resolution of the board aimed at the same peril. I have been misunderstood; but—after last Tuesday's vote, I have the satisfaction of

knowing that the people of San Francisco will not stand for misrepresentation of that sort. I went before the people, and they have unequivocally expressed themselves". Then he called attention to a certain senator—a man who is not asleep on the job in Washington—Senator James D. Phelan. No applause, please. This is the first I have heard of Hayden being charged with Nipponism. If there was any "J" accuse" on that score, the accusers must have resorted to subterranean speaking tubes. There always are election slurs and stories that can't get into print. Every candidate feels them. According to Andy Gallagher, "whispering politics" is quite the fad nowadays. Says he, "They whisper you into office, and they whisper you out of office".

Pandemonium at the Election Count

Has anyone a good word to say for the manner in which Registrar Zemansky conducted the auditorium crowd on the night when San Francisco awaited the election returns? According to Supervisor McLeran, the registrar issued 4,500 passes to the session, and that is the number of chairs figured for the lower floor. Add to this multitude, the talliers, their chairs and tables, and you have a fair idea of the crowd. McLeran says also that it was with great difficulty he entered the hall. He found confusion on all sides, even under the tables, where ballot boxes lay unguarded, their contents being the exalted will of the people, their true count remaining a matter of doubt to this day. "Ballot boxes were packed about with no more circumspection than would be given to garbage cans," McLeran told the board, last Monday. "No intelligent count was possible. The noise was so confusing that in many cases the tally-men could not hear the names read to them. There were tally sheets at both ends of tables, and in one instance I witnessed a man at one end of a table tally names that were shouted at another man at the other end." Mulvihill stated that while he would not charge fraud or even negligence, nor that the election had gone to men who might be ousted by a recount, he is sure that the will of the people is not manifest in the official count. The count was operated on the piece system, the men getting five cents a ballot. "It was a question of money rather than accuracy," said Hynes. "I have had years of experience vote-counting, and I know that these men worked too fast for accuracy." The Public Welfare and Judiciary Committees have taken the matter under advisement, at least to prevent a repetition of its worst evils. A recount is not to be had except through court proceedings brought by a discontented candidate. Supervisor Wolfe made a point of this, although, said he, he would be the last man who would accept his election certificate under a cloud. Every one of the elected felt that he too would be the last man. Far be it from such. "Well then," said Power, "why not start something? Get the count into court, if necessary, as we all think it is." About half of the supervisors spoke on the subject, and were unanimous that San Francisco does not know its own vote of last week. Lehaney, Kortick and Hocks, the three members not returned to office, took no part in the discussion. If the jamboree of men and ballots was as bad as surmised, the successful ones may put their trust in the probability that one lot of errors offset another. This assumes that the errors were unintentional. No fraud has been discovered; but the opportunities were glorious.

Provoking the Criminal to Crime

This is a dopey tale. Opium always has the making of a good story, although producing a poor kind of citizen. The other day, a detective

sergeant of police, bent on eliminating the illicit opium traffic, posed as a dealer of the drug, and while rounding up one of the drug-traffickers, was himself arrested by a federal revenue officer, who suspected some dereliction of duty. While the policeman readily cleared himself of all insinuations as to complicity with criminals, acceptance of bribes and that sort of thing, he had to undergo an experience that not conducive to the best of feelings in an officer of the law; and not everybody will feel sad over the episode, because the principle of pretending to be a thief in order to catch a thief may be all right enough as far as thieves are concerned; but in other matters it is not quite so popular; for instance, where detectives have pretended internal pains to induce the sale of a glass of whiskey, or have made plea for a flask of liquor in behalf of a sick mother, and immediately arrested the dealer for selling a quantity less than that his license allowed. Prohibition will bring about a long list of similar detection. Crime provocation is oftentimes necessary for the capture of criminals; the police say so, and they ought to know. A law is being broken, the police are fairly sure of the culprit, yet cannot catch him with the goods; they have only little pieces and fractures of evidence toward a law's infraction. So they go out and pass for one of the gang or a newcomer yearning to break the law. The old offender is ready to assist. He is willing to sell whiskey or opium or offer a bribe, and, as soon as he comes up smiling with the evidence to convict himself, is astounded to hear "Come along with me." The police have always done this. Detective Sergeant Thomas Furman did it to the opium vendor. Then, in a moment of destiny's tangled threads, up came Revenue Inspector A. A. Elliott, roughly demanding, "What's that you got there under cover in that there automobile of yours?" "Nothing," answered the detective sergeant, innocentlike and with an eye to one Peter Pedro, also in the automobile. "Yes, you have; now let me see what's that you got. Ha Ha! As I live and breathe—Opium! I'll trouble you to turn about

and motor with me to the place of incarceration." "You can't arrest me," retorted the detective sergeant." A few minutes latter, he was bailing himself out. Peter Pedro, opium enthusiast, purveyor of narcotic dreams, was also arrested. "It was all a ruse," said Furman. "Everybody knew it. Elliott knew it. I got \$250 as a bribe—just a ruse, you know—and immediately turned it over to Captain O'Mcara." As this was all true, and the only interesting phase remaining was the mysterious lack of cooperation between federal and municipal officers. Perhaps the ruse was temporarily foiled by subtle arts emanating from the queen of the opium ring. Perhaps there is professional jealousy among opium catchers. Moral: keep away from opium, and, incidentally, don't tell a revenue officer that he can't arrest you.

A Murdress with Interesting Eyes

A certain aggrieved wife, having slain a beautiful rival, was interviewed in her cell by a lady reporter, and described as looking like the last person in the world who would fire a shot at a fellow creature. If one had to depend entirely on the evidence of feature, such as woe-cast eyes, weepy nose and trembling chin, the prisoner would be acquitted. In this case, there happens to be no question about the killing; and so one must accept the redounding fact that large, liquescent, infantile eyes are not reliable evidence of intent within. This woman's husband was stolen, as the expression goes. Such a theft can hardly be justified under ordinary conditions; but here the lady's husband was lying around loose, and apparently anybody could have him. At first he gave no intimation that he was married, and an intelligent young woman fell in love with him. Subsequently he informed her that he had a wife, far, far away. This complicated the situation, and the distant wife was notified, so that she might lend a hand at the untangling. It is claimed that she was willing to forego her rights for a consideration. There is a mercenary atmosphere all round, and this does not lend favor

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

to the man whose romances brought tragedy to two women. During the trial, the public will have opportunity to hear as much of the truth as usually gets by in such cases. Some of the details are sordid enough, and some have an air of sentiment. In the meantime it is given us to know that the slayer is a timid-looking creature, reminding one of a frightened child. Her husband, not sympathetic in the least, says that the proper ending of the story is a gallows scene. It is not a well advised statement, even for a man who has been drawn into unpleasant notoriety by two women fighting for him. One feels that, in such a position, it were better that he accord a matter-of-fact allegiance to the woman who has been his wife, although she has long been separated from him. Such a reunion, if only on a cold, unsentimental basis, is not unusual in criminal courts; and there is some ground for it in human nature. An ugly aspect mars the righteous indignation of a man who is in favor of his wife's hanging. The law itself intervenes with some degree of patience and deliberation before pronouncing the sentence of death; and what the law does in a formal way, the husband might well do informally. His predicament is not set in the rosier of sensational lights, and presumably his place in society depends somewhat on the respect of his fellow men. A determination to give his wife a perfunctory assistance would not detract from, but rather add to, his repute for disinterestedness. Just for the sake of what's what in a husband's duty, and without regard to the merits of the case, the public would rather have it that way.

A Big Idea

One of the moving-picture factories has been offering, through the Bulletin, three prizes for a scenario idea. The movie magnate stands ready to invest \$5, \$10 and will even go as high as \$15 for a string of episodes upon which he can set his stars to work. That there may be no doubt as to the manager's position in the film world, I hastily add that he has \$100,000, which he stands ready to throw into the game

as proof that he is no piker in his own film city. He guarantees a shock-producing, epoch-making super-picture. His plans are so vast that they cannot be expressed without hyphenated words. A \$100,000 production based on a \$15 idea is a combination which no movie fan could resist. This producer has more money than that, and there is every probability that the second and third-prize scenarios will be devoted to \$50,000 and \$25,000 productions. Or, come to think, it may be the reverse. As like as not, the \$10 theme will be cast into a \$150,000 super-picture; and the \$5 one into an ultra-super film to cost a quarter million. It has been said that the film drama is yet in its infancy. Yet when managers take to using "ultra" and "super" as the only means to describe the infants of their productive brains, it is hard to see how much further they can go before reaching the limit of adjectives. When the adjectives give out, so must the magnitude of photography. The present tendency of the 16-exposure-a-second kodak drama is toward a real, live, flesh-in-the-blood prologue. Genuine human beings are put upon the stage prior to the screen display, in order to give the photography an initial impetus or what they call a vraisemblance. Thus far these prologues have had little relation to the theme of the photoplay. The most successful prologists have consisted of bathing girls, and their reputed \$10,000 super-figures are considered so fascinating that they detract from the ordinary \$100,000 super-picture that follows. Evidently the movies have attained the limit of their resources when they have recourse to the living figure for added attraction. In this way, it is not unlikely that the return to the living, speaking stage will be gradual as the departure has been. After all, real live actors are more interesting and less expensive than screened ones. Most of the producer's money is put into scenery that makes very little dramatic impression, and the public would prefer a \$100,000 idea without scenery than a \$15 idea with all the photographic views in the world.

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of a suffragette meeting. "No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

Sympathetic Sister—"Cheer up, Arthur. Mabel has treated you badly in jilting you, but you will soon forget her." Arthur (moodily)—"Not for a long time, sis, I fear. That lovely Christmas present I gave her was purchased on the easy payment system."

Mrs. Henpeck (after a long lecture)—Well? What are you standing there staring at me like that for? Mr. Henpeck—I was only thinking, my dear, how pretty you look with your mouth shut.

"Why, this is a funny telephone; isn't finished, is it?" "Yes, that is a complete telephone." "But there is nothing to it but the receiver. Where is the mouthpiece?" "Doesn't need one. That is the instrument over which I converse with my wife."

They were out for a walk together one evening when it suddenly turned very cold. She—Oh, my fingers are so cold! He—Well, why didn't you bring a muff? She—I did! He has been considering ever since if her remark had any reference to himself.

MRS. RICHARDS' ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC. AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California
2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
OR
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
CAFE
COLOMBO
PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE
Concerto Europa Dinner Italiano
\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero \$1.25
MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT
Paul Kelli's Jazz araine Ballad des Allies
GUEST DANCING
Community Sing Operatic Concert
Carmineceta Florence Waters Edourd Petri
Dance Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
— DIRECTION —
A. S. FIRPO TOM DEL BUFFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

The Needle-Work Guild of America

By Justice John E. Richards
(of the District Court of Appeal)

We cannot esteem too highly the organization and accomplishment of the Needlework Guild, not so much for its annual output in garments and useful articles, of which the various charitable organizations are the recipients and the poor and needy the beneficiaries, though these material results of the industry of its membership are worthy of all praise; but rather, as I view it, for the benefits which the individual members of the Guild receive and exemplify as a result of doing regularly, efficiently and unselfishly those things of practical value which membership in the Guild requires. Habits of industry, skill in needlework and other domestic

arts, coupled with active and self-sacrificing sympathy for the helpless and dependent many, these are the prime elements of a healthy social state; these are the virtues which this organization encourages in its membership; these are the solvents of the most serious problems which are presented to the American people of today. The source of most of our social evils is idleness, with its attendant vices of unthrift, selfishness, dependence and contempt both for those who labor and those who need. The best example which can be set before the boys and girls of America is that of fixed and daily habits of industry on the part of their elders in each household; an example which every youth and maiden,

and especially the latter, should be encouraged, nay compelled, to follow. Every growing girl in this democracy, no matter what her wealth or station, should be taught and should practice as a matter of daily discipline those domestic arts which were the pride of their grandmothers and which would be a crown of glory to themselves when they become the matrons and the mothers of our American homes. The Needlework Guild sets these ideals up in the household of its every member and glorifies in its annual display the beauty and the value of these domestic virtues; and in so doing, annually, all over the land, does an inestimable service to the civic and social well-being of the nation at large.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

S. F. N. G. Exhibit

The San Francisco Needlework Guild will hold its annual exhibition of garments to be distributed to the different charitable institutions of our city. The Guild has obtained the use of the mezzanine parlor of the Palace Hotel. The exhibit will be held November 18th, from 2 to 5 p. m. The public is cordially invited to attend. The requirements of membership in the Guild are that each member make or purchase two new garments during the year. Contributors have the privilege of specifying the charity to which they wish their donations to go and the section presidents vote for the distribution. All institutions, regardless of sect, are remembered. Babies, old folks, growing children and the poor in hospitals are provided with clothing. Two garments a year are but a trifle for nimble hands to make, yet what comfort they bring to some destitute one!

The section presidents are: Mesdames E. G. Denniston, Almcron Skinkle, E. R. Lilienthal, John Leale, E. E. Williams, E. H. Howell, S. Sussman, Alfred O'Dorey, George Reed, Henry Meyer, Milton H. Esberg, E. H. Cahill, E. F. Cahill, Louis T. Samuels, E. B. Burr, J. D. Jessup, S. Hortop, Robert Wallace, A. Jeddiss, A. L. Lenfield, E. E. Bowles, G. F. Terschuren. Misses Marion O'Connell, Blanche E. Murray, Jessie M. Wiggins, Virginia Gibbs.

Jewish Women's Red Cross Work

Last week during the Red Cross drive, there was a glimmer of the light of enthusiasm which burned so brightly during the war, but which is gradually dying out. The women who served in the collection campaign worked as valiantly as they did a year ago when the strife was on. But there has been a reaction among women workers, a reaction which is deplorable; for, though we have no war of nations, there is still going on that great struggle between those who have and those who are in need. There is plenty of work for women's hands to do, for women's brains to plan, in the world. I have observed a reluctance upon the part of the Jewish women who served during the war in Red Cross activities to sink back into the careful ways which required only the expenditure of their energies in the perusal of their own particular way in

life and I have wondered what is the cause. Why not ask a Jewish woman to solve the problem? I went over in my mind the names of the women whose Red Cross work stood out in relief in the splendid achievement of the Jewish women of this city. From the many opportunities she had of knowing the scope of that work, through her active participation as a member of the Red Cross executive board, I decided that Mrs. Max C. Sloss would give me a graphic solution. She said that she thought it attributable to the fact that Jewish women have a social conscience, that they are brought up with a sense of responsibility toward the world in which they live, to believe that they owe something to it besides the performance of the duties of their own lives. For this reason, the Jewish women who took up with zeal the systematic execution of wartime work merely continued, though in an intensified degree, the social labors which had been always part of the scheme of their lives. Mrs. Sloss is keen for the broad outlook for women and thinks it a crime that women are not reared to a full realization of the care of their own affairs from every angle. She has not ceased her individual endeavors, but goes busily on her way in the reconstruction work and home charities, which are always with us.

Miss Hilda Steinhart, who was so efficient during the war in Red Cross service, has been induced to remain and accept a permanent position in Pacific Division of the Red Cross.

Mrs. Lucius Solomons is at the head of the Reconstruction Aides at the Presidio, where these noble girls are performing miraculous work for the disabled soldiers. Mrs. I. Lowenberg was for a long period before the war an active member of the Red Cross directorate. Wherever "home service" is mentioned, there the name of Mabel Arnstein is spoken, for this beautiful young lady gave all day, every day of her life, in the executive department for the entire period of the war. One of her most efficient lieutenants was Mrs. F. Mandlebaum, who won her way into the hearts and homes of soldiers' families, tactfully and lovingly bringing needed help and sympathy to the loved ones of the absent warriors. These ladies had been trained for this important social service through

their active participation in the distribution of help in the Associated Charities.

Mrs. Marcus Koshland and Mrs. Jesse Steinhart are active and zealous laborers in the National League for Women's Service.

Mrs. J. J. Gottlob was with Mrs. M. C. Sloss, a prime mover and organizer in the famous Defenders' Club. Mrs. M. C. Sloss, director of the S. F. Chapter, is chairman of the dietetic department, which includes all classes of elementary hygiene, home care of the sick and dietetics. These ladies were the inspiration of the Red Cross lunch room in the Civic Center, which is still running at a profit to the Red Cross treasury. They have also established a similar lunch room at the Presidio for the young ladies working there.

Mrs. Joseph Sloss is prominent in the production department, which includes knitting and sewing. The Council of Jewish Women, under the auspices of Mrs. Rosenblatt, were credited with a tremendous output of finished garments for soldiers, as was also the Philomath Club, under Mrs. Arthur Fisher.

The Emanuel Sisterhood, a neighborhood settlement, was a Red Cross auxiliary which, under the direction of Florence Nickelsburg Prager, was as active and productive as any unit in the city.

Jewish women by scores held in their homes regular sessions for Red Cross workers. The women of this religion gave during the war, lavishly of their time, their skill, and their money. "And why should we not?" they ask, like women of all other sects. Let Christian women imitate them in their resumption of labor in social work. The war created a beautiful spiritual awakening—let us not go to sleep again.

—H. M. B.

Events of the Horse Show

Just as predicted by Town Talk, the California Building will see no more of the Horse Show. Furthermore, the Horse Show is to be perpetuated in the years to come as corollary to the symphony and the opera seasons as a social and artistic function of charming possibility. Next year the executive committee will be appointed early so an attempt will not be made to ac-

comply in sixty days what requires of the New York and London show people six months of hard work. The first annual show of the California International Live Stock and Horse Show was a success in every way. Of course, no one expected to see a surplus in the treasury, in fact, the exhibition's staging cost a little over \$55,000, while the gross receipts came up to something like \$28,000. The deficit will be met by the coterie of splendid fine citizens who so dearly love their San Francisco, and are continually hand in pocket in response to that affection: William H. Crocker, William T. Sessions, S. F. B. Morse, John Drum, John H. Rossiter, Richard T. McCreery, J. K. L. Ross, Lea Bleakmore, A. B. Spreckels, Herbert Fleishacker, Charles W. Clark, R. Porter Ashe, A. King Macomber, Edward Cebra, George Wingfield, Daniel T. Murphy, D. M. Linnard, William H. Moffatt, I. W. Hellman, Jr., Roy Pike, Kenneth Kingsbury, R. I. Bently, Raymond I. Armsby. It was the best investment our big men ever made for the city. Within the next few months plans for financing and building an adequate set of exhibition and show buildings will be worked out and carried through to completion in plenty of time for a magnificent show along in the middle of October. I am led to believe an option on a full block of property near Eighth and Howard streets is under contemplation. A splendid auditorium for the Horse Show and the necessary facilities for the Live Stock exhibits in a separate building is proposed. In case of any hitch, the 1920 Horse

Show will be held in the Civic Auditorium and the Live Stock adjunct at Tournament Park at Eighth and Market streets. Stock men say this year's show rated well for quality and variety of exhibits. The swine class showed particularly strong. Here the Oak Knoll Farms did not exhibit any of its famous Chester Whites. The hog business in California in 1918 amounted in cash turn-over, just twice as much as was taken out of the Comstock Lode in its helicon.

Next to oil, the raising of hogs is our state's biggest industry. At Oak Knoll Farm the master is Lea Bleakmore, who must be ranked with Edison and Burbank in the wizardry of success in making a Chester White hog twice as fat and tasty in meat as he generally averages. But the Oak Knoll show hogs were not in shape for competition this year. But wait for 1920. Major W. M. Blunt, from the Monterey Presidio, rode Watch Me in a number of open classes, with a display of superb horsemanship, while young Will Tevis also electrified the throngs with his daring in the free riding events. The last night, Saturday, was gay with box parties. Mr. Francis Carolan entertained a smart company, including Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. McNear. The latter appears in radiant good health this season, retaining all the dash and spirit which we all recall as so distinctively hers in the days of the ice dancing at the Techau Lee Palace. Mr. Edward Cebra, member of the old De Laveaga family and a kingpin eligible, on two nights had his box filled with men friends. Mrs. Walter S. Martin appeared on Wednesday night

in a leather raccoon-trimmed ulster coat, the first in San Francisco, and which caused a ripple of comment through the boxes. This is the coat seen at the Princeton-Harvard football game a week ago in the east, and is the vogue in both Paris and London. Certainly San Francisco holds for 1920 the wishbone of two forked variety—hope for the new Grand Opera House and the Horse Show.

Mrs. Selby Hayne's Triumph

An event of outstanding importance was the race of polo ponies ridden by their fair owners. It was on the opening night, when all society attended. There were twenty entrants, including Mmes. Selby Hayne, Christian de Guigne, Eugene Murphy and Misses McCormick and Drysdale of Vancouver. The contest narrowed down to two riders, Miss Drysdale of Vancouver, champion amateur equestrienne of America and Mrs. Selby Hayne of San Mateo. The race was intensely exciting, the ladies putting their mounts through various paces. Finally, the judges called for a gallop at full speed round the track and a turn around a chair, and back over the course. The victor was Mrs. Hayne on her pony, Swank. Mrs. Hayne's scientific reining, her carriage, her beauty of face and form, and her dernier cri riding togs have been themes for discussion ever since by those who witnessed her dashing equestrian feat.

Fine Arts

Two very notable additions to the Comparative Exhibition Room in the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts, lent by Mr. William D. McCann, have just been installed by Director Laurvik. One of these is "The Adoration of the Magi," by Stephen Lochner, who is generally regarded as the foremost painter of the famous Cologne school, which produced several of the most personal painters in Germany of the 15th century. This very beautiful contemporary copy presents the center panel of the celebrated tryptich illustrating episodes from the New Testament, which forms the altar screen in the chapel of St. Michael in the Cologne Cathedral. It shows the Virgin crowned, seated, and throned with the Child on her lap, with a choir of cherubim soaring above her. There is great nobility as well as tenderness expressed in this charming figure, which is the center of the adoration of the kneeling kings, in whose faces is expressed the reverence of devoted worshippers. The figures in this beautiful allegory are robed in the costly court costumes of the time of Lochner. These figures are painted against a gold background which serves to emphasize the richness and nobility of the whole composition. In its beauty and purity of color, as well as in its expressive draftsmanship, it bears a strong kinship to the early Italian primitives.

The tryptich of which this panel is a part was originally painted by Lochner for the chapel of the Rathaus, probably between 1440 and 1445. It was removed to the cathedral in 1810, and has since been known as the "Dombild". This fine copy, which preserves all the beauties and characteristics of the original, was painted especially for Don Pedro Hernandez de Velasco, fourth count of Castile, duke of Frias and count of Aro, who presented it to his chapel.

The other of these newly installed paintings is an early copy of the celebrated Flemish primitive, Quentin Matsys, representing "The Entombment of Christ," with a view of Golgotha in the background. This very remarkable copy has been ascribed by competent authorities to one of the early followers of the Matsys school, and translates perfectly the profound religious



THE SPIRIT OF THE HORSE SHOW

The fine art of horsemanship is not entirely lost in the advent of the motor car. Here we have a very pretty scene, the two handsome children of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels astride their mounts. Miss Alma Spreckels is mounted on Napa Dick, while her brother, Master Adolph Spreckels, Jr., is up on Napa Dolly. Mr. Gordon L. Smith, riding master, is astride Jazzy. The trio appear in the famous and well-beloved racing colors of Mr. Spreckels, which I'm told may be seen flashing in the sunlight down the quarter stretch on a California course within not so many moons if plans for a revival of California racing carry through afloat at Santa Barbara.

sentiment and severity of thought of the original which is now one of the most highly prized treasures of the Antwerp Museum in Belgium. This dramatic and very moving presentation of the burial of Christ reveals all the qualities of clear color and careful and elaborate execution of details for which this artist has become so justly celebrated.

Both of these paintings are painted on heavy oaken panels, and together they form one of the most valuable and instructive additions so far made to the exposition of the history of painting so significantly illustrated in this Comparative Room in the Palace of Fine Arts, which now includes notable examples of various important schools from the 15th to the 20th centuries.

An Argentine Danseuse

Are we about to snatch from obscurity and plant upon the throne of success another artiste? Down in the Cafe Colombo on Broadway, there is appearing nightly a young Argentine girl, whose dancing is so sensationally artistic and completely new that we are bound to agree she is destined to make San Francisco and our Quatier Latin heard of once again. Let us see, it was the Texas Tommy which last put us on the map, "back easterly" speaking. How that ragging craze spread from the midway on the Barbary Coast to the parquet in the St. Regis, where Mrs. Herman Oelrichs gave the New York upper set the real 'Friscan pointers on the "lag and draw"! This marvelous young danseuse at the Cafe Colombo is Mlle. Mina Carmencita de la Alyaphat. She is but 17 years of age, tall and supple as the reeds of Suisun in September; dark as the Rosaline is the young Spaniard up here from Argentina. And how she can dance the latest dance "conception,"—la Colombo! It would take a page to tell about



CARMENCITA DEY ALAPHAT

Has San Francisco discovered another artistic "find" for New York exploitation. Mlle. Alaphat an "unknown" at the Colombo Cafe in the Quatier Latin is bewildering all beholders. A danseuse of sure destiny.

Carmencita Aliphath and her Colombo. Beau Brummel "Jack" Extrand describes it as "a mixture of kicky shimie with the old-time Spanish fandango". The inventor, and she is Carmencita, has made a ballroom dance out of it for couples and if I'm not greatly mistaken the Colombo will be raging along Broadway and the Board Walk at Atlantic City before long.

On every Thursday night there is observed at Cafe Colombo a really splendid Italian fête dinner, with Carmencita Alaphat, Signor Albert di Petri, the "Maytime" tenor, the Neapolitan Trio, and other entertainment round about the tables and members of the smart set seek the lure of the Colombo, seeming to have discovered it over night.

The Charity Ball

It was quite fitting that the commencement of the social season should have been in the cause of charity. Since the armistice of a year ago, there has been more or less question as to whether or not society had doffed its warlike and mourning garbs and taken to those entertainments that are frankly for amusement. Now and then some society scribe would write up a brilliant wedding or other event and state this indeed was society back again in its true form. Sometimes the prestige of a name was lacking; sometimes the magnitude of the gathering. Last Tuesday night's assemblage at the Palace Hotel court had no excuses to make, either from the standpoint of splendor or the worthiness of its motive. Being in behalf of the Little Children's Aid, its protagonists showed that in turning from the solemnities of war, their first thought was for the solemnities of peace, the duty of the luxurious home to those that are meager in the bare necessities of life. Whatever mankind suffer as his portion on earth, it is the consensus of society that the lot of the little children be made wholesome as possible. Aside from that, the ball room showed that the event was a joyous one for those who had lent it their support. Success and significance of the occasion were manifest by the presence of such leaders as Messrs. and Mmes. Athol McBean, J. O. Tobin, Harry Stetson, William Mayo Newhall, E. J. Tobin, Walter Martin, J. A. Donohoe, George Cameron, Downey Harvey, Platt Kent, John Drum, and a full coterie of those associated with them in San Francisco social affairs. Viewed as a promenade of local beauty, a display of gowns and jewels, an evening of thorough enjoyment in magnificence of environment, the Charity Ball was alike a triumph, and will stand as a precedent for the winter's gaieties.

Love is a word of four letters except in a breach of promise action.

Mother—Never let me catch you at the jam again.

Willie—I—I tried not to let you catch me this time.

X.—I say, old fellow, lend me a fiver. Y.—Sorry, but I'm not making any permanent investments just now.

She—Have you loved another? He—Yes, of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?

Mrs. Brown—Don't you find it awfully hard doing your own work? Mrs. Smith—Oh, I don't mind the work; in fact, I did the most of it when I had a maid. But it is rather wearing not to have anyone to find fault with.

Editor—I really don't know whether you intend this article to be funny or otherwise. Author (inspired)—Can't you use it in your puzzle column, then?"

"May I—er—kiss your hand, Miss Dolly!" "Oh, I suppose so. But it would be so much easier for me to remove my veil than my gloves."

Gray—Come home to dinner with me. I don't suppose there will be much, but if you'll take us as we are—such as it is—pot-luck and—. Green (heartily)—Oh, don't apologize, old fellow, I've dined at your house before, you know.

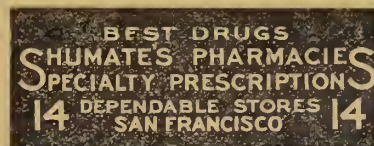
"You come from a teetotal town, don't you?" "Teetotal? Why, where I was born they won't even allow the carpenters to use spirit levels."

"Don't you think that young man is afflicted with a swelled head?" "No," answered Miss Cayenne; "he's not afflicted with it, he enjoys it."

"Mr. Jingleby is angry with me." "The poet?" "Yes. I'd forgotten he wrote verse, and when he asked me who my favorite poet was, I told him Shakespeare."

Cholly—Did she invite you to call? Chappy—Yes, but I'll not do it. Cholly—Why? Chappy—She told me to bring my fancy work, and stay all day—dem it!

Binks—Why won't she marry you? Is there another man in the case? Jinks—I'm afraid there is. Binks—Do you know who it is? Jinks—Yes; her father.



Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

The Stage

She Walks at the Curran

Agnes Jeppson, the somnambulist at the Curran Theater, has a role that is difficult to maintain seriously, because, as the public views it, many actresses walk in their sleep, and dream themselves famous. Miss Jeppson is none of these. She has a weird, eerie part, and treads her way to admiration as daintily as she passes along the perilous balcony outside the sixteenth floor of her hotel. The way she walks in her sleep ought to make somnambulism extremely popular with both sexes. The possibilities are immense. As the title role does not appear to any great length of time on the stage, interest goes to others of the cast, and they are well fit. If the spectator center his attention on Margaret Philipp, the play could then be entitled *She Walks in Matrimonial Misunderstanding*. Or it may be that she understands matrimony and its erratic husbands only too well. One way or another the pair have some furious tiffs. When Miss Norton is on the stage as a hotel maid, the farce becomes *She Walks in a Vaudeville Stunt*. Her grotesque work leads the feminine side of the farce in a rousing way, just as her partner, Paul Nicholson, is chief of the male contingent in a bored and easy fashion that is most convincing of true comedy. Nicholson is doing something most of the time he is on the stage, and even the movement of his eyebrow warns the audience to keep their eyes on him if they wish to see the main event. When Frances Williams appears, the theme seems to be *She Walks in Subtle Perfidy*, the which is contributed by her husband, the aforesaid Nicholson, who deceives his lady on a number of inconsequential subjects, because he has concluded that that is the only way to get along with her. Now, when Teresa Dale is in the scene, the performance has no other name than that *She Walks in Beauty*. Teresa is tall, stately and fashionable. By no possibility can she attain an ungrateful attitude. She breathes the atmosphere of metropolitan suavity. She speaks with the deep lovable accents that men can never forget in a woman, and when she moves or listens, you forget what the comedians are saying. However, getting back to the nominal heroine, she walks in her sleep outside hotel windows, which she enters gauzily clad as is appropriate to one who has arisen from a sweet sleep. She has several encounters with men whose wives cannot see the humor of it. It is a problem for which most married women are unprepared. The worst of it is, most husbands are equally unprepared for it, and are quickly thrown into a dilemma by the embraces of the fair somnambulist. This one is golden-haired and winsome, the very appropriate choice of an artistic fate for sleep-walking when there is any to be done. What an awful thing it would be for an unattractive woman to somnambule in a flannel night gown! Worse things than that happen in reality, and maybe the prolific Mark Swan could do something with the idea, as he seems able to make farce out of any situation that is old or new on or off the stage. I fancy that Swan intended Miss Norton to burlesque Agnes Jeppson's costume of knee-length skirts and bare legs covered by a transparency. When called upon to impersonate the sleep-walker, Miss Norton failed to use the raiment that was offered her, and appeared in a countryside bedgown. This is a slight disappointment; yet one that could hardly be maintained in a court of law. The farce has many good things other than the thematic one,

and has some of the neatest comedy lines that have come this way; much better than one would expect from Swan's other efforts in humor.

—L. J.

The Negro Syncopated Singers

A Russian has said: "There is no such thing as Russian music, there is only music"—and who shall say it is not true, even though the Russian idiom sings loudly to un-Russian ears? But there can be no dispute that American negroes have a music of their own. In their spirituals, old camp-meeting songs, they suggest their primitive forebears in Africa—as if it was but a step for them to learn the hymn tunes from missionaries. Only we know they imbibed those tunes in America and that their imaginations lent color to their tones. The negro singers and players of the Syncopated Orchestra, which played for us Monday night, gave a genuine negro treat to a big audience. Their concerted numbers demanded perfection of acoustics, but the advanced position of the stage in the acoustically defective Civic Auditorium allowed pranks to be played with individual strains—it was as if the huge building were ready to devour jazz and seized upon the negro's invasion as a fine opportunity. When the band did jazz, the program told the truth in calling it "jazz as is". The banjoist juggled his banjo without stopping playing, the drummer threw his sticks around but never missed a beat, and the black men swayed and laughed and shrugged and syncopation came into its very own. There was a fine double quartette, with a musical, sepulchral bass, guaranteed to soothe unquiet nerves to peaceful slumber. "Swing Low Sweet Chariot,"—they sang that and in the musical vernacular in which only negroes could sing it. And "Exhortation," a negro sermon, sung by William Coleman, a gem of negro minstrelsy. There were lovely folk songs, "Old Black Joe" and "Kentucky Home" sketched in and the band played "Dixie." The joy of the last was the attitude of the negro part of the audience. Their skins gleamed under the glaring lights, their teeth radiated, their chuckles convulsed—they were happy and proud of their brethren on the stage and they had reason to be. I can't omit the pianists for special mention. There were two of them, both excellent musicians and endowed with sympathy. I would love to compose the program for these singers and players are to present at the Curran on November 23rd. The orchestra wouldn't be allowed to prove its scholarly dexterity with the old or modern classics, but would play negro melodies only, and the singers would sing the same in solo and ensemble and old plantation happy times would live again for a night.

—H. M. B.

Breezy Orpheum Bill

Harry Green leads off an attractive Orpheum bill this week. We meet him in heaven—at least just outside. His name is Cohen (George Washington) and he has arrived over the prohibition route. He is intimate and insinuating with St. Peter, yet there is not a suggestion of irreverence about the sketch. I don't know what line of the drama Mr. Green pursued before I saw him for the first time Sunday, but if he ever goes into the movies, his loss to the speaking drama will be a serious one; for Mr. Green is a "regular actor" and ought to be the

star of a big Yiddish drama. He even advises the presentation of his ticket to Satan's abode to Sam Berger without making us think his advice an advertisement for the good-looking haberdasher. Lillian Shaw has another Yiddish sketch which is full of laughs and has an undercurrent of pathos, too. It is surprising that some Mr. Hoover or Representative Volkstead doesn't censor Miss Shaw's act for being propaganda against marriage of the impecunious. For if ever there was an argument against the cares which marriage entails, it is the scene where Miss Shaw, forlorn and weary, wheels her baby carriage, crooning now a Yiddish lullaby and again bubbling a ghost of a jazzy song. Incidentally, her Italian number on Sunday was rather coarse and might with impunity be omitted. Ciccolini lends welcome variety to the bill. He has a pleasing tenor robusto, attractive physique and a manner typical of the stereotyped grand opera tenor, before David Belasco made it resemble human realism. Lydell and Macy get plenty of laughs as two war veterans; the Walters sisters make funny faces, talk in funny voices and are a strange species of the genus "cut-up". The Pickfords belong to the same ilk, but lots of people adore them and I understand that youths of the sub-deb sets go about imitating Mr. Pickford when seized with a desire to amuse. The Jazz Band is really fine, and so are the boys; Rosano is popular and so is his nabimbaphone, a combination of all sorts of hammer and string instruments.

—H. M. B.

The Symphony

Whenever Brahms is announced for our symphony, go to hear it, for Brahms is always lovely under the Hertz baton. Friday he played "The Tragic Overture" and the orchestra revealed its beauties in ultimo.

Beethoven's "Little Symphony in F," another great work received superb interpretation.

Conductor Hertz has an instinct for Russian music, too, so it was a joy to hear "Le Lac Enchanté" and "Kikimora" by Liadow. His men seemed to be of Slavic blood; maybe there is something in the Magyar baton which for the time being united them with the Russian races. At each succeeding concert the big opportunity which the symphony orchestra affords music lovers becomes more and more obvious.

Beginning on November 23rd, the Sunday concerts will begin promptly at 2:45 p. m., the change being made in recognition of requests from out-of-town patrons.

—H. M. B.

At the Alcazar

In the first stage production of "A Dollar Down," next Sunday afternoon, the Alcazar takes a decisive step toward San Francisco's development as a dramatic producing center. This comedy-drama will soon reach the New York stage, but local playgoers, who are really cosmopolitan, will be the first to pass judgment upon it and their impartial verdict will be specially significant. John H. Blockwood, whose play is original and not an adaptation, is an expert story and scenario writer, all-round newspaperman and experienced theatrical manager, who has heralded stars. He knows life in the raw. "A Dollar Down," is an emotional exposition of a vital dramatic problem in this era of high prices and a tendency to live beyond one's income. There are humorous and eloquently dramatic angles to this story of young workers who resort to the "dollar down and dollar a

week" methods of existence until swept under by a flood of financial problems. Two young married sisters, whose husbands are struggling clerks, are tossed in the domestic whirlpool. Pretty much the whole gamut of everyday emotion is sounded in this story. The cast comprises Belle Bennett, Jean Oliver, Walter P. Richardson and Rafael Brunetto as the installment plan livers; May Nannery as the eccentric mother of the girls; Thomas Chatterton as the Lothario stockbroker; Emily Pinter as an easiest way pathfinder; Al Cunningham as a detective. The lingo is that of modern Manhattan. This premier will be watched with keen interest by local playgoers and eastern reviewers and producers, for its success opens up a rich field of stage possibilities. For Thanksgiving week David Belasco has consented to a farewell revival of "Polly With a Past".

Orpheum

Another new show of surpassing merit and variety is announced for next week at the Orpheum.

"The Man Hunt," a somnambulist comedy by Harlan Thompson, will be presented by Isolda Illian, a sterling actress and a competent cast.

Eva Shirley, assisted by Fid Gordon's versatile musical boys and Al Roth, jazz dancer, will appear in a musical skit entitled "Songs of the Moment". The numbers in it range from rag time to grand opera. Miss Venita Gould may be briefly summed up as a host in herself for she cleverly mimics and impersonates a great array of theatrical stars. Among those she imitates are Leonore Ulric, Mary Nash, Grace La Rue, Alla Nazimova, Eva Tanguay, George Cohan, Julian Eltinge, Jack Norworth, Harry Lauder, Al Jolson and Bert Williams. Ralph Kitner and Jim Reaney, a clever team of funmakers, will appear in a maritime gabfest, with a little music, called "An Ocean Episode". Arthur West, a clever comedian, who recently returned from France, where he was engaged in entertaining our boys, for which he received the written thanks of Marshal Foch and General Bliss, will present a comedieta entitled "What the Critic Said". Mark Nelson is a clever juggler and comedian. A special attraction will be the Princess-Radjah, who returns after a long absence, and who will be seen in her "Cleopatra Dance" and her Arabian chair dance. Harry Green in his great comedy hit, "George Washington Cohan," and Lillian Shaw, America's premier vocal dialect comedian, in new songs, imitations and impersonations, will be included in the coming bill.

Third Hertz "Pop" Concert

Alfred Hertz announces another glorious program of light masterpieces for the third "pop" concert of the season, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra of eighty musicians, on Sunday afternoon, November 16, in the Curran Theater. Advance interest indicates that a capacity audience will be in evidence, as it has been for the previous events of the "pop" series. Most important of the numbers to be played is Schubert's Eighth Symphony, generally termed the "Unfinished" Symphony, one of the greatest masterpieces ever written. Louis Persinger's violinistic art will be heard in the obligato part of the familiar Meditation from Massenet's "Thais" and in Saint-Saens' Dance Macabre, that wonderful waltz measure, set off with grotesque but ingenious instrumentation. Both of these numbers have proven exceedingly popular at previous Hertz "pop" concerts. There should be interest in Fritz Kreisler's "Love's Joy," originally written for violin, with piano accompaniment, and well known through many

renditions by Kreisler himself. This will be its first presentation locally in orchestral form. Tschaikowsky's "Italian Caprice," a most effective arrangement of Italian folk tunes; Chabrier's "Espana," a fascinating combination of Spanish dances, and that perennial favorite, Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," will be the remaining themes. Concert-Master Louis Persinger and Assistant Concert-Master Artur Argiewicz, will be the soloists at the fourth pair of regular symphonies scheduled for Friday and Sunday afternoons, November 21 and 23, in the Curran. Messrs. Persinger and Argiewicz will play Bach's beautiful double concerto for two violins with the orchestra, its first presentation by the Hertz organization. The symphony will be Tschaikowsky's Fourth, considered the great Russian composer's best by many admirers. Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," steeped with the romanticism which characterizes this master's works, is to be the remaining offering.

Tickets are to be obtained at the symphony box office in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s store.

At the Curran

A genuine laughing success has been achieved by the much-discussed Mark Swan farce, "She Walked in Her Sleep," which begins its last week at the Curran Theater on Nov. 16th. Geo. Broadhurst is the producer and the cast is headed by Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, funmakers of great cleverness, who are very popular with local audiences. It is a decidedly clever and ingenious entertainment, is "She Walked in Her Sleep". A beautiful young woman in figure-clinging lingerie is responsible for most of the fun in the play, for the humor centers around this alluring damsel's visits to neighboring apartments at psychological moments. She doesn't come right in, turn around and walk right out again, but stays long enough to induce two wives to purchase tickets to Reno. Thus the plot runs, with all sorts of ludicrous situations piling up so rapidly that the fun is continuous. Laughs follow one another with absolute surety. Of course, it all turns out happily—and innocently—in the end. No damage is done and the happy couples continue blissfully on their blissful marital way. The featured members of the capital cast, Miss Norton and Paul Nicholson, are given admirable support by Eugene Desmond, Norman Houston, A. Deen Cole, John Maurice Sullivan, Teresa Dale, Agnes Jeppson, Frances Williams, Margaret Phillipps and others. The only Sir Harry Lauder comes on November 24th.

A boy has to explain to his mother why he was out late, and the man has to do the same thing to his wife.

Helen—Do you believe it is true that all the world loves a lover? Tom—No; not since I had an interview with your father.

'X'Did you notice how your wife laughed at all my jokes? She's got a keen sense of humor.' "No; she's got a dimple."

"How did Blank lose the fingers of his right hand?" "Put them in the horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had." "And then what happened?" "The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers Blank had."

Fond Mother—Tommie, where did you get that black eye? Didn't I tell you good little boys never fight? Tommie—Yes, and I believe you, ma. I thought he was a good little boy until I hit him, then I found he wasn't.

Private Higgins (on sentry duty at entrance to camp)—'Alt! 'Oo comes there? Mrs. Higgins (paying a visit)—Orl right, Bill 'Iggins. You wait till you come 'ome on leave. Trying to make out you don't know your own wife!

Father (very severely)—Now, look here, Jenny, you must not encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It is simply disgraceful. What does your mother say about it? Jenny—She says men have not altered a bit, dad!

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cats, in a little milk."

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL DET STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

"THE MAN HUNT," a Somnambulist Comedy with Isolda Illian; EVA SHIRLEY, assisted by Fid Gordon's Versatile Musical Boys and Al Roth, Jazz Dancer, in "Songs of the Moment"; VENITA GOULD in "Impressions" of Well-Known Players; KITNER & REANEY in "An Ocean Episode"; HARRY GREEN in "George Washington Cohan"; LILLIAN SHAW, America's Premier Vocal Dialect Comedienne; ARTHUR WEST, assisted by Lucille Smith in "What the Critic Said"; MARK NELSON in Novel Eccentricities; PRINCESS RADJAH in Her Famous "Cleopatra Dance".

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

**SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA**
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

THIRD "POP" CONCERT
CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Nov. 16, at 8:30 o'clock

PROGRAM—Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; "Unfinished" Symphony, Schubert; Danse Macabre, Saint-Saens; Italian Caprice, Tschaikowsky; Meditation, "Thais," Massenet; "Love's Joy," Kreisler; "Espana," Chabrier.

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater from 10 A. M. on concert days only
NEXT—Nov. 21 and 23, Fourth Pair of Symphonies (Soloists, Louis Persinger and Artur Argiewicz)

CURRAN

Leading Theatre. Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460.

SECOND AND LAST WEEK STARTS
SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 16

George Broadhurst Presents
Mark Swan's Uproarious Farce

**SHE WALKED
IN HER SLEEP**

With
MISS NORTON—PAUL NICHOLSON
Nights, 50c to \$2.00; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
Best Seats \$1.00 Wed. Mat.
NEXT—Mon., Nov. 24—HARRY LAUDER

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE COUNTRY COUSIN"

Booth Tarkington and Julian Street's Comedy
WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MAT., AUG. 16
Fifty-third Consecutive Drama of Dramatic Season
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
First Production of John H. Blackwood's Powerful
Domestic Comedy-Drama

"A DOLLAR DOWN"

Eloquently Dramatic and Humorous Exposition of the
Installment Plan Problem

SUN. MAT., NOV. 23—Farewell Revival

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

By Arrangement With David Belasco
Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Prices were strong and higher early in the week on a more favorable labor outlook and the result of the recent election held in Massachusetts in which the issue was based principally on law and order. The overwhelming victory for the Republican party in returning the present governor to office put a stamp of approval on good government and it clearly indicated that radicalism in this country will have no concerted following—and, while we will always have labor troubles, the American laboring man is strongly in favor of the law and order and against radicalism.

The action of the federal government in condemning the recent coal strike as unlawful and ordering the heads of the union to call the strike off also had a favorable effect. However, the good news soon gave way to a more pessimistic turn and before the week was over prices had a material setback all through the list.

The cause of the change in sentiment was due to the advancing money rates. Call money being quoted as high as 20 per cent with the renewal rate around 12 per cent. This was too much for the average trader and, as commission houses were advising their customers to reduce their lines and with no prospect of an immediate decline in rates, stocks were thrown on the market regardless of price and at the close of the week the market looked like a further setback would be in order.

The outstanding feature in money is, of course, the action of the various federal reserve banks in raising their rediscount rates as a step toward repressing a credit expansion, in part for purposes of speculation, that had been deemed excessive and against the spirit of the sundry cautionary utterances earlier issued by the federal reserve board.

The abolishing of the short-time rate hitherto enjoyed by the banks on rediscount of commercial paper at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent for 15 days or less and placing of the commercial discount basis on a flat $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent rate all around would seem to presage both less rediscounting of this sort and somewhat higher commercial paper basis in future.

Still more important for the nearer future is the raising of the rate for notes based on government obligations from 4 per cent and $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent according to maturity to a flat $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent basis. This represents the first tentative step toward "deflation" in the way of taking down part of the new credit structure based on the huge output of government war paper. This, being the best collateral in the world, has naturally been the base for both individual and bank borrowing, especially in view of the low rates that were set and maintained for the government loans. The pressure is now exerted to cause both individuals and banks to reduce their borrowing on such security. The effect was to

cause contractions in the volume of rediscounts of this nature being used as a recourse for expanding credit sought by bank customers.

The speculative trade took a very gloomy view of the above, as it looks now as if the federal reserve board were determined to put a stop to wild speculation not only in stocks but everything in general and by advancing interest rates bring about a stringency in money that would force liquidation sales. This may be only a temporary situation—but, as long as money rates continue abnormal, it will be hard to bring about any sustained advance.

Generally speaking, business conditions are sound, barring the few districts in which strikes are still in effect. The railroads help up well considering the decline in industrials and are being picked up by investors on the theory that prices are low and that when they are turned back to private control they will go back with the government strongly behind them financially.

Oil stocks, after some of the issues, made new high records, for the movement sold off in sympathy with the general market, but the underlying conditions are so strong and the outlook for the future so promising that it can hardly be expected that the better class of oil stocks can decline very much from this level.

The coal strike has taught the big manufacturers in the East a lesson and already a number of mills are substituting oil for coal. All new ships are oil burners and a number of the large coal burning steamers are being changed to oil burners. The demand for oil is such that present prices for the commodity will surely be maintained and probably advanced, as the supply on hand is being reduced rather than increased in face of the enormous production.

We feel friendly to the market on all reactions and would advise the purchase of the better class of stocks.

Cotton—The principal factor in the market the past week was the government crop report which made the condition 51.1. This exerted a bearish influence on the market, as the condition was two to three points above general expectations. With the issuance of the condition statement, considerable liquidation appeared which brought about a quick decline of about one cent per pound.

The strong demand from the trade showed no sign of abatement and the contracts offered were well absorbed and the market held fairly steady at the decline with a recovery later in the week which resulted in all of the decline being wiped out.

The spot markets continue very strong and the future markets are selling at a discount from the spot basis. Therefore, bull leaders are professing unlimited confidence in the power of the market to continue this strength, as long as fundamental conditions show no material change.

Weather reports were bullish. General rain throughout most of the belt followed by freezing weather as far south as central Texas has just about finished the growing crop in some sections of the belt. Good white cotton is commanding 40 cents per pound in the Texas markets and like prices in other markets and substantial premiums are paid for all good grades.

Trade houses are not taking many chances with the short crop in sight and are buying contracts steadily, which makes it rather dangerous for shorts to attempt operations, especially with the possibility of a further setback in conditions in the actual cotton districts.

Buying for foreign and domestic spinners on the break was a big factor in bringing about a recovery from the decline early in the week and, with this class of buying appearing on every setback, the trade can only expect minor reactions with ultimately higher prices.

Statistical news was bullish. Exports, while rather small, were nevertheless larger than the previous week and the movement from the farm was far below the previous year, which would indicate that the farmer is in a condition financially to hold his cotton and is not satisfied with present prices.

Labor troubles and the action of the stock market may bring about reactions from time to time, but it must not be forgotten that we have raised an extremely small cotton crop of a very poor quality which will all be wanted before a new crop is available at higher prices.

Head of the House (roaring with rage)—Who told you to put the paper on the wall? Decorator—Your wife, sir. Head of the House (subsiding)—Pretty, isn't it?

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH.

Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUFENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourney I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

YONE NOGUCHI,
POET OF JAPAN

(Continued from Page 5)

tween the life of Nature and the life of man, between the beauty of flowers and the beauty of love, that I wrote:

'It's accident to exist as flower or poet;

A mere twist of evolution but from the same force;

I see no form in them but only beauty in evidence;

It's the single touch of their imagination to get the embodiment of a poet or a flower;

To be a poet is to be a flower,

To be the dancer is to make the singer sing.'

I asked if he believed the story that Lefcadio Hearn, the Greek-Irishman, had told an American reporter that he hated Japanese men. The reporter asked: "How is it then that you married a Japanese woman?" Hearn's answer was: "Ah! But Japanese women are not Japanese." Mr. Noguchi smiled faintly and said that it sounded "too quick, too smart," to be Hearn's. "Remember," he said, "that Hearn said 'After living all these years in Japan, I own I know nothing of Japan.' And besides, many Japanese are not Japanese—they might be English, French, Russian, German—anything, but not Japanese." By that, I presume he meant that to partake of a nation's ideals it is not sufficient to be born and brought up in a country.

Mr. Noguchi has two sons and a daughter, the latter is the eldest and eleven, and so far shows no signs of being poetic. Her esthetic and learned father takes the very common-sense viewpoint that to be just a plain child at the age of eleven is all to be expected of any child. He believes—of course I asked—that a poet should marry whom he likes and not another poetic creature, unless it is the one of his choice. "Do you think a poet's wife should be quite a practical person?" I ventured. "Well, yes, perhaps it would be well," he said, but with an air as if anything so mundane as practicality were a superfluous attribute. To illustrate some point he observed that some people arrange flowers in a certain artistic way without having any thought or idea as to the reason. Immediately I became painfully conscious of my corsage chrysanthemum which perhaps was offending his artistic sensibilities by a wrong adjustment. Pretty flower! I had put it on to brighten my gown which happened to be black, as I felt it might have a sulphidic effect upon a poet's imagination, prompting him to say picturesque things for this interview. But I suppose the flower, through no fault of its own, was no particular inspiration. He did say one picturesque thing. It was about our fog—he called it mist. Some other Japanese gentleman had just advised, in the Chronicle, the planting of many trees in gardens, on streets and roofs, to absorb the moisture. Noguchi said: "Do not try to get rid of it. Your mist is beautiful, under the reflection of the moon or the street lights. It does no harm to the human body—it is not penetrating like the damp of Japan and other countries." He believes, too, that as California is different from other places, we should have an individuality in literature. He said that it is provincial to imitate and that we ought to be a literary center. "How can we?" I asked. "Be natural!" he replied.

Mr. Noguchi was due in Pasadena for one lecture and has been invited to speak at California University on the 18th, I believe. Later his tour takes him to Chicago and other eastern places. Judging from his writings, his comments on the literature of countries besides that of his own will be illuminating, for his knowledge of

literature is profound. It would be an interesting experience to study his oriental magic of extracting strange perfume from literary efflorescence whose exquisite odors are already familiar.

ALONG THE ROAD WITH
FATHER TIME

(Continued from Page 4)

the ground. In the exhibition, the film is reversed; that's all. The spectators see it backward."

"Great!" exclaimed the old-timer.

"I asked Louise if she would lie down in front of the locomotive, and let the engine back away. She said she would if the engineer would start slowly. Well, it was worked just that way. We photographed the train backing away, and we reversed the film and the train apparently was rushing toward the distracted girl. A huge success—except in one detail. Suddenly I heard some one whispering, and then the laugh went round. I said to Louise, 'What's the matter?' She said, 'Look at the smoke. It is pouring into the locomotive instead of coming out'. Understand? I had reversed everything, and overlooked the fact that the smoke would be reversed too."

"Wow!" The old man stretched himself and roared. He roared again, and when Bagley thought him through laughing, he roared still more."

"There was a time," said Bagley, "when I couldn't think of that brilliant spectacular mistake without getting the chills. Memory of a mistake is a terrific thing in the soul."

"There is no such thing as memory," said the other.

"What!"

The ancient one shook his head. "Just one of mankind's little delusions. Jumble of cause and effect. Life, young man, is as your film of the locomotive. All reversed. That's why I had to laugh at your interesting experiment."

"Life is reversed?"

"Yes, lad. The end is the beginning and the beginning is the end."

"That's incomprehensible."

"Could you understand if you would know the simple secret of life and the mind."

They came to the scene of Bagley's mishap. "Now," advised the old one, "get over to that rock, as you were when I found you, and I'll see what can be done to roll back the film you call life."

Bagley, exhausted and mystified, slid to the rock, and, looking up into the oblivion of those blue eyes, murmured, "I know who you are," and went to sleep. He dreamt that a pirate in red and black swung down the cliff, returned the thefts, and scampered away.

Bagley awoke, and blinked at the sky. His hand dived for the cigarette case, in whose dull silver was an oval of delicate hues. He kissed it, and almost sang out, "Louise!"

She ran toward him. "Mercy on us! You had a terrible fall. I went up the road for a glass of water. Drink some."

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19676; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of GRACE ELAINE BOGART, An Incompetent Person.

Frank A. Bogart, as Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Elaine Bogart, an incompetent person, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estate of said incompetent person situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (reference to which said petition on file herein being hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order), and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary to sell said real property in order to pay the just debts due from said incompetent, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on the 11th day of December, 1919, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court at San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Guardian for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk" a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 6, 1919.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

COOGAN & O'CONNOR,

Attorneys for Guardian,
904 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Get the Best and Save the Most

MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

397 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

Office Phone: Sutter 3318

Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5

Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



W.S.S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1432

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 22, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Briton and German

De Valera's Return

Bolshevik Barbarities

H. C. L. and Labor

Peace Night in Paris

The Basagno Bequests

The American Legion

Stage, Society, Finance

Tribute to Mrs. P. C. Hale

The Park Memorial Museum

Courage of Supervisors Power and Hayden

Rudy Seiger Names Society's Best Dancers

A S. F. Woman's Impressions of French Conditions

Captain Henri Negre Talks on French Reconstruction

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, November 22, 1919

No. 1432

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. BonnetEditor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

How About That Peace?

It is now several days more than a year since that long struggled for armistice was signed and the supposedly greatest diplomatic minds in all the world assembled at Versailles to formulate a document that would secure a definite and permanent peace. The United States entered that conference as one of the five great powers, presumably to hurry the signing of a peace pact which all of the world wanted, but immediately interjected a rider in the form of a covenant for a league of nations, which at that time only a few thousands of idealists wanted and the many waited while the few wrangled. In the meantime the relentless, pitiless and defeated foe whom the peace conference was all about, laid low like Br'er Rabbit, let it haggle over the peace terms, went about his business of restoration of interrupted trade and manufactures, and in a short time became the only land in all the world that seemed to be peaceful in the slightest degree. Each and every one of the hitherto fraternally united allies is either diplomatically and commercially pouting at the other, while the newer nations, for whom the great war of democracy was fought, are fighting against one another, or among themselves, apparently to see just how much autocratic ambition can be made to conform with the preconceived notions of what democracy really means. Whatever anyone may say to the contrary, the five allies are neither governmentally or commercially friendly, and the single venture of the Paris general committee in the attempt to make the league of nations work, resulted in the D'Annunzio invasion of Fiume and placed him in the anomalous position of being in rebellion against his country which he only sought patriotically to serve, in the usual idealistic way of all poets. At all events there is not yet even a good imitation of a world's peace, and it is not pleasant to note that most of the fingers of blame are pointed at the United States, which has been

the Good Samaritan of the whole deplorable mess. We responded to the pleas that without our assistance Germany must certainly win; we made loans and granted credits to the extent of billions upon billions of dollars; we sent between three and four millions of men abroad, first broke through the Hindenburg line, and are now said to be the most hated nation in the world, apparently for no other reason than that we have come out of the war commercially unscathed.

* * *

Presidential Candidates

It begins to look like General Leonard Wood for the Republicans, with the next best man considerably behind, while the Democrats are still in the throes of doubting speculation, since they seem to feel that their candidate must be the strongest one possible or they have not the faintest glimmer of a chance to win the race of 1920. As far as General Wood is concerned, discussion as to his candidacy has almost reached the point of foregone conclusion, and those who want to know the reasons why a man who has never held a higher political position than that of Governor-General of Cuba should be so summarily elevated into the highest office in the gift of any people, are not likely satisfied by any convincing political argument. Political argument with reference to the supposedly necessary qualification of experience have nothing whatever to do with the case, and the personal equation becomes the predominant issue. In this regard General Wood is as available a candidate as has yet been mentioned, and aside from being the natural successor of Theodore Roosevelt as to theories and political leanings, he has plenty of qualifications inherent in himself as a figure of great dignity, a fine organizer of men, and with an unflinching sense of justice which must appeal to all fair minded men. The next favored candidate seems to be Governor Lowden of Illinois, but in a presidential campaign many thousands of voters would propound the important question, "Who's Lowden of Illinois?" But there could be no mistake whatever about General Wood, especially when reminded that when ranking general of the United States army he was practically made an officer of instruction at home, instead of being given the command abroad which was his right. Democracy seems to be very much at sea with reference to a candidate. Several of the regulars are in evidence, of course, such as Champ Clark, for instance, who, in view of the shabby treatment by Boss Bryan eight years ago, certainly deserves consideration.

But it is not believed that he could win, and the next best bet seems to be William McAdoo, who probably would not consider a nomination for the reason that he knows he could not win either. There has been much talk of late about Herbert Hoover, who would surely appeal to the independent element, for although he seems to be duly accredited to no particular party, his candidacy is doubtful, for he too must know that it would be merely complimentary. So who shall say that Leonard Wood is not to be our next man of destiny? The reasons for it are rather substantial ones, and the country's political history records that with very few exceptions we have been very successful indeed with our soldier presidents, and the negligible number of failures were not professional soldiers.

* * *

Let It Not Be Again!

Three times within the memory of the youngest voter at the last election, this country has been caught napping and unprepared at the time of emergency. The woeful lesson taught by the war with Spain, seemed to have been quite forgotten when it seemed necessary to send forces into Mexico, and our entry into the most prodigious war of history found us totally unprepared for activities of eighty per cent lesser magnitude. The absurd pacifist fallacy of Mr. William Jennings Bryan to the effect that we could raise an army of a million men in a week was utterly disproved during the first six months of mobilization; the statement once heard by the writer at a banquet in Washington, that all that was needed for a navy was something that could carry a gun, and ferry boats could do that as well as an ironclad, was a piece of ludicrous idealism, as vapid and untrue as that a seething tide of furious radicals can be put to rout by a handful of police and a few machine guns. And yet the country is faced even now by a reign of terror, far greater than that which seemed possible in the event of an invasion by Germany. There is unrest, dissatisfaction, turmoil and threats of violence everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the land, and yet we permit these destructive elements to be further excited and encouraged by outside propaganda without making any more than the most perfunctory kind of efforts to eradicate what is here, or prevent any more from coming. It is time to forget the sentimentalism that inspired our forefathers to promulgate the sweet theory that this should be the haven of refuge for the oppressed of every land. Such humanitarian idealism phrased these theories, without once pausing to consider that none have

ever been put into practice but to be productive of evil. Invite the oppressed of every land to live under a government by the people and for the people? A thousand times yes. But when those oppressed of every land, and their descendants, propose to rise for the purpose of running that government according to their own notions of what a government by the people should be, then it is time to thwart them before it is too late, instead of temporizing with them and trying to induce them to become good and peaceful citizens when they have already made up their minds beyond argument to be something entirely the reverse. We have permitted this country to be mined with sedition and anarchy. Are we going to render it impossible to ignite the flaming torches, or must we wait until the explosion comes and then call for help?

* * *

Ex Pluribus Duum

It is pleasant to be able to note that in supervisors Hayden and Power, we have at least two officials who possess the wisdom to permit the authorities at Washington to conduct the government of the United States in their own sweet way, and without outside suggestion even from so august an executive body as the board of supervisors of the City of San Francisco. Each of these gentlemen has from time to time shown a civic interest which ought to commend them to the voters of this city in future elections as in past ones, but in the case here commented upon they exhibited the official sagacity that seems to have been quite overlooked by their more ambitious colleagues, who evidently have ambitions to make their diplomatic opinions further reaching. Last week a somewhat cumbersome and platitudinous memento was drawn and sent to Washington, to suggest to the congress there assembled that in the opinion of the said board of supervisors the action hitherto taken with reference to an

injunction against organized labor in the miners' strike, was ill-advised and should at once be abrogated, if passed, and if not, then consideration of such a damaging interference with the personal liberties of Americans should not be further continued. This preamble and resolutions, which were in substance and intent as above stated, passed the meeting of the board by an overwhelming majority, Messrs. Powers and Hayden alone voting no. Doubtless the duo of gentlemen who believe that they have enough to do to serve the city instead of expanding their enterprising efficiency into the halls of congress, will have to explain their impertinent opposition to their wiser bretheren, and it is safe to say that the reasons given for the negative vote will be expressed with their usual courage and independence. Evidently this resolution was inspired by a sort of socialistic abhorrence of government by injunction; but will these gentlemen who were in the majority acknowledge that they prefer mob law?

* * *

Judge Brady's Opportunity

There seems to be no one who voted for Charles M. Fickert at the recent election who does not feel that his defeat was little short of a public calamity. There is a tenseness in the political and business air about the city which tokens danger ahead. Dark clouds are alleged to be gathering. The fates have been mad and perhaps, our queen city of the west must labor through in anguish to a birth of community righteousness and a final triumph of law and order. According to his legion of disappointed supporters, the defeat of Fickert shows this city to be under the sway and control of a far better organized vote machine than Tammany Hall was ever accredited to be. This part of the tale of woe is scarcely true, for the outstanding feature of the election seemed to have been an almost complete obliteration of strict party lines, and

the voters cast their ballots for men and not political beliefs. To say where the votes came from that elected Rolph by an almost landslide majority and still defeated Fickert by over six thousand can only be conjectured, and the various kinds of conjectures would be more or less controlled by personal sympathy and bias. It may of course be said that the bias which elected Judge Brady by a substantial majority came from the lawless element in sympathy with Mooney, but no one can be sure of that, and it is not to the credit of the successful candidate to besmirch his victory with such a pall of doubt in view of his well expressed promises and policies made during the campaign. At the same time, from all accounts there was "something rotten in Denmark". If the reports of an almost unanimous press were true, the "public vote-counting affair" in the Civic Auditorium must have been, beyond doubt, the most audacious ward-heeler trick ever perpetrated in this city or any other city. But whether true or false these reports have nothing to do with the case as it stands at present. No one will ever know just how much Fickert was hurt in this alleged vote-counting scramble, but that too is now beyond redemption, since the votes were duly counted and the successful candidates declared elected beyond dispute. The result is all that counts now, and that part of the community which stands for 100 per cent Americanism, is hoping that Judge Brady will firmly stand for the continuance of Fickert's aggressive and fearless course in the district attorney's office. This he has already promised to do, and there has been nothing in his career as a public spirited man, an upright judge and an able attorney, to furnish any grounds for doubt as to the entire uprightness of his ambition to become the public prosecutor of a great city. At all events his friends say so, there were six thousand more of them that Fickert seemed to have had, and the fulfillment of these beliefs is up to him.

Rizzio's Last Song

Thy beauty called me from another land,
From lovely Venice, set in silver sea,
Where Industry and Art go hand in hand—
Like her thy realm in after times may be
A favoured land,
My Queen, my Queen.

I for thy people wrought with hand and heart;
Happily I lived for thee from day to day,
Giving, to guard thee, talents due to Art—
Was it in vain, beloved? Who shall say?
Tonight we part,
My Queen, my Queen.

For love of thee I die, Marie, tonight;
I hear the heavy tread of armed men;
Thy sweetness was my Heaven, my heart's delight,
Adieu! my Queen, until we meet again.
My Queen, good-night,
Good-night, good-night.
—A. M.

High service must from true affection spring;
My beautiful, my love of high degree,
My tender thought and longing let me sing.
Warned have I been from enemies to flee,
But now I bring
My life, my Queen.

Beauty and joy enshrined in thee I love;
Thine eyes are like the stars in other skies.
Now, like the swan, I sing thy heart to move;
Thy servant all fulfils, tonight he dies,
But soon above
He gains his Queen.

The Park Museum

By Lionel Josaphare

In the golden glow of studio gossip there is a commonplace that an hour in an art gallery has a depressing effect. Perhaps an exalted mood instinctively moves toward sorrow; from the serious to the sad is a short passage. Exaltation and depression, at opposite poles of the mind, have a zone of mutual understanding; or, as Poe tells it: sadness and beauty are entitled to the same shrine. There is, too, amid pictured walls, another cause of low-spirits—a disappointment that follows the ecstasy of hope. Few pictures will satisfy the imagination.

Nevertheless, upon entering the memorial museum in Golden Gate Park, a certain gladness arises at the very thought that the establishment is there. As the visitor stands on the gravel path, there is realized for him a place where pictures can be hung, and amid whose encomiums of color, he may wander as through the ages. This is a preliminary enjoyment, and one that lingers in the journey through the painted realms; it remains with him when he departs: the knowledge that we have an institution where Art, as a personality, smiling antediluvian, eternal child, may dwell in honor.

Meropé married a mortal. For this indiscretion, she lost her place in the Greek heavens. Many years afterwards, Randolph Rogers expressed himself concerning this Pleiad's downfall, giving his thought in marble "Meropé Mortali Nupsit," which is now in the park museum, and is closely related to the uplift of man. I should like to see the statue in a more commanding site among its marbled fellows, not because it is a stunning creature of whiteness, but because it signalizes or is thematic of a glorious principle, tragedy, the impetus of all great sculpture and painting. It is emblematic of something that pervades every region of art. The inspired workman, quite the reverse of Meropé, takes to an immortal love. The ambrosial spouse is his own imagination. He seeks heaven and suffers hell in vain effort to be more heavenly.

Now, I cannot say that the park museum is filled with framed oblongs through which each and every painter beheld a glimpse of his own heaven. Nor should I be so bold as to designate any one whose pictures might be cherished by an anxious world when only a few shreds of angelic scene are left on the canvas. Yet one thing is certain as earthly certainty can be: the edifice itself immortalizes the city of San Francisco, and gives us a vested interest in that more illustrious history of man for which he builds his temples along the parkways and citadels of time. Against this greater skyline, crumbling from the azure stone to the ruins of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome, and thence to modern days, each metropolis yearns to add its tower of worship. It collects, from classic, medieval and contemporary walls the things that have been called best. While such treasures are contained in our own, it is to be noted that Mr. de Young, founder and chief donor, has wisely added many exhibits of the artistic period from which we have recently emerged. This is a momentous gain. Here the painter is caught with that fervor of originality without which there can be no successful claim to distinction. Rather do these words beg the question. Art, originality and distinction are one. It has been demonstrated that, surrounded by masterpieces only, men become imitators. So has it been in Italy, which has sucked only depleted milk from the breasts of the 16th Century. A gallery use-

ful to the student and citizen must contain canvases that exclaim "do not" as well as "do". It is from these that schools and discussions arise. Argument leads to excellence; excellence, to imitation. When genius, like the goat, reaches the mountain top, it sees only the other side of the mountain. The worst thing about the divine fires of art is that they call for sacred enthusiasm. Criticism is silent while flattery rants through the scene; flattery becomes platitude; panegyrics lead to panic, and masterpieces surely are followed by an age of mediocrity. It is better to be found approaching the sublime than be drooping away from it.

Entering these memorial halls, we give thanks for fruitful orchards of paint and canvas, wherein may be plucked the apples of discord or the figs of peaceful tribute. Sauntering for sight of the best, before making a more exhaustive detour, we note, especially desirable at the moment, two Blakelocks, not in his most imaginative guise, yet adequate: Jules Pages' "Sur Le Zinc," and his "Italian Peasant," the latter being among his best efforts; Joseph Raphael's "Town Crier and Family," an impressive canvas; George Roussel's "American Girl," in a hot light, perhaps a reminiscence of beauty roses; not a portentous picture, and to some suggesting the ephemeral thrill of a magazine cover, yet executed in a style freer and more persuasive than appears in its neighbors. Roussel has also "The Ballet Girl"; "Five o'Clock Tea," by Gordon Coutts, is a bit obvious in its contrast of childhood and age, yet is not necessarily disturbing on that account, nor is it repellantly sentimental; its tone line is deliberate and charming. In the Alice Skae room of the old gallery are "The Road," of Xavier Martinez, a study in hillside rhythm; Frank Van Sloan's "Adam and Eve," his first attempt at larger composition; Will Sparks' "October Day in Sonoma County," a peculiar landscape in mother-of-pearl gleaming from darkness; Betty de Jong's "Pancake Vendor," a strong work except for suggesting itself as detail of a larger field; Gottardo Piazzoni's imaginative "Silence"; Charles Rollo Peters' "Round Lane—Dorset," a more logical example of his style than the "San Juan Capistrano"; and there too are the dandy little sketches of Julian Rix. These are all worthy products of the brush. They are not so-called Native Son subjects—"that could happen in California and nowhere else". Nor are the painters themselves men who could have been born only in California. However, the pictures, for one reason or another, are Californian, most of them.

Back in the memorial rooms. They remind us that of all art periods, the student finds the preceding one of main interest, though, of course, not the most valuable. To his purpose, it is even better than his own, whose fashionable enthusiasm is oft misleading. From the previous generation we can learn without illusion. As an example of a day that is gone, there is "Temptation," by Upetnepr. A woman in widow's weeds is startled by two visions, one before and one behind her. At her left pleads Virtue; at the other side coyly crouches Wick-edness, proffering a bedizened goblet of wine and sin. In the rear is a memory of the deceased. A card tells us that "the figures are nearly lifesize and are most dramatically depicted". And we have no reason to doubt the card-writer's word.

Every one has heard the declamation against such pictures as this and "Honeymoon in Ven-

ice," by Joncieres; or "Hesiod and the Muse," for another. Still, I am one who heartily favors them, for it is proper that the painter and the people have these examples before them always. Almost every student passes through a phase where he is likely to undertake similar subjects. He may experience the mood at the age of ten or forty. He may spend years at them before discovering that he has something else in his mind. If he have access to a gallery where he can compare school with school, he may determine in a few visits, mayhap at a single glance how far his genius would thrive on compositions of that nature. Few painters today have the patience for their elaboration. The sentimental age that is dead was willing to devote months where we give days to a canvas. We have no painter today, and it is not likely that there ever will come another to depict solemnly, painstakingly, piously the laurel-bearing muse, her gown neatly caught over her calf with an ultramarine stud as she wings horizontally toward the sleeping Hesiod. Nor could we, in the year, 1919, forego the luncheon invitations for the prior engagement of painting life-size turtle doves flocking in the foreground of a honeymoon boat. We might be tempted to compete, had we never the advantage of seeing how well the thing was done by a child of the previous age working in the sincerest sweat of his brow.

Or, again, take "The Battle in Laces," by Ferdinand Gueldry. A field of casualties; victorious peers of the realm salute Mme. Pompadour, who reviews them from a middle distance hill; heroes in blue satin and white wigs; horses en fete, their caparisons entwined with roses; in foreground a white charger rose-decked, his tail tied with a blue ribbon. And the wonder of it is that the subject is fairly well handled. "The Battle in Laces," if much reduced in size, might grace a lady's fan. Here it is, a large canvas, the very quintessence of a Louis XV gentleman's idea, a battle in ballroom finery; mounted warriors returning from and through bloodshed, gay and unblemished, some of them, and ready at a moment's notice for the pleasure of the dance. There is even some success at character drawing.

If one search for costume and character, he will find the Spaniards unapproachable at it;

(Continued on Page 15)

"Caltex" Bifocals Are Used At All Times

If you require different glasses for reading and distance, one pair is always out of use, but if you wear "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals, the newest and most improved invisible double vision glasses, they can be worn constantly without the inconvenience of changing. "Caltex" are the highest type of precision bifocals and make it possible for many to wear double vision glasses in comfort who could not wear the old style.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Peace Night in Paris Streets

(From Archibald Campbell)

"Merci à nos poilus." In a shady pergola on the heights of Montmartre a still-mobilized French soldier sat with his old parents. The legend over his head, in its simplicity and the familiar surroundings of a poor but self-respecting French household, seemed more in keeping with the spirit of the hour than even the more vociferous rejoicings of the people of the plain below, which is Paris. Montmartre—the real Montmartre, not the quarter of flashy restaurants and night resorts which surrounds the Place Cliehy—has retained to a wonderful degree that almost rustic charm which made it the resort of Corot and numerous painters since his time. The summit of the famous hill, dominated by the shining whiteness of the Sacré Coeur, was undoubtedly the place from which to view the celebrations. Those who ascended the heights of the modern Parnassus had their reward. It reminded one somewhat of the famous scene in "Louise." There were rockets and bengal lights in the distance, reproduced with such skill in the world's great opera houses. There was the opalescent coloring, changing on this perfect night of June into blue as darkness fell. There were the love motifs ever near to the heart of the Montmartois and dear to the Latin temperament.

But the whole spectacle was greater in its significance than the patient, joyful throng which ascended the heights realized, though one felt that something more than the mere desire to secure a good view had impelled many of them to make the toilsome journey to the foot of the sacred fane where the first religious ceremony to celebrate peace was held earlier in the day. Perhaps Athens, with Mount Lycabettus—and that only on a small scale—is the only capital of Europe which can boast such a commanding eminence, rising from the very center of the city. As darkness fell one could discern the outline of many famous landmarks—the Eiffel tower, now demobilized, and sending forth rays of light instead of receiving messages intercepted from the enemy of yesterday—the Trocadéro, the Opera House, the Gare de Lyon, and a host of others. The Sacré Coeur itself was brilliantly illuminated. One of the few sombre spots in the near distance was Mont Valérien, masking, as it does, St. Germain, where the anxious Austrians yet await the conclusion of the treaty which will ring the death-knell of the Hapsburg empire.

Patriotic Fervor

Down in the city itself there were extraordinary scenes of patriotic fervor. The Boulevards had been fairly expectant during the day, but with nightfall thousands who had celebrated the day of "Saint Poilu," as one paper called it in the morning, in the country or along the route leading to Versailles, returned to spend such an evening as they will never forget. As early as 3 o'clock in the afternoon people were awaiting near the Place de l'Opéra the torchlight processions which were to be the feature of the night. Before dinnertime the Grande Boulevards were practically impassable for vehicular traffic, and it was not surprising that the projected procession from the Place de la Concorde to the Place de la Bastille had to be abandoned. But there were plenty of other processions, unofficial and otherwise, to make up for this, and those who felt in the afternoon that there was little enough

music at the more austere ceremony at Versailles, had nothing of which to complain regarding the martial and triumphant strains of the military bands at night. All the regiments of Paris took part in these demonstrations, comprising cavalry and infantry, both firemen and soldiers carrying torches. The Champs Elysées, the Boulevards, and all the principal thoroughfares were traversed by the nine military processions. By this time the streets were so crowded that in some cases the soldiers had the greatest difficulty in securing passage through the shouting, cheering multitude. This program, however, gave to this night of nights an ordered enthusiasm lacking on armistice night and on the night when it was announced Germany would sign the treaty. There were the German guns trundled gaily along, the joyous trolley loads of soldiers of all the Allied and Associated Powers making merry and waving the colors of the nations who have secured the signature of today's treaty, but the fine renderings of the "Marseillaise," the ever-popular "Madelon," which has inspired so many weary poilus, and other airs dear to British and American soldiers, kept the spirit of the people high, and their natural good sense prevented undue "mafficking" inseparable from such occasions. The restaurants, which seemed to have recovered their pre-war gaiety, remained open till 1 o'clock in the morning.

At the Opéra and in the theaters, music-halls, and cinemas the French national anthem was sung with enthusiasm, the audiences rising to their feet and shouting themselves hoarse. But it was in the actual streets, and notably in the very heart of the city, along the Grands Boulevards whither all true Parisians flock on these occasions, that the people gave fullest vent to their feelings. At the Place de l'Opéra one noted with pleasure a huge Union Jack—the biggest flag in Paris, and more effective by reason of its size than thousands of small flags. There were many spontaneous outbursts of patriotic rejoicing. In the Place de la Concorde, and wherever a few square yards of vacant space could be found, poilus and their girls mingled with Englishmen and Americans in the impromptu dances of the hour. They had been joined early in the evening by dusty throngs—the women still carrying the empty string bags which had contained a frugal lunch—returning from Versailles. Perhaps the most impressive moment was when Mademoiselle Demougeot appeared on the crowded balcony of the Opéra House and sang the opening verse of the "Marseillaise." Her splendid voice was soon lost amidst the mighty chorus from 50,000 throats, which took up with deafening fervor the finest call to a people ever written. "La jour de gloire est arrivé!" Never were the famous words sung to the stirring music with fuller passion and conviction.

Scene at Midnight

I have witnessed all the great manifestations of joy in Paris before and after the cessation of hostilities, but the scene I saw at the hour of midnight eclipsed from every point of view the demonstrations that marked the taking of Lille, Tourcoing, and Roubaix from the Germans, the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, and even the signing of the armistice, which was supposed to be the apotheosis of popular jubilation. Pro-

ceeding from the Place de la Concorde up the Rue Royale, and along the Boulevards de la Madeleine, Capucines, and Italiens, one had to struggle through serried masses of black, khaki, blue, and grey-green, for civilians and soldiers of the Allied nations were, even at this late hour, uniting to devise new methods of fun-making. What with the explosion of petards, shouting and singing, accompanied by good-humored hustling, and the répertoire of soldiers' songs played by improvised bands, the spectacle suggested a pandemonium, but a pandemonium that made for laughter. It would be impossible to say how many thousand people remained on the Place de la Concorde. They had come to witness the brilliant illuminations. What did it matter if they had to walk home? Besides, they were kept amused by the poilus, for whom the German guns appear to have an irresistible fascination. They had been moving these guns all day in defiance of the police, and some had been trundled as far as the Bastille. The cafés on the boulevards were more crowded than ever. Who thought of leaving while a kaleidoscopic entertainment was to be witnessed? Sometimes the performers were "doughboys" whose capacity for making a noise has a terrifying fascination for many Parisians. At midnight the American soldiers had evidently obtained a fresh supply of petards, and they exploded them freely, to the joy of the minnettes, whose staccato shrieks competed with the blare of motor horns, many of which had been borrowed for the purpose of noise-making. Earlier in the evening Allied soldiers had marched in groups in something like a semblance of order, waving flags and shouting, "Paix! Peace! Peace! Paix!" But at midnight the funniest procession of all was seen. Of the soldiers composing it, it was impossible to say who were British and who were American and French. Some had exchanged tunics, others uniforms, and, to make the disguise more effective, minnettes had obligingly changed hats with their cavaliers. On the Boulevard de la Madeleine British soldiers had a display of their own. Three war lorries came along practically smothered with Union Jacks. They were packed with "Tommies," who waved flags and roared out their souls in song. Men and women arose from their seats in the cafés and clapped their hands and cheered.

The crowd at the Place de l'Opéra was scarcely smaller than that, estimated at ten thousand, which greeted the advance of the torchlight procession from the Louvre and the fervent singing of the "Marseillaise" a few hours earlier. This midnight scene of glittering lights banished all thoughts of sleep, and thousands did not think of returning home until hours later. The cafés did not close until 1 o'clock, but long afterwards the boulevards rang with glad shouts. Paris had indeed féted the signing of the Peace.

Gussie—"The dentist told me that I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Ethel—"Did he recommend any special course of study?"

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

The Spectator

The Return of De Valera

The welcome of Eamonn de Valera on his second visit to San Francisco has not been marked by the apparently unanimous cordiality of the first one; primarily because an attempt has been made on the part of the sympathizers with his cause to give it greater official recognition than those who are in sympathy with him believed to be either wise or prudent, and, secondly, because there has come into being the American Legion, whose aims and purposes are the upholding of purely American ideals and institutions and nothing else. From their point of view the American people have no right to make public issues of political propaganda of other nationalities, nor the wrongs, imaginary or otherwise, of a nation which has no existence in fact or in law, and has not been recognized as an independent nation by the American government. It were idle to assume that this same American Legion is not an organization of widespread membership, for that is said now to have been numbered well up into the millions, and on its roster many thousands of the country's leaders in the great war have been enrolled. In the opinion of this organization it is un-American to permit the flag of any nation whatever to be given equal prominence in any public celebration with the Stars and Stripes, and this belief was strongly demonstrated by more or less violent opposition during the reception to de Valera in Portland. The same objections were voiced both before and during the reception of this week in San Francisco, but these were entirely disregarded, and the two standards displayed in processions and public gatherings, with the consent and participation of the city's chief magistrate. This newspaper has many times voiced its sympathy with the cause of self-determination for Ireland and that sympathy still exists. It has been, both by letter and spoken word, taken to task because that sympathy was not strongly enough expressed, and those who do not entertain such sympathy have criticised it because it was expressed at all. Town Talk does not now repudiate or recall anything it has ever said with reference to the Irish cause, for as an American newspaper it feels justified in espousing in a sentimental way the cause of any peoples of the world who are governed without their own consent. But as a supporter of the American government and an ardent admirer of its President, it cannot bring itself to believe that any state, or city, or organization of American citizens should be encouraged in giving material support to a cause which both the representatives of that government and its chief magistrate have declared has no existence in fact and cannot be recognized as a national one, since there is no such nation. Sentimentally, this paper is still in sympathy with the cause of Irish independence and it is in sympathy with the millions of Irishmen who are still dreaming of the fulfillment of the fond hopes of centuries. But it cannot but decry all attempts to inflame the American people into material support of their cause, nor can it feel itself inspired by any enthusiasm for the methods of de Valera. The Irish citizens of San Francisco are reminded they are first of all Americans, and should not have gone into hysterics of acclaim at the meeting of Tuesday evening last, when Chairman Gallagher, with very forceful intemperance, asked the American Legion to mind its own busi-

ness, which is precisely what they were doing. A free Irish nation by all means, gentlemen, and all good Americans will take off their hats to it as soon as such a nation has been recognized by the President and congress of the United States.

The American Legion

With the idea in mind to learn something definite about the American Legion, I went to the county committee's rooms in the Monadnock building one day this week. From a poster outside I learned that their membership is something like five million in all the states. Within the office I was told that there are 10,000 ex-service men enrolled in the six posts of San Francisco, with a possible 37,000 to draw from. There was a busy staff of executives and a room full of boys "signing up" more or less merrily. The secretary informed me that the dues are twenty-five cents a month and that the organization wants all ex-service men to join. The organization has no political significance nor aim, but is a sort of clearing house correcting the evils which the soldier returned to civil life encounters, and is also a help to obtain for him his government rights. When I asked the chairman, Capt. H. D. Williams, if the returned soldier is often found to be discouraged, the answer was a smiling and very emphatic "No! The American soldier is optimistic regarding what the government can do for him, in the way, for instance, of vocational training, compensation, etc., and the American Legion is supposed to see that he is not disappointed." Capt. Williams, a veteran of four wars is a mining engineer, and during the world war was an instructor in the engineering corps. I liked his chemically compounded statement of the purpose of the Legion. It was: "The melting pot of democracy has been boiling a long time; the law of definite proportion has been reached and if Americanism is not put into the compound, the standard of patriotism is going to be impaired. It is necessary to strengthen it with a higher degree of Americanism in order that our highest national ideals may be produced." He referred me to the preamble of the Legion's constitution:

"For God and country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, State and Nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

The Legion and de Valera

Major Grant, a gentleman with a military air of the brusque variety, said that anyone trying to make political capital out of the Legion was standing on a false basis. Of the organization's attitude toward de Valera he said that criticism of that gentleman as a traveler in this country is out of place, that he is a free-born man, entitled to enunciation of his opinions and to a courteous hearing. The major thought that if

a vote of the Legion were polled the sympathy for self-determination for Ireland would receive a large majority; but that the protest made to the supervisors was not against Ireland but the flying of the flag of an unrecognized entity, and upon the ground that it would establish a precedent. "If de Valera can fly in this country the flag of an unrecognized republic, there is nothing to prevent the Soviets marching up Market street with theirs, with the official sanction of our municipal officers. This Legion does not countenance violence in methods of protest. If the authorized officials of the government do not take action, why should we? And we are not responsible for the individual opinions or acts of our members. As an organization, we have nothing to do with party politics, but simply endorse 100 per cent Americanism and believe in the eradication of hyphenated Americanism," said the major.

Tribute to Mrs. P. C. Hales

Captain Williams paid a beautiful tribute to Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, who did such wonderful Red Cross work during the war and is now at the head of the Emergency Canteen. He said that while General Pershing was the commander-in-chief of the American army in the field, that Mrs. Hale is commander-in-chief in the field and out—that the soldiers love her and would do anything for her. "To show you how she stands with the Legion, take the incident of San Francisco's Armistice Day welcome," he continued. This was the day of days, the welcome to all service men. A committee appointed by Mayor Rolph was to raise by subscription \$2,500 dollars for Mrs. Hale to provide refreshments for 6,000 (boys and their sweethearts) at the Auditorium. As the auspicious occasion ap-

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

proached she was notified that all the funds raised would have to be expended for other purposes of entertainment, including fireworks. Captain Williams and Major Grant felt that if San Francisco hadn't sufficient civic pride to furnish the refreshments, the Legion would provide their own. Rather than deprive Mrs. Hale of her pleasure in giving the boys "the eats" they anticipated, he and Major Grant offered their personal contributions, as did also the Legion's executive body. The civic committee, learning this, promptly put up \$1,200 dollars, an adequate sum was made up for the purpose and the boys had refreshments without which the party would have been a failure. With Admiral Rodman and Rear-Admiral Jayne as the latest recruits to the Legion, the organization is navigating with colors flying.

Impressions of French Conditions

A prominent San Francisco woman who has just returned from France, where she spent most of the time since last June, describes conditions there as sad beyond words, in the north, owing to the complete devastation there. She speaks of the south as pervaded by general financial prosperity, but clouded in that section by a spirit of sadness, owing to the loss of its sons. In Paris, everybody is busy but nobody is jubilant—they seem to be waiting for an indescribable something. Accommodations are hard to obtain and prices are high for everything except clothes. The steamer, when this lady crossed in June, was laden with passengers from North and South America intent upon stocking their wardrobes, for whatever happens to France, the instinct of its modists for style is indestructible. Wonderful laces of all designs, especially those intricately woven with metal decoration, have a wide vogue. Many of these are made by blessés and others by workers of a generation which emerged from retirement owing to the necessity for workers as substitutes for those whom the war claimed. The industry of toy-making has been taken up to great extent by blessés, to whom every facility has been given by the government and the manufacturers to learn the craft.

Normandy and Paris

From Havre to Paris, one would not know, looking out of the train windows, that there had been a war, but in Paris are many evidences of the enemy's handiwork. The traveler found the grand opera in Paris crowded with enthusiasts over Salambo with an all-French company. The Theatre Francaise is drawing throngs with light comedies; American films are shown in all movie houses. The first movie which the American traveler saw was Sessue Hayakawa in "The Call of the Blood," and she was disappointed not to find a single film of French theme or manufacture.

One-fifteenth of the area of France has been devastated, including orchards, farms, forests. Homes and factories in all stages of destruction shock the beholder. Notwithstanding this condition, some of the inhabitants are making a brave entry into the wrecked territory in the endeavor to re-establish their homes—a dangerous undertaking, as the ground is riddled with unexploded shells imbedded at various depths. These shells have killed a number of farmers who were endeavoring to clear their land. The government has taken the restoration of the territory in hand and is successfully employing a recent invention, a plow with an electrical searcher. This reclamation will be the labor of years, for deep trenches have to be filled, the ground cleared of substrata and roadways re-established. The San Franciscan described the appearance of the northern country

as hundreds of times more demolished and forlorn looking than our own city after the great fire. Normandy looks natural with its prosperous little villages and with families cultivating patches of ground.

The Frontier of the Pyrenees

The lady visited Biarritz, which she found gay and crowded, the condition of the greater part of the country along the Pyrenean Italian frontier. There are so many foreigners in this territory at present, that it might be a section of any country except France.

The relatives whom this lady visited in Paris said that during the air raids and attacks by long range guns, they did not respond to the signal of la sirene to descend into the cellar, but remained undisturbed in their third-floor rooms of a five-story building. Their process of reasoning was that they were safer there, as there had been many instances of dwellers upon top floors being killed, as well as numerous cases of suffocation in cellars.

In Brussels

Brussels was "gay and chipper;" commodities and quarters not prohibitive in price; cafés and theaters were flourishing and joyousness characterized life on the surface; prosperity and general trade activity were general, notwithstanding the depreciation in exchange values. American dollars are the medium in biggest demand and go farther as a purchasing agent than at any previous period in Europe's history.

The Bisagno Bequests

The amazing will of Joseph Bisagno, who distributed a fortune that has been variously estimated as being between \$350,000 and \$500,000, is still the subject for surprised conversation in homes, clubs and cafes, and yet those who were fortunate enough to be intimates of "Joe," as he was invariably called even by acquaintances, declare that "it was just like him for all the world and something to be expected". No one in the city was better known in those places

where the convivial and friendly most do congregate, no one was better liked. Cheerful always, unostentatiously liberal, and socially a stalwart democrat, his nature was of a stripe that appealed to rich and poor alike, for he was a good fellow in every sense of the word. The banker or the capitalist was no worthier of his regard and esteem than the valet who dressed him or the waiter who served him, and it was said of him the other day that he had no favorites, because all good men were alike to him and he liked everybody who seemed to like him. He had for a long time been aware that a liver complaint of long standing must sooner or later remove him from his sphere of usefulness, and as that sphere was a broad one and its friendships many, he no doubt decided to distribute his fortune where it was most needed instead of clinging to the usual rule of remembering only relatives, and his had already been amply provided for either by their own efforts or rich marriages. Gratitude was to him the most commendable of all the human virtues and he would reward those who had been kind to him according not only to their merits, but those should be best remembered who had received the smallest share of the good things of the world. It had been a characteristic habit of his when done a favor to say to the kindly one: "I'll remember you in my will," but he was doubtless the only employer of that trite and matter-of-fact phrase who really remembered it in a substantial and material way. A brother says that there are several of his beneficiaries whom he only met once, made his habitual promise of reward, and registered it so that it should not be forgotten. With him such a promise was no joke, and if it seemed so to the person promised, the laugh would come with the surprise of being included among the fortunate 102 heirs, chosen on account of mere personal liking and gratitude. His favorite restaurant was Bergez-Frank's and the well-known Camille, who had for so long fed his appetite that they knew his every taste better than he did himself, was surprised with a bequest of \$8,000, while every

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

waiter in the restaurant whom he knew and toward whom he felt grateful for delicate attentions, was also remembered. His favorite actress was Marjorie Rambeau, she impressed him with her charming personality and she was not forgotten. His valet, his tailor, the tradesmen whom he patronized, and men and women in far-off Italy whom he had not met for years, received their share of his fortune devoted to gratitude and friendship, and divided into those shares because there were never curds nor whey in the milk of human kindness that nature had blessed him with. It was truly an amazing will, but "Joe" Basagno was an amazingly unusual man.

A Cold Outlook

In New York the slipper workers being out on strike, the stock of bedroom slippers is exceedingly low. With coal at twenty dollars per ton and going up, the outlook for a freezing winter is good. It is to be hoped that the drug clerks will hasten back to their dispensaries to prepare and sell cough and cold cures. Last week the apothecaries were parading, wearing "unfair" placards in their hats in front of numerous drug stores.

A Retort

I am one of the interesting superwomen
Whose 'propagation' you enthusiastically advocated

In the last issue
Of this magazine.

This poem is a remonstrance

Against the playful remarks which were made
About us 'supers'.

I am moved to defend my gender
Of the species.

As to our faces:

You must admit that these important sections
Of our anatomies

Possess the two important elements of modern
culture,

Namely, Art and Wisdom.

You must admit that our faces are artistic and
intelligent,

If not beautiful in the case
Of every specimen.

We always strive to maintain

A harmonious scheme of form and colour

Amongst our cheeks and noses

Et cetera.

Dare you deny the wise effect

Of our horn-rimmed spectacles

And cultured eyebrows?

Since public opinion still pronounces the male
Capable of self-defense

I leave the second stanza

Of this poem

To a brother super.

'MEDUSA.'

A Superwoman.

Brotherly Love

Civil service examinations in the County Clerk's office recently qualified a number of happy eligibles, the highest ranking of whom was to be rewarded by an advance in salary and position. But, something happened, and, one by one, each declined to accept the coveted advancement, so it was tendered to and taken by Mr. Robert Munson who had not passed the test. Mr. Munson's father is the County Clerk's brother-in-law and is to be congratulated that he is held in such high esteem by those who were entitled to the deputyship that they relinquished in his favor all claim to a salary increase—some sacrifice in these days of the inefficient dollar and some example of brotherly love!

Why Not Reverse the Order?

Are horses and automobiles deemed preferable to pedestrians? That impression is gained as one journeys afoot out Market street. Beyond the curb, where beasts and vehicles hold sway, watercarts and streetsweepers water and sweep till the thoroughfare gleams immaculate; within the pale, where humans make their way, even a horse would be bewildered by the flying dust and litterings! Does a regulation forbid the street-cleaners mingling, once in a while, with his species on the sidewalk, or is custom so entrenched that it will be deemed heresy to suggest this opportune diversion?

H. C. L. and Labor

The great majority of newspaper headlines in these days develop a dangerous disposition on the part of labor to secure higher wages with shorter hours, which seems to be the primary cause for most of the strikes now rampant, and the prevailing plea apparently is that because of the high cost of living labor must be given more money. This in spite of the fact that, except in the larger banking institutions an efficient cashier can be secured for less money than the manager of a boiler shop can hire a riveter for, and an amusing story comes to us from a recently arrived traveler, which should furnish ample testimony that riveters are already pretty well paid. It appears that a man, his wife and two children boarded a train at Seattle and were given a section and a half in a Pullman sleeper. Their baggage was all new and of expensive material, and the four people were clad in habiliments that betokened more than usual prosperity. All were well dressed, the wife displayed more than the usual amount of jewelry worn by travelers and the man showed a taste for diamonds scarcely ever publicly portrayed except by prosperous gamblers. He wore a diamond collar button, with the tie lowered so that it might be seen; in the scarf was a diamond and sapphire pin; his watch chain was besprinkled with small diamonds and there was a valuable diamond ring on a finger of each hand. The hands themselves were the only features of his make-up that did not betray a customary existence of ease and comfort, for they were wrinkled and scarred, and betrayed an unfamiliarity with manicures. In the dining car the stranger and his family ordered lavishly, but with a sort of uncertainty that gave the idea of more or less ignorance as to just what to select from the menu. The next morning the bediamonded stranger entered the men's compartment and looked about in search of something of importance to him, and the informant asked what it was. "Where do they wash here? In them little pans?" and being answered in the negative he unbuckled his bejeweled cuffs and rolled up his sleeves. "Where do you turn on the water?" and in response to another question he was told how to get the liquid soap from the retainer. Having washed himself hastily, he began to look about anxiously with his hands dripping, and reaching into his back trousers pocket, took therefrom his handkerchief and proceeded to dry them. Before this operation was completed the informant pointed to a stack of towels in the rack above, and the stranger laughed as he reached for one of them. "You see, I ain't used to sleeping cars," he said. "This is the first time I was ever aboard of one like this in all my life. You see, I'm a riveter in a shipyard in Seattle, and I'm laying off a week or two, to take my folks to see my mother in Dubuque." This incident would seem to indicate in a large degree that the riveter is considerably better off than the ordinary bank cashier, and that the high rate of spending is

labor's present aggression instead of the high cost of living.

When Over 4,000 Were Murdered

The sisters Eva, May and Eileen Healy, daughters of the former M. P., Mr. Thomas Healy, and nieces of Mr. Tim Healy, were among the 40 or so British residents of Kieff during the last six months of Bolshevism. In the course of their story they said:

"We three liberty-loving Irish girls, working for our living had no brief for the old regime in Russia, because we knew its weaknesses, faults, and crimes, and rejoiced when it was overthrown, and freedom seemed to have won. But this freedom was short-lived, and the autocracy of the Romanoffs, with all its evils, was paradise compared to the Bolshevik Hades, which now, thank God, is nearing its end.

"Our first experience of Bolshevik liberty," continued the Misses Healy, "was at Kieff in 1918 when over 3000 officers were shot only for the crime of defending their country against the Germans. We saw long rows of corpses clad in underlinen in the square before the palace, inside of which drunken citizens were playing the cakewalk on a piano and drunken comrades were dancing and capering about the place. There were more rows of corpses in the public gar-

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

HOTEL CECIL
The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California
2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles
or
64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Patrick & Company
RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

dens of all ages from mere boys to old men of seventy.

The last six months, when the majority of members of the Kieff Chresvychaika were always under the influence of drink and drugs, transcended all conceivable awfulness. At every Chresvychaika huge heaps of empty spirit and wine bottles, and scores of morphine and cocaine bottles were found. Members of the chief Chresvychaika sat before a cafe with wooden bars reaching to the ceiling. Prisoners were marched through the cafe to be reviled and sentenced to death. Afterwards they were stripped naked and carted off to the slaughterhouse.

"The proceedings of another Chresvychaika were conducted in the open air in a beautiful garden. The judges were sprawling over the table, and pronounced death sentences wholesale, drinking champagne in the intervals.

A Catalogue of Barbarities

"Among the exhumed bodies was that of a young woman with a child two or three years old closely tied to her. Both had been shot through the head.

"Sister of Mercy Martinford, who was accused of sheltering officers, was violated, and her breasts were cut off before she was killed.

"A lady of over sixty years of age was imprisoned by one Chresvychaika. She was taken out on several successive nights and placed against a wall, and shots were fired all round her head. This was done to extract information as to the whereabouts of an officer's son, which she did not know. She was also finally murdered.

"Similar barbarities, including the crucifixion of a priest, could be enumerated.

"The Bolsheviks explained all such deeds as committed for strategic purposes. When armed Bolshevik ruffians robbed us of our own clothes and linen, and even a few flower pots, the leader said it was done in pursuance of Bolshevik strategy. As a matter of fact, articles which were pillaged from houses usually found their way to the markets a few hours after the visitations.

"The chief guilt for Russia's bloody era falls on the trio Lenin, Trotsky and Peters, who do not lose an opportunity of fanning the lowest criminal instincts, the flames of which they hope will devour all persons capable of working for the restoration of Russia."

The Briton and the German

The German is loud, full-throated, deep, all from the diaphragm; at once you sense the music of his race, a compelling virility, a dense brutality, writes Cecil Graeme in the English Review. The Briton manages his voice; its inflections are artificial. Assuredly no musician. His voice is his defence, and the wise man instantly notes it, infers the calculating mind behind it, the resourcefulness, the flexibility of temperament, power which is not apparent. The one is a bull, the other the race-horse. The German wears his strength, the Briton disguises it. Where the one blares, the other flutes. All is reflected in the German type, visibly, demonstrably, consciously; little can be read in the other. The mask is impenetrable. The German seems to say with every gesture, "There is my post. I put it there. Touch it if you dare." The Briton says nothing. Only the observing of his sinewy, lissome movements do you infer that he might be a very tough customer to remove from any post he took a fancy to. Yet when he smiles you are again baffled.

Hear the German laugh, you know immediately all that there is to know. Great peals rise from the stomach. He shakes like Jove. His guffaw

resounds, astonishes. This is the laughter of early man, of the forests, of the hunters. Guns seem natural to such noise. Here is simplicity, density of mind, such is the man. Cyclops, a creature not of taste, but of appetite. No product of culture, but of circumstance, without refinement, lacking subtlety, unimaginative, crude, blatant, the male egocentric—Nietzsche's "blond beast" in being.

And the eye. This again is arresting. It is big, round, protruding, very clear. In Lembach's portraits the eye is practically the whole feature. Bismarck's eyes were extraordinary in their radiance. The eyelid does not show. The German eye clearly announces the healthy, sensual animal, representing immense power of concentration, steadfastness, clearness of purpose, but in the Prussian this fine feature of the German head assumes a hard unchangeability which defines the man. There is nothing soft, or mysterious, or poetic in the German eye. It is the exact reflex of the man. You can read in it great strength, brutality, courage, immense vitality, never compassion. Its glint conceals nothing, for there is nothing to conceal behind it; the character is seen, splendid but brutal, fierce yet cowable; it is a thing of challenge.

A curious stiffness of thigh proclaims the German gait, as if the back were too strong, the loins too compact. There is no swing, and anyone who has watched a German playing golf must have noticed this quite peculiar stiffness of movement and address. It corresponds with the thick, short neck, very fleshy at the nape; with the sympathetic rotundity of stomach; with the four-square effect of the broad-shouldered, straight-backed, wooden-cut figure, seen at its best in the gymnasium, at its worst in the attire of a civilian. The German with his round head cannot wear a top-hat. He has no waist. His girth is enormous, his ends are foreshortened. In Piccadilly he looks elephantine, on the trapeze he is splendid. It is as if a uniform were the only thing he could wear. In his enormity of stature and appetite he remains a Goth, a Vandal, a Hun. He is the round ball of Europe, apparently destined to be downed. Although naturally he antagonizes, and provokes. He represents not civilization, but a civilization. Historically, he is the Sisyphus of Empire.

Hair-

The Spartacans combed and dressed their hair carefully, especially when about to encounter any great danger; as Leonidas and his 300 did before starting for Thermopylae. Sailors both in Greece and Rome shaved off their hair after a shipwreck or other calamity, and dedicated it to some deity. In mourning, Greek and Roman women cut their hair short, but the men in both countries left their hair rough and unkempt, as if their grief was too great for their concerning themselves about personal adornment.

In childhood both Greeks and Romans wore long hair, but the boys, on reaching puberty, had their hair clipped and dedicated to some river-god. At Athens this ceremony took place on the third day of the festival called "Apaturia".

Slaves, both in Greece and Rome, were always shaved, and vestal virgins, like Catholic nuns, cut off their hair when they took the vows.

One way of supplicating was pulling out one's hair. After this manner Agamemnon presented himself before Zeus, when Hector had given the Greeks an overthrow.

Among the Romans, men wore their hair long till about B. C. 300, when short hair and shaving came into vogue. Scipio Africanus (B. C. 234-183) was the first Roman who shaved. Under the empire the style of dressing the hair was extremely finical. Mark Antony (B. C. 80-30) is

represented as wearing his hair in sausage curls arranged in rows all round his head. The emperor Gallienus (A. D. 260-268) had his hair powdered with gold-dust. In Hadrian's time (117-138) full beards and short hair were in vogue, and this fashion continued to the end of the empire.

The Teutonic tribes wore their hair long, as did the ancient Gauls and Britons. That part of Gaul the farthest remote from Roman influence was called Gallia Comata (long-haired Gaul), to distinguish it from the half-Romanized Gallia Togata.

The Saxons and Danes wore long hair and long beards, but the Normans shaved their chins, and sometimes the back of their heads also.

In the reign of Henry I. (1100-1135) the gentlemen in England rivalled the ladies in the length of their hair, and long hair prevailed till the time of Henry VIII (1509-1649) ringlets and love-locks were affected by the Cavaliers, but Puritans cropped their hair close to the head. In the reign of Charles II. (1661-1685) enormous wigs flowing over the shoulders were worn, and this fashion continued up to the reign of George III. (1760-1820).

In 1765 the wig-makers petitioned the king against the discontinuance of wigs, praying for their reintroduction. An excellent satire was set on foot praying for his majesty to introduce the fashion of wooden legs for the benefit of carpenters.

At the close of the 18th century the disgusting habit of plastering the hair with flour, powder and pomatum, to the amount of 2 lbs. or more, was introduced. The hairdresser was generally obliged, from stress of business, to come the day before to 'make his head,' which was the usual phrase; and afterwards the victim was obliged to sleep in an armchair for fear of deranging his hair. When the head was 'unmade' the lard and powder taken out would fill a small basin. He said that every gentleman used to carry a scratcher with an ivory hand at one end to scratch the back, and a sharp point at the other to scratch the head, because the parasites were so troublesome. Later on gentlemen wore the hair smooth, with a pig-tail and bag or pig-tail and knocker. Not long after William Pitt introduced his tax on hair-powder, the hair was cut short as it is at present (1890).

The style of dressing hair among ladies is far too long a subject for this article, but foolery reached its climax in the time of Marie Antoinette, when the hairdresser was provided with steps, that he might pile up the hair high enough.

Dorothy Dainty at the Stone House

A host of readers already know Dorothy Dainty and that she lives in the Stone House and that her devoted friend, Nancy Ferris, lives with her. Dorothy is an unselfish little miss who always tries to make it pleasant for those about her. There is constant activity in a Dorothy Dainty Book, and in the present one, with its scene laid at the little heroine's beautiful home in Merrivale, things happen more pleasantly and amusingly than ever, if that be possible.—By Amy Brooks. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers.

BOOKS—New and Old
Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.
THE HOLMES BOOK CO.
152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Reconstruction in France One Year After

Capt. Henri Nègre of the Service Francais lectured in French before the Salon Francais, at the Fairmont, last Thursday afternoon. There was an excellent attendance of the members, who listened with great attention to the distinguished lecturer from Paris, who was presented to them by Jules Neltner, the French consul-general. Mrs. James Otis is president of the salon and Mrs. Nuttall, vice-president. Captain Nègre has a charming address and great enthusiasm for his subject. His object seemed to be to refute certain erroneous impressions which have gone abroad regarding France's financial status since the war. He said that in spite of the enormous war expenses, losses, and loans to foreign countries, France remains the greatest creditor among the nations. He attributes the sound financial condition of the country to the inexhaustible French sock, which is still pouring out large sums monthly to the government. For instance, last July and August, bonds were purchased by the population amounting to two billions, 500 millions francs each month. Captain Nègre called attention to false statements about France's low finances. He said that these must be treated with contempt because they emanate from the enemy, who represents her as bled white, too feeble to raise herself from the war's disasters. "We have suffered, it is true," said the captain, "but as a great nation suffers—silently, courageously, binding our wounds, repairing our ruins and preserving the combative and enterprising vitality which surprised the world at the Marne and at Verdun. It is as victors today we face the world. The time when France will become bankrupt is as distant as that of the conquest of the world by the ex-Kaiser, notwithstanding the allegations of a prominent politician using this as an argument against the League of Nations."

Captain Nègre gave numerous statistics about the areas which have been restored; among them the statement that one and one-fourth million acres have been put under cultivation. During the past year, according to Herbert Hoover, 85 per cent of the necessary food for France's consumption was the product of the land. The industries are more difficult to re-establish owing to the destruction of the artificial equipment and also of the coal and iron mines. In spite of all, 500 factories are again in active operation, 200,000 farm implements of the 500,000 stolen by the Boches have been replaced by the French government. Captain Nègre dwelt upon the vast and wealthy French colonial possessions, which are of inestimable aid to her people.

In closing he said: "Since the first days of the American independence, the hearts of the two nations have beaten in unison for the same ideals; during peace as well as during war they continued their mutual esteem and, in short, are sister republics."

Since the arrival of Captain Nègre in this city, he has made many friends, with whom he has become a favorite. He is young and good looking and during the war was in the aviation service. He is scheduled for another lecture soon for the Salon Francais upon "The French Family." The captain's observations upon the difference in the methods of bringing up French and American children will be interesting, even if we do prefer our own way.

November 18, 1919.

Editor Town Talk:

Appropos of the tribute paid to Jewish women in an article published in the last number of Town Talk signed "H. M. B.," I wish to add my word of commendation, resulting from a good many years of work, and formation and experience in this city. I have said over and over again that the Jewish women far exceeded the Christians in their willingness to work in any kind of social welfare. They are always to be depended upon. Where would the Associated Charities in this city have been but for Jewish women? And the same can be said of many boards. A great American thinker has said that our civilization is governed and controlled by Christianity but not permeated by it. And I am convinced that the Jewish women practice what Christ taught as our attitude to our fellow men, far more than our so-called Christian women. Indeed, Jewish women seem to have a greater sense of responsibility toward the less favored. We seem to be dulled to it—or indifferent. Is it selfishness? Yours very truly,

GEORGIANA STONEY.
(Mrs. Gaillard Stoney.)

Estelle de Shon, the new noted contralto, who for the past ten months, as the guest of Mrs. Clay M. Greene, had been delighting many audiences at private musicales and at the Fairmont and Palace hotels, as well as in several women's clubs, has at last received the material attention which her most unusual talents truly merit. The promising value of her talents was brought to the attention of the Orpheum management, which, after an exhaustive trial of three weeks here and in Oakland, assumed the entire direction and supervision of an extended tour over its circuit and in the eastern theatres controlled by the American Booking Offices. She left for Chicago on Sunday last, and after rehearsing a program prepared for her by Maud Fulton and Neil Moray, she will open at the Palace Theatre, New York, early in January.

Mrs. Walter Boardman entertained Mmes. Chester Moore, Gordon Bromfield, Edwin Sheldon and Misses Edith Slack, Louise Bullock at luncheon on Tuesday in honor of Miss Louise Baldwin.

Admiral Rodman was the house guest of Captain and Mrs. Osterhaus at Mare Island during the week's festivities.

The most brilliant social affair of the week was the naval ball given by the Marine Corps at Mare Island in honor of Mrs. Randolph Zane, sponsor of the dreadnaught California.

The Flood ball last week was the largest and most brilliant private function given in California within this generation's memory. The descendants of the bonanza kings of early days mingled with those of the latest comers to our local society. Indeed, not to have received one of the thousand cards of invitation was equivalent to an acknowledgment of not being in San Francisco society. Miss Mary Emma Flood, the young daughter of the house, made her formal entrée into society amid brilliant auspices. She is an attractive girl of rather serious mental aspirations and is a favorite in the younger set.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Avenali are in Rome where Mr. Avenali is identified with the Du Pont powder interests.

Mrs. M. C. Sloss is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Henry Erlach, and her cousin, Miss Lila Frankenstein of Boston. Mrs. Sloss, who during the war devoted her entire time to Red Cross work, in emerging from service duties says she feels as if she is abroad at home when she meets her friends socially at the numerous affairs given in honor of her guests.

Mrs. Arthur Banks of Venice is the guest of her brother, Charles F. Hanlon, at his Pacific avenue home. Mrs. Josephine Huff, her sister, who went to New York last year to reside, is at present visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian Russell) in Pittsburg.

Linnard's Initiative

The king of Belgium started something when he invited Mr. D. M. Linnard to send Charles Seiger's Orchestra to Brussels during the Fete of Heroes a year hence. The famous Palace Hotel band will not only make the trip but the jaunt will be lengthened into a tour around the world. Can you imagine a better advertisement for the care-free bouyancy of our San Francisco life, always alluring to tourists and travelers, than this circumlation of the globe? An ambitious idea of an enterprising man. Soon the value of a big thinking, forceful, in-

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES
SAN FRANCISCO 14

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

dividual like Linnard to our community will be appreciated, for he is doing just such things every day in the week. Undoubtedly Charles Seiger's Orchestra has succeeded in adding a new and delicious thrill to the joy of being alive in these times. It is a band with a soul and a funny bump too which inspires one to shake hands with every man in the band after an evening of dancing at the Palace Hotel,—supreme are these scintillant bandmen of Linnard's Legion.

Seiger Talks of His Boys

In a melée of score sheets, valises and golf clubs, with a few fowling pieces thrown in, I found Charles Seiger in his studio at the Palace Hotel early in the week, arranging the details of the orchestra's coming tour to the Linnard earavansaries at Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Still he put down the meerscham and talked about his band. "Jess Stafford comes from Bottineau, N. D., but his musical artistry entitles him to nativity at Milan or Napoli,"



CHARLES SEIGER

Conductor of the Charles Seiger Orchestra, now at the Palace Hotel, and soon to be en tour. America's foremost Orchestral Dance Conductor is an ardent huntsman, as this picture indicates.

commented Seiger, "Jess is our trombone soloist. Arthur Prior will some day pass along his crown to Stafford. You heard him play the baritone horn in the 'Waltz Beautiful'. Yes, his tone is sweet and wonderful. Got Stafford from the U. S. S. Beaver, mother ship to the O-boats, where he was a bandmaster. I always thought Herbert Clark supreme as a cornettist; but here is a young man—just a boy—Frank Siegrist. Been with me some time now and he too is destined for big things musically. He was specializing in astronomy and higher mathematics at University of California when Cassasa lured him away to play solo for his big band at the P. P. I. Exposition. And then Gene Rose. I often think of his deep study of pianoforte and technique eccentric. It is hard work to play piano for a modern dance and concert orchestration. Hard work and a high order of musicianship. Rose possesses everything. He graduated from the Royal Conservatory, Buda Pesth, and was with Rector's, New York, before coming here to the Palace. You know the great

bugbear in assembling an orchestra such as ours is the saxophone set. Here I have Herbert Meyerinck, a real super-saxaphonist. You've noted the magnificent tone in his work. Improvisations unending. Yes, his solo numbers are very well liked by the Palace Hotel patrons. People in New York recalled his playing to me after a year. All our boys are students and workers. Oh yes, you must keep studying all the time to maintain the modern hotel concert and dance orchestra in the forefront of things. Hard work and plenty of it has made the Palace Hotel orchestra—principally that."

Exquisite Dancers in Society

The conductor of a major hotel concert orchestra can tell you a lot of interesting things about the personages of society. For Charles Seiger has enjoyed a close-up view of all our first-class dancers in society. He believes Mrs. Selby Hayne to be the most finished exponent of American ballroom dancing in California, though Mrs. Stuart Haldron, Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Daulton Mann dance quite as well—especially in the more moderate semi-round dances of European type. Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., has no equal in the waltz numbers, while Mrs. Fred W. McNear, Mrs. John H. Rossiter, Mrs. A. King Macomber, Mrs. Charles W. Clark and Mrs. F. H. Kerrigan are exquisite in the waltz, too. It was Mrs. A. B. Spreckels who danced with king Albert of Belgium at the Palace Hotel the last evening of the royal visitors' stay in the city. A fine upstanding type of European ballroom dancer is the king. The Palace parquet never saw a prettier scene than that presented by the Belgian monarch dancing with one of the handsomest women in California," declared Seiger. "Of the men, the honors go to no one in particular. In New York or Newport there are no such elegant exponents of the art of the ballroom as S. F. B. Morse, William A. Lange, Robert Eyre, "Jack" Extrand, John Cheever Cowdin, Edward Cebrian, Col. Robert E. McGill, William H. Crocker, Jr., and Corbett Moody. Edward Cebrian is most conservative in his interpretation, but were a verdict necessary as to the most accomplished ballroom dancer in San Francisco today perhaps Mr. McGill would be acclaimed such. In society just now he is the only man able to go through the figures of the new and sensationally artistic Danse La Colombo, recently contrived here in San Francisco and destined to sweep through the east like wildfire this season.

It is "Symphonic Jazz"

The instrumentation of the Charles Seiger Orchestra is of unending interest to both laymen and bandmen. It was Charles Seiger who first introduced the "tone mutes" to the brasses and saxaphones in his orchestra. That rich mellow tone quality in the Charles Seiger Orchestra, which Tandler, conductor of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, describes as "symphonic jazz," is not known to any other concert and dance orchestra in America. The drums and traps are the life of the Seiger organization. The Victor people regard Seiger as peerless in this department. He is without much question the very best xylophonist in American orchestral work today. In harmony and improvising of variations he stands along. As the "drummer in the spotlight" in connection with Kolb and Dill's venture into the east three seasons back, it was Seiger's specialty in the orchestra pit which made many thousands net for the California comedians in seven months. This winter a lot of novelty orchestrations and "symphonic syncopations" will be introduced by the

Seiger musicians, to the delight and merriment of the Palace patrons. The ensemble singing numbers include "London Bridge," "Key to My Cellar" and "Oh, Helen," and Seiger's own composition, "Fancy Nell".

Ball for California's Homeless Children

The Exposition Auditorium will be the scene of a wonderful prize masquerade ball next Wednesday night, Thanksgiving eve, when the homeless children committee of the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West will invite the general public to participate in aiding their fund.

The natives maintain that every child that is born is entitled, as a matter of right, to a decent home, a proper living and an opportunity to fit itself to become a useful member of society. To fulfill this ideal the Native Daughters and Native Sons annually raise funds for the support of a central committee, which undertakes the work of placing homeless children in individual homes and seeing that they are properly raised. During the past ten years over 1,600 children have been placed in congenial homes and as all of this takes money, and there is no state or outside aid of any kind, the Thanksgiving eve ball is to be given. Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., will lead the grand march, followed by the queen, Miss Helen Becker, a member of Calaveras Parlor No. 103, N. D. G. W., and the king, Nicholas J. P. Meinert, of Niantic Parlor No. 105, N. S. G. W. Many handsome prizes will be awarded to groups of maskers, as well as to the best sustained characters and wearers of the handsomest and most original costume. There will be plenty of good music and as tickets are but fifty cents each, the spacious auditorium will undoubtedly be crowded to the doors. In this glorious state there should be no child without the shelter of a comfortable home—it is the rightful heritage of every native's child.

Jazzy Players' Contracts

Just as Elbert Hubbard once said: "Life is an adventure and our destiny more or less based on the coincidence of walking down the right side of the street at the right time to catch the right man in the right mood". Adolphus T. Zukor, owner of the Green Briar Hotel at White Springs, Virginia, brightened his November stay in San Francisco with a trip into our Quatier Latin this week. Dropping in at the Cafe Colombo accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyerfield, Dr. and Mrs. T. H. Allen and Mr. D. M. Linnard, the fine jazzarine band of the resort caught the fancy of Zukor. Early in the evening Linnard had predicted the tremendous impression Charles Seiger's orchestra of San Francisco would make upon New York, when the band comes to the Hotel Linnard late in the coming year. Half an hour after entering the Cafe Colombo young Zukor had the signature of Paul Kelli, conductor of the Jazzarine, on a contract calling for three months' work of the Paul Kelli Jazzarine at the Hotel Greenbriar in Virginia, and the Capital Theater, New York, beginning in July, 1920. Undoubtedly our Quatier Latin has never produced a dance band quite so unique as this Paul Kelli's Jazzarine at the Cafe Colombo. This is the band using the Slavonic horn for the first time in America. Paul Kelli is a wonderful accordion artist, while Ernest Coccari, the saxaphonist, is a marvel. Louis de Risi, the pianist, and Romeo Suppanich, the 'cellist, were with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra for two seasons, but find "jazz work" more lucrative employment. Next Thursday night the Paul Kelli Jazzarine is staging special concert and

(Continued on Page 15)

The Stage

"A Dollar Down"

The Alcazar during the past week has been doing amazingly well with its first venture this season into the realm of regular production "for the first time on any stage," and this excellent company of players has demonstrated that it can create new roles and even do a little better than in those that have been played by someone else. Henry Shumer, too, to judge from the results of his work as stage director, must have fairly revelled in his task, for in forgetting all about the cut and dried "business" of already-used plays, he has devised new situations and stage portraits in a way that must cause the name of Shumer to be recorded among the few really good producers. In "A Dollar Down" John H. Blackwood has established a reputation for himself that should surely be of great future value to him, for it is an interesting story he has evolved; he has unfolded its plot ably, and created a set of characters which show traces of a close research among the doings of that class of the world's workers who struggle to be what they were never intended to be. It has been noticed that two of the very capable reviewers on daily papers have detected in this play a strong resemblance in plot and character to Eugene Walters' "Paid in Full". This far less important reviewer begs to dissent, on the ground that because each of the plays in question has a scamp husband who seeks to benefit himself by encouraging the attentions of another man to his wife, it does not necessarily follow that one play is an imitation of the other, which in the present instance is not true. "A Dollar Down" is an ably constructed and well written exposure of the evils of the credit system as carried on by the installment plan in department stores, and the lesson is taught in an amusing and interesting way. The Alcazar company was as usual notably efficient, and the several characters quite as well portrayed as though the management had combed the theatrical agencies in search of types. Belle Bennett was surprisingly good, even for her, as the wife of the defaulting husband, and this part was excellently played by Rafael Brunetto, who seems to improve with every new opportunity. Walter Richardson chose the comedy role of Harry Myers, the clerk who knows how to secure raises in salary, and his extravagant wife with the dollar-down habit, was played to the life by Jean Oliver; May Nannery revelled with much distinction in the role of the rough-neck mother, and again Tom Chatterton, as the designing rich man, again demonstrated that if ever he be accorded a similar opportunity on Broadway, he will never be permitted to leave it. Clever Emily Pinter, quite excelled herself as the vamp cause of the erring husband's undoing, but that is always expected of Emily, anyway. This production has been in every way enjoyable and interesting and should by all means be continued for a second week.

—C. M. G.

Symphony "Pop"

The "symphonic extract" last Sunday by the S. F. Orchestra was from Schubert's B-Minor No. 8, and was excellently performed by Hertz and his splendid band, the second movement making the stronger appeal. This movement is thought by some students of the composer's career to be a reflex of his attitude of mind toward the world's treatment of his genius and if we look at it that way, it is melancholy enough.

The "Thais Meditation," with beautiful obligato by Persinger, won, as always, warm response. Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre," with its devilish suggestion, brought out the musical sense of humor of the players. Tchaikowsky's "Italian Caprice" is to me the least ravishing of the Russian's works, and always reminds me of a foreigner finding fault with the customs which he does not understand in a strange land.

Kreisler's adorable Viennese waltz "Liebesfreud," made the audience want to dance. When we hear "jazz orchestras" let us remember how Hertz can play dance music—"it is to dance". There was the same story intensified during the inspired rendition of Chabrier's "Espana Rhapsodie". The last, please repeat soon, Mr. Hertz.

—H. M. B.

Healy Presents the Great Ganz

The famous Swiss pianist played Friday evening to a good-sized house at Scottish Rite, which should have been packed as a tribute to his superb artistry. All our prominent pianists were present, however, and offered the homage of vociferous applause.

His program was a very difficult one and showed his brilliant technique to great advantage. His interpretation of Liszt reminds one of Busoni, although the latter dressed in the style of Liszt, wearing long frock coat and hair arranged to resemble pictures of the master, while Ganz has the appearance of a Wall-street broker. At the piano, he is devoid of mannerisms, but his readings are analytical and transport the listener to realms of fancy. The Schumann and Schubert numbers, which too seldom appear on concert programs, were splendidly played and the dashing Debussy preludes were given. Busoni's two legends were a delight as Ganz played them. At the close of the program, the artist delighted the insistent audience with Liszt's "Liebestraum," Mendelssohn's "Spinning Long" and Chopin's "A-Flat Valse".

—Alphonse Sutter.

The Orpheum

The Orpheum will present next week a new bill, with Gertrude Hoffmann as its headline attraction. She will appear in an entirely new offering elaborate as her previous ones, staged as usual with indefinite pains and compelling originality and accepted where it has been presented as the best product of her long-recognized genius. It is a one-woman revue and composed of dances and impersonations which constitute a marvel of delight and intensify the recorded opinion that she is one of the greatest luminaries of the modern stage. Erwin and Jane Connelly, who will be remembered for their successful presentation of W. B. Gilbert's dramatic contrast, "Sweethearts," will present a new one-act play entitled "The Tale of a Shirt." Franker Wood and Bunce Wyde will bid for popular approval with their latest vehicle, which they style "A Satire of Greenwich Village". It enables them to sing, dance and jest in that entertaining manner for which they are so famous. Claudia Coleman, a newcomer in vaudeville, with a fine reputation earned in musical comedy and the legitimate, makes odd types live before her audiences with the assistance of a few hats and wonderful facial expression. She impersonates women everyone knows, including "The Woman in the Hotel Lobby," "The Girl Behind the Music Counter"; and "Women at an Afternoon Club Meeting". The four Casting Wards, who many athletic authorities pronounce

the greatest gymnasts in the world, are Americans. The Wards are said to be the only casting act making a triple somersault to the feet. Samaroff and Sonia, who were members of the Russian Royal Court Ballet, will appear in a series of Russian dances in the performance of which they have no superiors. Enrico Aresoni, a dramatic tenor whose superb voice and perfect culture have won for him an enviable reputation, will be heard in operatic selections. Venita Gould, in impressions of stage celebrities, and Eva Shirley, assisted by Fid Gordon's Musical Boys and Al Roth, jazz dancer, will complete one of the finest bills ever presented in vaudeville.

Harry Lauder Coming

The week's engagement of Sir Harry Lauder, the noted Scotch singer and comedian, at the Curran which opens Monday evening, November 24th, will be most interesting event. The Scotch minstrel has just concluded a very successful series of engagements in Australia, and, after his brief American tour he will sail for South Africa, which is the next grand objective point in his world itinerary. It was only because shipping conditions in Australia made it impossible to sail for South Africa direct that Wm. Morris has again been able to offer the great Scotch entertainer to the American public.

Harry Lauder is no stranger in this section of the United States; each succeeding visit has served to enhance his popularity. His return this season has an additional sentimental interest owing to the fact that, since his last tour of the United States, his great services in bringing cheer and comfort to the soldier boys in the trenches of France and Flanders have been fittingly recognized by King George of England, and he is now entitled to the distinction of placing the "Sir" of knighthood before his name, but he is still "Arry of the 'A's,"—the most unique and original entertainer that Scotland has ever produced. Lauder began life as a miner, and his rise, strictly upon merit, has been literally "from the pit of the peerage."

A peculiarity of Harry Lauder's visit to the United States is the fact that, while each year brings its new program of peculiarly-Lauder-esque songs, the demand for the old favorites never wanes, and the comedian is compelled to retain in his repertoire many of the songs that first won him recognition and popularity.

Sir Harry will, as in other years, give a considerable part of the entertainment; but there will also be a company of clever entertainers to fill out the bill, and the Highland pipers, in their characteristic kilts, will continue to add a bit of Scottish color to the diversified performance.

Syncopated Singers and Orchestra

The American Syncopated Orchestra, the organization of colored musicians and singers that made such a hit at the Exposition Auditorium, will give a concert at the Curran Theater this Sunday evening, November 23, at 8:15 o'clock sharp.

The numbers which appear on the printed program which follows will be considerably augmented by extra and encore numbers: Will Marion Cook and George Edmund Duff are the conductors. Orchestra and singers, "The Vamp," orchestra, "Ringtail Blues," Robinson and Williams; quartet, (a) "I Got a Robe," (b) "It's Me, O Lord!" Jas. Lillard, Wm. Coleman, Wm. Dixon, Wm. Crawford; orchestra, "Mid the Pyramids," Jones; trombone solo, "Sally," Wm. Do-

ver; solo and chorus, "Mammy o'Mine," Pinkard, solo by Wm. Coleman; orchestra, "Arabian Nights," David; orchestra, drum solo, Jimmie Bertrand; tenor solo, "Who Knows," Dunbar, James A. Lillard; orchestra, "Lonesome Road"; quartet, (a) "What Kind of Shoes You're Going to Wear?" (b) "Deep River," Chas. Alexander, Chas. Williams, T. P. Bryant, H. T. Jackson; violin solo, (a) "Kiss Me Again," (Mme. Modiste), (b) "At the Ball," Clarence Lee; orchestra, "Russian Rag"; grand ensemble and finale, octette and orchestra.

Persinger and Argiewicz Soloists at Symphony

Louis Persinger and Artur Argiewicz, concert-master and assistant concert-master, respectively, of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will again be soloists on Sunday afternoon, November 23, in the Curran Theater, when the repeated concert of the fourth regular pair of concerts will be played under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Beginning with this event, the Sunday concerts will begin at 2:45 o'clock, instead of 2:30, as has hitherto been the custom. This is done to meet the requests of many out-of-town patrons. The Friday concerts will begin as before at 3:00 o'clock. Persinger and Argiewicz' art will again be displayed in Bach's beautiful concerto for two violins and orchestra, which, until the present pair of concerts, has not had place on a Hertz program. This composition holds a unique place in symphonic literature. The announcement of Persinger's appearance as soloist means a crowded house, for the concert-master is tremendously popular and he has established himself as an important figure in the musical affairs of the Pacific coast. He has appeared successfully on both sides of the Atlantic as soloist with leading symphony orchestras and in recital. He has been concert-master and assistant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony for five seasons. He is also director of the Chamber Music Society. Argiewicz has been assistant concert-master of the Hertz organization for three seasons. His experience in a solo capacity has been wide. For seven years he was a member of the faculty of the New York Institute of Musical Art. Later he was assistant concert-master of the New York Symphony. The orchestra alone will on Sunday be heard in—Tschaikowsky's wonderful

Fourth Symphony, the one with the famous pizzicato movement, and in the overture to Schumann's sole opera, "Genoveva," the latter being offered for the first time in San Francisco at this pair of concerts. Conductor Hertz will offer another glorious program for the fourth "pop" concert, to be played Sunday afternoon, November 30, in the Curran. These are the numbers: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; allegretto gracioso, from Symphony No. 2, Brahms; Ballet Suite, Gluck-Gevacrt; "The Preludes," Liszt; Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Pre-Pièrns; Polonaise, Chopin. The symphony management again urges concert-goers to make immediate ticket reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, for at all of the previous "pop" events, lude, Jarnefelt; Berceuse, Jarnefelt; Serenade, the theater has been completely sold out several days in advance of the concert day.

At the Alcazar

"A Dollar Down," destined for Broadway, and scoring the most popular hit of any new play to have origin at the Alcazar, has the largest advance sale in the history of the Belasco and Maycr playhouse. Its continuance a second week is a matter of course. John H. Blackwood's domestic comedy-drama is human and true to life and its characters are every-day persons typical of thousands of young home-builders who are fighting the cost of living and at the same time reckless in indulgences.

The revival of "Polly With a Past," the most luminous of David Belasco's successes, is necessarily postponed until November 30, during which week a special matinee performance will be given in aid of the Actors' Fund. Every theater in America will join in a national memorial movement for this charity.

"Very slippery, the floor," remarked a young man, as the band played a popular waltz. "It's jolly hard to keep on your feet." "Oh, then, you are trying to keep on my feet, are you?" said his partner. "I thought at first it was an accident."

"Bridget," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, sternly, "on my way home just now I saw the policeman who was in the kitchen with you so long last evening, and I took occasion to speak to him —" "Oh, shure, that's all roight, ma'am. Oi'm not jealous."

"Why don't you have your initials engraved on the handle of your umbrella?" "Nothing doing. If anybody borrowed this umbrella, I want to have some chance to borrow it back again."

"I hope my daughter's playing doesn't disturb you," said the man who had just bought a new piano. "Not in the least," replied his next door neighbor. "I work in a boiler factory all day."

"I'm trying to raise a little money. Would you mind going on my note for a hundred?" "Listen, my boy. If my name is worth anything on a note, I'm going to go out and grab the coin myself."

Uncle William, taking his nephew for a motor-car ride, hearing an explosion in the immediate neighborhood, said, "Get out, Johnny, and look at the tire, and see if it is flat." "It looks pretty good," said Jimmy, after inspection; "it's only flat on the bottom side!"

Miss Lounge—I wonder what is the real cause of so much divorce? Miss Quick—Marriage, I expect.

Globe-Trotter—Of course you went up the Nile. The Bluff—By Jove, yes! What a view from the summit!

Girl—Are you the man who was washed ashore from the wreck last night? Tramp—No, miss; I never was washed ashore in my life—nor afloat, either, for the matter of that.

SUNDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 23

At the

Curran Theatre

The American

Syncopated

Orchestra and Singers

(Local Management Frank W. Healy)

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THE TREMENDOUS HIT

Of John H. Lockwood's Vivid, True-to-Life Comedy-Drama

"A DOLLAR DOWN"

Compels Its Continuance

NEXT (THANKSGIVING) WEEK

The 54th Consecutive Week of the

Present Brilliant Dramatic Season

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

SUN. MAT., NOV. 30—Farewell Revival

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

By Arrangement With David Belasco

Every Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Matinees, Sun., Thurs., Sat.—25c, 50c, 75c

CURRAN

Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Sat. Night—"She Walked in Her Sleep"
SIX NIGHTS BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, NOV. 24

Matinee Daily After Monday

William Morris Presents

SIR

HARRY LAUDER

The World's Greatest Entertainer

Nights and Sat. Mat., \$2.50 to 50c

Other Mats., \$2.00 to 50c

NEXT—Com. Sun., Nov. 30—WILLIAM COURTENAY
in "CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

Fourth Sunday Symphony Concert CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Nov. 23, at 2:45 Sharp

SOLOISTS:

LOUIS PERSINGER and ARTUR ARGIEWICZ, Violinists

Schumann.....Overture, "Genoveva"

Bach.....Double Concerto

(For two violins and orchestra)

Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 4

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1 (No War Tax)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater from 10 A.M.

on concert days only

NEXT—Sun., Nov. 30—Fourth "POP" Concert

Cipheum

Safest and Most

Magnificent in

America

Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN in Dances and Impersonations;

ERWIN & JANE CONNELLY in "A Tale of a Shirt";

FRANKER WOOD & RENE WYDE in "A Satire of

Greenwich Village"; CLAUDIA COLEMAN in "Feminine

Types"; VENTIA GOULD in "Impressions of Well-

Known Players"; CASTING WARDS, American Gym-

nasts; SAMAROFF & SONIA, Russian Peasants in Their

Native Dances; ENRICO ARESONI, Dramatic Tenor;

EVA SHIRLEY, assisted by Fid Gordon's Versatile Mu-

sical Boys, and Al Roth, Jazz Dancer.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices

(Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
CAFE
COLOMBO
PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE
Concerto Europeo Dinner Italiano
6 to 1 o'clock
\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero \$1.25
MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT
Paul Kellis Jazz araine Ballard des Allies
GUEST DANCING
Community Sing Operatic Concert
Carmineata Florence Waters Edourd Petri
Danseuse Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
— DIRECTION —
A. S. FIRPO TOM DEL BUFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The outstanding feature of the past week in the speculative and investment markets has been the arrival of the long expected time when a policy of contraction and anti-inflation could be inaugurated. This turning point is marked by the action of the Federal Reserve Board in raising rates of rediscount and the Bank of England in advancing its rate. The policy thus inaugurated will undoubtedly be followed by other countries, even if the action of the latter cannot be expected to have very much immediate effect, because of the fact that England and the United States are the only two nations which are today in a position to control investment conditions or the rates of return for money. The fact that they are in this position makes their policy of world significance entirely apart from the question what other countries may do.

Money rates continue high all week with the average around 18 per cent and this was again the predominant influence. Bankers expressed the opinion that the money firmness had now come to stay and could not be expected to change much before the turn of the year. Other financial authorities stated that the advance in call money would be paralleled by a rising rate for commercial paper, although the actual revision has not yet materialized. There was nothing in the situation to indicate any material relaxation of the money strain in the near future inasmuch as advices from the interior seemed to point to a probability that resources of the banks there would be required locally and that not nearly as much as usual would be placed with New York institutions during the late autumn for market employment. The fact that another reduction in reserve percentage was reported by the Federal Reserve Board and that war paper had again risen in volume emphasized the feeling that still higher rediscount rates would have to be enforced to again curtail loan demands. The Federal Reserve Bank of New York is now close to its legal reserve and some other reserve banks are in a similar position.

This money situation is what brought about the tremendous liquidation in stocks the past week and while there were other factors of a bearish nature they were considered only of minor importance. Stocks that have been bid up by the different pools were the ones to suffer the most and in this class it may be mentioned that the Motor group especially General Motors suffered the most. The oil stocks, especially the Mexican oils, were for sale at almost any price and carried down the low priced oils with them. Steel stocks were also liquidated in large volume but the big corporation stock held its own fairly well considering the decline in other steel issues such as Republic, Crucible, and Bethlehem. Reactions from time to time took place as is

usually the case in a panicky market but the undertone was heavy and stocks were for sale in large volume with the lowest prices made near the close of the week. Other elements of a disturbing character were the general labor unrest, and while the coal strike was called off officially by the union heads the men nevertheless refused to return to work. The holding up of the peace treaty by the senate was another unfavorable factor and this in turn had a bad effect on the exchange market which brought a further decline in sterling exchange as well as other foreign exchange to new low levels. The decision of the supreme court in the Southern Pacific oil land case was a surprise to the trade as a favorable decision had been expected. The supreme court reversed the decision of the lower court, which had been favorable to the big company, and while this was at first thought to be the big oil case it developed later that it was only a decision involving a minor oil case. But the decision had a bearish effect as traders looked upon the decision as forecasting an adverse decision in the larger oil case. The general opinion seems to be that the oil land case will be tied up in the courts for some time to come. Liquidation has been thorough and traders are now inclined to quit the industrials and are taking hold of the better class of railroads. We believe now is the time to buy the good rails as this class of securities are now selling at a price below their actual worth and the element of risk is slight.

Cotton—Panicky conditions in the stock market with the talk of the federal reserve calling loans on cotton, had a demoralizing effect on the cotton market the past week, notwithstanding the general bullish crop news. Traders forgot all about the small crop prospect and the strength in the spot situation and sold cotton freely until prices were off nearly five cents a pound for the futures. Of course, there were a few bearish items of news, mainly the break in foreign exchange to new low levels and the prospect of the peace treaty being held up for some time. Additional rains the past week in most of the belt has cut down the crop materially in sections where there was still some cotton to be harvested, and where there was a prospect of a fair yield, but frost since the rains has put an end to this so that prospects for Texas crop has been reduced to around 1,500,000 bales. While the heavy selling of futures brought a material decline in the distant options, spot prices held well and the decline in actual cotton was only nominal, showing that the big decline was only speculative and not in actual cotton. The situation as we view it is a very strong one from a supply and demand standpoint, and while money conditions may have a temporary bearish effect on the futures we believe that ultimately supply and demand

factors will make for a much higher level later on as the crop is too small to permit of any material decline and holders of the actual cotton are too well entrenched to be forced out of their cotton. The weekly statistical news was more favorable to holders. Exports showed some increase over the previous week and would have been larger had it not been for the coal strike. Receipts were small and mills were in the market for the better grades of cotton at fancy premiums.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	\$7,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUFENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourney I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11.)

dance music at the Cafe Colombo in connection with the Mardi Gras Fete Night.

In the Palace of Fine Arts

A very interesting collection of modern paintings, which has been loaned by Dr. F. Frank to the museum in the Palace of Fine Arts, has just been installed by Director Laurvik in a gallery specially decorated for the purpose on the inside rotunda, opposite the comparative room in the museum. The collection contains twenty-one examples of American and European painters covering schools of painting as opposite in their tendencies as the work of Ernest Lawson, the American impressionist, and the two very faithfully studied portraits of a man and of a peasant girl by Franz von Lenbach, which are excellent examples of this painter's early manner. Both of the canvases were painted in the 60's, before he had achieved his world-wide renown. One of these hung in the Metropolitan Museum in New York city for many years, as did also the very fine example of Gustave Courbet, entitled "The Blacksmith's Shed". This is one of the very finest paintings by this French leader of the realistic school.

Of special interest is the famous "Family Group" by Ribot, in which this 18th century French figure painter is shown together with the members of his family, around whom there is the melancholy air of the French Revolution. It is safe to say this is one of the most unusual family groups ever exhibited in San Francisco, containing seventeen closely studied heads, whose strange eyes cast a hypnotic spell over the spectator. A small but very beautiful and authentic example of Corot's art, entitled "On the Edge of the Lake" gives the museum two paintings by this great poetic landscape painter. In somewhat the same poetic mood is the landscape by the American, Robert C. Minor, entitled "The Edge of the Forest," and the very fine "Landscape with Sheep," by William Keith, which is one of the best examples of the California painter that has been placed on public exhibition in some time. It clearly shows on what real merits the fame of William Keith is based.

Several pictures, such as "The Betrothed," by Raupp; "Hungry Friends," by Velten; "The Reflection" and "The Proposal," by Robert Bey-schlag; "The Hunter's Tale," by Ferdinand Keller, and the "Little Girl and Dog," by Schlesinger, are excellent examples of the old meticulous, anecdotal school of painting which took such special delight in a photographic rendering of nature. Somewhat in the same category as these is the characteristic example of the famous animal painter, E. J. Verboeckhoven, entitled "Sheep and Lambs"; and one might also include in this class "The Old Oaks in September," by Henry Pember Smith, who has faithfully studied every leaf and twig in a manner which would have been the despair of Corot.

The catholicity of taste represented in this collection is further emphasized by an example of the rather sweet and colorful art of Zuccarelli, entitled "Italian Gardens"—illustrating in an interesting way that in the house of art there are many mansions and that no particular form of artistic expression need be excluded.

This collection is one of several long-time loan collections secured by Director Laurvik for exhibition in the Palace of Fine Arts, and will contribute interestingly to the value of the museum activities being developed here.

Social Notes Hotel Cecil

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg presided over a handsomely appointed luncheon. The ten covers were marked with artistic place cards, and the flowers were in the pastel shades. Among those present were: Mesdames W. B. Plummer, Lewis Spear, Lyman Welch, Maclelland and W. B. Cope. Captain Pere Dolman has taken up a permanent residence at the Cecil. Friends are anticipating the arrival of Mrs. E. B. Rogers from Boston. She will remain for several months. Mrs. William F. Morris gave an elaborate dinner Thursday evening. Another dinner on the same evening was given by Dr. and Mrs. Borger. Colonel Fells returned yesterday from a tour of inspection and has joined his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Cornell, formerly of Oakland, are making their home at the Cecil. Mrs. H. P. Brainerd motored up from Pasadena and will remain until the middle of December. Ten guests will enjoy the hospitality of Mrs. Rowley at Thanksgiving dinner.

THE PARK MUSEUM

(Continued from Page 4)

in this, the Italians too redeem themselves. "Holy Week at Seville," by Jimenez Aranda, is physiognomy and raiment glorified. Every member of the plaza crowd is a study. Just a little of something else, on a larger scale, and we might almost have a great picture, not a conglomeration of clever portraits. This work has been in the park museum for years. On a crowded day, acquit yourself as a casual observer for a little while, and you will hear at least one remark that this is the greatest picture ever seen in San Francisco. Some there are who tell that it is not a picture at all, though they admit that, for what it is intended to be, it has, to their knowledge, no equal. It may be difficult for many to understand how a picture can, in draughtsmanship and other essentials, be perfection, and yet be scouted as outside the domain of the picturesque principle. The fact is that every picture must have a subject set forth in color, form and illumination independently of the persons, things and their action portrayed.

In that regard, it is high time to bring in the Whistlerian precept that subject is of no importance. There have been two interpretations of this: one, that no definite subject is required as long as there is a pictorial display of something comprehensible; two, that even an un-gainly subject will do, if the painter can turn it to picturesque account. Both are inaccurate and confusing, because Whistler made a mistake in the choice of a word. What he meant was that subject matter is of no importance. A subject is indispensable. One cannot paint or write to any purpose without a thematic idea, however vague it may be; but the material may be treated in such a manner that only its bare essentials are recognized.

A museum must illustrate the whole story of art. It must show that he who dips his brush into vermilion has a miraculous task, to build and tear down reputations at a single blow. He rears his magic from pigmental surfaces and simultaneously disillusion us of the past. True enough, we have no praise for him who, to build a paradise of love, moils and oils in a purgatory of patience, his objects arranged with exasperating neatness, his accursed niggling of the earth lifted and fumbled into a finicky sky. The painter of today is supposed to win our admiration with a surprise attack. A swift encounter is half the battle. A museum such as this entertains both manners, so that the people, by looking at one, may learn more of the other. In time the better pictures will multiply. The

people will always be divided between the merits of the best and the worst. And for that are the people and museums created.

"My boy, you want to practice thrift." "I know, dad, but I haven't the tools." "What do you mean by that?" "If you let me have the twenty dollars I need, I'll see how long I can make it last."

"Hallo, old man, had any luck shooting?" "I should say I did! I shot seventeen ducks in one day." "Were they wild?" "Well—no—not exactly; but the farmer who owned them was."

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19676; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of GRACE ELAINE BOGART. An Incompetent Person.

Frank A. Bogart, as Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Elaine Bogart, an incompetent person, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estate of said incompetent person situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (reference to which said petition on file herein being hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order), and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary to sell said real property in order to pay the just debts due from said incompetent, and good cause appearing therefor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on the 11th day of December, 1919, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court at San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Guardian for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 6, 1919.

THOMAS F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

COOGAN & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Guardian,
904 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 3
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.



W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1433

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 29, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Execute Traitors

Union Interference

The Mysteries of Golf

Stage, Society, Finance

Movie Censorship Needed

Influence of the Ex-Soldier

More Carranza Impertinence

Treaty Not Dead, But Sleeping

Rays of Hope for the Wine Cup

Switzerland and the League of Nations

Rollin C. Ayres, Director of Advertising

The World's Most Beauteous Damsel---A Story

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, November 29, 1919

No. 1433

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Influence of the Ex-Soldier

The professional soldier takes to his business at an early age, before civil interests take hold of him or before he finds salvation in party cries; even in the late war hundreds of thousands of carefree young fellows, from every sort of civil occupation, enlisted ere they had learned to think on political lines or to connect the welfare of their country with this or that issue of political debate. But once in the army their opinions soon took tangible form. The monotony of their army life gave them opportunity for meditation to which modern man does not aspire, and the point of danger, so insistently thrust upon them, gave point to their reflections. It is amazing the meaning that things have when you are used for their example; and the men who served during the war as object lessons of political systems or to illustrate the moral ascendancy of certain doctrines, had opportunity to chew the cud of reflection upon why they were there and the causes that led to their being there. Now five millions of these men returned to civil life have banded themselves into an organization, the American Legion, whose numbers are growing daily. They are five million voters, who mean to vote and have begun to do their own thinking! This must be a sobering consideration for the men who hitherto tried to do their thinking for them. The war may have made no difference to the politician so far, but it is going to make up for that before very long. It would have mightily surprised august committees and legislative bodies could they have joined the dug-out rats in listening to a night of plain speaking about them and their course of procedure. Five million ex-soldiers who have votes! These are the men who are going to decide the future, not only as they did upon the battlefields of Europe, but with the grip that their patriotism gave them upon reality, they will not lose their hold of it whenever the time comes for them to con-

front that canker of vacillation in the nation's vitals, radicalism, which is of more serious menace to our country than the enemy without.

* * *

Not Dead But Sleeping

Most newspaper readers gather their impressions from headlines. We are a busy bustling people and merely have time to gather our impressions from them alone. This is a habit that is often liable to mislead the mind surcharged with business schemes, because many of the men who invent the headlines, think only of selling their paper without carefully digesting the subject matter of the articles that inspire them. During the past week many of these headlines have been shockingly misleading. We have variously read, "Treaty Is Dead!" "Treaty Beaten," "Treaty Dies in Senate!" and so on, none of which is true. The treaty—that is to say the covenant for the league of nations—has not died anywhere and it is not yet beaten. The recent vote of the senate undeniably put it to sleep for a few months, adjourned sine die and left it in a troubled, dreamy slumber, but it still has some life left in it, and if President Wilson continues his aggressive policy of indomitable faith in it, he has the power to awaken it at any time it may please him so to do. The senate vote was upon the ten reservations to the covenant, not the main document itself, and it was the brood of four months old reservations that died. Such a result is seriously to be deplored by both sides of the unfortunate wrangle. The supporters of Mr. Wilson deplore it because they believe their idol can do no wrong, and his almost superhuman efforts to force the ratification of his ideal, must be further continued; his opponents deplore it—and many of them are of his own party—because they made a long and acrimonious fight to amend the treaty and failed. We learn by dispatches that at one time Mr. Wilson stood ready to join the reservationists in effecting some sort of a compromise, but probably received private advices from Paris that under no circumstances would the supreme council approve any reservations whatsoever, or consent to the pact being returned to it in any other form than that in which it was carried home by the President of the United States.

After the vote Senator Lodge is reported to have said with much feeling: "I have no comment to make * * * Those reservations were purely American in character, designed to Americanize the treaty and make it safe for the United States. Under the President's order the senate voted down those

reservations, and all I ask now is that we have the opportunity to lay those reservations before the American people. To that great and final tribunal alone would I appeal."

This would seem to indicate that it is part of the senator's plan to hold the covenant in committee, when it can be again taken up after the next elections, in which it shall be made into a plank for his party's platform. Those who believe in the decisions of the referendum for all matters of maximum importance would hail this project with delight, but it is by no means certain that the new Lodge notion would win even then. As far as we ordinary mortals are competent to judge, the public sentiment seems to be largely in favor of some sort of a league of nations, and would be quite likely to voice its headline acquired learning at the polls. So, dear readers, take it from one of the mortals of the ordinary kind, that the peace covenant as formulated at Paris is only sleeping, with President Wilson watching beside its somewhat feeble form, conscious that thus far he is on the winning side or at least has the better end of a draw.

* * *

The Vote Abroad

Some of the democratic senators have, it is said, offered the suggestion that the President should be asked to feel out the attitude of the allies with the purpose of re-submitting the treaty for some sort of ratification at the next session of congress which will begin December 1st. But already there have been cabled the impressions of most of the allies as expressed through foreign journals and the statements of some ministers, which seem more or less like casting more fuel into the existing flame. Stephen Pinchon, French foreign minister, and Sir Eyre Crow, British under-secretary for foreign affairs, in spite of the assumption that the peace treaty would not be ratified until the United States had done so, ratified it together on their own account, guaranteeing that in case of the invasion of either country by Germany, the other would interfere to prevent it. Bonar Law says that Great Britain will not relax in her efforts to make the league of nations effective anyway, while Lord George is reported to have said that its good results would be brought about, America or no America. The Supreme Council at Paris seems to be considerably miffed over the situation, and that they have adopted the attitude of England is evidenced by the announcement that formal ratification of the peace with Germany will be effected on December 1st, evidently setting this date quite

indifferent as to what the congress of the United States may do when it meets again on the same day.

The American delegation to the Supreme Council is still awaiting instructions as to what to do when the failure of the American congress to ratify shall come before it; but at the same time the council is announcing that the enforcement of the treaty will not be interrupted even if the United States should fail to later ratify it. Italy is most pessimistic over the American failure to ratify and both press and public men seem to be of the opinion that it will further inflame the already volcanic Italian people, already doubtful of our sentiments toward them. The vote created a veritable sensation in Germany, but the government has adopted an attitude of extreme reserve, according to Karl Von Wiegand, in commenting upon it. Maximilian Harden, the only German journalist who for some reason or other the former government of the Kaiser allowed free rein, cries out that "it was a most deplorable action for the world and Germany, a retrograde movement in the progress of civilization and peace." Another newspaper declares that: "Without America the league will go to pieces. It means the return of nationalist movements which are thus given new stimulus and only general ruin and bankruptcy will prevent renewed rivalry in armaments." Nothing has been said so far about what is to happen to us in case of our isolation from other governments, but on that point unthinking Americans will give themselves little concern, but even those who laughed loudest when Mr. Wilson declared in one of his speeches of his interrupted tour, that "to fail to ratify the treaty would break the heart of the world" may wonder whether he may not have been right after all.

★ ★ ★

Lodge's Finesse

The country would like to know why it was that Senator Lodge did not introduce in the senate his promised resolution declaring that a state of war with Germany was at an end, before that august body adjourned sine die, and why action upon it was deferred until some time during the next session of congress. Anti-prohibitionists are largely of the opinion that the adoption of this resolution, which meant so much to all the world, has been postponed for no other reason than that the wartime prohibition law shall in the meantime die a natural death and so leave the constitutional amendment a clear field to become an active law without any impediment. This seems to be a fairly accurate solution of the mystery, but if true, it is pretty cheap politics as far as Mr. Lodge is concerned.

★ ★ ★

Bethmann-Hollweg's Solution

Bethmann-Hollweg declares in his long and windy book that the main cause for the war was British-German commercial rivalry, and that the Kaiser foresaw such an eventuality

as long ago as 1911, but was unable to avert it because of the impossibility of coming to an agreement with reference to the building of ships and the providing of cargoes for them with selfish England. He also regarded with suspicion what was believed to be that country's support of the Franco-Russian policy, and doubted England's emphatic denials that she had ever promised such support. So far the ex-chancellor's book has been a not very convincing effort to fasten the burden of blame upon our alleged British cousins, but he has as yet refrained from recording the happenings that really caused the war down on the other corner of Europe.

★ ★ ★

Hohenzollern Foresight

Whatever else may be the matter with Mr. William Hohenzollern, Esq., he still retains his perceptive faculties and he is by no means bankrupt. It is now learned that his nerve is also unimpaired, for he has just applied to an English insurance firm to secure a policy of \$5,000,000 on his personal effects now stored in his new castle at Doorn, Holland, and which required no less than thirty cars to remove from Germany. It is needless to say that the risk was declined, and no doubt the letter of declination was couched in language that would be well worth reading. Mr. H. also has no mean legal mind, and apparently we may base his belief in a long tenancy of the Doorn place on his published statement that he will never be brought to trial, for the reason that if he is an imbecile he cannot be legally a criminal and it is not possible to be legally both. So altogether, if he be mad at all he has been able to interject the dope of sageness into it.

★ ★ ★

More Carranza Impertinence

Once more is the prayerful wail of the gentle pacifist heard in the land; again, when the patience-wrecking impertinences of the Mexicans are thrust across the Rio Grande, are we compelled to hear their plaintive cry, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." But the country knows what they are doing, too, and is becoming further and further disposed to do something on its own account, which will not be of a nature so encouraging to those ever irritating malevolents across the border. The case of William C. Jenkins, American agent at Puebla, is the latest exhibition of enmity and unfairness on the part of Carranza toward the United States. It will be recalled that, kidnapped by bandits right under the noses of the complacent, and hence accessory, Mexican federal troops, he was held under threats of death for a ransom of \$300,000, half of which a syndicate of his friends paid. The Mexican government, called upon to repay the amount, retaliated with the amazing defense that Jenkins was kidnapped on his own initiative and connivance, for the sole and only purpose of bleeding it of that amount of

money. The authority for this preposterous fallacy is based upon the statements of some peons, who reported that they had seen Jenkins on terms of great intimacy with his alleged captors; that he was allowed to come and go at will, and there was every indication that he was paying them a friendly visit instead of being held in danger of violent death.

Accordingly he was taken from his residence at Puebla by the Mexican police and thrown into jail on the charge of conspiracy against the Mexican government, with intent to defraud it. Letters from Jenkins, however, disproved this absurd piece of trumpery, demonstrated the utter incredibility of it, and he now presents a bill to the Carranza government for \$357,000, which sum includes ransom paid and promised, money and effects stolen from his office (\$50,000), money taken from his pocket, hospital fees, traveling expenses and legal fees. This account was also transmitted to the government at Washington, which has demanded his immediate release. If his reply should not be a suitable one, it has already passed the point of speculation that an ultimatum will be sent to Carranza and the country be again prepared to intervene in Mexico, this time let us hope, to some purpose that will be definite enough to set at rest for all time the favorite joke of the Mexicans that the Gringos are afraid of them and will not fight as has already been proved by the Pershing expedition during the last border disturbance. It has been estimated that it will take 450,000 men three years to "purge Mexico of the many evils of misgovernment and banditry, so that there may be permanent peace on this side of the Rio Grande." A "consummation so devoutly to be desired," will be well worth the money and lives at stake, and the sooner it is accomplished the better. No one will deny that we have had enough of war, but a little more of it could not fail to benefit the residents of the Mexican border, and to teach our troublesome neighbors a lesson which up to now they have not seemed to believe is in our books.

As this paper goes to press there comes intelligence that Carranza will probably release Jenkins, leaving the matter of financial disgorgement for future consideration. Will this government again accept promises which it ought to know will never be kept?

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

or

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Rollin C. Ayers, Director of Advertising

By Helen M. Bonnet

Several years ago in San Francisco (never mind the year, but before the fire), when nothing in the world mattered to me very much except music, I was staying at a little hotel called the Bertling on Bush street, near Powell. One morning friends at my table presented a young man who looked like a Gibson drawing. He had thick, straight, blond hair, a classical facial contour, a ready smile and the most honest blue eyes I ever saw. We sat together alone for half an hour eating breakfast, my friends having made the introduction as they were finishing theirs. The young man, smiling very much, told me that he had heard me practicing and that he enjoyed my singing immensely, so of course I thought he had good musical taste and we talked on about music for a while. Then I inquired if he were a musician and he said no, that he was an advertising man. Now, in those days, I did not realize the value of advertising and I only wondered how such a good looking chap could care for anything so prosaic, but I didn't say so, of course, and he kept right along telling me what a great field he thought he had entered and how he really had an ambition to build it up to be a potential factor in the business enterprises of San Francisco, that he felt that the advertising business had by no means come into its own yet, and so on. He was so earnest that I always remembered his words, though I was not interested in his theories, and altogether met him just a few times. Later on, in other big cities, when I met persons engaged in advertising, in very large fields indeed, such as heads of publicity departments of great newspapers and huge trusts, somehow I always thought of the San Francisco boy (he wasn't much more); I couldn't help remembering that his eyes were so very honest, his smile so frank and I hoped that if he had remained in the business he was still sincere and enthusiastic and hadn't acquired any arts of duplicity in advertising or anything. After some years, I returned to this city, and sometimes dining at the Palace, the St. Francis or Techau's, or Tait's, I would see this young man looking, in his well-cut evening clothes, more than ever like a Gibson drawing, and always the smiling center of smart looking dinner parties. And I didn't know if he were still in the advertising business but I was sure he had prospered, otherwise he wouldn't have been dining there where food cost so much more than it had at the Bertling Hotel, where he and I lived—before the fire. Once I asked a very prominent man who knew everybody who he was and was told, "Rollin Ayres, a very clever advertising man and a fine chap, too." Yes, that was the very same name, Rollin C. Ayres, to be exact, and when I knew him he hadn't been very long out of school and away from home, which was San Jose. Time went on and I needed to know a lot about advertising, which can't really be learned from books, so I thought of seeking out Mr. Ayres and asking him to put me on the right track, but I couldn't find him or didn't happen to know anyone who could tell me his address. Then one day last September I read a line in the Chronicle that Rollin C. Ayres of San Francisco had been elected vice-president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World at their conclave in New Orleans, and I was glad of it. Last week I read a notice that he was announced to speak on "The Truth in Advertising," at a convention of the California Press Association, so I decided immediately to follow the light and see how it could illumin-

ate for me the advertising business, which I'm sure the readers of Town Talk want to know as much as possible about in these busy times, when at every turn we are admonished that "It Pays to Advertise." I found him in the wholesale wilderness on Jackson and Battery streets in an enormous beehive which bears the legend "Zellerbach Paper Company." Alas! I know that name too well, for grudgingly I sign horrid checks in three figures monthly, payable to them just for paper to print things on. But when I saw the size of their plant, then I knew that our little monthly check probably is not sufficient to pay the army of porters—such are the expenses of the paper business nowadays. Well, at the end of a great big room, behind a wide desk, sat Rollin C. Ayres looking like a Gibson man as much as ever, only he was stouter, not smiling at all and his nice blond hair had turned dark brown and I think I saw five or six gray hairs shining in it, but maybe it was the light. I told him why I was there and he said he would be glad to talk about the advertising business but not about himself as there was nothing to interest anyone in his own personality. I said, "All right, if you think so we'll talk about advertising in the abstract and leave you out," and this is what I found out for my little story,—of course I had to ask questions, ever so many, because perfectly good advertising men are never prepared to talk about their business, impromptu:

In 1903, while conducting the advertising department of Goldberg, Bowen and Co., he, through his association with Samuel P. Johnston, a man well versed in the business of advertisement, became imbued with enthusiasm for the doctrine of absolute truth in advertising campaigns. With Mr. Johnston, Clifford H. House (now of the Examiner), Leo E. Sexton, Glen C. Barnhardt (of Oakland), Edgar W. Swasey (now of the Los Angeles Examiner) and James A. Johnston (advertiser of Weinstock and Lubin) he formed the first San Francisco advertising club. Here Mr. Ayres branched off to talk about the business acumen of J. A. Johnston who a bit later entered politics, was appointed by Governor Johnson for his efficiency, president of the board of control. This Mr. Johnston is now warden of San Quentin and recognized as first among prison wardens for splendid administration and humanitarian reforms. And who wouldn't be glad to hear such a splendid record given of an advertising man? But there was no time to talk about prisons, so I led Mr. Ayres back to advertising.

Our great fire devoured the club but Mr. Ayres continued to attend, as an unattached delegate, sessions of the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's Association of which organization's initial meeting he was the first chairman. In a few months a new advertising club was formed in S. F., with William Woodhead (then publisher of Sunset Magazine) as president, and which is now in flourishing condition with a large membership.

Mr. Ayres is still fired with enthusiasm for advertising as a field of endeavor. I learned that he had never tried any other business, that his efforts have been concentrated upon it and that he has consistently been "practicing" it all these years. Though he didn't say so, he seems to be imbued with the Rooseveltian theory that every man owes it to himself to give part of his time to the uplift of his business or profession. He reluctantly admitted that the two principles which have, from the beginning of his advertising career, enabled him to accept lead-

ership in his chosen work are, first, his ability to interpret the importance of the truth in the advertising movement, and second, his willingness to explain it to others, together with an earnest desire to enthrust them with an eagerness for co-operation. I take it upon myself to add a third reason: instinctively one trusts Rollin Ayres—because of his honest eyes and because there is not a line out of drawing in the contour of his face or head. A woman's reason? Perhaps, but the story of his career proves the theory at least not fallacious. I take it from the way in which in our short talk he outlined the fundamentals, the purpose and the scope of advertising, that he has studied his subject from every angle and that his associates have found it out. He said that 90 per cent of merchants who have goods for sale want their advertisements to be truthful, honest and believable, the other ten per cent care only that they are believable; that this proportion preys upon the credence of the advertising public created by the honest advertisers, who pave the way and keep the public in the right state of mind for purchasing. Mr. Ayres believes that publishers could remedy this evil by having a redlight section for fake advertisers in their publications. He also is convinced that 10 per cent of these dishonest advertisers could be reformed by having results prove to them that honesty is the best policy. The other 9 per cent, he thinks, should be segregated somewhere with recalcitrant fake promoters and pickpockets. Mr. Ayres became quite carried away as he defined the principles to be followed by advertising men in their crusade against fraudulent advertising. I gathered that the way to proceed to advertise anything is to begin with literature—in newspapers and in other ways using the printed medium, always setting forth with absolute accuracy the value and function of the commodity, so that when the salesman later appears with the product it will be found as represented.

Mr. Ayres declared that the fight for truth in advertising has a dollars and cents ring to it—that it is really a mercenary doctrine which brings in monetary results; that it is the means of uplifting the business of advertising, of bringing higher recognition for advertising men and increased emolument to them.

(Continued on Page 15)

"Caltex" One piece Bifocals Give Satisfaction

Possibly you have attempted to wear the old style double vision glasses without success and therefore felt obliged to be inconvenienced by using two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for distance. The newest and most improved invisible double vision glasses are "Caltex" One piece Bifocals—manufactured from one piece of glass by a recently patented scientific process, eliminating the defects of all old style bifocals.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

The World's Most Beautiful Damsel

Dr. Ignacz Kunos

"The treasures of Turkish folk-lore are like precious stones lying neglected in the by-ways of philology for want of gleaners to gather them in; when once the threatened railroad actually invades the classic land of Anatolia, these naively poetical myths and legends will, infallibly, be the first victims of western civilization."—R. Nisbet Bain, translator.

There was once upon a time a Padisha who had an only son. His father guarded him as the apple of his eye, and there was not a desire of his heart that was not instantly gratified.

One night a dervish appeared to the King's son in a dream, and showed him the World's most beauteous Damsel, and there he drained with her the cup of love. After that the prince became another man. He could neither eat nor drink. Sleep brought him neither pleasure nor refreshment, and he all at once grew sallow and withered. They sent for doctor after doctor, they sent for wizard after wizard, but they could not tell the nature of the malady or find a cure for it.

Then the sick prince said to his father: "My lord Padishah and father, no leech, no wise man can help me, wherefore weary them in vain? The world's most beauteous damsel is the cause of my complaint, and she will be either the life or the death of me."

The Padisha was frightened at the words of his son, and his chief care was to drive the damsel out of the lad's head. "'Tis dangerous to even think of such a thing," said he, "for her love will be thy death." But his son continued to pine away daily, and life had no joy for him. Again and again the father begged his son to tell him his heart's desire and it should be instantly fulfilled, and the eternal reply of the son was: "Let me seek the world's most beauteous damsel." Then the Padishah thought to himself: "If I do not let him go he will only perish, and he can not therefore be worse off if her goes." Then he said: "Go, by son, after they love, and may the righteous Allah be merciful to thee."

So the next day the prince set out on his journey. He went up hill and down dale, he crossed vast deserts, he traversed rugged wildernesses in search of his beloved, the world's most beauteous damsel. On and on he went, till he came at last to the sea shore, and there he saw a poor little fish writhing in the sand, and the fish besought him to throw it back into the sea again. The youth had compassion upon the fish and threw it back into the sea again. Then the little fish gave him three scales, and said to him: "If ever thou dost get into any trouble, burn these scales."

Again the youth went on his way till he came to a vast desert, and there on the ground in front of him he saw a lame ant. The little creature told him that he was going to a wedding, but could not overtake his comrades because they hastened so quickly. Then the youth took up the ant and carried him to his comrades. As they parted the ant gave him a little piece of its wing and said: "If ever thou shouldst get into any trouble, burn this bit of wing."

Again the youth followed his road, full of weary woefulness, and reaching the borders of a large forest he there saw a little bird struggling with a large serpent. The little bird asked help of the youth, and with one blow he cut the serpent in two. The bird then gave him three

feathers. "If ever thou shouldst get into trouble," it said, "burn these little feathers."

Again he took up his pilgrim's staff and went beyond the mountains, beyond the sea, till he came to a large city. It was the realm of the father of the world's most beauteous damsel. He went straight to the palace of the Padishah, and begged the hand of his daughter in the name of Allah. "Nay," said the Padishah, "thou must first of all accomplish three tasks for me. Only after that canst thou make known thy wishes to my daughter."

With that he took a ring, cast it into the sea, and said to the king's song: "If thou canst not find it for me in three days, thou art a dead man. Then the king's son fell a thinking till he bethought him of the three scales, and he had no sooner burnt them than the little fish stood before him and said: "What dost thou command, O sultan?"—"The ring of the world's most beauteous damsel hath been cast into the sea, and I want it back again," said the prince. Then the fish sought for the ring but couldn't find it; it dived down a second time and still it couldn't find it; a third time it descended right down into the seventh ocean, drew up a fish, cut it open, and there was the ring. So the youth gave the ring to the Padishah, and the Padishah gave it to his daughter.

Now there was a cave near the palace full of gravel and grain. "My second task," said the Padishah, "is that thou dost separate the grain from the gravel." Then the youth entered the cave, took out the ant's wing and burned it, whereupon the whole cave was swarming with ants, and they set to work upon the grain in hot haste. The day was now nearly over, and the same evening the youth sent word to the Padishah that the second task also was accomplished.

"The third task still remains," said the Padishah, "and then thou mayest have my daughter." With that he sent for a maid servant, had her head cut off straightway, and then said to the youth: "Thus shall be done to thy head also if thou restore not this damsel to life again." The youth quitted the palace in deep thought, and at last he bethought him that the bird's feathers might help him. So he took them out and burned them, and lo! the bird stood before him ere yet his lips had commanded it to appear. And the youth complained bitterly to the bird of the task that was set him.

Now the bird had friends among the Peris, and, flying up into the air, in no very long time was back again with a cruse of water in its beak. "I have brought thee heavenly water which can give life even to the dead," said the bird. So the prince entered the palace, and no sooner had he sprinkled the damsel with the water than she sprang up as if she had never been dead at all.

Now the rumor of all these things reached the ears of the world's most beauteous damsel, and she ordered the prince to be brought before her. The damsel dwelt in a little marble palace, and before the palace was a golden basin which was fed by the water of four streams. The courtyard of this palace also was a vast garden wherein were many great trees and fragrant flowers and singing birds, and to the youth it seemed like the gate of paradise.

Suddenly the door of the palace was opened,

and the garden was so flooded with light that the eyes of the youth were dazzled even to blindness. It was the world's most beauteous damsel who had appeared in the door of the palace, and the great light was the rosiness of her two radiant cheeks. She approached the prince and spoke to him, but scarcely did the youth perceive her than he fainted away before her eyes. When he came to himself again they brought him into the damsel's palace, and there he rejoiced exceedingly in the world's most beautiful damsel, for her face was as the face of a houri, and her presence was as a vision of Peris.

"Oh, prince!" began the damsel, "thou that art the son of Shah Suleiman, canst aid me in my deep distress. In the vast garden of the Demon of Autumn there is a bunch of singing pomegranates: if thou canst get them for me I will be thine for ever and ever."

Then the youth gave her his hand upon it, the hand of loyal friendship, and departed far, far away. He went on and on without stopping, he went on, and for month and months he crossed deserts where man had never trod, and mountains over which there was no path. "Oh, my Creator," he sighed, "wilt thou not show me the right way?" and he rose up again each morning from the place where he had sunk down exhausted the night before, and so he went on and on from day to day till the path led him right down to the roots of the mountains. There it seemed to him as if it were the day of judgment. Such a noise, such a hubbub, such a hurly-burly of sounds arose that all the hills and rocks around him trembled. The youth knew not whether it was friend or foe, man or spirit, and as he went on further, trembling with fear, the noise grew louder and the dust rose up round about him like smoke. He knew not where he was going, but he might have known from what he heard that the smaller garden of the Demon of Autumn was now but a six-months' journey off, and all this great hubbub and clamor was the talisman of the gate of the garden.

And now he drew still nearer and could see the gate of the smaller garden, and could hear the roaring of the talismans in the gate, and could perceive the guardian of the gate also. Then he went up to him and told him of his trouble. "But art thou not afraid of this great commotion?" asked the guardian of the gate. "Is it not because of thee that all the talismans are so impatient? even I am afraid thereof!"

But the youth did nothing but inquire continually about the cluster of singing pomegranates.

"'Tis a hard task to reach that," said the guardian, "yet if thou art not afraid, perhaps thou mayest get it after all. Three months' journey from hence thou will come to such another place of talismans, there also there is a garden, and the guardian of that garden is my own mother. But whatever thou dost, take care not to draw nigh to her, nor let her draw nigh to thee. Give her my salaams, but tell

(Continued on Page 15)

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

Should We Be Truly Thankful Or Not---

That the "carefully preserved" Tower of Progress on the Marina begins to look more and more every day like a war relic from Belgium?

That automobile owners still endanger the lives of alighting street car passengers in defiance of the ordinance compelling them to stop?

That the Hearst newspapers claim most of the responsibility for the administration of knock-out drops to the peace covenant?

That certain Supervisors were not pleased at last week's references to Messrs. Hayden and Power?

That the promises to put an end to the increasing epidemic of crime have come to nothing?

That the first efforts of the American Legion show they mean business?

That the dries are still being handed new laughs on the wets?

That the recent socialist vote had about as much bite as a male mosquito?

That Mayor Rolph's stock of gold freedom-of-the-city tickets is getting short?

That there is no censorship for the stories of moving pictures?

That Thanksgiving turkey was sixty cents a pound?

The Spectator

Dim Rays of Hope

Each time that able and affable counsellor, Theodore Bell, expatiates to anxious wets of waiting clubdom upon the theories of promised "personal independence," there seems to arise a firm conviction that the enforced era of the locker is about to terminate. To them it makes but small difference that all of the New York cabarets, dance halls, and cafés made elaborate preparations for a return of unbridled license which would have thrust that last night before the war-time prohibition law went into effect far into the shade, were squelched by the decision of the U. S. court of that district that the law was constitutional. Rhode Island, and Kentucky, and Missouri had just as emphatically declared that it was not, and Counsellor Bell still believes that the judge of the New York district court will be overruled, and that anxiously awaited interregnum will come during which those who can afford to maintain lockers may have an opportunity to replenish, for there are still millions upon millions of gallons of booze in bond awaiting release by reason of that decision. Then, too, it is pointed out that the owners of those millions of bonded gallons and the bankers who have advanced money on them, cannot constitutionally be rewarded for their thrift and enterprise by having their money filched from their pockets by congressional edict at the bidding of the supporters of a fantastic dream of world wide total abstinence. Simple equity and that sense of justice which must dominate the lawmakers of a free country must eventually come to the relief of the rich who must suffer because the poor cannot have their drink when they want it. It is not at all certain that this line of logical reasoning is sound. It is a good deal like the traveling musician who, when asked by a train conductor for his ticket, replied that he had lost it. "You can't lose your ticket," replied the conductor, whereupon the musician glared at him angrily and said: "Can't lose my ticket? De h— I can't, I lost my base drum!" And such would seem to be the present predicament of the band of hopeful ones who have lost both their ticket of liberty and their base drum, with which to call the cohorts of John Barleycorn to the markets where liquor may be sold. The solons whom we elect to represent us can pass any laws they may deem just and proper, and that in spite of anything their constituents may insist upon. The last legislature of this state was elected on a dry platform with the Rominger bill for its principal plank, and yet when the national prohibition amendment came up for action it was ratified by an amazing majority, as though the legisla-

tors had had themselves elected under false pretences, which, of course, was not likely. It is useless for agitators or their attorneys to say what "they" can do or cannot do, for, legal wisdom to the contrary, "they" do what "they" please, and what "they" please is made written law. The only thing we can do is to appeal to the referendum, and there are not states enough to make that referendum, provided it be dry, of any value, for most of the states of the union were dry or prepared to vote so as a war measure before the national prohibition amendment was introduced before the congress. Elihu Root, who is unquestionably one of the greatest living lawyers has declared the wartime prohibition law unconstitutional, and in this opinion he is backed by another great lawyer, William Guthrie, who is his associate in the action brought by the Association of American Brewers to secure an injunction. The opinion of these legal luminaries gives courage to the anti-prohibitionists, but it remains to be seen how much weight it is going to have upon the supreme court of the United States. This article is not intended as a sort of brief for the dries for its writer has no such sympathy, but it is intended much in the nature of a fatalistic show-down that prohibition in this country is in the air and cannot be eradicated; that is here and has come to stay, if the supreme court is going to declare the constitutionality of both the wartime prohibition act and the national amendment. The followers of the highball, and the cocktail, and bubbling champagne, must make up their minds that when what they have on hand is exhausted, there will come no more! Also that soon, if we accept the ultimatum of the prohibitionists who have spent hundreds of thousands to make us a dry nation, we shall have to give up tobacco and later tea and coffee. As a grand final sacrifice, dancing.

Impertinent Union Interference

The Players' Club of San Francisco was organized a little over seven years ago for the presentation of drama and light opera by amateurs, the cultivation of young people with talent, and the encouragement of young dramatic and musical authors and composers by the only test of merit, which is production before an audience. Under a careful system of economy and earnest work among its active members and the contributions of associate members the club prospered and became a permanent institution, not only for the thorough training of young dramatic aspirants, and those who found amusement in acting for acting's sake

but for the entertainment of such people of taste as found pleasure in the presentation of the better class of music and drama in their own playhouse. The only salaries paid were to a general director and instructor, with an assistant who handled the properties, tended the lights and performed general work about the little theater on Clay street. A few months ago the club had outgrown the accommodations offered by its original quarters and another building on Bush street, near Gough, was leased and refitted at an expense of some thousands of dollars, secured through the sale of boxes, the contributions of old associate members and the fees of not far from two hundred new ones. It was a venture requiring much careful financing and added frugality, but it was believed that success might be attained and a little money for the liquidation of debts made, by running the new theater on the same principles as the smaller one had been conducted, by the painting of its own scenery, the making of its own properties and the doing of all work both before and behind the curtain without any added expense in the way of salaries. The work of refitting and altering the old building was performed by union labor, as also was the electric wiring and the installation of the various mechanisms connected with the important feature of stage lighting. Before the opening of the new theater last month, the director was notified that he must employ a stage carpenter and assistant, as well as an electrician and assistant, who must be union men. As this would entail an added expense of between \$200 and \$300 a month, which the struggling organization could not afford to pay, no attention was paid to the demand. On the opening night a union man operated the switchboard, but was told not to come on the second night as the director's assistant would take his place to further reduce expenses. On that second night it was discovered that the switchboard had been secretly tampered with to such an extent that it was only after much serious experiment that the defect was discovered and a performance given. It should be told that the Players' Club derives some income through the renting of its theater on off nights, and one night last week it was so rented to an organization for a lecture and stereopticon exhibition. With either the organization or the lantern operators there were union connections, and they were notified just before the hour set for the beginning that the entertainment could not be held in this building; that this was an "unfair" theater, which had refused to employ union labor in the conducting of its performances, and so the audience was

dismissed at a cost to the club of \$35, a sum which it can ill afford to lose. A meeting of the club's directors was at once called, when it was decided to conduct the theater on the "open shop" principle, even to the extent of drilling a non-union orchestra for its new season's first operative performance of "The Chimes of Normandy" during the first week in December. While it is cheerfully admitted that labor must be organized to prevent unjust aggressions of power on the part of employers, we must also insist that no possible injustice could result from the operation of a private theater by its own members for their own amusement and education, and the interference of the union in the present instance is an impertinence which it is hoped will be successfully rebuked.

Execute the Traitors

It is very well known that the worst disseminators of anti-American sedition in Mexico, some of them Carranza's most intimate advisers, are Americans themselves who hope to profit by an armed clash with this country. All countries produce traitors of this kind and hundreds of them were arrested during the years of the world war. France, however, seems to have been the only nation which has meted out the one just punishment for such criminals, which is the firing squad. We contented ourselves with healthful isolation and long trials which came to nothing that could teach a really salutary lesson. It is to be hoped that in future ultimatums to Mexico, insistence will first be made for the delivery of some of these outcast American citizens to the proper authorities, and forgiveness should not be pleaded for them for they knew just what they are doing.

Switzerland and the League of Nations

Federal Councillor Callonder, in a debate held by the national council regarding the entry of Switzerland into the league of nations, made a remarkable speech in support of this measure. In the course of the speech he said that the league of nations is a consequence of the recent war, and the fact that another world war would completely ruin Europe if not the whole world, compels the recognition by every nation of her duty to support a regime of international legislation, in other words a regime based upon the equilibrium of forces. Councillor Callonder said that all nations should enjoy equal rights, but that the idea of refusing to join the league of nations, because some powers in it were greater than others, is absurd and inadmissible. "We are satisfied," he continued, "to see the league of nations united to the peace treaty; it is meant to develop and enforce the principles of right and justice, and I am convinced that this league will successfully work out these problems." Again he says, "There would have been no world war had the league of nations been in existence in 1914." He further points out the advantages of an international settlement of commercial and transport questions. "Our socialists," he goes on to say, "refuse their support because they think that a universal revolution would be the best way to reach a solution of all international problems; it seems that the signs point to a choice by all nations between one of these two ways, but the Swiss nation is averse to the idea of revolution and prefers the league of nations." In describing the organization of the league of nations, Mr. Callonder says that it is evident that the central powers will be allowed to join ultimately; that it is merely a question of time. "Switzerland," he says, "must either join the league, or give up all hope of realizing an international accord in the future." In ending he emphasizes the

fact that the principles of the league of nations correspond with those of the Swiss democracy, and urges the chamber to support wholeheartedly, in the national interest, the proposal for Switzerland's entry into the league.

Harvest results in France

Reports of the harvest show that vintage fruits have been very satisfactory, both in the increased amount over last year and in quality. Potatoes, although showing a decrease in numbers, have been of much better quality. The maize and beet-root crops are under the average and of mediocre quality. The olive crop is very good, and apples, pears and chestnuts are very plentiful. The autumn sowing is proceeding satisfactorily; much larger areas will be sown this year than last. The corn is beginning to grow and bears promise of an exceptionally good crop.

A Tolstoi Arrested

By order of the Moscow extraordinary commission, Alexandra Tolstoi, daughter of the celebrated writer, has been arrested on the charge of plotting in behalf of the Hohenzollerns.

McCormack and Kreisler

Beneath the published statement that Fritz Kreisler is to play at the great American Legion concert in Washington, at which John McCormack is to sing, one may hear the soft blarney of McCormack. In St. Louis, members of the legion were instrumental in the cancellation of the Kreisler concert dates and if the peerless violinist from Austria can get a hearing at the national concert, his path will be cleared for all future American appearances. McCormack has taken out American citizenship papers and is as loyal to America's institutions as he is beloved by its inhabitants over its length and breadth. He adores the matchless art of Kreisler and the Irish bard's devotion to the cause of music makes him eager to clear the air of Kreisler antagonism in order that our Ameri-

can ears may again listen to his violin, and good friend John will omit no effort toward that end. Maybe it is McCormack who is reminding us that Kreisler's active participation in the war as an Austrian officer was before our entrance into the fray. In inner musical circles, the American wife of Kreisler is severely censured for public exhibitions of sympathy with Germany. Certainly her action in San Francisco during the last Kreisler appearance here, when she boldly refused to rise during the playing of the Star-Spangled Banner, was a flagrant offense to America and will not be overlooked ever, even by music-mad patriots, nor to please the great and beloved John McCormack. Most Americans are of the opinion that Mme. Kreisler as an expatriated American, who made public display of her anti-ally sentiments should be left in Germany or Austria permanently, when Fritz makes tours to earn American dollars with his wonderful violin.

Irish Humor

A newspaper correspondent relates that he found a village in Flanders crowded with Irish soldiers in 1916. In one home, twelve Flemish cows lay huddled up together upon the ground floor on damp straw, while a number of Irish soldiers were quartered upstairs in the loft, which they reached by means of a tall ladder with broken rungs. He went up the ladder after them and gave greeting to a number of lank figures lying upon straw. One boy was sitting with his back to the beams playing a penny whistle very softly to himself, or perhaps to the rats under the straw.

"The craytures are that bold," said a boy from County Cork, "that when we first came in the rats sat up smiling and sang, 'God Save Ireland. Bedad, and it's the truth I'm after tellin'!"

Words of Wise Men

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.—Martial.

I do not say we ought to be happier as we

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

grow older, but we ought to be calmer, knowing better what life is, and looking forward to another, which we believe to be a reality, though we cannot tell what it means.—Jowett.

To work and live only for oneself will by no means promote happiness. On the contrary, it is a source of intense misery. The secret of many a joyless life which has gone out in bitterness, suicide, or insanity, may be found in the selfishness which dominated it from its beginning to its close. To live in love is to live in everlasting youth.—R. L. S.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—Robert Hall.

Censorship of Moving Pictures

It is high time we were returning to it, even though it be narrow, ill-advised and bigoted kind that used to be in vogue when there were state and national boards whose prejudice without justice inspired the managements of the third greatest industry in the world, to use their vast influence in having censorship abolished and leaving the influence of films for good or evil to the untutored judgment of indifferent or easily biased police officers. In some states the authorities have been cajoled by the vast influences controlled by the producers into believing that they are educators, not mere showmen; that it is their sole aim to conserve the public morals, and so they and they alone should be the best judges as to what kinds of screen plays should be produced and which rejected. This apparently easily acquired liberty has been so expanded and built upon that it has grown into unrestrained and unbridled license. This same license, instead of being tempered with good taste and well-considered wisdom as to conserve and improve the public morals, has apparently become nothing more or less than an inciter of public prurency. This however does not apply to all pictures, thanks to the fact that many companies are managed by men possessed of keen artistic sense, an appreciation of what is necessary in the evolution of plot and story, and what experience in them that has taught the values of dramatic construction. But unfortunately those whose ambition it is to clothe moving picture making with the dignity of genuine art are not many, and so again must the wise minority be placed on the defensive by the grasping commercialism of a prurient majority.

Good and Bad Pictures

No evil could possibly result from any of the pictures in which have been starred such artists as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Fredericks, Sessue Hayakawa, or in fact any of the pictures from such studios as those of Lasky, Goldwyn, Famous Players, Thomas H. Ince or last though not least, the master of them all, Griffith, although the last two have occasionally offended by surrounding sin with the glamor of brilliant sensationalism which causes the thoughtless beholder to believe that evil in such attractive environment is at least worth a trial. But in comparison with the pictures of most of the small or independent companies, those of the producers mentioned might easily be classed as being as free from evil as if a picture were to be made of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. These smaller companies compose the prurient majority whose misdeeds result in placing in the crucible of criticism those producers who are really trying to make moving pictures an art, and who have created the incontestible necessity of censorship. The purpose of the one class is to teach as well as amuse, while that of the other is to further excite the immorally disposed or to tempt the thoughtless into believing that vulgarism, "to

be virtuous is to be eccentric". Otherwise beneficial stories are altered both in plot and title to meet this demand for wanton prurency; great plays are every day emasculated and changed in plot and character to supply what is alleged to be the public taste. Never mind what the owners or authors may think; no matter how much they may protest against the impertinent tamperings with their property, they are curtly informed that they were not suited to pictures; they were made so by the scenario staffs, and the owners and authors may like it or leave it as they see fit, for so and so is the form in which their work will be fitted for the screen.

A Case in Point

The newspapers of a few weeks ago furnished much chatty information with reference to a dispute between the author of a screen play called "The Pinnacle," who was also the director, and the president of the company that manufactured it. When the picture was made the author was amazed to find that his play had been given the prurency inciting title of "Stolen Husbands," and so, the story goes, went to the president to register his protest against the change. The president was busy and could not see him then, and the author duly specified his objections by letter. The reply he received was couched in language not at all in conformity with that of the original protest, and it bristled with the coarse humor of one of those minds that brooks no opposition no matter from what source. He knew his business and was going to attend to it in his own way, while it would oblige him if the author-director would attend to his business of writing and screening scenarios. "The Pinnacle" was not an attractive title for picture theatergoers, the exhibitors would not project a play with such a title, and, since he was not in the business for his health

the production would be released under the title of "Stolen Husbands".

Both extended experience and close observation of the methods of moving picture exhibitors, have taught the writer that the suggestive title and the dirty story are largely produced on the insistence of the exhibitor, who claims to know what his audiences demand and that demand must be supplied to his satisfaction or he will secure his films elsewhere. In cases like these the producer must either comply with the dictations of the exhibitor or lose his patronage, which of course would not be good business, for attractive films cost a great deal of money, and in many instances this money is represented by outstanding bills rather than cash invested. If the exhibitor wants a certain kind of story he must have it; if he expresses his august opinion that "nobody wants no more costume plays," costume plays are no longer made; if he insists upon stories of crime and murder in which the criminal shall eventually triumph and escape punishment, those stories must be furnished. It makes not the slightest difference how many young people may be led into similar crimes in the belief that they too may succeed in them, so long as the money comes into the box office to pay the guiltily compliant producer.

The Remedy

To remove this meretricious example of the teaching of evil there is but one remedy and only one, for all possible others have been tried and found ineffective. This is in a system of capable and indiscriminating censorship, the boards to be composed of men and women of different walks of life and varying tastes, whose judgment would not be hampered by considerations of politics or creed, and who have had sufficient experience with the different classes of audiences to be able to express a just opinion

THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 17, 1919

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$25,574,365.22
U. S. Bonds.....	6,611,616.25
Other Bonds and Securities.....	794,408.53
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco.....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit.....	6,369,371.78
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	16,553,667.18
	\$56,053,428.96

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	4,775,546.37
Circulation	1,957,197.50
Federal Reserve Bank.....	500,000.00
Letters of Credit.....	6,495,624.28
Deposits	40,325,060.81
	\$56,053,428.96

OFFICERS

WM. H. CROCKER.....	President	J. M. MASTEN.....	Assistant Cashier
JAS. J. FAGAN.....	Vice-President	D. J. MURPHY.....	Assistant Cashier
W. GREGG.....	Vice-President and Cashier	F. G. WILLIS.....	Assistant Cashier
J. B. McCARGAR.....	Vice-President	H. C. SIMPSON.....	Mgr. Foreign Dept.
G. W. EBNER.....	Assistant Cashier	S. N. SMILEY.....	Asst. Mgr. Foreign Dept.
B. D. DEAN.....	Assistant Cashier	G. FERIS BALDWIN.....	Auditor

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

WM. H. CROCKER	CHAS. E. GREEN
CHARLES T. CROCKER	W. GREGG
JAS. J. FAGAN	A. F. MORRISON
GEORGE W. SCOTT	S. F. B. MORSE
WILLIAM W. CROCKER	

as to their likes or dislikes in the way of entertainment. It is granted that the organization of such boards would not be a simple matter, for capable people could not be induced to serve without an adequate salary. Naturally the question would arise then as to who should furnish the money, which is a matter not altogether pertinent in the present discussion. Boards of censorship are surely needed and the ways and means for supporting them should be devised by the authorities that create the law authorizing their appointment. They should operate under a national law, for under the old system the states made their laws, in some instances, widely differing from the laws of other states, while many boards made their own laws, changeable at will, thereby creating a confusing mess of authority that was unfair to producer and exhibitor alike. Under a law that would apply to all states and territories, special decisions could not be made for special cases, and the producers would know in advance precisely what kind of picture would be legal and what would be the penalties for infractions.

Compositions of Boards

The censorship of pictures would never have been abolished if the boards had been composed of fair-minded, red-blooded business of professional people, instead of men and women of the churchy kind, acquaintance with whom always created a doubt as to who wore the trousers, who the skirts, and whose absurd regulations exceeded in unfairness and injustice the most stringent of the blue laws of Connecticut. Under their regime a true picture of life anywhere outside of a rectory of Sunday school was not possible, and if the system had continued moving pictures would never have reached within twenty-five per cent of their present vogue. Childbirth must be only remotely referred to and such a scene as a mother in bed with her new-born infant in her arms was regarded as being most unblushing indelicacy; divorce must not form part of any story; the commission of a crime, however necessary to the development of the plot, must not be shown, and in a killing, no matter how justified, the actual deed must not be screened. Imagine how the magnificent acting of William Farnum, or the rugged heroism of W. H. Hart would have been rendered rapid and meaningless under such a system. Imagine how these would be thrust further into prominence, and their managers further enriched, by a proper system of censorship which would remove the debasing opposition always pushed to the front by greedy speculators who believe that adultery can point a moral or burglary develop true heroism. It is believed that the better class of producers would welcome a board of censors composed say, of a theatrical manager, a lawyer, a well-known husband and wife, and representatives from men's and women's clubs, none of whom should be professed teacher of any creed or the holder of any public office. Difficult to achieve, such a movie millenium as this, but it should be attempted and the sooner the better, for these teachers of immorality and crime should be removed from activities which encourage their nefarious trade.

The Mysteries of Golf

Those whose every holiday, Saturday and Sunday afternoon, dull hours of business and the brief periods between the close of business and dinner time are spent on the golf links, regard with a sort of pitying contempt on "the poor fish" who has not yet ventured to fathom the solemn mysteries of how to play it, or has not had time to plod through its thousand and one

rules of etiquette, to say nothing of leaving its implacable technicalities entirely out of the question. And yet there are many good reasons for this; reasons sound and incontrovertible as one's respect for the organic law. To the conscientious outsider who has never solved it, golf seems as difficult of becoming a part of as would be the desire of a strict Catholic to become a noble of the Mystic Shrine. He is fond of fresh air but is doubtful whether it cannot be secured in healthful quantities in some other way not so hampered by confusing rules; he loves walking but seems to feel that this might be ever so much more interesting on a long road with constant change of scene, than in traversing the same strictly specified paths always; he adores exercise, but as far as he has been able to judge nobody on the golf links seems to be exercising; his doctor has ordered plenty of indulgence in athletics and golf strikes his sense of humor as being a feeble travesty of them; his soul is easily fired by the spirit of contest and yet those quiet, serious, deeply pre-occupied people in knickerbockers and sport skirts seem to be fighting nothing but a helpless little white ball, which to him is an unfair match of strength.

Its Apparent Selfishness

It seems to him a selfish game too—if it really be a game and not an easy and unenervating way of killing idle hours—and it strikes his organic stop of American independence as being aggressively autocratic. He cannot see why, when a player squeezes a handful of dirt into a little hillock and, placing his ball on it, stands wobbling his club aloft, he glares with silent rage upon the next player behind him who has grown a little nervous because Number One is slow at making his drive. To him it is a little short of downright impertinence, when the drive is made and Number One is looking for it in the bushes, that he cannot make his own drive and push on to the next green without being growled at for playing through the other fellow's game. If a bantering friend dares him to make another attempt at playing nine holes in less than a hundred strokes, for the purpose of trying to beat some golf sense into him, it is quite beyond him to understand why, during this process of instruction, the players in their rear advance with freezing dignity with a book of rules on the Etiquette of Golf, and hiss through clenched teeth the meaning of rule 1323. And when these two blush under the sting of angry glares as the others pass on while they wait, he cannot conceive why it is that the lesson in driving must be again interrupted because someone else wants to play through. He finds that the good old democratic rule of give and take applies to every pastime under the skies except this unsolvable problem known as golf.

Its Social Side

A recent writer on golf in a current magazine declares with much enthusiasm that "golf is really a wonderful game for sociability and pleasant companionship" but the beginner does find it so. To him the sociability seems of the kind to be conducted in pantomime, and the companionship must be carried on with the severe quietude of a library intended for readers and not conversationalists. If some brief discussion is necessary in the attempt to make a proper shot, he is warned by some near by player that the noise is interfering with the psychology of his intended drive. If he dares to laugh outright he is incontinently "shushed" by every player within hearing distance of his burst of amusement. But all things considered,

he finds too, that there must be something wrong in his composition, else he must sooner have penetrated the cloud of mystery with which his untutored point of view has surrounded what must be the most alluring of all games or pastimes. If it were not nearly all men and women would not be so fascinated by it and so earnest in the efforts to perfect their games. So then, if he be at all a fair minded person he must try again in the hope of proving that golf is the only game worth playing, that it is utterly unselfish and altogether friendly and sociable.

Mardi Gras

THURSDAY NIGHT

CAFE

COLOMBO

PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE

Concerto Europeo	Dinner Italiano
6 to 1 o'clock	
\$1.25	\$1.25

MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT

Paul Kelli's Jazz araine Ballard des Allies

GUEST DANCING

Community Sing Operatic Concert

Carmineci Florence Waters Edourd Petri

Dansuse Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO

Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun

— DIRECTION —

A. S. FIRPO TOM DEL BUFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE

WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT

HITS IN BOHEMIA

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like

POST AND TAYLOR STREETS

High Class Family Hotel

MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS'

ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.

AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET

in the Lovell White residence.

Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.

Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST

BEST'S ART SCHOOL

1625 CALIFORNIA STREET

Phone Franklin 4175

Life Classes Day and Night

No Vacations

Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Prince at the Metropolitan

An extract from a letter of a San Franciscan visiting New York: "I attended the performance at the opera on November 18th. The prince came in at 10 o'clock. He occupied box 35 (J. P. Morgan's) in the center of the horseshoe, with Viscount Gray and the prince's private secretary. There was another box for the rest of the royal party. General Pershing and Otto H. Kahn, chairman of the board of directors of the Metropolitan visited the box of the prince, who wore conventional evening dress, with a blue sash diagonally across his waistcoat. He is a handsome boy with light brown hair. He looks to be only about 19, though he is 25, and he looks to be a lovable boy, one of the right sort. He remained until the performance ended at 11:30. The opera house was beautifully decorated, having around the entire house, on a level with the lower tier of boxes, festoons of greens and chrysanthemums, while from the curtain center hung a huge silk flag of Great Britain with on either side an equally large American flag. The next day I went to the Chamber of Commerce (at 85 Liberty street) and heard the prince and Viscount Gray speak. Afterwards we went upstairs to luncheon in the prince's honor. Fifty-nine years ago his grandfather (King Edward VII), when 19 years old visited the United States, he was also entertained by the New York Chamber of Commerce, which was founded 1757, receiving its charter from King George III. New York certainly let itself go in welcoming the Prince of Wales and half the big demonstration was for his youth and winning appearance. At the opera the program was the overture and a scene from Weber's "Oberon"; ballet and chorus from "Samson et Dalila" (Saint-Saens); "Pagliacci (Leoncavallo), with Caruso, Amato, Laurenti, Paltrinieri and Florence Easton; "La Forza del Destino" (Verdi) and a big ballet with Rosina Galli. Frances Alda and chorus sang "God Save the King" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Florence Easton sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

Naval Social Preparations

It is good news to navy men that the island of Yerba Buena is to be equipped to become the center of the social and business activities of the Pacific fleet. Work upon an athletic field there which will include the filling in of the bight, will be begun in the spring, at a cost of one million dollars. This will be a very necessary improvement, for at present officers have been dependent upon the Olympic club for their athletic exercise and all officers are not acquainted with members who extend them the courtesies of their club. For field events, officers and men must make a long pilgrimage to the stadium. At Mare Island an officers club for indoor and outdoor social activities is a project of the near future. There is nothing too good for our boys of the sea and the more Uncle Sam can do for them to keep them hale and hearty and happy when they are on the Pacific side of the world, the better pleased California will be.

On to Havana

An exodus to Havana will soon set in in New York and other big eastern cities. By mid-winter the Cuban city will be a center of gaiety. The attractions are horse racing, a total absence of prohibition, and several fine hotels, some of them recently erected to receive the expected fashionable throngs, who will be conspicuous for their absence at Palm Beach this season.

Mrs. Alexander P. Moore

The Pittsburg Women's Press Club gave a luncheon last week in honor of some visiting women journalists, two from Belgium, one from Japan (an editor of Tokyo newspaper), one from England, one from Wales, one from Denver and one from France. Lillian Russell, as a newspaper contributor, made the most telling speech of the day. Her husband, Alexander P. Moore, is editor of one of the Pittsburg dailies and their beautiful home on Pennsylvania avenue is the center of much social activity.

The fair Lillian is said to be more beautiful than she has been for years—all beauty, sweetness and charm. Her every day is said to be spent giving out happiness to others, in rendering back to the world by good deeds the gifts with which nature and fortune have so richly endowed her.

Dean and Mrs. Gresham will arrive home this week. Mrs. John H. Robertson, who also attended the Episcopal convention, later going on to Canada to visit her mother, has already returned to her home on Sixth avenue.

Mrs. Andrew Welch has given some charming luncheons in her beautiful home on Broadway recently. Some guests have been Mmes. Rudolph Spreckels, Herbert Moffitt, Ruth Bredon, Clement Tobin, W. S. Porter, Evan Williams, Norris K. Davis and Misses Maud O'Connor and Jennie Blair. The Welch home, of Spanish architecture, is one of the most picturesque in San Francisco.

The Woman's Athletic Club is the scene of numerous smart functions these busy early winter days. Recent hostesses there have been Mmes. Charles Merrill, James A. Black, R. N. Bishop, M. C. Sloss, Mrs. G. Storey and Mrs. F. W. Tallant.

Mrs. James H. Bull, wife of Admiral Bull, retired, entertained at Tait's-on-the-Beach last Saturday in honor of Mrs. John Philip Sousa. In the evening, at the Sousa concert, Mrs. Bull entertained some friends and later at Rainbow Lane. Admiral and Mrs. Jayne, Commanders and Mmes. Marsh and Wallace, Lt. Com. Halpine, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. F. P. Pfingst, Misses A. Foute and Williamson, Joseph D. Redding, J. Plitzer, Maurice Hall.

A Dinner on Wings

The Allied Players' Club plans to start a repast with cocktails in San Francisco, then hop into aeroplanes and scoot to Oakland for the fish entry. Then there will be courses served in Berkeley, Redwood City, Palo Alto, San Jose, with the finish at Del Monte. Some dinner, and it will be completed in a couple of hours! In the dim past—almost forty years ago—when the Hotel Del Monte was first opened, it was requisite to hitch a blooded horse to a rig and

drive to the resort. Several days were required for the trip to San Francisco, with the road leading through the fertile Santa Clara Valley and on over the picturesque San Juan grade.

And now they jump in a flying machine and in an hour or so they can arrive in time for dinner after a day's work. And they can scoot over the same road in an automobile in four hours and be ready for a round of golf, or a chukkur of polo, or a swim at Del Monte. And they can come in a steam yacht or motorboat in seven or eight hours.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels is at the Fairmont.

Miss Denise Rainsworth was quite the most attractive girl at the launching of the California. Her blonde beauty was sparkling in the crisp sea air. She wore a sheath skirt of sealskin, three-quarter length sealskin jacket with a fascinating tight collar wound about her pretty throat and a jaunty sealskin cap on her shining hair. Her shoes were high russet leather, gloves the same color, and she carried a fascinating bag of russet kid, with her monogram in turquoise. Rumor has it that the beautiful young lady from Boston is engaged to a childhood friend from Baltimore, who is now in the merchant marine service, but who served gallantly in the navy during the war.

CHILDREN BOARDED

In respectable home; best of care; references exchanged; rates reasonable. Address, Box 10, care of Town Talk.—Adv't.

William C. Van of New York is to erect a home in the Pebble Beach colony. His tract consists of forty-five acres adjoining that of the hospitable A. K Macomber's.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

Captain and Mrs. John Barneson are at Del Monte.

Mrs. Charles W. Clark and Miss Edith Cheeseborough are visiting Pebble Beach to superintend the final touches to the picturesque new Clark home, which has just been completed. Miss Cheeseborough will soon begin the erection of her home next to the Clark place.

Shooting afield is one of the popular diversions of Del Monte. A number of prominent society folk have set out for quail up the Carmel Valley and have succeeded in getting limit bags. Wild duck shooting is also popular.

Social Notes From Hotel Cecil

Red berries and mountain greens made a gala setting on Thanksgiving at the Hotel Cecil. Numerous dinners were given and after the elaborate repast, music was enjoyed in the lobby. Mrs. Rowley entertained with fourteen covers, Mr. and Mrs. Pugh were the genial hosts to ten of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highly entertained in honor of Miss Blanche's college friends. A stag dinner was given by Mr. Nance and Mrs. Aloe, wife of Col. Aloe, complimented a coterie of army friends, Miss Alice Seckels, whose engagement has just been announced to Irwin Lea, has been giving a series of luncheons.

H. M. S. "VICTORY"

The British Navy's Most Remarkable Ship

During the great war not much has been heard of what is, perhaps, the most remarkable ship in the Royal Navy. It is, nevertheless, a fact that the ship which flew Nelson's flag at Trafalgar has done her bit for king and country in the grim struggle with Germany. H. M. S. Victory is, in a sense, still on the active list. Today she flies, as she has flown for many years, the flag of the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth. Today she lies, as she has lain for long, in the "stream," abreast of that famous city, within sight of historic Spithead, a striking memorial of Britain's sea power in the distant past, a cherished link between the dead days of oak and hemp and the present days of steel, steam and electricity.

Just the other day I looked upon the Victory once again. I passed, in a steam pinnace, close by her. She was the same old Victory which I first saw when I joined the service as a cub—the same old ship, hugging her buoys in the same old way, and swinging gently with the ebb and flow of the tides. Outwardly, her appearance is not greatly altered since she made glorious history at Trafalgar. Then her hull was all black, except for a yellow streak along each tier of ports. It is still black, but white has been substituted for the yellow. From her shapely sides no guns leer now. Her decks are sober and quiet, stripped, as they are, of the paraphernalia of war, and bereft long, long ago of the stir and bustle of a full ship's company. Within, she is not what she was when Horatio stood for the last time upon her quarterdeck. She has been altered, from time to time, to suit the offices which she has carried out since she came home from the sea never to sail again. But the spot where Nelson fell and the place where he died have been preserved, and may be seen by any one privileged to go on board the old three-decker. I have wandered in her in the gloaming of a winter's day. The fading light, striking the oaken beams of her, reflected deep shadows here and there—shadows in which the spirits of dead heroes seemed to hover. And the wind, stealing in from the sea, came whis-

pering through the portholes as if gently calling the old ship to the deeps again; and she, her ancient timbers creaking, strained at her moorings, like a dog on the leash, as if she were eager to set sail once more across the rolling main.

The Victory's duties as flagship of the commander-in-chief at Portsmouth are nominal, more or less. The general work of the flagship is carried out in the R. N. barracks, but certain important business has been performed on board during the war, and is being still performed there. To the utmost extent of her capacity, the Victory has been used during the intensely critical period through which the nation has passed—a period quite as critical as that through which Nelson took us successfully when he fought and fell at Trafalgar.

The navy takes a proper pride in the Victory. To the great world outside she may be only a memory flashed now then upon the mind by the sight of her name on the cap ribbon of a sailorman in the street. But to the service she is a real, live, lovely, old thing. See the mammoth super-dreadnaughts salute her as they steam into Portsmouth harbor, or the swift saucy cruisers toss their respects to her as they race, like harts, for the open sea! What a toy she is compared with the battleships of today! One shell from a big gun of the Queen Elizabeth would blow her in pieces. All her 100 Trafalgar guns fired simultaneously against Sir David Beatty's flagship would have about as much effect as would 100 boys armed with pea-shooters.

The most remarkable fact concerning the Victory is that she is 153 years old, and is still carrying on. She was built in 1765, and cost 6,750 pounds, the price of just a few of the fittings of our latest three million pound super-dreadnaught.

Nelson, the Victory, and Trafalgar! These names are engraven on the national mind. But there are other memories, less familiar, attached to our famous heart of oak. The Victory fought other splendid fights before she fought her last and greatest on that ever memorable day in 1805; and her predecessors of that name also rendered heroic service to the nation. From the Armada time down to the time of Nelson, a Victory carried our island flag to triumph after triumph. One, with the matchless Drake, helped to smash the Spaniards; another flew the pennant of the bold and brilliant Blake; a third served with exceptional merit at La Hogue; on the quarterdeck of a fourth as gallant a seaman as our navy ever had, Sir Christopher Myngs, fell in the hour of triumph, just as Nelson fell at Trafalgar.

This brings us down to the year 1737, when the fifth Victory was launched, and with the memory of her is associated the story of one of the saddest catastrophes in our naval history. In 1744, with Admiral Sir John Balchen on board, she was lost on the Caskets with all hands. Then came in 1765 our present Victory, on the quarterdeck of which, long before Nelson hoisted his flag, Keppel and Kempenfeldt, Howe and Hood, and Jarvis distinguished themselves, and added luster to Britain's naval prowess.

And now, her fighting days over more than a century ago, she, in her long twilight, swings usefully at her anchorage, and receives the care and attention which may preserve her to the nation for many years to come as the last of a line of famous ships, and the one that has earned renown which will never die.—T. R. Paulin.

Some show their patriotism by displaying flags; there are others whose patriotism never flags.

"Do you believe in mustard plasters, doctor?" asked the patient. "Yes, I do," growled the medico fiercely. "I prescribe them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with them."

It is the inner life that makes our world. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness, and loving kindness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy and suspicion on every path.

Heck—Yes, I have met with your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her. Peck—Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't.

Suitor (to the only daughter of a very wealthy widow)—Dear Ella, will you be mine? Ella—Oh, I—I—do not know! Pray speak to mother first. Suitor—But, unfortunately, I have spoken to her, and she has refused me!

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann
NOTARY PUBLIC

and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The Stage

Lively Orpheum Bill

Were Michel's Venus "Dans le Réve" suddenly to become animated and dance about, Gertrude Hoffman would have a rival in beauty and grace of form, but while the marble Venus remains in the Luxembourg, Gertrude Hoffmann has it all her own way eclipsing all living, breathing American daughters of Eve in loveliness of form. Our Art Association ought to commission some famous sculptor to perpetuate her in marble as "The Girl of the Golden West" that our superwomen might have a standard to aspire to. At the Orpheum this week, Miss Hoffmann presents a unique and beautiful dance, "The White Peacock," which would make the proudest of those proud birds seek oblivion in envy. "The Dance of the Allies" is a blazing thing of triumph superbly portrayed by the American danseuse. Miss Hoffmann does several impersonations excellently. Her Eddie Foy is uncanny in its truth to life. Looking so unlike her prototype, it is marvelous how she manages to summon the comedian to appear before our very eyes. Her Bessie McCoy impersonation is easily explained by her own remarkable resemblance to that person and of course Miss McCoy's long-limbed acrobatic dancing is no trick at all for the Hoffmann dexterity.

Wood and Wyde in a sketch, "Greenwich Village" are like Pierrot and Pierrette surprised into disjointed conversation. Claudia Coleman gives some wonderfully true to type impersonations, Enrico Aresoni walks like a comedian but demonstrates that he is a tenor of fine voice and excellent artistry. The "Tale of a Shirt," a quaint conception of lowly life gives Erwin and Jane Connelly an excellent opportunity to do some admirable acting—indeed nothing better in vaudeville has come this way for a very long time. Samaroff and Sonia as Russian peasants dance native dances in their village front yard. The lady is seemingly engaged in menial domestic duties but both are arrayed in velvet and spangles. Maybe that is the way Russian up-to-date peasants dress nowadays during the Bolshevik ascendancy. The Casting Wards twist and turn and jump and a very funny clown delights the children. Venita Gould with a very bad cold, bravely struggled through a series of impersonations on Sunday and there were pictures of the dear Prince of Wales on one of his busy American days. Eva Shirley sings pleasantly, assisted by her own orchestra, and Al Roth, a jazz dancer.

—H. M. B.

Fourth Symphony Concerts

The overture "Genoveva" of Schumann was splendidly played at last week's symphony concert. Although written as an introduction to the opera of the same name, it has no connection with the themes employed in the opera itself but tells this tragic story like an independent melodic subject. The Bach double concerto for two violins and orchestra was a dainty composition in which the two violinists, Louis Persinger and Artur Argiewicz, excelled. Bach is generally associated with inventions, preludes and fugues, but nothing written by him illustrates his genius more than this great composition, so full of tender melody. The dialogue between the two violins was an exquisite arrangement with string accompaniment of the orchestra. As a fitting close Tchaikowsky's Symphony No. 4 in F-minor was superbly rendered.

—A. Sutter.

Courtney Coming to Curran

"Civilian Clothes," in which William Courtenay comes to the Curran Sunday night, November 30th, is a comedy, the story of which is founded on a situation growing out of war conditions, and yet it is no sense a war play. On the contrary it deals in a humorous manner with a purely domestic problem in the lives of two people who met on the battlefields of France and who meet again in this country after the war is over. One of them is Captain Sam McGinnis, played by Mr. Courtenay and the other is Florence Lanham, played by Dorothy Dickinson. The girl, a southern belle, went to France in the Red Cross service and during the St. Mihiel offensive she meets the captain who thrills her and touches the elemental woman beneath her veneer of social convention as no other man has done. With the end of the war she sees him again—this time in the parlor of the Lanham home and her hero is in civilian clothes. The action of the comedy begins at this point and through three acts it breezes along with a cumulative succession of comedy situations and a rapid fire dialogue that bristles with wit and satire.

Oliver Morosco sends the specially organized company with Mr. Courtenay at its head, almost direct from New York here, only three cities being visited on the way, and will take it from here to Chicago, where the play is expected to remain indefinitely. Other than Mr. Courtenay and Miss Dickinson, there are in the company, Frances Underwood, who was formerly prominent in stock productions here and in Oakland, Theodore Westman, Lloyd Neal, Adrian Morgan, Lillian Lawrence, Frank Herbert, J. K. Murray, Venie Atherton, J. Francis O'Reilly, Floyd Murray, Harold Grau and others. It is said that Mr. Morosco has given the play a most elaborate and attractive scenic and costume investiture—one of the finest that has ever been accorded a Morosco production.

Fourth Hertz "Pop" Concert and Coming Symphonies

Wonderfully attractive is the program for the fourth "pop" concert of the season, to be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, on Sunday afternoon, November 30th, in the Curran Theater. As is the rule at the "pop" events, a capacity audience will be in evidence.

The feature will be the Allegretto gracioso movement from Brahms' Second Symphony, which was given in its entirety by Hertz at the opening symphony concert of the season. The movement selected for Sunday is one of the most graceful pieces ever written by Brahms.

Several perennial favorites will be found on the program, notably the overture to Weber's "Oberon," Liszt's "The Preludes," and the delightful "Funeral March of a Marionette," by Gounod.

An exquisite number will be a Ballet Suite by Gluck, composed of the "Air," "Dance of the Slaves," "Tambourin" and "Chacenne," from "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the "Gavotte" from "Armide".

Three miniature numbers of immediate appeal are grouped. They are Jarnefelt's "Prelude" and "Berceuse" and Pienne's "Serenade". A Chopin "Polonaise," will in most effective orchestral form, admirably close the program.

Horace Britt, the brilliant violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony, will be soloist at the fifth pair of symphonies, to be performed on

Friday and Sunday afternoons, December 5th and 7th. Britt's solo appearances are highly popular with concertgoers, because of the wonderful artistry he has time and again displayed here. At the forthcoming concerts Britt will play Lalo's Concerto in D-minor with the orchestra, one of the most ambitious concertos ever composed for violoncello.

The symphony will be Haydn's in G-major, generally known as the "Military" symphony, which is seldom given and is new to the programs of the local orchestra. In fact, none of the program numbers for this pair of concerts has been played by the San Francisco symphony. The remaining number, Volkmann's overture, "Richard III," is of particular interest, because of the infrequency with which Volkmann's works are given, and because of the interesting and orchestrally remarkable way in which the composer has caught the spirit of Shakespeare's tragedy.

At the Alcazar

The piquant adventures of "Polly With a Past" will be depicted by the New Alcazar Company next week, for the last times in San Francisco. A capacity week last spring failed to satisfy enthusiastic public demands. There is no more delightful comedy on the stage than this piquant, witty and magnetic romance. For two solid years the charming blend of George Middleton and Guy Bolton's whimsical wit and David Belasco's master stagecraft crowded the Belasco Theater in New York, summer and winter. The perfection of the former presentation is recorded as a red-letter Alcazar event and there is just enough new blood in the revival cast to give it added interest. Belle Bennett, Walter Richardson, Rafael Brunetto and Clifford Alexander, Irving Dillon, Charles Murphy, Henry Shumer, Emily Pinter, Jean Oliver, Edna Shaw and Al Cunningham are in the cast. A delight will be the reappearance of Emelie Melville in one of her charming grande dame characterizations. A special matinee will be given Friday for the Actors' Fund Memorial.

"A Dollar Down," John H. Blackwood's vital, stirring comedy drama, registering the greatest success ever scored by a new play of Alcazar origin, is completing its second capacity week.

"Nothing But Lies," William Collier's latest New York farcical hit, has first San Francisco production December 7th.

Municipal Music League

The San Francisco Municipal Music League, of which Justice Henry A. Melvin is president, announces the first series of concerts to be given in the Exposition Auditorium at intervals of one month, to take place Thursday evening, December 11th, at 8:30.

For several months Festyn Davies, the choral director, whose work is best known here through the big song festival given at Camp Fremont last year, has been perfecting a chorus of several hundred voices, culled from various singing organizations, with many fresh young voices from the high schools of the city. About forty minutes of the program will be devoted to numbers by these singers and those who have been privileged to listen to rehearsals say that a vocal treat is in store for the thousands who are expected to attend.

Lieutenant Jean Shanis, long with Victor Herbert's and the local symphony orchestras, and director of the 319th Engineers' Band, which played at Camp Fremont, the Orpheum and

finally overseas, will direct a band of fifty picked musicians in a program that will embrace only the good musical literature. He has a large library from which he has made careful selections. Festyn Davies himself, whose tenor voice has won him fame on two continents, will be the vocal soloist of the evening, and there will also be selections on the great organ.

The concerts are intended to be popular in character and the admission fee will be but twenty-five cents, with a few reserved seats at fifty cents. Children will be ten cents.

Caruso Likes Mexico

Enrico Caruso returned to New York Nov. 8th from Mexico City, full of enthusiasm over his tour in that country. He traveled from Mexico on a special train, entering the United States at Laredo, Texas.

"Before I went to Mexico," he said, when seen at his apartments in the Hotel Knickerbocker by a New York Herald reporter, "I heard that the people and the country were 'bad' and that I might not get my money. I have been most agreeably surprised. Truthfully, I am enchanted with Mexico and hope to go there again. In my twenty-five years on the operatic stage, I have never been treated with such exceeding kindness and hospitality.

"The receipts for the opera averaged from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a night, and the people yelled for me to come again. At my last performance in the bull ring there were 30,000 present. We gave an act from 'Marta,' 'Pagliacci,' and 'Elisir d'Amore.' After it was over the audience swarmed into the arena and hugged and kissed me until my breath was almost gone. A troop of cavalry had to come an hour later to get my automobile away, because of the people standing on it to talk to me."

"Did you see any brigands?" was asked.

"I did not," he replied. "I did not go to the mountains to look for them."—Musical Leader.

At the Orpheum

Maud Lambert, the charming musical comedy favorite, and Ernest R. Ball, the composer of "I'm Coming Back to California," "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Mother Machree," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "Dear Little Boy of Mine," and many other popular songs, will present a delightful piano-logue in which Mr. Ball's compositions will be used. He is a capable pianist and knows how to interpret the meaning of his own songs. Miss Lambert's beautiful, expressive and well-trained voice is one of the many delights of the act.

"Indoor Sport," a comedy by Harlan Thompson and Hugh Herbert, has to do with the ways and means employed to make the desired man pop the question. It is the story of Mame and Bess and "Their Company," and the method these girls employ in bringing about a proposal of marriage. The comedy is under the direction of William B. Friedlander, who has selected an excellent cast to interpret it. "Georgie" Price, Gus Edwards' famous juvenile, is now grown up and is going alone in a "single," which is a capital vehicle for him to introduce catchy songs and clever impersonations. His imitation of Al Jolson is described as almost uncanny in its accuracy. Ralph Dunbar's Salon Singers call their offering "Moments Musical". The Salon Singers is a mixed quartette and an accompanist and first attracted attention because they were the joint headliners with William Jennings Bryan on the Chautauqua circuit. The original Collins and Hart will appear in their novelty surprise, which is a delightful burlesque on the feats and affections common among athletic performers.

Chris Richards is a famous English comedian and dancer, who also juggles, sings and tells new and funny stories. Phina, an exceptionally clever singing comedienne, with the assistance of three clever kids, dressed in swagger evening attire, will sing, dance and make merry. Gertrude Hoffman, who has scored such a tremendous success in her one-woman revue, will be the only holdover in this splendid program.

Paris Votes for German Music

German music, barred during the war, has again appeared on the program of orchestra concerts and is being heard at some of the theaters, according to an Associated Press dispatch. A referendum taken recently at a large concert resulted in an almost unanimous vote favoring the return of German music.

One newspaper commenting on the subject, asks: "Why not take advantage of the music of a vanquished foe, considering it one of the spoils of war?"

Metropolitan Concerts

The following artists have been engaged to appear in the regular Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House during this season: Violinists: Elman, Heifetz, Kreisler, Seidel and Spalding. Cellists: Cassels and Warnke. Pianists: Ganz, Moiseiwitsch, Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein. Vocalists: Anna Case and Josef Rosenblatt.

Stephanie Shenatowitch, a young pianist who bears the distinction of being Leopold Godowsky's favorite pupil, will be heard in recital for the first time in this city in the Italian room of the St. Francis Hotel, Monday evening, December 15th. She has a remarkable repertoire and her program will be of peculiar interest.

An elephant eats more than a canary, which is one reason why the latter is more popular as a household pet.

"I fear you do not love me," said the young V. A. D. "Why do you say that?" demanded the wounded Tommy. "Your pulse does not seem to accelerate at all when I hold your hand."

"Did the peace celebrations last night wake your baby?" "No." "That's strange. Ours began howling, and kept it up for an hour. Wonder why yours did not wake up?" "Huh! He wasn't asleep."

Visitor—"Do things grow rapidly in your part of the country?" Young Housekeeper—"I should say they do! When I order lamb from the butcher it always grows into mutton on the way home."

Girl Visitor from the city (slyly) to farmer's son—"I suppose you find the girls around here a bit slow?" Farmer's son—"Slow! Why, no, there is Dolly Smith who can milk her fifteen cows before breakfast!"

Father—"You sat up very late with George again, Doris." Doris—"Yes, father; I was showing him some of my picture postcards." Father—"Well, Doris, whenever he wants to sit up again, you show him some of my gas bills."

"Here, young man," said the old lady, with fire in her eye, "I've brung back this thermometer ye sold me." "What's the matter with it?" demanded the assistant. "It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."

Mrs. Much—"What dreadful language your parrot uses!" Mrs. Nothing—"Yes, my husband bought the bird one day and brought it home in his car, and I have always suspected that he had engine trouble during the journey."

"Waiter," he called, sniffing the air suspiciously, "never mind that order now; I can never eat when there's a smell of fresh paint around." "If you'll just wait a few minutes, sir," replied the waiter, "them two young ladies will be going."

Mrs. Casey—"Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken. Are you sure you printed, 'This side up, with care,' on it? Casey—"O am. An' for fear they would not see it on the top Oi printed it on the bottom as well.

Orpheum Safest and Most Magnificent in America Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL BROS. STOCKTON & POWELL
MATINEE EVERY DAY
Last Week
GERTRUDE HOFFMANN
In a Series of Dances and Impersonations
In Conjunction With A GREAT NEW SHOW
MAUD LAMBERT, Charming Musical Comedy Favorite and ERNEST R. BALL, the Popular Composer; "IN DOOR SPORTS," a Comedy by Harlan Thompson and Hugh Herbert; RALPH DUNBAR'S SALON SINGERS; COLLINS & BHART in Their Novelty Surprise; CHRIS RICHARDS, the Eccentric English Comedian; PHINA & Co., in a Classy Singing and Dancing Act; "GEORGIE" PRICE, Gus Edwards' Famous Juvenile in a Little of Everything.
Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR
FOURTH "POP" CONCERT
CURRAN THEATER
Sunday Aft., Nov. 30, at 2:45 Sharp
PROGRAM: Overture, "Oberon," Weber; Allegretto gracioso, from Symphony No. 2, Brahms; Ballet Suite, Gluck-Gavaert; "The Preludes," Liszt; "Funeral March of a Marionette"; "Prelude," Jarnett; "Berceuse," Jarnett; "Serenade," Pierre; "Polonaise," Chopin.
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 (No War Tax)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater from 10 A.M. on concert days only
NEXT—Fifth Pair of Symphonies, Dec. 5 and 7; Horace Britt, Soloist

CURRAN
Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Sat. Night—Harry Lauder
BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, NOV. 30
Two Weeks Only—Mats. Wed. and Sat.
OLIVER MOROSCO Presents
WILLIAM COURTENAY
In the Smartest Comedy of the Year
"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"
By Thomas Buchanan
With a Typical Morosco Cast
Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
WED. MAT., BEST SEATS \$1.00

ALCAZAR
"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.
THIS WEEK—"A DOLLAR DOWN"
John H. Blackwood's True-to-Life Drama
WEEK COM. NEXT SUN. MAT. NOV. 30
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Walter P. Richardson—Belle Bennett
In the Piquant Adventures of
"POLLY WITH A PAST"
By Permission of David Belasco
SUN., DEC. 7—First San Francisco Production Wm. Collier's Newest Farical Comedy
"NOTHING BUT LIES"
Funnier than "Nothing But the Truth"
Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c
Actors' Fund Memorial Matinee, Friday, Dec. 5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The dominating factor in the stock market continues to be the call money situation. Renewals were made around the 12 per cent level each day, and while there was some signs of easiness in the rate, it was not reflected until near the close of the week. The maintenance of this high rate the greater part of the week and the inability to break it by drawing in funds from the interior of the country attracted very marked attention and was regarded as confirming the view that the maintenance of the control of the market, with a view of repressing speculation, was to be regarded as a definitely accepted policy. Traders became discouraged and threw over their stocks, and this with professional short selling brought about a further decline in the entire list.

All the bear news seemed to come out at once—the failure of the peace treaty to pass, the continued labor troubles, the coal strike and the Southern Pacific oil land case, which was decided in favor of the government, also had a bad effect on sentiment generally.

Motor stocks again led the decline, followed by the high-priced oil issues; in fact, stocks that have been prominent on the recent upturn were overlooked.

Rails seemed to go against the tide for a while and, under the leadership of Union Pacific, this class of stocks showed some improvement. With Union Pacific showing an earning now equal to \$19.00 per share, it is expected to do considerably better under private control. The effort to center the interest of traders in the rails was nullified by the action of the President in vetoing the bill, giving the Interstate Commerce Commission control of rates in the interims between the surrender of government control and the assumption of full control by the owners of the roads and other factors.

The passage by the house of the bill, stipulating the conditions under which the roads are to be returned, failed to arouse enthusiasm. The various amendments to the bill, as originally drawn, served to dampen the ardor of many who were recently enthusiastic about the proposed legislation. The decision in the Southern Pacific oil land case also served to cool the fever that apparently was about to break out in the rails.

There was quite a change in sentiment toward the close of the week and some good buying appeared on the breaks. Traders were of the opinion that the break had gone far enough and, when foreign exchange began to show some signs of improvement and money rates eased a little, shorts covered freely and, as a result, a good rally was in progress the close of the week. With much liquidation in the high-priced issues that seem to have culminated the past week, it should go a long ways in easing up money rates and, while we do not look for a

big market again until after the beginning of the new year, we believe that the worst has been seen and that stocks can be bought on reactions that will come from time to time due to technical conditions.

The sugar stocks seem to have the most promising outlook for the future and the strength of these issues, in face of generally demoralized stock markets, would indicate that holders of the sugar shares have the utmost confidence in them. With the commodity now commanding the highest price on record and with every indication of an acute shortage, it will be extremely hard to keep down the price to the consumer. It is to be expected there will be some sort of price fixing, but the price will be high enough to enable all of the sugar companies to pay big returns to its stockholders, and the sugar stocks have not, as yet, discounted their prosperity. Just as soon as financial conditions become more normal, we look for a good advance in these issues.

Cotton—Cotton was rather easy during the early part of the session the past week, as the new low levels of foreign exchange, especially sterling which went below four dollars, was a strong, bearish argument. Most of the selling was by Wall street interests, commission houses and southern hedge selling. The professional element was uncertain as to what course to follow, because of the uncertainty of the future attitude of the federal reserve bank in regard to the huge loans known to be outstanding on cotton in the south. This is a factor of prime importance at the present time, although not of more importance than the foreign exchange situation. The possibility of higher money rates is deterring speculative activity to some extent, but, with money rates showing some easiness toward the close of the week, a better feeling prevailed and there was a good demand for the futures.

All of the offerings were well absorbed by trade houses on the decline and later in the week, when traders who had been on the selling side tried to cover their commitments, they had to put prices up on themselves and, as a result, all of the loss made early in the week was wiped out.

The underlying strength in the market was imparted by the strong spot markets, as news from the spot centers continues very strong and holders of actual cotton are confident that prices realized will be well above the present values indicated by the future market. This confidence is well borne out by the spot prices, which have only declined 1c to 1½c per pound, while futures have declined 3c to 4c per pound.

Domestic demand for cotton is good and mills report a big demand for all kinds of cotton goods regardless of price. Liverpool was a big buyer of futures on the break and there was

considerable buying said to be for Japanese interests.

Ginning reports issued up to November 15th show a big falling off as compared with last year and confirms the small crop promise.

With the settlement of the dock strike, export clearances are expected to show up big, as considerable cotton has been sold to Europe and was only waiting shipping facilities.

The fundamental conditions in the cotton market, so far as demand for actual cotton and also for goods at high prices, seems to be practically unchanged and point to higher prices later on. We think purchases made on good breaks will show a handsome profit.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19676; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of GRACE ELAINE BOGART, An Incompetent Person.

Frank A. Bogart, as Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Elaine Bogart, an incompetent person, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estate of said incompetent person situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (reference to which said petition on file herein being hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order), and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary to sell said real property in order to pay the just debts due from said incompetent, and good cause appearing therefor:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate he and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on the 11th day of December, 1919, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court at San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Guardian for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk" a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 6, 1919.
THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.
COOGAN & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Guardian,
904 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets
PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tournay I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

ROLLIN C. AYERS, DIRECTOR OF ADVERTISING

(Continued from Page 4)

The truth in advertising movement has spread across the country and into other countries, until now the international body of which Mr. Ayres was recently elected vice-president, numbers 15,000 members from the the United States, Canada, Australia and a few South American countries.

He said that the advertisers of England are the quickest of the British to adopt American business methods. Did he think our business ways the best in the world? Really he didn't know, but he was sure we excel in advertising methods. "What about Sir Thomas Lipton?" I inquired. Mr. Ayres admitted the wonderful Lipton advertisements, but insisted that Sir Thomas always had an advertising scheme of huge dimensions back of him. "You might say that Edison is a great advertiser; whereas, he performs feats of wizardry in his laboratories and advertisers make them known to the world," paralleled the champion of American advertisers. He also cited American tobaccos, and packed products, as well as oil, and automobiles to illustrate the great impetus which American advertisement has given to commerce.

Here Mr. Ayres became eloquent as he expatiated upon the power of judicious advertisement to expand our international trade. He declared that when merchants use that tremendous power called advertising in developing foreign trade, when they apply the same intensive methods to extending it abroad as they do now at home, that American products and the industries which produce them will be known and sought in every nook and corner of the globe.

None of this sounded like the propaganda for courses in advertising which I have read in numerous magazines, where ambitious young college graduates are advised to become advertisers and thus make a short-cut to fortune. When I asked Mr. Ayres if many youths came to him for advice along these lines, he really looked alarmed. "I haven't time to teach people how to advertise," he hastened to explain, "but I have served on committees and given talks often to young people desirous of studying advertising."

I mentioned that I have, in interviewing actors, ventured to ask if they have made lots of money and also if they are married, because those are two answers which the public invariably like to hear. "Do you remember," I asked, "one of Kolb and Dill's plays where Dill, as a sausage manufacturer, was being initiated into the mysteries of faro and naively inquired, 'Is the banking business a good paying business, like the sausage business?' Now, the advertising business, do you consider it lucrative, Mr. Ayres?" I have never known an actor to own that he wasn't what could be called wealthy or pretty well on the road to affluence, but Mr. Ayres, who believes in truthful advertising, said that the remuneration of an advertising man is dependent upon his personal effort, just as that of a physician or a dentist would be; but that an advertising business dealing with large accounts on a commission basis is much more profitable, as it demands organization work along with personal effort. He concluded his resumé of the financial standing of the advertising man by saying that possibilities of accumulating wealth are for him as great as for the merchant whose commodities he exploits.

Whatever is the ultimate goal of the man who "practices advertising," there Mr. R. C. Ayres is going to arrive. He loves his work, he

has been faithful to it, and a physiognomist perceives that he accomplishes what he undertakes.

"And," added Mr. Ayres, "about the other question you mentioned, yes, and I have three kids." I would love to have heard about them because I adore everybody's children, but I didn't think Mr. Ayres had time; for as director of advertising of the Zellerbach Company, with its numerous Pacific Coast divisions, besides his engagements to visit "ad clubs" in so many places, I presumed that he would not consider talks on children, even his own, suitable topics for conversation in business hours.

I could not resist, however, giving him a chance to speak the naked truth, so I asked, quite as if I were indifferent as to his answer: "Do you think, Mr. Ayres, that I look very different since we first met—before the fire?" He smiled the nicest smile and unhesitatingly replied: "No, indeed. I see very little difference"—Rollin Ayres of the honest eyes had lied like a gentleman! But then, it wasn't about advertising.

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL DAMSEL

(Continued from Page 5)

her nothing of thy trouble unless she ask thee."

So the youth went on towards the second garden, and after a three months' journey such a monstrous din and racket arose around him as to make the former noise seem nothing. This was the greater garden of the Demon of Autumn, and the great din proceeded from the talismans of the garden. The youth lay down beside a rock, and when he had waited a little he saw something like a man approaching him, but as it came nearer he perceived that it was an old woman, a little beldame of thrice thirty winters. The hairs of her head were as white as snow, red circles were round her eyes, her eyebrows were like pointed darts, the fire of hell was in her eyes, her nails were two ells long, her teeth were like faggots, her two lips had only one jaw, she shuffled along leaning on a stick, drew in her breath through her nose, and coughed and sneezed at every step she took. "Oh-oh! oh-oh!" she groaned, shuffling painfully along in her large slippers, till it seemed as if she would never be able to reach the newcomer. This was the mother of the guardian of the lesser garden, and she herself was the guardian of the larger one.

At last she got up to the youth, and asked him what he was doing in those parts. The prince gave her the compliments of her son. "Ah, the vagabond?" said the old woman, "where didst thou meet with him? That wicked lad of mine knew that I would have compassion on thee, so he sent thee hither. Very well, let us make an end of thee." And with that she seized hold of him, and cried: "Hi, Earless!" and something came running up to him, and before he knew where he was, the youth found himself seated on its back. He looked down upon it and saw beneath him a creature like a shrunken huddled toad, that had neither eyes nor ears. This was Earless, and away it went with him. When he first saw it, it was as small as a worm, but the moment he was on its back it took such leaps that every three of them covered as much space as a vast ocean. Suddenly Earless stopped short and said to him: "Whatever thou mayest see, whatever thou mayest hear, take care not to speak, or it will be all up with thee," and with that it vanished.

There is the rippling water in front of the prince, like a dream-shape, lay a large garden. This garden had neither beginning nor end, and within it were such trees and flowers and sweet

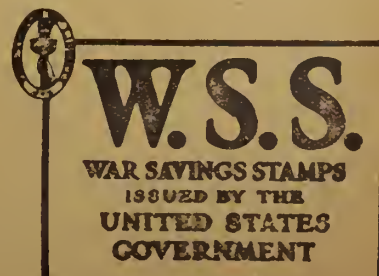
fruit as the eye of man hath never seen. Whithersoever one turned nothing was to be heard but the rustling of soft wings and the songs of nightingales, so that the whole atmosphere of that garden seemed to be an eternal song. The youth looked all about him, his reason died away within him, he entered the garden. But then he heard quite near to him such a woeful wailing that his heart was like to break, and the thought of the cluster of pomegranates occurred to his mind. His eyes sought for them in every direction but in vain, till he came to the centre of the garden, where was a fountain and a little palace made of flowers, and the pomegranates hung down from the flowery palace like so many shining lamps. The youth plucked a branch, but no sooner had he done so than there was a horrible cry, and a warning voice exclaimed:

"A son of man of us hath ta'en,
We by a son of man are slain!"

The youth scarce had time to escape from the garden. "Hasten! Fly!" cried Earless, who was waiting at the gate. The youth jumped on its back, and in a couple of leaps they were beyond the ocean. Then only did the youth think of looking at the cluster of pomegranates. There were fifty pomegranates on it, and each one had a different voice, and each voice had a different song—it was just as if all the music in the wide world was gathered together in one place. By this time they had reached the old grandmother, the old beldame of thrice thirty winters.

"Guard well thy pomegranate cluster," said the old woman, "never leave it out of thy sight. If on the first night of thy wedding thou and thy bride are able to listen to their music all night without going to sleep once, these pomegranates will love thee, and after that thou wilt have nothing more to fear, for they will deliver thee from every ill." Then they went from the old mother to the son; he also bade them take to heart his mother's words, and then the youth went on his way to his sole-beloved, the world's most beautiful damsel.

The girl was awaiting him with the greatest impatience, for she also dearly loved the prince, and her days were passed in anxiety lest some mischief should befall the youth. All at once she heard the sound of music, the fifty pomegranates were singing fifty different songs with fifty different voices, and she opened her heart to the beautiful music. The damsel rushed forth to meet the youth, and at their joyous embrace the pomegranates rang out with a melody so sweet that the like of it is not to be found in this world, but only in Allah's world beyond the grave. Forty days and forty nights did the wedding-feast last, and on the fortieth day the king's son went in unto his bride, and they lay down and listened to the pomegranates. Then when the day was born again they arose, and the pomegranate cluster rejoiced in their love, and so they went on their way to the prince's own kingdom. There all the feasting began again, and in his joy the old Padishah resigned his kingdom to his son, the Padishah of the cluster of pomegranates.



*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

California State Library,
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1434

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 6, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Picture Brides

Too Many Nations

Stage, Society, Finance

San Francisco vs. Reno

The Montgomery Block

The President's Message

The Newberry Indictment

The President's Condition

Governor Stephen's Courage

D'Annunzio's Poetic License

Out of the Dutch West Indies

A Chat With William Courtenay

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, December 6, 1919

No. 1434

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The President's Condition

Moved by a deep concern in all matters that affect the public interest, to say nothing of its personal concern with reference to anything that may disturb the comfort of its admiration for President Wilson, this paper feels justified in again calling attention to the continued secrecy and incompleteness of the bulletins permitted to sift through the tangle of red tape from the sick room of the White House. From the very beginning of the President's illness information concerning the nature of his malady has been either so carefully censored by Admiral Grayson and his pathological colleagues as to hopelessly confuse his interested countrymen concerning its gravity, or they have been kept in ignorance altogether. They have a right to know what is the matter with him, how grave his symptoms are, to what final result those symptoms apparently point, and whether or no his health is to be permanently impaired. It is most difficult to conceive what benefit, either political or diplomatic can possibly grow out of this obstinately close-mouthed policy, or how it can in any way affect any policy or vitiate any plan or ideal he may have nursed the inception of at the time when his speaking tour was so deplorably interrupted. The public has been compelled to satisfy itself with more or less groundless rumors or with encouraging bulletins which have been disproved by facts that could not be concealed. We have been told that Mr. Wilson is not paralyzed and yet that no grave concern should follow the leaked-out knowledge that all the documents he has executed of late have been signed with the left hand. We are assured that he is cheerful and there is a most encouraging return of his amazing vitality, in spite of the fact that he was taken to his Thanksgiving dinner in his wheel chair. All such methods are subversive of the political status of things, the right of the public to be let into the sickroom secrets of its Chief

Magistrate, and the exactness of the news-gatherers who should not be fooled by the questionable wisdom of his medical attendants.

The Present Session of Congress

Notwithstanding the confusing bulletins from the White House, we are assured that the President will be ready and fully able to perform the exacting functions that will be required of him during the regular session of congress which began on the first of December. It is sincerely to be hoped that this may be true, and that he has been kept so aloof from the annoying interviews of official visitors as to properly prepare him for those functions, for there will be much for him to decide, much for his active mind to consider and sign into law. First of all, no doubt, his millions of admirers will expect him to raise the standard of victory over the at present slumbering league of nations, and during the congressional recess there have arisen encouraging forecasts that such a result is altogether probable. An overwhelming majority of the American people is apparently in favor of the league of nations as Mr. Wilson submitted it to congress, and nearly all of the solons who have so venomously opposed it for months are in favor of some kind of a world league, that shall hold in check the evil and subserve the good among the nations. A great deal has been said about the so-called Americanization of the league, and the futility of hoping that this country will permit any foreign conference to interfere with its internal affairs. President Wilson's view of the league in its original form expressly contradicts any such idea, and in his message which was said to be ready when this editorial was written, he will no doubt so emphasize that fact, as to secure its final ratification—with perhaps one or two reservations—so that there may be no doubt as to the proper interpretation of the document as an entirety. There is one potential argument in favor of the ratification of a world league in some form or other, which is the question whether the United States, having played so great a part in effecting the present status of the nations, can afford to completely isolate itself now from all of them.

Too Many Nations

Much of the world's wisdom is now being ably voiced by its best experts of international law, in support of the theory that there have come into existence too many governments for any three such committees as the Supreme Council of Paris to control adequately or even successfully hold in check. Outside

of France, England and Italy the map of Europe as now tentatively sketched on the international blackboard, looks like nothing so much as one of those weirdly inartistic and ineffective bed coverings of the past known as a "crazy quilt". They were confusing to the eye with a sense of feeling for good form, and there was always a sort of querulous speculation as to what wise purpose was ever gained in their making. So it is now with the map of Europe: "a thing of shreds and patches," without cohesion, harmony or fixed purpose, except that a certain aggregation of industrious though visionary workers had a notion that it ought to be made, hurried it to completion and then began to wrangle over every patch of it as soon as it was finished. It used to be said—and an attempt to effect a change dismally failed for all time—that the United States was "too big and too cumbersome for one capital to govern." The most convincing, most undebatable reply to this visionary homily is a retrospective glance at its achievement during the past four years and a careful calculation of its present standing among the nations of the earth. Should the league of nations become the powerful entity that it was designed to be, as Mr. Wilson and Paris executed it, and as most of the world hopes it will be, the first question to be brought before it should be the making of a new map of the world, and a new governmental set of machines that will move of their own cohesive power, instead of being clogged by meddling outside forces. This result can be attained by the dissemination throughout Europe of the good old American motto, "In Union There Is Strength," and the adoption of a new one, that might read: "The ambition of the one shall be crushed that the many may become as one."

Governor Stephens' Courage

In urging labor to purge itself of the discredit of Mooneyism, when he again declined to consider a pardon for Tom Mooney, Governor Stephens clinches the good opinion already formed of him, in the possession of the forceful qualities that must enter into the composition of any man who is competent to be the executive of a great state. It shows that he knows more about the Mooney question than all of the labor agitators put together; that he knows how to discriminate between organized labor as it should be and destructive radicalism which sooner or later must be crushed out; that in the interest of justice he is willing to incur the dangers of another I. W. W. bomb; that he will not be influenced by mawkish sentimentality, the

threats of disturbers or any consideration of how many votes he may lose or gain by his final decision in this impertinent prolongation to defeat the laudable purposes for which laws were made. The governor's letter to the secretary of the California State Federation of Labor is an able document, covering all points of the case clearly and without too much legal verbiage, and showing beyond any question that Mooney was not intimately connected with any permanent labor organization, that he never was active in any movement devoted purely to the cause of labor itself, and that the attempt to picture him as a martyr to that cause is ridiculous and absurd. He shows that "the men and women who constitute the sound and worthy citizenship of labor's ranks do not regard Mooney in the light of a martyr, but as a menace to its success." He closes by declaring that so long as he is governor of California no propaganda in the interest of this "arch murderer" will avail; that war-time considerations, explained at the time, caused him to commute his sentence, but that "further clemency is not warranted by anything within my knowledge". Good for Governor Stephens!

Wily Carranza!

If the latest reports concerning the Mexican situation be true, Carranza is not bluffing, does not believe that the Gringos are bluffing, and that the whole Jenkins matter is but a clever ruse to force American intervention so that numerous bands of his enemies, now scattered about Mexico and ready to hurry to his overthrow at any time, may unite in one great burst of patriotism to resist invasion and conquest by the stronger republic to the north of the Rio Grande. This shows the resplendent-bewhiskered dictator of Chapultepec to be nobody's fool, and that he is well versed in cunning diplomacy. It is a play that will go a long way toward checkmating the force that seeks to unseat him, if it does not do it altogether. While of course this country cannot, and will not, very much longer submit to the prodding insults of this person of tottering power, it must not permit itself to be fooled by him to the extent of embroiling itself in a bitter war to bolster up his growing weakness and create another savior of Mexico when he deserves no such consideration. The situation is much more complex and confusing than it

was last week; much more difficult to adjust with credit to the dignity of the United States, and its desire to promote justice among all men with equal fairness to all. It is to be regretted that the "notes" sent to Mexico and the ultimatums framed were not dictated by Mr. Wilson, instead of being entrusted to his less capable lieutenants, but no doubt they will achieve the results intended for them. If they do not, perhaps after all it may be best to follow the advice of hundreds of Americans of note who have long been posted concerning Mexican affairs, to "to go in there and have it over with, for it's bound to come".

D'Annunzio's Poetical License

Gabriel D'Annunzio long ago proved himself to be possessed of one of the greatest minds of Italy. He wrote its best modern plays, was the author of "Cabiria," than which through the years no better screen play has yet been produced, and that he was its surest and most noted poet was beyond dispute. His career during the world war has been no less spectacular, but apparently he began at the wrong end of his long list of attainments and was at first too sweetly poetical. He entered the army with much flourish of trumpets, and became in turn great aviator, lashing soldier and honored medalist, indulging now and then in the intensities of the poetic drama with marked success! With poetical fervor he protested against the decision of the Paris Supreme Council with reference to Fiume, but when his government accepted that decision, his poetical instincts toward patriotism made him distinctly melodramatic, and, summoning to his aid an army of men who were sympathizers with his hysterical poetical license, he occupied Fiume, enlisted in his service a segment of the Italian navy, and invaded the rest of the Dalmatian coast because it was Italian *de jure* and must be made so *de facto*. Then, further inspired by his anomalous and ultra melodramatic patriotism, which his government has not approved, he decided to subjugate the neighboring nations into Italianism against their will. But his army mutinied, declared that it would not march against Jugo-Slavic Spolata, and at last accounts he seemed to be without a country, without an army, and decidedly up against it because he would not

mind his own business and permit his king to have his own views with reference to the league of nations.

The Message

The most searchingly analytical of Mr. Wilson's detractors can hardly fail to relax in their skepticism on careful reading of his message to the session of congress that began on Monday last. And its exhausted and carefully phrased suggestions with reference to the vital matters certain to be considered by that body, demonstrate all too plainly that however grave his physical condition may be, his mind is as active as ever, and has been strengthened in definiteness of purpose through the weeks of rest and careful nursing. The message is the work of a scholar, a diplomat, and has about it a keen sense of the business needs of the nation that must appeal strongly even to his enemies. His references to the peace treaty are singularly brief, and he satisfies himself with the statement that whatever causes for unrest may exist with reference to its present status are "superficial rather than deep seated" and he promises to discuss it later on in a special message. The first of his exceedingly wise suggestions is that for the establishment of a budget, so that all appropriations shall be made under the responsibility of a single authority; he urges a reorganization of the taxation system with simplification of the income and excess profits; he would have some reasonable compromise between protectionists and "tariff for revenue only" men, so that the tariff system may properly conform to the needs of "the world's greatest capitalist." The questions regarding the relief for veteran soldiers, measures to foster the dyestuff industry, an enlarged program for recognition of the farmers' part in the war, the removal of the causes for "political restlessness," and the proper methods for dealing with labor problems are all ably discussed in a straightforward, terse way that should be satisfactory to all who have read this remarkable message—a message emanating from the sick room of a man whose malady, whatever it may be, has so whetted the keenness of his mental faculties as to make possible what will be regarded as being quite the best of his several recommendations to congress.

To-day

By Margaret H. W. Thomson

There's a time that was, but it is gone,
 'Twill never more come our way,
 The good that we left will never be done,
 And we call that time "Yesterday."

There's a time that will be, but it is not yet,
 It is vain to worry and sorrow;
 The wise, they never approach it with fret,
 And we call that time "To-morrow."

There's a time that is—it alone is ours—
 It is lying about our way;
 Let us fill with beautiful deeds its hours,
 The time that we call "To-day."

A Chat With William Courtenay

By Helen M. Bonnet

When I talked with William Courtenay Tuesday morning, I might have gleaned information about present stage conditions by inquiring what seems to be the present public attitude toward the drama, if the lure of the stage for young people is as potent as ever, if there are many embryo thespians in view, and if the silent drama is a serious menace to that which is spoken. Indeed, I had really planned to ask him all these questions and many more, for the benefit of the numerous people who are predicting that the drama as it has been known for centuries is about to go into the discard—that it has been trumped by the screen play. But when I saw Mr. Courtenay at close view, he looked so young and guileless that thoughts of past performances were banished by the desire to know the essential circumstances in his living present stage experience. Does he like "Civilian Clothes"? He loves it—never played anything he liked better, unless the prince in Heidelberg. Dear reader, if you ever had the good fortune to see him in that, you would love his young prince for the rest of your life, even though he did go to Heidelberg with a lot of other German young fellows. For William Courtenay is youth, with all its sunny irresponsibility—the big brother of Peter Pan. I say "is" because William Courtenay seems to stand still at twenty-seven, which is a very attractive age indeed for a man to have reached. He was seriously near to announcing his real age to me, but I wouldn't let him, because I want to think of him as the age he looks, which is twenty-seven, and not a day more. I did ask him how he keeps so youthful-looking and he said, "I don't know—I just go on living like other people, in my own way." His own way, according to his numerous friends, must be a pretty good way, for he is credited with a lovable disposition and a wide-awake system of activity. Everybody calls him "Bill"—when people call a William that, it means that he is a good fellow. While we were on the "looks" subject I learned that this "Bill" doesn't diet to keep thin or exercise to preserve his figure. Before July 1st he even went to the length of consuming Bass' ale—which doctors prescribe to the attenuated for fattening purposes. In summer he plays tennis because he likes it, but the rest of the year he just acts. My solution is that as he always acts young men—really young ones—he has habitually absorbed the attitude of youth mentally and physically; and then nature has mercifully built him upon long, clean lines.

How did he become an actor? It just happened. When he left Holy Cross College (a Jesuit college) in Worcester, Mass., a theatrical company of Portland, Me., engaged him to play in "Ten Nights in a Barroom" for a benefit for the comedian. Young Courtenay was allowed to appear (without remuneration except the privilege of "acting right out on a genuine stage"); his role was that of Willie Hammond, the squire's son. The comedian netted \$700 in the two performances, and a manager annexed the squire's son for his "Vendetta" company for a season. In this Courtenay was a French officer, dressed up in red pants, a blue coat and colorful accessories. He must have made an impression because Richard Mansfield signed him for a three years season, during which time Cyrano de Bergerac made its sensation. Courtenay was the lover to Margaret Anglin's Roxane. Three years with Mansfield,—enough

to polish the art of any leading juvenile. Would he tell me of any of the Mansfield tempers, eccentricities? Indeed Mr. Courtenay would not, and I was glad he would not,—it is kindly at least to let the dead rest in peace. For a long time Mr. Courtenay was juvenile man with Frohman. In "The Importance of Being Earnest" he found his big opportunity and from that time on was cast with the great people of the Frohman forces. He was Laurence Trenwith to Virginia Harned's "Iris" which play, it is theatrical history, was an American sensation. He also played with Margaret Illington in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" and also came to San Francisco with Henry Miller in his most brilliant summer season of great plays and brilliant stars. Another summer Mr. Courtenay played a summer season at the Alcazar starring with Miss Harned in "Iris" and a repertoire,—I think he said "Camille," "Anna Karenina" and "American Widows."

He talked with enthusiasm of his association of four years with the great comedian Tom Wise in "Pals," "General Post" and "Cappy Ricks." "I missed Tom awfully last night," Mr. Courtenay said, "for he always did all the talking. I was greatly surprised when the audience insisted upon a speech but I had undressed and the scene was struck before I realized they were in earnest. But I didn't speak—I couldn't, I was so surprised." He needn't have been, for this city likes him exceedingly well in "the kind of parts managers always put me in"—which are lovers and young heroes; to be brief, matinee idol roles. Mr. Courtenay doesn't like the term matinee idol, but that doesn't change the situation—a matinee idol he is. He approves of Sergeant McGinnis, his present hero, because "he is a real fellow who thinks things out for himself and does things."

Did he approve of the stage for a man's career and did he think young men should be encouraged to adopt it? His opinion is that anyone who requires encouragement to become an actor had better be led along to some other calling. He thinks it futile to discourage people who earnestly aspire to the stage. He told me of a Miss Flory Murray, who was engaged to play a small part in his present company. When the leading lady was suddenly taken ill the company would not have been able to open in Omaha on Monday night but for her. She announced to Mr. Courtenay on Sunday morning that she could learn the part by night. At

9 o'clock she was letter perfect and the next day gave a fine rehearsal. She played the part excellently until another leading woman arrived on Thursday—"an achievement only possible to youth," he said, "for it was an undertaking that would have made an experienced player hesitate to undertake." Later Miss Murray received a letter from her father (who had opposed her stage ambitions) saying that from now on he would do all in his power to aid her in her stage work as, from the notices, she evidently had known all along what she was capable of doing.

What do you suppose is the favorite sport of this stage hero? Living at home. Clay Greene described the Courtenay home to me as a beautiful place and Mr. Courtenay says it is "a real home." It is in Rye, Westchester county, on Long Island Sound, an hour or so by train or motor from New York. For six consecutive years, Mr. Courtenay enjoyed its comforts while playing in New York. It is a real country place, where in an area of two miles there are but five houses. Frank Daniels is a near neighbor and owns most of the Rye real estate. Ethel Barrymore, her husband and three "gorgeous children" live not far off. Did he rave about Ethel? Rather! She is handsomer and younger and cleverer than ever and is a New York sensation in "Declassée". Bruce McCrack, Blanche Ring and Laurette Taylor are other distinguished neighbors who are "neighborly". John McCormack's estate is near by at New Rotan and John has to pass the Courtenay place to reach the railroad station. I said: "Do you dash out and drag the darling in?" "We don't have to—he stops in of his own free will," said Mr. Courtenay. Did he say nice things about the great tenor? Well, if John were to hear him he would say that a bit of blarney was flying round, for Courtenay adds his testimony to the rest of the world's that McCormack is the finest fellow on the earth, whole-souled, great-hearted, simple, an overgrown boy. Said Mr. Courtenay: "One of the happiest afternoons I ever spent was at McCormack's after he had given me a terrible lazing at tennis. Kreisler sat at the piano and played for two hours, while John McCormack and Galli Cucci leaning over the instrument with him, sang just anything that they happened to think of."

At the Courtenay home, house guests are entertained from Saturday to Tuesday. The latest

(Continued on Page 11)

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.

Stage Crowds

By Max Beerbohm

Mr. Chesterton once chid me, in a brilliant essay, for not cherishing in my heart the ideal of democracy. It is quite true that I don't believe at all firmly in (what has always been to Mr. Chesterton a dark and mystical reality) the wisdom of the people. I would not stake sixpence on the people's capacity for governing itself, and not a penny on its capacity for governing me. Democracy, wherever it has been tried, has failed as a means of increasing the sum of human happiness. Autocracy, aristocracy, bureaucracy, and all the other modes of government, have similarly failed. In theory they are all of them admirable, but they won't work out in practice. They would, doubtless, if man were a rational and an unselfish animal. But man is not built that way, and cannot be trusted either to wield power wisely or to obey wise ordinances. He means well; but original sin and muddle-headedness, between them, make havoc of his good intentions. Political history is the term by which we dignify the record of his ludicrous floundering. And the political history of the future will be just as amusing or depressing, you may be sure. And let us smile rather than be indignant, since we cannot hope to remedy the nature of things, and since, after all, there will be, as there has ever been, a general impression that life is worth living. The vitality of man will always rise superior to the circumstances of existence. In sounding this note of optimism I hope to conciliate Mr. Chesterton. Let him observe also that there is nothing invidious in my mistrust of his darling democracy, since the various other forms of tyranny seem to me not one whit more worshipful.

Furthermore, for his benefit I admit that in estimating the political capacity of the people, he has, and I have not, intimate first-hand knowl-

edge as a basis. He has gone plentifully among them, making speeches to them, delivering lectures to them, canvassing them, and so forth. His impressions of their magnificent sanity and sagacity has come through direct contact. He has been forced by the evidence of his eyes and ears to the conclusion that the historians whom he read at school—most of them, indeed, persons with aims towards oligarchy—had been doing their little best to mislead him. I, all this while, have been deriving my knowledge of the people solely from the theater. Neither by the popular demonstrations in the gallery nor by the dramatists' occasional presentments of popular demonstrations on the stage am I helped to reject the verdict of history. Wafted down to me from the gallery are shouts of laughter at the wrong moment; uproarious cheers for the cheapest and falsest sentiments; howls and groans, sometimes, for an author who has done fine work; salvos for the charlatan. Speaking with the authority of an intelligent person somewhat expert in the art of the theater, I say that the gallery is almost always wrong. Of course, the political and the aesthetic instincts are two different things. Misjudgment in the theater does not preclude wisdom in the agora. But alas, the dramatists, one and all, when they deal with politics, present the people in the most despicable light. Innumerable are the mobs that I have seen on the stage; and I can recall not one that seemed to possess collectively one ounce of sense. The mode of presentment varies but little. You hear, a confused and horrific hubbub before the curtain rises, and presently you behold the sovereign people—tanners, cobblers, blacksmiths, in the costume of the period, all with wild eyes and unshorn lantern jaws—hanging on the lips of some popular hero who is orating to them. At the close of his every sentence they roar themselves hoarse with rapture, those who are in the foreground turning to one another and repeating with hideous grimaces and hideous gestures of approval the last three or four words that have fallen from the orator's lips. We fear there is no doubt that they will tear limb from limb anyone who might dare to oppose the policy of their idol. And when, in due course, such a person bobs up in their midst, pale but determined, his life seems not worth a moment's purchase. There is a noise as of apes and tigers, with the most appalling convulsions all round—cudgels brandished, fists shaken, curses hurtling, eyes starting out of heads, lantern jaws strained to their utmost capacity. Somehow, above the din, the voice of the new orator is heard. His first sentence is punctuated by an ugly rush. But he bears a charmed life; he stands his ground, and proceeds to the next sentence. In a moment or two the din subsides, the lantern jaws slacken, the cudgels are given a rest, and the sovereign people are gazing into one another's eyes with every manifestation of dubiety. This condition of theirs passes not less rapidly into evident approval of the orator's point of view, thence into enthusiasm, thence into an ecstasy of rapture; and, so soon as the peroration of the brief and (as it seems to us) not very remarkable speech has been uttered, the sovereign people, with one accord, seize torches and rush off roaring, with the express purpose of slaying orator number one. The chances are, however, that they will promptly fall under his spell and return to make an end of orator number two.

I think that even Mr. Chesterton, if he were a seasoned dramatic critic, would find his faith in democracy somewhat shaken. In me, certainly, the theatre has destroyed utterly such belief as I may once have had in the political wisdom of the people. But I do vaguely suspect that the people are not quite such asses as our dramatists would teach us to suppose. The method of presenting them on the stage is traditional from Shakespeare, who very frankly hated and despised them and doubtless revelled in the opportunity of gibbeting them in the forum scene of "Julius Caesar." He, however, did have the grace to make Mark Antony's speech a subtle and an eloquent appeal. Whereas the average dramatist thinks that any perfunctory bit of fustian is good enough to make the people change its mind instantly. Without pretending to authority, I doubt whether—in England, at any rate, and in modern times—an orator ever has any practical effect. People who agree with him (so far as they think at all) go to hear and cheer their own opinions expressed by him. A few people who disagree with him go to interrupt. It is quite good fun all around, but I should be surprised to hear of any practical effects. I presume that most of the people in Trafalgar Square last Sunday were there because they were indignant against the Spanish government, and wanted to hear Mr. Cunningham-Graham express their indignation. If there were present any people who approved the execution of Ferrer, could even Mr. Cunningham-Graham have moved them to join in the subsequent procession to the embassy? Suppose the whole multitude had been composed of men rejoicing in Ferrer's death—would a few words from the plinth of Nelson's column have turned their joy to horror, and have sent them headlong in the direction of Grosvenor Gardens? Suppose that on their way they had encountered, and wished to slay, the ambassador—would a few words from him have inclined them to tear Mr. Cunningham-Graham limb from limb? On the stage, yes, certainly.—Saturday Review, 1909.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

"Caltex"—the modern Bifocal

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are produced by entirely different methods than any other bifocal now manufactured. They are optically and scientifically correct and made from a single piece of glass, eliminating the many defects of old style bifocals. A larger reading portion permitting the use of the lenses to their very margins is an important feature of "Caltex" double vision lenses. They are so invisible that the bifocal feature is not noticeable. If you are not wearing "Caltex" you are not wearing the newest bifocals.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

The Montgomery Block

By a Former Newspaperman

The Montgomery Block is not well known by this name, the easiest way to identify the historic building is by saying "You know the place where the Pisco punches were sold". Everybody seems to know the building at once when you mention the Pisco punches.

Pauline Jacobson wrote the history of the Montgomery Block and wrote it well. I am writing of the Montgomery Block as it is today. We live there—that is my wife and myself and we have made the old building our domicile for a couple of years. We have been happy there. We have seven rooms and we can see Tamalpais from our windows.

You people who live in smart hotels and apartment houses do not know what real comfort is. Just fancy one room alone that we use for a clothes closet—plenty of shelf space—what?

But to be serious, if you live in the old Montgomery Block you see more light and shade in one week than you would uptown in a whole lifetime. Down in the old Montgomery Block the tenants are very reserved and it takes you a long time to get acquainted. But we who live in the old Montgomery Block have our pathos and our pleasures. Tonight an artist drops in to have a black coffee with us and deplores his destiny. He complains that his creditors are hounding him to death, that the art dealers are a cold-blooded lot and that they frame his pictures abominably. He is going to shake the dust of San Francisco from his feet, he is going to New York, where the public buy pictures and appreciate art.

Heigh-Ho! Tomorrow it is different. The artist has sold a picture. He has secured a good price for it, too. The grocer is paid, credit is re-established, he is going down to Monterey to sketch. No, he will even go as far as Santa Barbara, there is a spot which he overlooked some years ago. A new suit, a new hat, a new gas stove. Ah—but there is no place like California after all.

Then there are the old men. They are thrifty or at least they were saving many years ago. They have an annuity of \$100 per month. They dine at noon at a French café in the neighbor-

hood. They play chess at the Mechanic's Library and they have time to read and dream in their rooms. They have acquired in their old age a desire to master the classics. What enjoyment they find in life! Sundays with nice blue suits and gray gloves they go to the park and listen to the band concert. They visit one another in their rooms at night and they talk about the early days of San Francisco. They restrain themselves now in luxuries, because they are too old to fight but they have bought Liberty Bonds which they are paying off in installments. But when the great war was on they showed their patriotism. Detective Sergeant Mike Burke went from door to door in the block and not one of the old gentlemen refused to sign up. There are no gossips among these old men, they each one realize they will soon be "Crossing the Bar". They live their lives accordingly. At Christmas time they have a grand time, they exchange presents and in a very formal and dignified manner congratulate one another that God has spared them for another year.

Then there are the rollicking tailors. Did you ever see a rollicking tailor? Well, if you have not, drop down to the old Montgomery Block. They are all nationalities. One is an old Englishman and when in his cups delivers an oration about the wonderful cemeteries in Italy and the wonderful art treasures that are contained in the monuments. Then there is the Irishman who has an obsession that he is a better Hamlet than Robert Mantell or Richard Hotaling or than any other living, romantic actor. While he presses clothes he will rattle off old Bill Shakespeare by the scene, act or play. He can imitate the many characters, too; one moment he is Falstaff and the next King Lear. He has a bosom friend in a blind man, and every Sunday the Irish tailor makes that afflicted man's burden much lighter with his company. They dine in state, not at the St. Francis, no, not at the Palace, but at an Italian place where they find good paste, plenty of wholesome salad and chicken. Then after the dinner the Irish tailor leads his pal up to the organ recital. More power to you, Mike, never worry that your thoughtful attention is overlooked, either in this world or the next.

Then there is the old man who goes fishing every day when the weather is fine. He goes out on the end of the wharves and generally brings home a few. What savory smells of fish frying in oil are emitted from his closed doors! You can't miss him, he wears whiskers that are a cross between Taffy of Trilby fame and Emperor William the 1st of Germany. Yet that peculiar old man wanted to nurse everybody when the flu was raging. But if you, a stranger, were to attempt to address him he would coldly draw himself up and complain "that he had not been properly introduced".

And the lapidernist. He has wondrous stones, and he fondles them like pets. He is never too busy to show his collection, that is if he knows you. A stranger going there will receive scant attention. But if you are a tenant and have been weighed in the scales and not found wanting he will spend hours explaining his wonders to you. He is nearly eighty, but he is up at sunrise and you can see his light burning until the late hours. He is polishing and polishing stones which perhaps you may later pick up in a smart jewelry store to admire or purchase.

The foreign newspaper editors in the old Montgomery Block are full of pomp and circumstance. They do not live in the building and they keep bankers' hours. They are nearly all of the Latin race and if the paper is not out on time—well, there is a tomorrow. The subscribers can wait another day, people must learn that Rome was not built in a day.

You who ride in smart limousines, you who lean back with a frown when the traffic officer makes your chauffeur pause a moment, are you happy? Are you contented? If not, come down to the old Montgomery Block and win a breath of atmosphere. You will find poets. You will find artists who will share their last dollar with a friend.

You who frequent the fashionable cafés with a bored air, you will find in the old Montgomery Block true friends. The second-hand bookstore man who is soon to be married is the censor. It is hard to pull the wool over his eyes. You have to be a real fellow, man or woman, if you would learn the light and shade of the old Montgomery Block.

The Spectator

The Newberry Indictment

Political circles are thrown into a veritable flurry of indignant excitement because the most important of their functions, namely a share of the campaign funds has been interfered with by an impertinent exhibition of the power of law. Hitherto no one ever presumed to ask where the vast sums raised to further the ambitions of worthy men to elevate them to office went, or for what it was spent. From time immemorial it has been supposed that plenty of money was requisite in the successful election of a candidate, and surely enough those who have been elected without that potential influence could easily be counted upon the fingers of one hand. Whose business was it how many worthy politicians were enriched by the early senators of Nevada, whom nobody denied bought themselves

into office? Does anyone believe that Boss Platt was elevated to the senate from New York without the expenditure of some money for other purposes than mere printing and the payment of orators' traveling expenses? Were the men who did the hard work behind the big guns to get nothing for their labor? Do politicians work for their health? Chauncey Depew was a great senator, so was Roscoe Conkling, so have been most of the other big guns that honored the empire state. Were they dead heads? Did they get into the senate of the United States without digging into their jeans? And now, because that great and good man, Truman H. Newberry, once secretary of the navy and for a brief period in the cabinet at Washington, wanted to be senator from Michigan, and spent his good money for it lavishly, as all good and

tradition respecting candidates do, a United States grand jury indicts him for corruption and fraud.

Another Ford Flivver?

Fraud, the political bosses argue, why not? If everything is fair in love or war, or in putting over a sharp business deal, why shouldn't it be fair in politics too, which requires an even higher grade of sharpness? Ford's the man, they seem to think, and they hope and pray that he is getting out another flivver or the politician's occupation's gone. He had his nerve with him, they say, to want to be a senator of the United States anyway. Because he got rich by turning out millions of cheap automobiles, why should he consider himself big enough to don a senatorial toga, which is by no means a

cheap game and never has been. He butted in as a democrat, when he never belonged to any party, and had himself nominated against a real fellow like Truman Newberry. Did he get that nomination for nothing? Not from democrats! Both candidates appealed to the votes of the people in the usual way—which of course means all ways—and Ford was beaten hands down. Then he cried "Fraud" got a recount and was beaten worse! Did he get that recount for nothing? It is to laugh! But even then he couldn't take his medicine like a good sport. Did he write a letter of congratulation to his opponent saying he hoped the best man had won, and enclosing him an order for the last model of a "tin Lizzie" which is about the same as all the other models only a little worse? No he didn't! He had "Tru" arrested and indicted, and although he'll get off all right, of course, he'll have to go to the expense of hiring a lawyer, submitting to newspaper interviewers and waste his time in a trial court, just because Henry Ford hadn't posted himself on the method of electing senators that has existed for generations. At all events, whether the above words be true or no, this is practically the attitude with reference to the Newberry indictment in political circles, and all of the bosses are hoping that the great Detroit millionaire pacifist, who added to his millions by building ships of war, has perpetrated another flivver.

Another Wet Victory

The U. S. Federal Judge for the district of New Orleans is the latest one to render a decision declaring the wartime prohibition law unconstitutional and the great metropolis of the south, long noted for the magnificence of its bars and the artistic perfection of its mixed drinks is wide open. The dispatches inform us that these took in over \$100,000 on the first day, with every bar five men deep, and every one of them all too eager to pay at first fifty cents and then seventy-five cents for any brand of hard liquor. Then the store of whisky that could be released from bond became exhausted and gin

and brandy were served, the former at seventy-five cents per small drink and the latter doing a land office business at a dollar. In New York, however, everything is closed tighter than a drum in action, although reports are received that up to last week one well-known resort of Sixth avenue remained open in bold defiance of the law, and without any interference other than that finally interposed through a polite letter! In other cities boot-legging seems to continue rampant without interference, in spite of the fact that the liquor furnished has been pronounced rank poison, and customers are compelled to pay prices for it that range from \$8 to \$12 a bottle. The clubs, however, in both large and small cities seem to be well provided with capacious lockers, and the claim is probably true that there is even more drinking now than before prohibition went into effect. In San Francisco clubs there seems to be but little anxiety, and those who had the wherewithal have taken the precaution to lay in plentiful supplies. One prominent clubman declared the other day that he was all right, for he has enough gin and vermouth stored away to provide himself and his friends with 82,000 Gibson cocktails. Elihu Root and William Guthrie, attorneys for the Association of American Brewers, are still asserting their confidence in a wet decision from the supreme court, declaring the partime prohibition law unconstitutional, and so nationwide prohibition has, for the present at least encountered a somewhat disheartening snag.

About Picture Brides

Two Japanese newspapers, published in the city, are having an editorial war over the subject of picture brides. Not because either of them is opposed to the economical but distinctly immoral method of importing wives through the sending of the photograph of the wooer, or the wooed, as the case may be—but because one of them, impelled by a sense of humor in which the other could detect no laugh, published a comic cartoon showing a suicidal finish to a marriage of this kind. Both papers are of course in favor of these betrothals by photograph, but the publisher of the cartoon has been taken to task by his indignant contemporary, for the reason that this cartoon may furnish American sentiment with what would be considered an additional argument in favor of their estopage by law. The acrimonious interchange of editorials has led to many meetings of Japanese societies, to protest, not only against the continuance of cartoons of this nature, but to express their just indignation that Americans presume to interfere with the vested rights of Japanese subjects by presuming to dictate to them how they shall or shall not marry, since they propose to marry anyone they may please in any way they please. It is set forth that to pass a law against picture brides, would mean nothing more or less than the prevention of marriage among worthy Japanese who cannot afford the expense of a single fare to Japan for the purpose of marrying there, and return fares for two after the marriage has been solemnized. This newspaper warfare is a fortunate occurrence in a salutary sense, for it revives a subject which has been allowed to slip by in consideration of matters more important. But this is an important matter too, as has been eloquently set forth by Senator Phelan, and no doubt he will present the facts of the present dispute before congress in order to emphasize the screaming necessity for preventing such open defiance to our sense of morality, as a continuance of the picture bride marriage, which is nothing more or less than a traffic in souls, much worse than those already punishable under our own laws for ourselves.

The Japanese in Sonoma County

An example of just how the Japanese operate in obtaining possession of California land, appears in a letter from a Petaluma woman, who writes us: "The question of the yellow race predominating in California is indeed a very serious one. California's own citizens are betraying her. Here in Petaluma, a bank and prominent men are stooping to evade the spirit of the law and are establishing whole colonies of Japs. The Johnson ranch was sold to a Jap recently. The way it is worked is this: A Japanese boy is born in California, and his parents buy land in trust for him until he comes of age. In other cases, they sell to Jap men—aliens. They have a corporation of men in Petaluma. They buy for the Jap in the name of the corporation, and he virtually owns the land. I cannot tell you how many Japs are located now in this section; but they are increasing alarmingly fast."

Out of the Dutch West Indies

During the past week the cub reporters imagined that they had unearthed a weird mystery at the Stewart Hotel, which would supply them with the material for startlingly yellow stories for such papers as would publish them. A certain tall and mysterious person of sober dignity approached the room clerk with his wife and registered, "General Mollinger and wife" without filling in the blank intended to record the hailing-from port of the guest. His attention having been directed to this omission by the clerk, he frowned, again took up his pen and wrote "nowhere" opposite his signature, instead of the name of a town, city or nation. He had no home, he said, for the reason that, although originally hailing from the Netherlands he had given up his home there, and since the beginning of the war, had been unavoidably detained in the Dutch West Indies, which was not his home at all, and he held that he had no home, nor could he be considered as having one until such time as a permanent one of some kind might be selected. But out of this unusual and somewhat illogical statement the cub reporters imagined a feeble pretense was being made to cover either some crime or the intention of committing one, so the presumably mysterious visitor was compelled to submit to interview after interview, until finally he managed to convince his inquisitive quizzers that he was only a modest traveler of not the slightest importance, and would like to mind his own business with the understanding that they would also mind theirs. At last accounts there seemed to be every indication that this agreement was in full force.

San Francisco vs. Reno

There have been some divorces during the past week so easily obtained in San Francisco courts, as to create the impression that Reno has been for a long time sailing under false colors concerning the question of "divorce made easy" and that this city may with undeniable fairness make the claim that it holds the record as far as the simplicity of untying the marital knot is concerned. One man was granted an absolute divorce because his wife insisted upon being always well dressed, while he was compelled to preserve so shabby an exterior that his fashion-loving spouse insisted upon calling him a "bum". A man was equally successful for the reason that his wife resented his late hours after a dinner with some friends, refused to admit him to his own house, and as he had no money he was compelled to sit all night in a city park. A disappointed wife obtained a decree because a husband had misrepresented his financial status, and two others because they

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

and their husbands could not live happily together, on the ground that their comfort and peace of mind were seriously disturbed by constant quarrels. Such amazing disregard of the sanctity of the marriage tie by judges whose duty it should be to uphold and encourage it, makes a mockery of love, morals and religion, which no doubt will continue so long as we have laws that permit it.

F. W. Kellogg Secures Baillie

H. K. Baillie has accepted the chieftainship of the financial department on the Los Angeles Express at a salary of \$10,000 a year and a percentage of increased earnings—said to be the most munificent ever paid a newspaperman for specialized work of this character—though the figure looks small in comparison with that of the salaries a few former newspapermen are now receiving for literary work in the movie scenarios. F. W. Kellogg, owner of the Los Angeles Express and Pasadena Star-News, is the publisher who acquired the Baillie service, though the Pulitzer interests in New York and St. Louis a month ago offered \$10,000—naturally Baillie accepted the offer with the profit-sharing stipulation. He is the pioneer developer of the financial pages of a metropolitan newspaper to a stage where they were quite as attractive and readable as the sporting, social or editorial, or any other department of the paper. He gave the fresh, crisp news of the business world and in policy stood for a "clean-up" of the freebooters and exploiters of the public investment field. His campaign in the Call during the past eight months directed against the fraudulent oil companies and hog unit rascals did much to add confidence and tone to the stock and bond market within the San Francisco zone. Baillie's active co-operation with the department of corporations in rooting out the investment evils existent in California is noteworthy.

Before coming to California and to the Call, Baillie was in the financial department of the New York Mail and later upon the New York Wall Street Journal. He is a graduate of the

University of California and at one time rendered a valuable service to the British Columbia government in colonization work. He was also a deputy corporation commissioner for the State of California (from which he resigned to accept his new position).

In law he is a graduate of the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and actively practiced at the bar, which, together with an extended experience in banking and finance, seem to afford a rare equipment for the work he had in hand. A good man's time is too valuable to waste, so Baillie closed down his desk at the Call on Saturday night and was off for the southland in a few brief hours afterward. However, I had a chance to engage him in conversation before the hop-off, with this young California product over whom the bankers and newspaper molders both in California and the east are curiously concerned. Said Baillie: "The plain people of California owe a great deal to commissioner of corporations E. C. Bellows. His administration has not only saved the investing public of being filched of perhaps two million dollars in the last sixteen months, but the educational work he waged in sequence to the fight against the nefarious oil stock operators and dishonest hog unit syndicates actually built up a moral understanding among investment purveyors, promoters and the buying public, which, though an intangible abstraction in itself, nevertheless, stands today as a potent influence in the stimulation of California's community morale. A real business asset to the state. It was the perception and acumen of Fred W. Kellogg—a citizen whose worth to the state cannot be over estimated—which brought the active co-operation of the Call into the fight alongside the commission of corporations for the common good. The corporate securities act of California is all right but I agree with many bankers in rating the act in force in Illinois a still better bit of legislation. You see the province of the newspaper serving the public weal is just this: After a corporation secures its permit to sell stock to the public, it may be

guilty of all sorts of remissness before the commissioner learns the fact. But the newspaper in its newsgathering facilities hits the trail instantly. Print the exposure today and the evil corporation is out of business tomorrow.

Grant Carpenter in Filmland

Grant L. Carpenter, brilliant journalist and playwright of San Francisco, has, since September, been at work for the Norma Talmadge Film Co. in supervising the adaptation of all her screen stories and in the organization of a new scenario department. Under the contract, which calls for a handsome salary, Carpenter gives the company all his time, so has been obliged to cease work for the time being upon his own plays and short stories. In a letter to a S. F. friend, he writes:

"I had some doubts about accepting the work, fearing that my health, still impaired from a summer's work in the terrific heat of Washington, would not stand the strain; but I am getting away with it and gaining a little in nerve strength each day. But when my day's work is ended I have to rest completely. I go out evenings not at all, see nothing except that which lies between my home and my office and meet nobody except by merest chance. I have not even found the time to telephone friends here from San Francisco whom I wished to meet. I could have telephoned them, but it would have been impossible for them to understand that I could not say when I could meet them for a chat. I am sorry that I did not get to see Charlie Hanlon when he was here; he is always breezy and interesting, and a chat with him would have been better than a breath of the good old San Francisco fog, for which I yearn. I have now spent two consecutive very delightful seasons in New York—summer and winter. Last winter was almost exactly like the winters I knew in Mendocino—almost no snow and very little ice. There were very few hot days during the summer, but a great deal of rain. The weather this fall has been slightly colder than it was last year and everyone is expecting a very cold winter."

The Anita Whitney Case

Oakland, like all university burghs, whether they be in the United States, France, Italy, Russia or Japan, seems by a system of idealistic political economy with revolutionary tendencies, to produce a very promising brood of incipient radicals who are working for a degree of downright anarchy. Miss C. Anita Whitney, a brilliant young woman and noted scholar and speaker, a tower of strength in the cause of suffrage, and late president of a rather high-brow organization known as The Oakland Civic Center, seems to have been seriously infected by this rapidly growing wave of Bolshevism, so, throwing aside her labors in community work and social uplift, she delivered a radical tirade before the center last week which led to her arrest on a charge of "criminal syndicalism," which seems to be the legal name for inciting to mutiny and rebellion. The club's sentiment split in two, one side ratifying all of Miss Whitney's remarks and the other full of indignation that they should have expressed espousal in a cause for which their organization was not formed. Miss Whitney is out on bail, and there is a great hulabaloo in educational and socialistic circles in which there is much foolish gabble about personal liberty, free speech and equally dangerous inflamers of the easily gulled rabble. Among her latest defenders is a Reverend Mr. Tower, of the First Baptist Church, who voiced sentiments from his pulpit calculated to inflame it further. He declared that he knows Miss

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Whitney intimately; that she is "a high-minded, big, true-hearted woman, whose motives are as clear as the sunlight". All this may be true but how about the point of view? There are no doubt many divines just as reverent as Mr. Towner, who would say the same things as Emma Goldman, Lenine or Trotsky; but it does not necessarily follow that their "high-minded" bombs of sedition should be permitted to explode among too willing crowds, and the sooner they and their defenders are silenced the better. Appropos, why not investigate the professors who encourage such speakers by teaching them how to voice these revolutionary sentiments, and the divines who express approval of them to their audiences?

Has Our Climate Changed

Emphatically no! And this assertion is made despite the efforts on the part of groping scientists, and old-timers with faulty memories, to prove to the contrary! There has been during

the past week considerable of a stir among this class of scientists occasioned by the appearance of snow in considerable quantities in the semi-tropical towns of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside, Sierra Madre and San Bernardino. To these gentlemen snow does not belong at all in these districts, and consequently some scientific reason must be found for the extraordinary visitation. It is no easy matter to make any reasonable conjecture as to the causes of the appearance of snow on the Pacific coast when the Atlantic shores in the same latitude are still bare of it. The old deductions to the effect that the millions of atoms created by escaped electricity from the thousands of wires and the thousands of miles of steel rails may have caused the alleged changes in California climate, have never appealed very strongly to the public belief, for there are many old residents still living who know better, and are prepared to make affidavits to the effect that we are no different climatically to what we were half a century ago. Fifty years ago snow covered the foothills and valleys of the southern counties; fifty years ago there was ice on pools in and about San Francisco that would bear the weight of a boy and break under the weight of a man. Twin Peaks used to be periodically clad in snow long before Mayor Rolph was born, and when there were no steel rails and probably not more than a mere half dozen of telegraph wires across the continent. Moreover it is fresh in the minds of many San Franciscans that there has been snowballing in the streets here several times. The fact of the matter is that the climate of the Golden State is precisely the same now as it was "before the Gringo came" and as it will continue to be when the city is settled clear to the beach on the west and to the county line on the south.

It is the inner life that makes our world. If our hearts are sweet, patient, gentle, loving, we find sweetness, patience, gentleness, and loving kindness wherever we go. But if our hearts are bitter, jealous, suspicious, we find bitterness, jealousy and suspicion on every path.

"What brought you here, my poor fellow?" the settlement worker asked. "I married a New Woman, sir," the prisoner groaned. "Aha! and she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?" "No, the old woman turned up."

"Of course, said the visitor to the child, "when you share an apple with your little brother you never take the largest half, do you?" "Most assuredly not," replied the little philosopher. "There being but two halves to an apple, there can be no 'largest'."

"I think I'll have to do a little bridge work on your upper jaw," remarked the dentist amiably. "Is it going to hurt any more than the subway work you did on my lower jaw?" asked the victim with a shudder of apprehension.

Suitor (to the only daughter of a very wealthy widow)—Dear Ella, will you be mine? Ella—Oh, I—I—do not know! Pray speak to mother first. Suitor—But, unfortunately, I have spoken to her, and she has refused me!

Heck—Yes, I have met with your wife. In fact, I knew her before you married her. Peck—Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't.

Love has no middle term; either it saves or destroys.—Victor Hugo.

BOOKS—New and Old
Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.
THE HOLMES BOOK CO.
152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

HOTEL CECIL
The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

MRS. RICHARDS'
ST. FRANCIS PRIVATE SCHOOL INC.
AT HOTEL ST. FRANCIS
AT 2245 SACRAMENTO STREET
in the Lovell White residence.
Boarding and Day School. Both schools open entire year. Ages, 3 to 15.
Public school textbooks and curriculum. Individual instruction. French, folk-dancing daily in all departments. Semi-open-air rooms; garden. Every Friday, 2 to 2:30, reception, exhibition and dancing class (Mrs. Fannie Hinman, instructor).

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Patrick & Company
RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU. No. 28242, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Constantin I. Mehedinteanu, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased. No. 28247, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Annie Hoffer, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

or

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
CAFE
COLOMBO
PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE
Concerto Europeo Dinner Italiano
6 to 1 o'clock
\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero \$1.25
MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT
Paul Kellie's Jazz araine Ballard des Allies
GUEST DANCING
Community Sing Operatic Concert
Carmineceta Florence Waters Edouard Petri
Cantuse Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
— DIRECTION —
A. S. FIRPO TOM DEL BUFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Samuel Hopkins Divorce

The news of the impending Samuel Hopkins divorce suit was not a surprise in society—indeed, it has been expected for some time. As rumors flew about that Mr. Hopkins was enjoying a more or less butterfly existence, more in keeping with the mode of life of a jolly bachelor than of a conventional society Benedict, his charming wife wore a wistful expression, and her efforts to conceal her unhappiness deceived no one. But everyone has regrets for the tumbling of the Hopkins domestic castle of bliss, for theirs was considered a love match with everything to make life worth while. They were married in 1912 at a pretty wedding in the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. George Schultz, in Laurel street. They have had two children; the first boy died in early infancy, but the other is a beautiful sturdy child of five, whom of course his pretty mother adores and to whom the Hopkins family are all devoted. Mrs. Hopkins, when she appeared as Elyse Schultz in San Francisco society a few years before her marriage, was a sensation on account of her beauty, charming manners and her infallible taste in dress. She and her sister, Genevieve (Mrs. Harold Law), had been carefully reared by their devoted mother and grandfather, and, as wives, evinced a genius for home making and devoted motherhood. Mrs. Hopkins' sweet disposition and winning ways earned for her the affection of her husband's family and the admiration and esteem of a wide circle of friends. Let cynics say what they will, the kind old world invariably sighs regretfully when two married people reach the point where they must pursue separate paths in life. Yet no right-thinking person can complacently behold a self-respecting, beautiful young woman chained to the wheel of matrimony when liberty would permit her to enjoy the right of peaceful existence. Sammy is a nice boy; has many good qualities, and so on, but the popular verdict is that seven years of his beautiful, patient wife's life was a sufficiently long period to prove their incompatibility.

Senator Phelan's Rejuvenation

Senator Phelan is looking remarkably well and astonishingly young since his last visit home. As he walked up the aisle of the Civic Auditorium preceding the Knights of Columbus concert there, he received volleys of applause from the large audience. On Monday he was present at the concert given in the ballroom of the home of his sister, Miss Mary Phelan, for the purpose of augmenting the funds to furnish the new clubroom of the S. F. Council of Catholic Women. Miss Maude Fay, who was scheduled to sing, did not appear, but Mrs. D. C. Heger announced that "she would be replaced by Mrs. Birmingham," who gave a group of songs. Noel Sullivan was in excellent voice and Mr. Deering delighted a large audience with artistic piano numbers.

Lillian Russell at Home

A San Francisco lady who is visiting Mrs. Alexander P. Moore (Lillian Russell) in Pittsburgh, writes of her:

She has a wonderful personality; to know her is to love her, for she radiates happiness. We have just come home from a lengthy shopping tour, and that trying time which so many women meet with weary faces and spirits finds her

radiant. All beauty she is, a marvelously exquisite woman—little golden curls, as fine and dainty as a three-year old baby's, blown by the first oncoming winds of winter, lying on her cheek and curling around her neck in the most bewitching manner—but of course everyone knows her beauty. Last night Mrs. Moore entertained David Warfield and Mrs. William Patterson, who was Fay Templeton, at dinner. You can imagine what an interesting hour we had with these three famous artists gathered together in the friendly atmosphere of Miss Russell's dining room. David Warfield is playing to crowded houses here in "The Auctioneer," and Fay Templeton has her home in Pittsburgh. This Pittsburgh is more like San Francisco than any other city I have been in, or rather like San Francisco was before it put on that new dress it wears since the famous earthquake—like her, too, in the setting of rolling hills and in her atmosphere. There is here also that certain element, like wine, in the air, which so many experience in San Francisco and cannot express other than "so exhilarating," or "so full of pep". Pittsburgh is a most interesting city, a city of great wealth and plain people; there is absolutely no café life, as we see it in New York or San Francisco, very little dressing at theaters (or anywhere in fact), but with some great and quiet charities which the outside world knows but little of. For instance—the blind—one never sees a blind beggar here. Where the streets of most great cities are strewn with these unfortunate objects of public charity—neglected to the point of begging, here there are none. The blind of Pittsburgh are educated to be useful members of the community, are taught trades and fitted to fill many positions. They have their home and clubhouse, and turn out marvels of work. The knitting and sewing of the women is indeed marvelous and the work of the men equally good. All are given the opportunity to become self-sustaining, useful citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kyne have returned from Del Mar and are again at their Berkeley home.

Miss Ada Clement of the Ada Clement Piano School will spend the month of December in New York City.

Brother Leo's Lectures

Brother Leo's series of Shakespearean lectures which he has been giving at the home of Mrs. A. Comte, closed yesterday, with "King Lear". These masterly readings and analyses of the eminent scholar mean much to the coterie of students who have listened for many weeks to them. The ladies who formed the class to hear the lecturer from St. Mary's College were: Mmes. A. Comte, Garret McEnerney, Theo Ruthers, Smith O'Brien, Henry Moffitt, William Sprague, Frank Griffing, Vincent Butler, George Lamley, Misses Gladys Sullivan, Florence Mullen and Norah Fogarty. The final lecture to which many guests were invited was followed by a tea at the Comte home.

Women in Orchestras

The protest of women musicians against the exclusion of women from orchestras is well founded. The one test for eligibility to become a member of an orchestra should be based upon artistic merit. Alfred Hertz is an ardent sympathizer with women aspirants to the orchestra

sphere, and has upon several occasions acclaimed that is one place where woman has been denied her rights.

Grace Hudson, the Indian artist, who has made a fortune and an international reputation, is Grant Carpenter's twin sister. She still resides in Ukiah, where in her studio many of the Indians were immortalized.

Helen La Faille, Organist

A public instrumentalist who has demonstrated her efficiency is Miss Helen La Faille, who for the past two months has been organist at the Tivoli during the hours 11 to 2 and 5 to 7:30. She was a pupil of Wallace Sabin and her performances on the Tivoli organ have been highly praised by many of our local organ virtuosi. Why deny women musicians the opportunity to earn large salaries in any section of the field of music when they are admitted in every other field of endeavor?

Rescue the Christmas Berries

The California Wild Flower Conservation League, through its secretary, Mrs. Bertha M. Rice, has started a vigorous campaign throughout the state for the protection of the toyon or Christmas holly berries, which scientists claim is threatened with extinction if something is not done to protect them from the ruthless motorists and hunters for Christmas decorations who are mutilating and ruining the trees. It is claimed that on a Sunday afternoon, or holidays, one may meet long processions of automobiles almost invariably laden with boughs and branches of the beautiful red berries, which is one of the state's most characteristic features at this time of the year. The trees eventually die from the rough treatment to which they are subjected. An effort will be made to secure legislation protecting the toyon in the near future.

"Members' Concert" of Musical Association

Following its custom of the last few seasons, the Musical Association of San Francisco, sustaining body of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will give a concert of light music, complimentary to its members, on Thursday evening, December 11th, beginning at 9 o'clock, in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel.

These events, which are quite the vogue in the east with the leading symphony orchestras, have proved most attractive locally and have tended to bring together in a social way the subscribers who make the public concerts of the orchestra possible.

Conductor Alfred Hertz has contrived a delightful program of light music for the affair, and he will personally conduct the complete orchestra of 80 musicians. The soloists are to be Emilio Puyans and Kajetan Attl, chief flutist and harpist, respectively, of the organization. The program:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo," Auber; Concerto for flute and harp, with orchestra, Mozart, Messrs. Puyans and Attl; Piedmontese Dances, Sinigaglia; Scherzo, from Fourth Symphony, Tschai-kowsky; (a) "The Enchanted Lake," Liadow; (b) "Kikimora," Liadow; (a) Minuet, Boccherini; (b) "Liebesfreud" (Love's Joy), Kreisler; (c) "Molly on the Shore," Grainger.

A Humanitarian Purpose

The Pacific Cat Club, the second oldest organization of its kind in the United States, will hold its ninth annual show in the ballroom of the Palace Hotel, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 12th and 13th. Everything points to a very successful exhibition and the entries, numbering over 200, include many famous champions of the registered feline trike. California owners are among the possessors of the finest cats in the country, so that quality as well as quantity will be the reward of the visitor to the show.

Of prime importance to humanitarians is the fact that the receipts of this show will be applied to a fund which is being built up for a free dispensary and clinic for small animals, to be conducted by the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. An institution of this kind has been a crying need of the community, as there are thousands of animals of all kinds which are the pets of men, women and children of this city who find it too much of a financial hardship to take their animals to a veterinarian.

Through this show, which will be open from 9 in the morning until 10 o'clock at night, it is hoped to make this clinic possible.

In the Café Columbo

At the Café Columbo the guests supply entertainment for the general company impromptu, after the manner of Café Risoli in Paris or at Moquin's in Sixth avenue, New York. One evening last week Dr. Joseph Rogers O'Brien of the Bohemian Club rendered two beautiful baritone numbers, while the same night George Sterling recited "On a Summer's Day" to tremendous applause. A Mrs. Sangster from Seattle, I understand, evinced a profound knowledge of how to handle and play the snare drum from the jazz band while Francis Bushman, the movie man, sang a number and Edward Curtis, the auctioneer, told a batch of funny stories. One minute the café would be in a turmoil of gala racket but the next minute at the beck of the concert master, Peter Francis, quiet came for the vivand numbers. Two weeks ago a blind Basque fisher boy came into the Café Colombo.

He played the harp for the company. Martin Beck and Morris Meyerfeld happened to be dining there. So impressed was Beck the young foreigner will have a chance to play the Orpheum circuit some time this coming spring. On last Tuesday night enjoying the Italian cuisine and the medley of merriment were Messrs. and Mesdames A. F. Thane, Harry Annan, S. W. McNear, Frank Wakefield, F. J. Noon, Elliott Eppstein, "Sam" Morse, E. D. Doheny, Jr., Harry Hunt, Col. Robert Emmett McGill, Will Lange, George Stirling, Ed Hurlbut, Edward Rainey, Prescott Scott, Thomas J. Coleman, Edward G. Borden, William H. McCarthy, James W. Coffroth, Edward Cebrian, John H. Rossiter, Harold H. Dempsey, Eric Pedley, Dan T. Murphy, F. J. Dunnigan, Bruce Ellis, Warren Shannon.

Next Tuesday night will be inaugurated the first "Old Barn Dance Night" of the season, with a seven-course dinner (at \$1.50 per cover). There will be midnight supper and seven hours of entertainment.

A Chat With William Courtenay

(Continued from Page 4)

guest was Doris Keane, just over from her big London success in "Romance," which had its premiere in New York with Mr. Courtenay as leading man. "Do you entertain your guests with golf?" I asked. "No, I turn them out on the Mamaroneck Club links," was the reply. Mr. Courtenay doesn't go in for golf because it means absence from home from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., leaving those who don't golf to their own devices. But he has a tennis court and is very fond of the game and the Long Island Sound lures the water nymphs. For the rest, Courtenay, indeed anyone who has played in Frohman seasons, ought to be ideal hosts for week-end house parties, after which those in real life are modeled as near as can be by ambitious chateaulaines of country places.

I remarked that the possession of expensive country homes by such large numbers of stage people argues well for their acquisitiveness. Mr. Courtenay said that actors nowadays save their money and invest it. The wealth that once upon a time they poured into café life now goes into homes, and they have early something to show for their work. Mr. Courtenay agreed with me that many actors have opportunities of investment through the advice of sages of the financial world who, in the east, often form warm friendship for heroes of the footlights. John

Drew, David Warfield, Sam Bernard, Fred Stone, William H. Crane, and a great many other stars were cited as among those of wealthy American actors.

Mr. Courtenay thinks that the movies, on account of the large salaries paid to stars, are a magnet to young people who otherwise would have plunged into drama. Had he ever been in the movies? Yes, in two Pathé and Vitagraph pictures, "Kick-In" and "The Ninety and Nine"—wild melodrama. He didn't like it a bit—grease paint all over you at nine in the morning, out in the open with a crowd looking one and not a word to say for yourself.

Mr. Courtenay thinks stage women the finest ever but finds the reason in their vast experience and broad outlook. He thinks that the women who achieve stage success must have brains, boundless energy and industry, no matter what their other gifts and endowments. He has never encountered among them temperament as manifested by exhibitions of temper. He related incidents of temper upon the part of a certain stage director (whose name he withheld). This nice man sometimes at rehearsals smashes the border lights with his cane, the next minute repenting; once he jumped on his hat and beholding the destruction said: "What a d—fool I was to do that when I just paid six dollars for it! Come, let's start all over again." The man has artistic temperament, but these exhibitions of temper were not manifestations

of it. Merely, the man saw 'red' and after these displays he was back to normal like a lamb.

All this time I've left out an extremely important factor in the Courtenay career—Mrs. Courtenay, who has the honor to be her distinguished self, Virginia Harned, the greatest "Trilby" and who won the hearts of theater-goers in "Iris" and many other stellar roles. She has retired to private life and is perfectly contented with it. She accompanies her husband on his present tour.

Mr. Courtenay was very interesting about the governmental situation. He said that the Peace Treaty would have gone through had it not been that prohibition was the issue at stake, but that the Republicans are blocking everything for the administration so that if they are put in power they can change things back again and show how they can run the country. He wondered what will become of the American industries if Canada goes wet. He thought we would be in the predicament of the town where there was local option and which went dry. In consequence some seventy Polaks, who were building the town sewer, quit work and the town was obliged to allow them to have beer or go without a sewer system. He saw the wine cellar of a friend in New York stocked with \$250,000 worth of rare vintages. Mr. Courtenay hasn't laid in any stock at all at Rye and he doesn't really care, but he thinks prohibition silly, unnecessary and undemocratic.

The Stage

"Civilian Clothes"

In the entertainment now current at the Curran, which began on Tuesday, instead of Monday, owing to blizzards en route, we have a good show, an intensely amusing play, a well balanced company of more than usual excellence and, best of all, a thoroughly delightful star, fitted by nature for the part given him to play, and qualified by long experience to "get all the meat out of it" after a fashion that cannot fail to be satisfying to author, management and audience alike. In the present instance it is by no means certain that "the play's the thing" although in "Civilian Clothes" Thompson Buchanan, by a happy combination of up-to-date dialogue, gracefully written, and a keen sense

of natural humor wittily exploited, has provided a well constructed and wholly amusing comedy. There were some of those amateur critics present on Tuesday evening of the class that likes to smoke cigarettes in the lobby between acts and "knock" everything which their flippant brand of wisdom seems to find an opening for. One of these fancied a certain resemblance to "Taming of the Shrew," another declared it reminiscent of "The Lady of Lyons," while a third expressed the opinion that the author must surely have seen "Admirable Crichton" first. In reply to these criticisms it may be said that Mr. Buchanan's play has not the stilted artificiality of the first, the poetical sentimentality of the second, and it is reminis-

cent of the third only because its principal character is a hutler in love with the daughter of the family he serves. It is this character which is the dominant feature of the story, for it is written around him, he is in it and of it always, and it is admirably played by William Courtney, who has at last demonstrated to San Francisco audiences that he is beyond question without a peer on the American stage in romantic comedy. We have long known him as one of our best leading men and he has played many parts of many kinds well. But he really is Captain Sam McGinnis, the decorated captain of infantry on the battlefields of France, who makes so ludicrous a showing as the son of an humble Racine shoemaker in clothes that are the reverse of

smart. As the little war worker "over there" who loved and married the intrepid hero of many battles amid the roars of the guns, and then repented the rash step when he appears before her in the loud mufti of the commoner, Dorothy Dickinson was altogether charming and convincing, and none the less admirable was Frances Underwood as the somewhat vampirish Mrs. Smythe, whose insidious wiles finally result in uniting the parted lovers. Raymond Walburn was excellent as Billy Ahkwright, the first of the heroine's trio of lovers, and performed the usually difficult feat of getting "tead" without being offensive. J. K. Murray was natural and effective as the middle-aged lover, and Adrian Morgan as the younger one was a little better than excellent! Lillian Lawrence is again welcomed as a fashionable mother, J. Francis O'Reilly very ably did his bit as the father, and Theodore Westman was the good-natured western capitalist to the life. Lastly, but by no means least, among this excellent coterie of comedians, Lloyd Neal should be commended for his delicate and telling picture of the cobbler father who turns out to be a wealthy manufacturer, while the rest of the cast leaves little to be desired. "Civilian Clothes" is booked for only two weeks, so all of our theater-goers who really care to see something in the line of light entertainment that is more than worth while, should not miss the few opportunities left for enjoying William Courtney as Sam McGinnis, and the "ideal Morosco cast" supporting him. Clay M. Greene.

Clarence Whitehill and Winifred Byrd

A new star is shining in the musical heavens—a young girl star and she is in the piano constellation. Teresa Carreno shines there no more, but this little Byrd star has taken her place and she twinkles and sparkles as if she means to stay up there and grow brighter and brighter with time. Miss Byrd's touch is unmistakably the master touch. Her art is impeccable, her insight reveals mental grasp. Her power is tremendous, her shading exquisite. As for her emotional depths, there was nothing upon her program to reveal it except a Greig Nocturne and perhaps the Chopin. Miss Byrd is upon the threshold of life and one does not look to have one's heart strings torn by youth. She played in the distinguished company of the American baritone, Clarence Whitehill, who was in better voice on his present visit to the city than in former times, with his delightful personality won him many friends among us. His is a virile voice of the ringing timbre, which is always so alluring in a baritone. His program, which included the lovely Sage Legend from "Le Jongleur," "Extase" of Duparc, some splendid Rachmaninoff numbers, "La Procession" of Franck and some beautiful, simple heart songs, gave us an opportunity to enjoy his artistry. Huneker calls him the best Toreador since Delpuente, so surely Carmen should not be omitted from any of his concert programs.

The Knights of Columbus audience must have been a difficult one to sing and play to at the Auditorium last Friday night. Without a doubt, there are numberless musicians and musical souls among the K. C.'s, but I fear that those who assembled to hear the baritone and the pianist on this occasion bought their tickets for the good of the K. C.'s fund, and not because of the music with which they were regaled. The chorus acquitted itself well under the Steindorff baton; Achille Artigues played a Bach solo very beautifully upon the organ; and Henry Hadley's Agnus Dei was sung by Mr. Whitehill with orchestra accompaniment, very impressively. A charming song, "I Hear Thy Voice," by Joseph

D. Redding, was rendered by Mr. Whitehill. George Lask was the stage manager, and that dean of directors could not have wished for a more telling effect than that made spontaneously by the entrance of his Grace Archbishop Hanna when the entire audience and stage assembly rose until he had arrived upon the rostrum. He stood modestly quite at one side until the K. C. chairman interrupted him, urging him to move to "stage center," with which request his Grace complied, with the alacrity and ease of a seasoned star. The archbishop's few words of praise of the K. C.'s and encouragement to them were eloquent and beautiful. Among the many blessings which this city enjoys, by no means the least to be thankful for is our very brilliant and thoroughly human archbishop. He doesn't belong in a music review, but he is so delightfully democratic that he is never out of place anywhere.

H. M. B.

Mme. Tetrizzini Home Again

Mme. Luisa Tetrizzini, San Francisco's "Luisa," and known the world over for the brilliancy of her coloratura singing, will, by the time that this article is in print, again be in our midst and preparing for her "home-coming" at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday, December 7th, at 2:30 sharp.

Mme. Tetrizzini, the discovery of W. H. "Doc" Leahy, famous impresario of the Tivoli Opera House, came to San Francisco and under the guiding aid of Mr. Leahy, a master showman, quickly became the most talked-of singer in the world.

Mme. Tetrizzini went from the Tivoli to take London by storm at her first appearance as "Violetta" at Covent Garden, London. Then came triumphs at the Manhattan and Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and with the Chicago Opera Company, Chicago. For the past four years Mme. Tetrizzini has devoted her art exclusively to the cause of the allies and toured continental Europe in aid of charity. Her most successful concerts were given in Italy and Paris. On April first the "takings" of of Tetrizzini's Red Cross concert at the Paris Opera House amounted to the amazing sum of 500,000 francs. With Mme. Tetrizzini at her concert Sunday will be a concert company consisting of Mayo Wadler, violinist; Warren Proctor, tenor, and Pietro Cimara, at the piano.

The following is the program that will be rendered at the concert next Sunday afternoon:

Part 1—Aria, Mio Tesoro Intanto, from "Don Giovanni," Mozart, Warren Proctor; Indian legend, Carl Buch; "My Native Land," Smotana; Mayo Wadler. Mad Scene from "Hamlet," Ambroise Thomas, Luisa Tetrizzini.

Part 2—Solveg's Song (in Italian), Greig; Sogni e Canti, Mazzones; Canto di Primavera, Cimara; Luisa Tetrizzini. Guitar, Edouarde Lalo; Humoresque (on Ragtime Rhythms), Albert Staessel; Spanish Serenade, Chaminade-Kreisler; Indian Snake Dance, Cecil Burleigh; Mayo Wadler. Yearning, Moret; Under a Blazing Star, Burleigh; If You Would Love Me, MacDermid; Warren Proctor. Variations on the Carnival of Venice, Jules Benedict, Luisa Tetrizzini. Mr. Pietro Cimara at the piano (Hardman).

Horace Britt Soloist With S. F. Symphony

Horace Britt, the brilliant violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist again on Sunday afternoon, December 7th, in the Curran Theater, Alfred Hertz conducting, when the regular repeat concert of the fifth pair of concerts is to be played. Britt's contribution will be the same with which he

made such a fine impression on Friday, Lalo's Concerto in D Minor, one of the most ambitious compositions ever written for violoncello and orchestra.

Since Britt's first San Francisco appearance as soloist at the festival concerts held at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, he has come to hold a high place in the regard of local concert-goers. At the close of the Exposition Britt was induced to remain here as chief violoncellist with the Hertz organization.

Britt was born in Antwerp, Belgium, and he early achieved fame as a soloist on his instrument, following which he gained an enviable reputation as an orchestral player. Before coming to San Francisco, Britt was associated with many famous symphony orchestras, including the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic.

The important number for orchestra alone on Sunday will be Haydn's seldom-heard and exceedingly interesting G Major Symphony, generally called the "Military" Symphony. Volkmann's overture, "Richard III," based on the Shakespearean tragedy, will be the remaining number of a program on which all the numbers are new to this orchestra.

The fifth "pop" concert of the new season is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, December 14th, in the Curran. Conductor Alfred Hertz has arranged a characteristic program of light music, of the kind which has made for capacity audiences at these events. Those anticipating attendance should make immediate ticket reservations at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Following is the delightful program to be played:

Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; Shepherd's Music, from Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Allegretto, from Symphony No. 8, Beethoven; Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Dream Pantomime, from "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; Piedmontese Dances, Sinigaglia; Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner.

At the Alcazar

From the piquant adventures of "Polly With a Past" the New Alcazar Company turns next Sunday matinee to the farcical absurdities of William Collier's latest New York hit, "Nothing But Lies," which has never been acted in San Francisco. In a former farce Collier depicted the perplexities of a conscientious young fellow who got himself disliked because he would tell nothing but the truth. In the new frivolity, "Nothing But Lies," by Aaron Hoffman, author of that phenomenal success, "Friendly Enemies," the hero accumulated peck after peck of trouble because of his unblushing activities as a falsifier. Every time the reckless young advertising agent tells the truth, evil results swarm upon him and those he loves, so he plunges with amazing energy back into his native and philanthropic policy of falsehood. He lies a whole outfit of characters out of the clutches of the law, out of false propaganda of social "reform"; he lies himself out of trouble and back to love, happiness and laughter; he lies everybody into the sunlight of truth and he does his lying genially, and humorously, like a hero, a genius and a gentleman. This is the pith and substance of a farcical play that has the added charm of being clan, virile and reverent of decent thoughts without losing its laughter-provoking appeal.

To follow, December 14th, comes Max Marcin's gripping detective drama, "The House of Glass," full of surprising twists and turns.

The Alcazar this year observes its annual holiday custom of double-headed performances on New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, when "A Full House," hilarious farce comedy by Fred Jackson, will be in accord with the carnival

spirit of San Francisco. Seats are now selling rapidly and early reservations are advisable.

The Orpheum

Elizabeth Brice and Will Morrissey have always been names to conjure with. Recently, however, they have not been prominent in vaudeville because when the Overseas Theater League was started they formed one of the units and for nearly a year were overseas. When they returned to the United States they organized "The Overseas Revue," which later was played in New York under the title of "Toots Sweet". This was a melange of the humorous side of the soldier's life, a sort of "crazy quilt" in song and story of what our boys did in France when they were not fighting. Of course a revue requires a big cast and Mr. Morrissey who sponsored the production engaged the best players he could possibly secure. Under the title of "The Overseas Revue" the piece scored an emphatic hit in Chicago and as "Toots Sweet" did likewise in New York.

Al and Fanny Stedman will indulge in "Pianocapers"; Miss Stedman is a versatile eccentric comedienne, and Mr. Stedman shines as a composer, song writer, pianist and comedian.

Frank Jerome and "Big" Herbert describe themselves as "Versatile Vendors of Varieties". They are capital comedians who furnish a quarter of an hour's jolly entertainment.

Sam Green and Helen Myra are always popular laugh getters. Mr. Green first came into prominence as the crazy fiddler, with Blossom Seeley and Miss Myra is a talented violinist and comedienne.

"The Beginning of the World," a futurist color play performed by living colors, with Mlle. Laluce as "The Spirit of Color," is said to be the prettiest and most elaborate scenic novelty in vaudeville.

The laughable comedy, "Indoor Sports"; and Maud Lambert and Ernest R. Ball will be the remaining acts in one of the very best bills ever presented in this city.

At the Curran

"Civilian Clothes," as played by William Courtenay and his company, at the Curran, has caught the fancy of local theater-goers and is accepted as one of the most refreshing comedies shown here in many seasons. It could easily command fine patronage at the Curran for many weeks to come, but next week will be its final one for this engagement. Mr. Courtenay emphasizes his skill as an actor in his playing of the part of Captain Sam McGinnis and rarely, if ever, has he been seen in a role so admirably fitted to his personality. The company with which he is surrounded is a tribute to the selective ability of Oliver Morosco in casting a play. Dorothy Dickinson and Frances Underwood, by their fine and sympathetic playing, add a distinct measure to the scenes with Mr. Courtenay, while the work of Theodore Westman, Lillian Lawrence, J. Francis O'Reilly, Lloyd Neal, J. K. Murray and others of the company are worthy of similar commendation. "Civilian Clothes" is a comedy that fairly radiates the spirit of youth and its story permits an admirable blending of humor and romance that carries it blithely along to its happy end. In the matter of its scenic appointments and costuming, regard for taste and beauty is apparent in every particular. The second and final week of the engagement at the Curran will begin next Sunday night, Dec. 7th.

Municipal Music League

Festyn Davies, choral director of the Municipal Music League, which will give its first con-

cert at the Exposition Auditorium, next Thursday evening, December 11th, announces that "simple songs, well sung," will prevail in his portion of the program. His big chorus, which has been rehearsing for several weeks, will not attempt an oratorio in the beginning, but will be heard in such numbers as Sullivan's "Lost Chord," "Send Out Thy Light," and the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," by Gounod; "Stars of the Summer's Night," by Woodbury; "With Sheathed Swords," by Costa, and "The Heavens Are Telling," from Haydn's "Creation". Marie Partridge Price, the favorite soprano; Andrew Y. Wood, the sweet-voiced tenor, and Godfrey Price, the well-known basso, will be the soloists in the last number.

There will also be a fine band of fifty picked musicians, under the leadership of Lieutenant Jean Shanis, late director of the 319th Engineers Band, and well known for his work with Victor Herbert, the San Francisco and other orchestras. His half-dozen numbers will include the overture to Massenet's "Phedre," a selection from Delibes' "Coppelia," Sousa's always-stirring "Stars and Stripes," and the "Amour et Printemps" valse.

The vocal soloist of the evening will be Festyn Davies, whose tenor voice created a sensation at the big song festival at Camp Fremont, last year, when he sang to an audience of 15,000 people in the open air and shared the honors with Mme. Schumann-Heink. In addition to other numbers he will sing "Celeste Aida," from Verdi's immortal opera.

A selection on the big organ will complete a popular and very interesting program.

The officers and members of the Municipal Municipal Music League, of which Justice Henry A. Melvin is president, hope that the public will respond to the work of the organization and that the Auditorium will be crowded to the doors. Admission will be but twenty-five cents, with a few reserved seats at fifty cents.

A Hermit Composer

Debussy was a hermit artist; he shunned by nature every sort of assembly. During the last fifteen years of his life he lived a retired life in a house near the Bois de Boulogne, hardly leaving it except to betake himself in summer to some very quiet watering place. He went nowhere; we saw him in the theater or concert hall only upon those exceptional occasions of the performance of some work not only new but likely to reveal a novel manner of expression. The rest of the time he lived secluded, or almost so, in a study looking out upon a garden, a room arranged with the greatest taste, well lighted, ornamented with a few works of art chosen with the most minute care, and garnished with the books that he loved, particularly modern French works and a good many translations from the English. I have never seen anything better ordered than the work table of Claude Debussy; it was unencumbered, the objects upon it were simple and refined, tended with fastidiousness, always perfectly arranged, and yet without anything of "bureaucratic faddiness". From the very sight of this work table one recognized an artist of well-ordered mind, careful of detail, a lover of form, working without haste.

Debussy was always considered difficult of study; it may perhaps be endured for from his very nature, a sort of misanthropy came upon him; he had little pleasure in the society of his fellows and asked nothing at their hands. No one ever worked with so little idea of reward or favor. In youth he had obtained the Prix de Rome. In this he found no cause for vanity, and to it he attached no importance; rather he

made it a pretext for invective against academic laurels. Above everything he loved liberty, and his own he preserved scrupulously.—G. J. Aubry, in The Music Student, London.

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"POLLY WITH A PAST"

By Permission of David Belasco

WEEK COM. NEXT SUNDAY MAT., DEC. 7

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Walter P. Richardson—Belle Bennett

First Time in San Francisco

"NOTHING BUT LIES"

Wm. Collier's Latest Laughing Hit

SUN., DEC. 14—Max Marcin's Great Drama

"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

NEW YEAR'S EVE—Two Shows—"A FULL HOUSE"
7:30 and 9:45. All Seats \$1—SECURE NOW

Every Evening Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum
O'FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL

Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

ELIZABETH BRICE, in the "OVERSEAS REVUE," with WILL MORRISSEY AND COMPANY OF TWENTY; AL AND FANNY STEDMAN, in "Pianocapers"; FRANK JEROME and "BIG" HERBERT, Versatile Vendors of Varieties; SAM GREEN and HELEN MYRA, in their Merry Moments; "THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD," a Futurist Color Play Performed by Living Colors, with Mlle. Laluce as "The Spirit of Color"; INDOOR SPORTS, a Comedy by Harlan Thompson and Hugh Herbert; MAUD LAMBERT, the Charming Musical Comedy Favorite, and ERNEST R. BALL, the Popular Composer.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

SAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

Fifth Sunday Symphony Concert

CURRAN THEATER

Sunday Aft., Dec. 7, at 2:45 Sharp

Soloist—HORACE BRITT, 'Cellist

Volkman.....Overture, "Richard III"
Lalo.....Concerto, D Minor
(For 'Cello and Orchestra)

Haydn.....Symphony, "Military," G Major
PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1. (No War Tax)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater from 10 A.M. on concert days only

NEXT—Sun., Dec. 14—Fifth "POP" Concert

CURRAN

Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

SECOND AND LAST WEEK

STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 7

OLIVER MOROSCO Presents

WILLIAM COURTENAY

In the Smartest Comedy of the Year

"CIVILIAN CLOTHES"

By Thompson Buchanan

Nights, 50c to \$2; Sat. Mat., 50c to \$1.50
WED. MAT., BEST SEATS \$1.00

NEXT—Com. Sun., Dec. 14 (1 Week Only)—"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"

Exposition Auditorium

This Sunday, Dec. 7, 2:30 P. M.

TETRAZZINI

(World Famous Coloratura)

Tickets \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50. (War Tax 10% Extra)
On Sale at Usual Places

Hardman Piano

Management Jules Daiber

Local Management Frank W. Healy

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The money situation was uppermost in the minds of the traders the past week, and, while there was some uneasiness at times, there was still no business as to the future. Talk of a further increase in the rediscount rates of the federal reserve bank was responsible for the feeling. The statement of the system as a whole last week was far from satisfactory, though little concern attaches, as a matter of fact, to the reduction of the ration of reserves.

The combined statements of the banks show a decrease that carried the reserve ration to within a fraction of its previous low. It was evident from the statement that the correction sought in the increase in rediscount rates had not been completed and Wall Street was naturally anxious to have the situation clarified.

At the moment the speculative trade is at a standstill and promises to continue dull and inactive, and it is evident that any additional steps taken in the reduction of loans will have to be directed at commercial loans. Anything like a general disturbance of confidence in the business of the country would be more serious from a stock market standpoint than even an attack upon the market itself.

Trade reports indicate that business is booming as it has seldom boomed before, and, while it is apparent that something ought to be done to check the advance in prices and continued expansion, there is a strong opposition to any radical steps that would force a suspension of industrial activity.

There is a feeling in some quarters that, unless the country takes some steps to facilitate foreign credits, a suspension of industrial activity is inevitable. Anyway, though it is generally assumed in this connection that large foreign loans can only be made at the expense of further inflation. Further expansion could be avoided, of course, if the country could be brought to suspend business for a while and loan the credit upon which it is operating to Europe, but even the champions of our duty in this field would hardly dare suggest that solution of the problem. The necessity of foreign loans in support of our trade is clear, and it is certain that bankers are preparing to meet the situation. It is also clear that they intend in the main to accomplish their purpose with as little disturbance to general business as possible. This can be accomplished with some form of government aid, and, in this connection, an enlargement of the powers of the war finance corporation has been suggested.

The market has been pretty well liquidated and pools in the different issues were forced to abandon their attempts to put prices higher. Sentiment has changed again to the bear side of the market and traders, who could see nothing but higher prices last month, are now out-

spoken in their belief that prices are going lower. As usual, when we have had a big decline in the market, sentiment is bearish and prices are generally near the bottom. We believe stocks are now at a point where there is very little risk in buying them.

Cotton—The upward move in cotton, which began early in the week, continued without material change, as the gradual improvement in outside conditions bearing on cotton contract prices was generally more favorable.

Foreign exchange was up one day and down the next, but this factor does not seem to have the effect on the market that it had; in other words, the trade do not sell the market off whenever there is a slight falling off in exchange rates.

A strong factor, bearing on the exchange market and having an indirect connection with cotton futures, was the statement issued in Washington to the effect that the interest on the indebtedness of the allied nations might be deferred for a period—probably from three to five years. This idea is only in an embryonic stage as yet and there has been nothing really official, although it has been stated at the treasury that negotiations to this end are now being conducted by the allied government. Naturally any such funding movement would benefit foreign exchange markets in addition to improving the purchasing position of the European countries, which are the heaviest takers of cotton.

The near months seem to have the edge in demand, as the trade were supporting these positions strongly, while shorts were also good buyers. This support was based on the better outlook of the coal strike, as it is universally expected that the end is not far distant.

The market is stronger technically than it has been for some time, as the weakest of the long accounts have been liquidated, leaving contracts in stronger speculative hands or in the hands of the trade.

However, it is noticeable that the market hesitates whenever support wavered and that the hedge selling from the south, as well as commission, appeared on the hedges. Outside buying of cotton is light, as there is little in the market at the present time to attract his element.

There is no change in general crop prospects and the growing period is about at an end. Export clearances have shown up well since the dock strike was called off, and this probably means cleaning up of cotton sold to Europe some time ago, which was delayed by the strike.

Good spot cotton is selling around forty-five cents per pound in the south, and while this condition exists, we see nothing to bring about any decline in futures.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
W. M. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BFLICHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, FELIS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourney I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up



W.S.S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE

UNITED STATES

GOVERNMENT

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased. No. 28266, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. Hansen, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased. No. 28249, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Aknes Nemecek, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased. No. 28267, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward J. Helmar, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased. No. 28251, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Anthony F. Barry, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased. No. 28265, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Emil C. Briese, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased. No. 28248, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Matsusuke Yoshioka, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19676; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of GRACE ELAINE BOGART, An Incompetent Person.

Frank A. Bogart, as Guardian of the person and estate of Grace Elaine Bogart, an incompetent person, having filed herein his verified petition praying for an order of sale of the real property belonging to the estate of said incompetent person situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (reference to which said petition on file herein being hereby made for further particulars than those appearing in this order), and it appearing to the Court from said petition that it is necessary to sell said real property in order to pay the just debts due from said incompetent, and good cause appearing therefor:

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the next of kin of said incompetent and all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby directed to appear before said Court on the 11th day of December, 1919, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court at San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said Guardian for the sale of said real property.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in "Town Talk" a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

Dated, November 6, 1919.
THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of said Superior Court.
COOGAN & O'CONNOR,
Attorneys for Guardian,
904 Merchants Exchange Building, San Francisco.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198. Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased. No. 28250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Early, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.
CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC

and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA HELD, Deceased—No. 27420, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his office, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Held, deceased.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Anna Held, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney at Law
505 Phelan Building,
San Francisco. 12-6-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of PERFECTA CRANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Perfecta Crane, deceased, and for the issuance to Salvador A. Pacheco of letters Testamentary on the estate of said deceased has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 26th, 1919.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
(Endorsed.) Filed, November 26, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. K. HAWKINS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Cheda Building, 591 Fourth St.,
San Rafael, Marin County, Cal. 12-6-3

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON et al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY et al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. MURRAY, sole Referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917, by an interlocutory decree of partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said Referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 6th day of January, A. D. 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above-entitled action, in and to all of the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwest corner of Howard street, distant thereon Eighty (80) feet Northwesterly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard street with the Northeasterly line of Third street, thence running Northeasterly along said line of Howard street Twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly Twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeasterly Fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, at No. 20 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.
C. G. MURRAY,
Sole Referee in the above entitled action, No. 20.
Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1010-1011 Union Savings Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California. 12-6-4

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM



You Will Search in Vain for a Better Gift

This wonderful new invention brings the home new comforts. All the joy and charm of the open fire without the litter and bother.

THE HUMPHREY RADIANTFIRE

heats with a clean flame that uses all the gas. An incandescent gas fire, instant, red hot and glowing as a coal fire.

Don't confuse the Humphrey Radiantfire with ordinary gas-using heaters. It is constructed on an entirely new principle and the results are marvelous. Installed according to directions the Humphrey Radiantfire is absolutely odorless.

Come in today and see this wonderful new fire.

PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC COMPANY

HOUSE HEATING DEPARTMENT

445 Sutter Street, San Francisco

TELEPHONE SUTTER 140

TOWN TALK

California State Library
Sacramento, Cal.

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1435

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 13, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Italian Exodus

The R. R. Situation

Hot Air in Congress

Carry On---A Story

Stage, Finance, Society

Judge Brady's Appointees

The American Legion Ball

The Lemare Organ Tempest

Invading Wilson's Sick Room

David P. Barrows, President U. C.

Vice-President Marshall's Possibilities

When Louisa Tetrizzini Was Kidnapped

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, December 13, 1919

No. 1435

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Invading the Sick Room

The uninvited visit of Senators Fall and Hitchcock to the sick room at the White House was as unusual as it was uncalled for. It was unusual because from time immemorial it has been customary to visit the President of the United States by appointment only, and it was uncalled for because, in view of the mental vigor so ably demonstrated in the recent message to congress, there was no need of any committee of laymen holding a consultation over the case, since the mental activity of a president is all that should concern congress, and how he may happen to feel bodily is none of its business. Of course the door of the sick room was not broken into. There was due notification given of the appointment of the committee accompanied by a request for an immediate interview "for the good of public service," and the request was of course granted for the reason that there seemed nothing else to do; nevertheless, if Mr. Wilson affects bad language it is pretty easy to conjecture that he used some of it in giving his approval. We learn that the committee's visit was long and its result eminently satisfactory. Evidently a president of the United States was subjected to the humiliating experience of an examination to determine his mental fitness for the presidential functions and he must have laughed in the sleeve of his nightie as he replied to the senatorial questions. The committee returned to the senate chamber with the encouraging information that the president was in fine mental condition; in fact, as vigorous in that respect as he ever was, and there was every hope that his physical condition would continue to show improvement. But here again is the public disappointed, for, evidently swayed by the insistence of the doctors, that secrecy should still be maintained in respect to the physical condition, the worthy senators maintained a rigorous silence about that and still the coun-

try does not know what the matter is with its President.

* * *

Afraid of Mr. Marshall?

It would be quite worth while to know whether the senatorial body, in sending that inquisitorial commission to the bedside of Mr. Wilson, were not moved to that action by some sort of fear that perhaps his condition might be so grave as to require the swearing in of the Vice-President as Chief Magistrate. Well, what of that? What has been discovered in Mr. Marshall's record, or character, or the political strength or weakness of his decisions, that might cause anyone to fear that the public business would be in any way vitiated by either his permanent or temporary elevation to the presidential chair? It has several times happened that the wise ones have trembled with anxiety when it became known that a vice-president was about to be suddenly so elevated, and ominously wagged their heads as they remarked what a pity it was that the reins of government must be entrusted to so and so. And yet we have been singularly fortunate with the vice-presidents who have taken hold of those reins. Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln got himself into trouble immediately upon his induction into the supreme office, through his amnesty proclamation pardoning all secessionists, and was nearly impeached for it. At the same time it was the one presidential action that could possibly have in any way mollified the bitterness of the southern people. Who, except for the bitter enemies that every politician manages to create for himself, could possibly have objected to the able and dignified administration of "Arthur the Magnificent," who succeeded the assassinated Garfield? It is fresh in the memories of many of us that when Roosevelt was sworn in to follow the martyred McKinley, there were many murmurs of deep concern because the new president's ideas were too reactionary and too full of egotism to make a successful administration possible. And yet if this "dangerous man" were living now, it would seem almost impossible to imagine any combination of circumstances which could prevent him from becoming our next president. No one should assume that there is any likelihood of such a call being made upon Mr. Marshall, but if fate should decree to the contrary, the country has no reason to fear that the reins of government would not be in competent hands.

Hot Air in Congress

It is not a dignified or respectful remark to make with reference to so august a deliberative body as is the congress of the United States, but since the opening of the present session there seems to have existed a preconcerted disposition to meet the cooling results of the coal shortage by a continuous discharge of oratorical hot air. At all events but little of national consequence has been done by either of the two houses and they have been in session for two weeks. In view of the nearness of a presidential contest there seems to exist more or less of a nervous hesitancy to take a fearless initiative on any vital public question lest its results might influence voters against the particular party whose representative has voiced it. At all events we seem to have been standing still as far as anything of great public concern has been effected, and what has been done has been timorously done, with an almost utter absence of "zip" or "jazz". The Mexican situation, which a Roosevelt would have had settled or well in hand days and days ago, has been made the fuel for this same hot air in mighty volume, which so far has taken no action calculated to meet or combat what it seems to threaten. What has been said with reference to the appalling status of the coal miners' strike has been tinged with the same dread of incurring political animosity; the steel strikes have apparently not advanced within many leagues of settlement, no doubt for the same reason. The administration, however, through its departments of army, navy, labor and that of the interior, have been automatically going ahead to be ready when wanted; but none of them can strike a really effective blow without the consent of congress, and that body is still talking while the discordant elements are more threatening than ever.

* * *

The Appointment of David P. Barrows

From all indications the new president of the University of California is one of those rare men who deserve those encomiums which are usually heaped indiscriminately upon anyone elected to official position. Too oft, for want of anything sensible to say, or because of glad-hand policy, the papers will print most flattering accounts of those who come to the head of institutions, and four or five years elapse before the public becomes aware that the official is just one of those who advance themselves according to the methods of politicians. We need not scan Barrow's record to understand that he is qualified to act as the head of a university. He has made one statement which will appeal to judicious men

everywhere. It is a statement that by some thinkers it is always regarded as a test of intellectual strength and moral fortitude. I refer to the doctrine of free speech, which Barrows guarantees the faculty. It is only high-grade men who enunciate this principle as part of their administration. They who lack the intellect to debate with their fellows on any proposition, no matter how radical or far-fetched, are prone to hedge their dignity with rules and regulations against this and that, maintaining a conservative policy through repression of all others. It is the policy of the weak and imperfect. It is the refuge of the moral coward. Men like David Barrows and Woodrow Wilson have no fear of meeting all comers in public discussion,

knowing that wisdom will prevail. If the words of the wise do not meet with immediate recognition, they will finally triumph; and this eventuality is all the better, for success after complete controversy is more to be desired than a maintenance of authority through subjection of one's opponents. He who possesses mentality requires free speech for its exploitation, and he is always ready to concede an equal right to his enemies. Having recorded himself on this subject, Barrows faces a university career backed by the confidence of everyone who has an interest in college affairs. All who have something to say will enjoy the time and place of saying it. This will make Berkeley a conspicuous college town, for too often do we hear of professors

being dismissed when they have done nothing more than utter an opinion contrary to that of the brain that heads the institution. A hundred men cannot, by any possibility, think according to the standard set by one; and the whole scheme of scholarship is depraved through the stupid conservatism of one man and his close colleagues. As president Barrows has cast aside all such prerogatives, and will allow the University of California to progress without stint, a great opportunity exists to make the place renowned the world over. For this advantage, Barrows himself appears to be in every way equipped, and he takes up his duties with more than the ordinary good will of those who are interested in collegiate affairs.

Hamlets I Have Seen

By Clay M. Greene

Dramatic commentators and historians, teachers of acting and elocution, leading men who have never played it—there are not so very many of them—stage theatrical critics and the essayists of college graduating classes, have for some strange reason or other, brought themselves to the belief that Hamlet is the most difficult role in the entire range of the drama to adequately portray. In fact, many of them have gone so far as to declare with amazing reverence and awe that the confusing complexity of the character, the difficulty of successfully portraying Shakespeare's own idea of it, its shifting phases of temperament and its cryptic soliloquies place it entirely beyond the mental range and physical endowments of so material an entity as man.

This writer is prepared to say with but little fear of successful contradiction that there are not very many men now living, who through a stage experience of more than fifty years—many of them in connection with the stage itself—has seen and remembered more Hamlets, and so feels himself competent to place in comparison the great ones, the good ones, those that were indifferent and those who were bad, but, strangely enough, he feels compelled to say—that few of them have been utterly bad. The recalling of these many memories of representations of the Prince of Denmark have by the process of careful elimination and reasoning, brought him to a conviction that Hamlet is—to employ the venerable vernacular of the stage—the "fattest part" in the entire range of the tragic drama and the easiest to play at least respectably. This statement is made in a purely material sense, without entering into any psychological discussion of the character, or attempting to establish whether or no Hamlet was actually mad or feigning madness, or whether even Shakespeare himself was certain on that much mooted point when he wrote it.

Everyone knows that histrionic success depends almost entirely upon the gift of dramatic talent, plus opportunity, and Hamlet offers more opportunities for the exploitation of that talent than any other part that ever emanated from the soul of constructive genius. He is grave, he is gay, he is emotional, loving, hating, merciful and revengeful by turns, and the shiftings of these widely differing phases of this complex character—not forgetting that he is always either before his audience or constantly kept in memory by the doings of the other characters—make

him not only the showiest role in the world but the easiest one in which to attain a respectable mediocrity if not complete excellence.

It is of course conceded that this view of Hamlet is impertinently revolutionary and it will be urged that it controverts most of the theories of the able many who have lectured upon it, tried to teach it, and written treatises and books upon it. But since we are now in an age when revolution seems to be the predominant force of all the peoples of the world, including our own, why not be in the fashion and attempt to destroy a bugaboo that has been frightening dramatic dramatic theory and wisdom as long as he theater has existed?

The memories that are here set down with the bluntness of one who presumes to combat theory with the visual demonstrations of practice, recall but one Hamlet who fulfilled the requirements of the role in respect to age and figure,—his name will be given later on—and, being an amateur, he presumably deserves no mention in comparison with the distinguished many who won their spurs before his father was born. There have been some, however, who fulfilled the physical requirements of the role, and many who did not, were called great Hamlets. Edwin Booth, who was undeniably the greatest one that ever lived, met both requirements for a perfect Hamlet, and it is no superogation to say that in all other respects his portrayal was without a blemish.

Burridge was the first Hamlet, selected to "create" the character, probably because he was the best actor available at the time, and he must have been utterly deficient in every requirement except that of histrionic genius. He had, however, some excellent press agents, for the critiques that have been handed down to us are most flattering, and really read as though the first Hamlet must have received so much complimentary notice in return for advertising space. Burridge is described as having been short and fat, with a by no means attractive visage, and these defects for a perfect Hamlet must have been accentuated for by Shakespeare in the writing in of the line in the last scene, "Our son is short and scant of breath," otherwise there would have been no value in the line and it would have been cut out at the first rehearsal.

The first Hamlet I remember was Charles Kean, who played at Maguire's Old Opera

House on Washington street in 1864 or 1865. He did not at all appeal to my boyish fancy, for he was quite elderly, small and stooping, with a fat face and hook nose, while Mrs. Kean who played Ophelia was taller than he, also fat, and looked more like a grandmother than the gentle, childlike Ophelia. Later on Frank Mayo, the leading man of the Maguire Company, played the part for his benefit one Friday night, and the theatergoers forgot all about the famous Englishman and regarded their favorite as being the best Hamlet until the great Edwin Forrest came. Forrest created a great furore in every part he played, even in Hamlet, although to the youthful auditor, who believed in the Prince's advice to "hold the mirror up to nature"—and has not even in age changed his mind—could not refrain from looking upon it as being little short of ludicrous. At the time although Forrest's wonderful voice, stentorian though it was, sounded like glorious melodies in deep base, all the rest of him was mighty bulk, and he carried it about with great difficulty on ponderous rheumatic legs, while on his face he wore side whiskers, moustache and a small goatee, as if to express his utter contempt for the mirror injunction which he had to speak himself. A few months later I saw Edwin Booth in New York and E. L. Davenport in Philadelphia. The Philadelphians had acclaimed him as the legitimate successor of their own Forrest and immeasurably superior to Booth. In this, however, they were mistaken, for at that time the latter was the ideal Hamlet from every point of view, and so continued up to the date of his death, although there always remained many Davenport enthusiasts.

The next Hamlet of any note to visit San Francisco was Edwin Adams, who had a faultless stage presence and the most musical voice then known to the American stage. His Hamlet was most poetical and musical, but it was in the more modern characters that he really excelled. He was followed during the next season by Lawrence Barrett, who came quite unannounced and opened in "Hamlet" at Maguire's Opera House, to a meager audience. But before the week was over he played to crowded houses, and was the first real actor to play this character in San Francisco for an entire week. His Hamlet was distinctly scholarly and but for his

(Continued on Page 10)

Carry On

By Elizabeth York Miller

Anyone old enough, with a sufficiently good memory, will recall the Aeolus Restaurant, the first of its kind and very popular with towntown New Yorkers of moderate means. The little skyscraper tucked away in the heart of Nassau street is now as a child among giants.

In those days the Aeolus was run by a Mr. and Mrs. Cowell, who had amassed a decent fortune in a small way out of the catering business. They took a genuine pride in the Aeolus, and soon it was flourishing. One came first out of curiosity to this high cave of the winds. There was the view, of course, on all four sides, and it was something to talk about afterwards, having lunched on the top floor of the tallest building, bar one, in New York. Then one came again, for there were other recommendations besides the view. The restaurant was spotless, the food was good and moderate in price, and the waitresses were very pretty.

Hannah Blair was a waitress in the Aeolus. She hailed from quite the smallest village in Maine, and she had run away from home because her brother Hiram rebuked her for what he called behavior unseemly in a young female. Hiram was considerably her elder—but of him more later.

Hannah, perhaps, was not a true daughter of Maine in setting a fine example of conduct to the world. The New-England blood in her veins was stealthily and persistently overcome by the dancing red corpuscles bequeathed by a French ancestress.

Hannah inherited, or spontaneously conceived, a love of dancing—a pastime unindulged in Blairsville, if not entirely unknown—a desire "to bedeck herself out" and a tendency to make eyes at anything over fifteen wearing trousers. On Sundays at home she frequently developed a headache about an hour before church-time, recovering her normal health some five minutes before the good mid-day dinner came to table. Such was Hannah in Blairsville.

"The girl is damned," said her brother, in a voice befitting a deacon—which he was—and it was not at all surprising to him that he should live to see his statement justified.

When their differences culminated in open warfare, Hannah went to New York with the hundred and fifty dollars she possessed as her own, and almost immediately obtained a good situation in the Aeolus. She was a fairly expert waitress, for brother Hiram kept the only hotel half-way between the railway terminus and Great Deer Lake. He still keeps it.

Hannah was twenty-two years old when she struck New York. It was curious that instantly her ways mended, for amongst all the pretty tribe who helped her to feed the restaurant patrons, she was easily the most circumspect. She lived in a furnished room in Fourteenth street, over an optician's shop, and outside the restaurant she spoke to nobody for six months, and she went regularly to church because it made her think of Blairsville. She bought nothing except necessaries, and she preferred to add to her savings rather than take from them. The profligate of Blairsville became a demon of thrift and virtue in New York.

There was one thing about the girl, however, that New York could not change suddenly. Hannah had been born a beauty of the olive-skinned, raven-black hair and harem-eyed type. She had

the long straight back of the women of Maine, and the delicate curves and fine carriage of her French ancestress; her waist, fashionably small as demanded by the mode of the period.

The other girls in the Aeolus called her "The Countess," a curious and wholly unconscious foreshadowing of something that came to light many years later, and remembered then only by one person—or personage indeed—who had cause to brood over it with grief.

At the end of six months it became apparent to Hannah Blair and others that she was in love. Mrs. Cowell, the proprietor's wife, worried about it a little, and the girls teased her, but there is no stemming the tide of passion.

He was a patron—a very regular patron—and he always sat at the sunny table in an angle by the elevator shaft which commanded a restricted view of the long, narrow room, but an exceptionally fine one of the Brooklyn bridge and East river. Needless to say, it was one of Hannah's tables.

This, however, is not the story of Hannah, but of one who came after her, one whose eyes opened to the world as hers closed upon it.

Hannah's romance was destined to end in tragedy.

Like herself, the man was young, and, soon she learned, rather poor. It was almost too costly for him to lunch every day at the Aeolus, and as the acquaintance between them ripened—which it did before they got to know each other a fortnight—Hannah was supplementing his orders and paying for them out of her own pocket, so that she might feed her hungry god.

About the god hung the glamour of romance, quite apart from love itself. Like Hannah he had come to New York to make his fortune, but he had come further than Maine. He had come all the way from England, and his name was David Lane.

Whatever he told Hannah about himself she never passed on for reasons that came to light in the first year of the Great War, and that was a long time ahead.

To everyone, somewhere, some time, is given a day or an hour of exquisite happiness. Hannah Blair's lasted two whole months. David fell ill, and had to stop work—he was a clerk in a Wall street bank—and Hannah took him into her room over the optician's shop, and nursed him as well as her duties at the Aeolus would permit. Her savings began to disappear bit by bit, and still she was happy. David had port, chicken, broth, and other luxuries, and grew ever so much better. He was grateful to Hannah for all she did for him, and quite man enough to protest, but all that she wanted in return was love, and love was hers, richly, delicately, passionately.

And then came the black day of parting.

Lane was obliged to go back to England on family business, he said, and before he went he extracted various promises from Hannah, together with the last of the money she had brought from home. To be exact, the money was forced upon him. In all good faith he had meant to travel steerage, but Hannah herself went to the steamship office and bought his first-class cabin ticket. Then she sewed twenty dollars into the lining of his least shabby coat, and wrote him a letter about it that was delivered aboard ship.

So much for David Lane. He passed out of Hannah's life forever—but for her it was really a brief interval.

She received one long tender letter from him posted when he reached Liverpool, but neglecting to give an address.

It was December when David sailed away. Late in August of the following year the wraith of Hannah Blair descended from the stage at Blairsville. No one expected her, and in her condition she was far from welcome.

What it meant for her brother to receive her, only the New England imagination can conceive. Such as it was, the family were the founders of Blairsville. In her own village poor Hannah was of the aristocracy.

Hiram took her in, and two days later another David was born.

"If it's a boy," whispered Hannah, "name him David," and her wish was respected, because Hiram was blessed with a shade of superstition, and it was the last thing his sister had said.

Among her poor possessions they found only one clue to David junior's father. This was a photograph of Hannah in the heyday of her brief happiness, taken together with a good-looking young man. Across the back in lead pencil was written in a strange hand "The Countess and—," the rest of it had been carefully crased.

So ends the brief story of Hannah Blair, and begins that of David, her son.

She—Do you remember that you once proposed to me and that I refused you? He—Yes, that is one of my most beautiful memories

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

or

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

One pair of glasses for reading and distance

If you are wearing a different pair of glasses for reading and distance you are familiar with the many disadvantages to contend with. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals combining reading and distance glasses in one, will eliminate all these troubles—there's comfort and pleasure awaiting you—why postpone it. "Caltex" are ground from a single piece of glass, light in weight and have the appearance of regular glasses.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. } San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland

The Spectator

Tetrazzini Met With Flashlights

A flashlight picture always makes me think of the heart-broken persons who are out of the group when it appears next day in the newspapers. Happening to be at the ferry, about 5:20 p. m. on Thursday of last week, I was seriously incommoded by an unusual conflux of people most of whom were disobeying all the ferry traffic rules, traditions, ethics, or whatever you call it. My first thought was that another strike was tying up the lines. Then came the murmured words of admiration, "Tetrazzini! Tetrazzini!" True enough, the stampede was being accomplished by an extraordinarily fashionable and well-dressed crowd of stamperders. There was more of that pink-of-condition and up-to-the-minute effect than usually confronts one at the ferry at 5:20 p. m. And there she was, bowing graciously from the steps. The cantatrice herself manifested no travel stain or weariness, but glowed with a footlight perfection that answered all the requirements of being officially welcomed back to San Francisco. On one side of her, and a step lower, stood the mayor's secretary, Edward Rainey; and on the other Supervisor Emmet Hayden, their hats in hand, although it was a cold, rainy late afternoon. It was one of those afternoons that make your proudest citizen pull his coat more tightly about him; and this fact compelled admiration for the secretary and supervisor who were exposing their craniums in behalf of a courteous municipality. Rainey represented the mayor, and Hayden stood for the municipal musical committee; and a great bouquet, representing all of us, was passed over the crowd into the singer's hands. Then it appeared that something had gone wrong with the ceremony. There was a hitch, a lull, a stoppage, a deadlock. Having been welcomed to our city, Tetrazzini, it would seem, should forthwith enter it. Yet she did not. She just stood there smiling. Rainey's attitude plainly said, "Enter," and Hayden's demeanor obviously was to the effect, "If the diva does not enter, then surely the next thing on the program is beyond my comprehension". The fact was that there was present a personage more powerful than any who emanate from the City Hall. He did not remove his hat, and he lacked all of that suave charmed-I-am-sure manner which environed him. He carried some apparatus, and made his behests known with few words and sundry motions of the arm. Yet Tetrazzini paid to him more respect than to all the others. Had you never seen a camera or a flashlight machine, nevertheless you could not have failed recognizing the importance of this individual by the sweet and graceful poses of the people surrounding, left to right. They put themselves into his hands. They obeyed him instantly. "Now then, fellow-citizens 'picturesque' is the word." And so it was. Boom! went the flashlight. "All right, and again, a little more picturesquely there." Boom! "Once more and for a third time, still more picturesquely. That's right." Boom! Upon which, let everybody welcome and be welcomed as he pleases. The camera man had no further use for anybody. He left and let the crowd disperse. But oh!—their hearts went with him, and I pledge you that many concerned were up betimes on the morrow to see if their well-groomed figures were in the paper. Alas! many faces were missing. Many brave hearts were doomed

to sleep in the deep of disappointment. Some editors thought only Tetrazzini necessary to illustrate the story. Really, the public flashlight should be abolished, as a cruel and unusual punishment, and having in its malevolent mockery, something in the nature of an ex post factor law. It is unworthy of our free and democratic institutions.

Tetrazzini's Best American Friend

It is claimed by her intimates that there is no being whom Luiza Tetrazzini is more fond of, upon whose sagacity she relies more than William H. Leahy, her first American impressario. She calls him "Daddy" because it was he who kept her path clear during the first years of her brilliant American triumphs. It is history that San Francisco had the honor to proclaim her in her season of grand opera at the Tivoli. News of her sensational reception reaching New York manager Conreid negotiated with her for the Metropolitan. Upon her arrival in September, 1905, for her second San Francisco season, he wired her that if she sang at the Tivoli negotiations with him would cease. She promptly wired back that she would rather sing at the Tivoli than at the Metropolitan. Then the astute Hammerstein secured her for his chief attraction, just when he had been losing thousands each week and was in fact upon the point of disruption. Her performances netted him eight hundred thousand dollars. When he sold to the Metropolitan he transferred thereto all his contracts including those of Tetrazzini, at \$1,500 a performance and of McCormack at \$800, with the proviso that the artists could not stipulate the number of appearances and that they were to be paid only for actual performances. Tetrazzini objected to this transfer of contracts and its conditions, so signed with Leahy for a concert tour at \$2,500 a performance. Then Hammerstein sued her in New York. While the suit was pending, she gave concerts under Leahy's management, but had to deposit in bank \$1,000 each time she sang, in lieu of bonds amounting to \$100,000 or \$150,000. The court decided against Hammerstein stating that he had forfeited his rights to her services when he sold her contract to the Metropolitan, but the injunction was only dissolved on term.

When Luisa Was Kidnapped

Hammerstein was aware that the season of the cantatrice in Covent Garden, London, was scheduled for May at a date closely following her final New York concert, so Leahy shrewdly suspected that the showman would take advantage of the law that she being an alien, he could compel her to make a deposition before leaving the country, and that he would wait until the moment of departure to serve her, thus preventing her from fulfilling the terms of her English contract. A \$2,200 compartment on the S. S. Muritania was engaged for the diva and much publicity given to the circumstances and hour of departure, which was to be the day after her farewell concert at the Hippodrome. The concert was a gala affair with an audience of 5,000 and box office receipts of \$9,000 or \$10,000. The auditorium was packed, even seats on the stage being occupied. Leahy, being at the time a San Francisco police commissioner, was told by the New York police who were very friendly to him that Hammerstein had detectives closely watching his movements and

Tetrazzini's. To frustrate them, he enlisted the good offices of Mrs. Leahy. The evening of the concert, he and his wife walked from their hotel to the big theater, Mrs. Leahy wearing a long sealskin coat, large black hat with drooping feathers, a heavy black chiffon veil and a huge muff. Arrived at the theater, Mrs. Leahy chatted with the stage hands in view of the detectives. Presently Luiza in a shimmering white gown, long ermine cape and a white lace mantilla appeared upon the scene. Leahy escorted her to her dressing room, built temporarily and specially for her, and then announced that as she was feeling indisposed and very nervous, he demanded absolute quiet for her and forbade the entrance to the room of any person. Also, he had the outer vicinity of the dressing room darkened. When, after a brilliant performance, the moment of departure arrived, Frank W. Healy, Leahy's associate, escorted Tetrazzini, now arrayed in the sealskin coat and muff, the big, feathered black hat and the long opaque veil. The waiting crowd made may for them exclaiming, "Here comes Tetrazzini". "No, not yet, this lady is Mrs. Leahy, but Mme. Tetrazzini will come out in a few minutes". He and his precious charge pressed through the crowd and walked the short block to Forty-third street to a waiting big yellow limousine which belonged to one of her attorneys, the son of Senator Platt. In it was her maid, and as Tetrazzini found she had eluded the crowd, she laughed a long loud peal like golden bells, to the consternation of Healy. But the trio fled unpursued to 125th street, where they boarded a train for Canada at 11:15 P. M. In due time they were safe over the border and on to Montreal. There they took the train for Halifax and on Wednesday morning Madame sailed on the Royal George for England.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

Her Impersonator

What of the fictitious Tetrzzini whom the crowds and detectives outside the Hippodrome awaited? Ten minutes after the departure from the theater of the real Luiza, Mrs. Leahy walked out leaning upon the arm of her husband. She was radiant in the white gown, the ermine cloak, the high collar tightly drawn up over her ears, the heavy patterned white lace mantilla and her arms laden with blooming flowers, which rose to the top of her head. The crowd surged about her, with messages of farewell and good wishes. Mrs. Leahy acted her part well, waving her hands and throwing kisses and blossoms in the characteristic Tetrzzini effusive way. Arrived at the hotel the scene was repeated, and Leahy hurried his radiant charge to the Tetrzzini suite, giving orders that madame was somewhat indisposed. He sent for her doctor who commanded absolute seclusion—no visitors. Next day at 1:30 P. M., Leahy went down to the dock. There he found the detectives lying in wait for their melodious prey. Aboard the Muritania, Tetrzzini's staterooms were abloom with flowers and fragrant with exquisite fruit, the tributes of admirers, though the passenger agent and the purser had been necessarily made aware of the secret that she would not sail and had sold her compartment, refunding the \$2,200. The detectives became nervous and when Leahy emerged from the steamer as if awaiting the song queen's advent, they approached him and inquired why she had not appeared and if he were not anxious about her. He appeared calm and opined that her auto had met with some delay. At 2 o'clock, the signal for sailing was given and the great vessel was off. "Where is Tetrzzini? Didn't she sail?" they demanded of Leahy. "O, yes, she sailed!" he smilingly replied, "at 9 o'clock this morning, from Halifax". If you ever saw a man enjoy a joke, prevail upon Doc Leahy, one of the greatest impresarios, to relate this story. You can appreciate his intense satisfaction when he describes his sensation of being a lone westerner in the big town of New York, with the ramifications of the Metropolitan Opera House and the New York courts arrayed against him and his illustrious, non-English speaking ward.

Later on, when Hammerstein's London opera venture proved a losing proposition, Hammerstein

settled his claim against Tetrzzini for \$10,000, so she was spared the annoyance of a court trial for \$250,000 damages.

The Lemare Organ Tempest

Considering its importance as a topic of general interest in this city, it is remarkable that the newspapers publish very meager accounts of the Lemare organ agitation. Taxpayers are very much interested in the amount of his salary and the results, artistic as well as financial, of his performances upon the great organ. He claims to have an English offer for a \$25,000 a year proposition, yet tenaciously hangs on to his San Francisco billet. Last year his salary here was only \$7,500—a serious loss to his bank account. He must like us \$17,500 worth annually. Yet during the Shiller controversy, it transpired that he was just about to take out his first citizenship papers. If he has done so, he probably has since then become warmly attached to us. If San Franciscans go in great numbers to his recitals, a popular vote would determine whether his regard is reciprocated. Last Sunday evening at his "All Lemare Recital" there was an attendance of 650 souls, though it is claimed that number is usually trebled when there is an assisting artist. The reports for the fiscal year ending July 1st, 1919, showed a deficit of \$6,000 for the recitals, after his salary and the attendant expenses had been paid. Can San Francisco afford this?

During the week the Call published an article that Lemare had complained of the condition of the great organ, owing to its rough treatment during the Land Show and upon other occasions, when dust was allowed to get into it. Also, that he desired to decide who, other than himself, should be allowed to play upon the instrument; and emphasizing the fact that he simply could not go on serenely as our official organist if Emmet Hayden, chairman of the Auditorium Committee, continued to harass him. When Hayden and Lemare met, Hayden demanded an explanation. It was forthcoming—Lemare declaring that he was not responsible in any way for the publication of the article, that he hadn't made those statements. If he had, Walter Gallagher, who is employed to tune and voice the instrument, keeping it as far as possible free from the effects of weather conditions, has in his possession letters from eminent organists who have played upon it, complimenting him upon the excellent condition in which the instrument is kept. The most prized of these is from Joseph Bonnet, the world's greatest organist. Yet Bonnet, the night of his concert, found the crescendo pedal locked, a very embarrassing condition for an artist to confront; notwithstanding this, Bonnet achieved effects which had never been heard since the instrument was built.

The local organist, Dr. Maurice O'Connell, when he was engaged to play, discovered the pedal disconnected, and Lemare, responsible for the setting of the combinations, complied with the demand made by Hayden that it be released. The latest organist to play was Mr. Deering, who, upon Senator Phelan's request was recently allowed to "try" the instrument. Those who heard the visiting artist play declare that his performance was extremely artistic and he, too, complimented Mr. Gallagher upon the "benign condition" of its mechanism.

The Railroad Situation

Congress has been so occupied with debating the League of Nations question, that the fact that the railroads of the United States have been forced into bankruptcy by the government was too trivial a matter for them to consider in view

of the vastly more important question (to their way of thinking) of the League of Nations.

It seems that in current discussions in the press Mr. McAdoo, the former manager general of the railroads of the United States has been severely criticised. It is a shame to disturb Mr. McAdoo with criticism of this kind when he is entirely out of touch with the railroads, and is devoting his time and energies to the moving picture business. However, if Mr. McAdoo had only had a little business training before he took hold of the railroads he would have known that when employees apply for an increase of salary, the first question to consider is whether or not the corporation can afford to pay such an increase. If the corporation cannot afford to pay, the man who grants such an increase is deliberately robbing the stockholders in that company of their property. That is exactly what has happened to the railroads. Increases of salaries to employees were made without any regard to the ability of the railroads to pay these increases and everyone knows that the railroads were not able to pay. Therefore Mr. McAdoo made the greatest blunder that any business man could make. It is perfectly ridiculous for him to have raised salaries of railroad employees on the ground that the high cost of living demanded it. It makes no difference what the cost of living is. If the railroad employees were not satisfied with the pay they were getting, the thing for them to do was to resign and take positions somewhere else where they could get better pay, and then it would be up to the railroads to fill those positions with other men who would be satisfied with the pay the railroads could afford to give them. No business concern can survive when its expenses exceed its income. But the government management of railroads ignored this question absolutely and exercised their arbitrary authority to raise the wages of all employees. Now we have a condition of chaos in our railroads. This story has been told so many times that people are tired of hearing it.

There are a great many questions on which people want the privilege of expressing their opinions, but fortunately the idea of government ownership for American industries will never come up for decision again. That question has been settled to the satisfaction of everybody in the United States. We have all suffered sufficiently from government management. Of course if such a management could, perchance, be accompanied by a little intelligence and brains, it would help out, but in our experience during the past two years where we have had to endure the stupid blundering of men who had no qualifications whatever for their jobs, we have witnessed the worst conceivable phase of government managed industries.

The American Legion Ball

Capt. H. D. Williams, chairman of the county committee of the American Legion of California, is enthusiastic over the successful launching of the plans for the Legion Ball on the 27th. He said the other day in a letter to Town Talk: "In answer to your question, the membership of the American Legion is now in excess of one million and the eligible list numbers five millions. As a voting potential, their influence can be multiplied by three at least, as a conserva-

Mardi Gras
THURSDAY NIGHT
CAFE
COLOMBO
PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE
Concerto Europeo Dinner Italiano
\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero \$1.25
MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT
Paul Kellie's Jazz araine Ballard des Allies
GUEST DANCING
Community Sing Operatic Concert
Carmineceta • Florence Waters • Edourd Petri
Dansuse Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO
Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun
— DIRECTION —
A. S. FIRPO TOM DEL BUFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE
WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT
HITS IN BOHEMIA

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 **DEPENDABLE STORES** 14
SAN FRANCISCO

tive estimate based on our canvass of the situation in San Francisco when the membership (upward of 15,000) is more or less transitory; in a locality where the population is more permanent, this total would be somewhat increased. The coming Legion Ball is occupying the center of the stage in the matter of our present activities, and the wonderful results that are being achieved by the ladies generously acting with Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, proclaim the coming event a monumental success, both socially and financially. Judging by the enthusiasm that our preeminently 100 per cent American ladies are showing in the matter of the Legion Ball, we feel that the one million club for war veterans, will be an assured fact at a very early date. It will not only be a fitting memorial for the service men, but a glorious example of what can be accomplished by any organization when sponsored by our wonderful American womanhood."

Judge Brady's Appointees

Judge Matthew Brady, district attorney elect, declares that he never knew there were so many attorneys who were willing to serve the city in office. Among those who are going into the district attorney's office after the first of the year are: Judge I. M. Golden, of the firm of Rothchild, Golden and Rothchild. Judge Golden was a few years ago a justice of the peace. He resigned the office to enter private practice. Leo R. Friedman is also on the list. He is a bright young lawyer and represented two years ago the Thirty-second Assembly District in the legislature. M. I. Choyinski is scheduled to take care of the civil work in the office. W. R. Hegerty, former police commissioner and union labor man, is to be one of the Brady appointees. Edwin J. Hanson, warm personal friend of the district attorney elect, will also not be overlooked. Ralph Starke, with offices in the Mills building, who was an active campaigner for Brady will go in. It was rumored that Neil Duffy, who was only beaten for supervisor by a few votes, was going to the bond and warrant clerk's office. Neil yesterday when asked if this was true, said he would neither deny or affirm the story. Attorney Milton T. U'Ren will be one of the prosecutors in the superior court, which position carries with it a salary of \$300 per month. In all, Judge Brady will have the appointment of about twenty-four office holders.

A Reformer in Trouble

Who was it who said, "God save me from a reformer"? That is the question the good people of Vallejo are asking one another in regard to Banker Wilson, former commissioner of that city. Now that Wilson's marital troubles are revealed he is not looked upon with as much popularity. Wilson when a commissioner of Vallejo was the official who desired the saloons closed, and Vallejo made a regular goody-goody city. He was cheek by jowl in every pink tea conference where women gathered and was the advocate of all reforms. His first Waterloo was when he failed to be re-elected commissioner and now his marital troubles have capped the climax.

Evening Clothes

The smart young men of San Francisco have adopted a custom, which is not to be found in New York or other big cities. I mean that at night these young men have abandoned the white tie and waistcoat and clawhammer coat, and they all insist on wearing Tuxedos. They wear a low turned-down collar with a small black tie tucked inside, and they try in every way possible to look as much like a "captain" or head waiter as they may. While on the

clothes subject, the best tailors in town are proclaiming that suits that cost now \$115 and upwards will advance in price fully forty per cent in the early spring.

Hunter's Wives

A detective who was present at the preliminary hearing of the State of California vs. Hunter, which was held in the courtroom of Judge Sullivan, informs me that though the woman may be held to the superior court—yet he does not look for a conviction. Mrs. Hunter, who shot her husband and wounded him in the Palace Hotel recently, was the injured man's third wife and the astute attorney in her defense brought out this fact in the preliminary trial.

"You have been married four times, have you not?" asked the attorney for the defense.

Of course the question was objected to and the objection was sustained by Judge Sullivan, but nevertheless, the detective told me, that this fact alone would prejudice a jury in a trial in the superior court.

Italian Exodus

The Italians, although not flocking from California and the United States, are nevertheless returning to Europe in large numbers. I asked an Italian steamship official the other day the reason of this exodus and his answer was most interesting—"Laws". Pressed for a more amplified answer, he stated that the trouble complained of by the Italian laboring class was that they never knew just when a new law against an emigrant was passed.

"Prohibition was one reason why they are leaving," he continued, "but then there is the naturalization question. The government will allow a poor Italian to secure his first papers—and then the law tightens and he is turned down when he applies for full papers. An Italian will seek employment and find out that as he is not a citizen, he can't get the job. Then there is the income tax and they can't get that into their heads. There is "law" and then "more law," so

they go back to Europe where they think they will find the law unchanged. In France and in Italy the country is man short and those that leave San Francisco and other points can go back to France and Italy and earn five dollars a day easily. Therefore they think they would rather return to Europe".

Then the Italian snapped his jaws and refused to discuss the subject any further.

Conditions of the Devastated Regions of France

M. Tardieu in an interview given to a representative of "La Presse de Paris" on his return from northern France said: "In the north every one is at work. The population shows great faith in the future and is working splendidly. The inhabitants are beginning to recognize the government's effort on their behalf. Question of transportation is the only one which has to be given serious thought. Transportation has not been as well managed in the north for the last few months as it has been in other departments. However, there is already an improvement in this branch of the work. The financial problem, we confidently expect, will shortly be solved. 1919," said M. Tardieu, "is the year of temporary dwellings; 1920, however, must be the year of homes rebuilt. We need many skilled workers, as many as we can get must be hired at once, and we must open vocational and technical schools for the training of unskilled laborers, making them into skilled workers, so as to fill the complement of skilled men required. It is possible that we shall have to have recourse to the employment of foreign workers, but they also will have to be skilled, otherwise they will be useless. The reconstruction of railways, canals, and roads is almost complete in the two departments I just have visited. Agricultural reconstruction has been equally rapid. The area under cultivation will be next year equal to that of 1914. Indeed, the situation of the north and in the east of France is rapidly, more rapidly than we expected, returning to normal."

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

Motion Picture Censorship

From the Schenck studios, we received the following communication:

"Apropos of your article on motion picture censorship, I am sending you the Pennsylvania censor's idea of 'The Miracle Man'. Some of it appears justified from the statement of the censor, but it is silly when you study it with the picture.

"Incidentally I want to call your attention to the fact that government censorship is being advocated principally by a professional reformer named Elmer Crafts and his organization of job-chasers at Washington. Twenty-five years ago Crafts was advocating the enactment of laws making the violation of the Sabbath as a day of rest punishable with the whipping post.

"The Authors' League of America, composed of the principal writers of the country have given the subject long and serious consideration and are utterly opposed to censorship; and I think that 99 per cent of all the publications in America are opposing it on the ground that it is a violation of the constitutional guarantees—at least in spirit. Motion pictures vary only a little from stage pictures, and substitute not at all from the printed word. The opponents see in it serious menace to the freedom of the press."

Marshal Foch Denies Giving Interview To a New York Paper

An interview appeared in a morning paper Wednesday, the 19th of November, 1919, purporting to have been given to the correspondent of that newspaper in Paris by Marshal Foch. Marshal Foch authorizes the following official statement with regard to that interview:

"I have seen the statement supposed to have been given by me, during an interview, to a correspondent of a New York newspaper, reproduced in full in the 'Matin' of Paris. I completely deny the statement attributed to me in this interview, never having received a correspondent from the newspaper in question.

"Signed: FOCH."

The Harmless Necessary Cat

The cat, undoubtedly, appeals to a less wide audience than the canary—or the lap-dog. But its introduction provides an opportunity for the voice of Shakespeare to be heard. Was it not even he who found himself unable to explain the antipathy felt by some people for this oft-maligned animal? True, the real or fabled adoration which it shares with the parrot as an appendage of spinsterdom does not, on the face of it, render it more lovable. There are those who have had an afternoon spoil by a cat leaping upon their laps. And if Shakespeare can't explain why, who can? But, since every picture tells a story you have only to study the pictured scene of an evening, when all the units scattered during the day have been gathered around the home fire, and the door is barred to the outsider. It only needs a cat to complete the scene

of domestic bliss, a cat, serene and meditative, living over again in dozing ecstasy some wild romantic mouse hunt—and the cat is there! Its prestige is recognized.

Wherefore, if you desire to create a favorable impression upon humanity, let the world see that children and dogs and canaries (even cats?) are at home with you. Life is not life alone on the heights of intellectuality or officialdom, or even of emotion a la grand opera.

Conservation in Wild Flowers

The above title may contain the wrong word. Perhaps "conservation" would be the better term. I used "conservatism" because, at the moment, it appeared a contrast to "radicalism," which signifies a tendency to get at the root of things. It appears that certain sedate persons have observed attempts to uproot our California Christmas berries. At least, some people, in their anxiety to gather the largest possible branches, have left the bushes in a delapidated condition. Autoists have been the worst offenders. Why? Perhaps because the autoist is always in a hurry. He will not take time to get out his pocket knife and cut off the Christmas wreath material. He just clutches at what he wants, and pulls until something breaks. He has also broken the patience of the California State Wildflower Conservation League. There it is—the word "conservation". But then, the toyon berry is not a wildflower. So there is some mistake anyway. However, the wildflower association, whose members gather their berries and blossoms as neatly as they can, are very much incensed, and justifiably so. Something will be done so that this generation will not pluck all the toyon berries. A share will be left for posterity. In pursuance of this holiday crusade, society women have been assured that the ever-ready boy scouts will render first aid to the berries when detecting a rude intruder going about the bushes without regard for posterity or the next autoist. In addition to the boy scouts, there will also be had the moral support of Professor Harold C. Bryant, economic ornithologist at the University of California. He says that laws have been enacted to protect birds, and that it is high time to protect some of the bushes on which the birds seek shelter for their heads or rest for their tootsies. I trust that the professor has been misquoted as saying that the toyon and huckleberry shrubs have been "fast disappearing". This is not a scientific expression. Even "slowly disappearing" would be hardly to the point, though it would be somewhat better. Had there been protecting laws for the bulbul and the dodo, the world would be the richer, though not the whole world, for few of us would have the opportunity to go see. It is the same with the red berries. The question is, if they are to "disappear," should the disappearing act be done in the homes of holiday-makers or in the California valleys. Eventually these dales will be populated, and the beautiful shrubs will have to give way to people not all of whom will be beautiful. Shall we be radical or conservative in the matter? It is well that we have a wildflower association to decide for us, and the future of the berry not be left to the whim of every passer-by.

The Call for the League

By a happy coincidence London held out hands of greeting to the President of the French Republic on the day when, in common with the whole empire, the capital city made solemn commemoration of "the anniversary of the hour when the German armies acknowledged their defeat." M. Poincare was a spectator of the

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 3
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission, San Francisco

100% EARNINGS IN 100 DAYS
ESTIMATE FOR SMALL REFINERIES

\$50.00 a Day for You!
The Abner Davis System of one-man refineries, retailing direct from refinery to consumer, gives the local manager an income of \$50 per day.

THE FIRST NATIONAL REFINERIES owning control of each plant, furnishing crude oil through its tank line system, is assured marvelous profits in which small investors can see their dollars grow into a BIG DIVIDEND PAYER. Write for One-Man Refinery information.

FIRST NATIONAL REFINERIES, Fort Worth, Texas

ABNER DAVIS SYSTEM OF RETAIL REFINERIES

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

heart-lifting scene—the "rite of silence"—by which the nation paid its tribute of sorrow for and pride in the glorious dead, and of thankfulness for victory won and peace assured; and at the same time he was the recipient in his own person of a welcome which, as he said, is a renewed pledge of fraternity between the nations that have fought shoulder to shoulder in the war. Among the auspicious circumstances of the day, not the least significant was the fact that it was the date chosen for the celebration, in London and throughout the country, of the institution of the League of Nations, through whose agency, it is fervently hoped, international affairs and relations, in place of being

ruled and shaped by force, will be "lapped in universal law." While, as Mr. Balfour said in the Queen's Hall, the first among the multitude of thoughts that rose in the nation's consciousness during the two minutes' pause from business and pleasure was one of grief for the fallen, accompanied by gratitude that they did not fall in vain, and that by their death they secured the triumph in the cause of liberty and right, close behind these came the feeling that "never again must humanity go through this terrific trial." The League of Nations offers the promise and affords the means, along with the other measures of precaution and alliance which statesmanship has provided, that no "in-

calculable calamity" like this shall revisit the earth. Whatever may be the defects and weaknesses of the Covenant of the League, it is the only instrument, the only guarantee that has yet been devised by man, for preventing war and giving permanency to peace. With the light of experience, defects can be amended and deficiencies supplied. But if the tide be missed that is now setting in strongly towards the establishment of a better and saner state of things among the nations, they may drift towards another world-catastrophe. To lose such an opportunity would be treason to the dead as well as abandonment of duty to the living.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Burke-Donohue Descendants Here

William P. Burke and his brother, Richard, sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Burke of Ireland, arrived last week in San Francisco to arrange some matters connected with their American interests, principally the erection of a fine new building on the site of the Occidental Hotel, on Montgomery, from Bush to Sutter. This property belonged to their late mother, née Margaret Donohue, daughter of James M. Donohue and niece of Peter Donahue, who married William Burke in this city many years ago. The wedding was a big social event of those days and the elaborate religious ceremony in church was followed by a large reception at the Rincon Hill home of the bride's parents. The honeymoon was spent in the beautiful Donahue country home in Menlo Park. The newly-weds were accompanied to their private car at Third and Townsend streets by thirty-six of the guests, including the best man, Charles F. Hanlon, and the ushers, Ryland Wallace, Porter Ashe, and Bradford Thompson. The thirty-six could not be induced to bid the bride and groom good-speed when the train started; but, uninvited accompanied them to their destination. All night the merry-makers continued their festivities until morning, when weariness compelled them to seek repose. When all the bedrooms were utilized, couches and divans scattered over the spacious residence were sought by the sleepy merry-makers in evening dress. There was a wedding breakfast for thirty-eight and a luncheon for the same number; at 3:30 p. m. the bride and groom had the pleasure of saying au revoir to their attached guests. Some days later there was a cross-country hunt and a big hunt breakfast, Burke being devoted to the sport. In Ireland he was master of hounds and when he came to America for a visit, he brought with him a pack of forty-four hounds and some celebrated hunting mounts. The two sons of this couple are fine looking young men of distin-

guished bearing. One is married. Both were in the service, one of them being attached to a destroyer for four years. They are dutifully paying their respects to the families of their parents' old friends residing hereabout and express themselves as delighted with California.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale's reception on Tuesday at her handsome Vallejo street home was one of the notable events of the season. The affair was given as a farewell in honor of Mrs. S. Mason Ehrman, a recent bride, who, as Miss Mira Harris, lent distinguished service in war work in the Red Cross canteen established by Mrs. Hale. Among the guests were the ladies who so loyally served with Mrs. Hale in her wonderful war activities, and to whom for their unflinching co-operation she attributes the efficiency of the service she had the honor to head. Mrs. Frederick Funston and Mrs. John Nowell presided at the tea table, assisted by a bevy of beautiful young girls. There was a charming array of assistant hostesses, including Mmes. E. W. Crellin, Edward and Charles Corbet, Roy Bishop, Florence Porter Pfingst, George W. Crothers, Stanley Fary, Charles W. Slack, Ernest Miere, W. H. Hammer, G. E. McFarland, A. Levi, G. Caglieri, F. W. Lucas and A. Bachman. Mrs. Hale has a genius for social organization and her arduous duties during the war have but added to her bubbling spirits, increased her admirable energy and broadened her vista. She is an inspiring influence among her associates whose love, as well as warm admiration, she has won.

Edward Cudahy, Jr., heir to the millions of the Cudahy packing industry, is engaged to marry Miss Margaret Carry of Chicago, it is announced. Cudahy visited his sister, Mrs. John B. Casserly at San Mateo, a few years ago, when it was expected he would choose one of our pretty Californians for a bride. During the war he was a captain of coast artillery.

Mrs. Carleton Allen (Bernice D'Evlyn) returned last week to her Montreal home, after a visit of two months to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. D'Evlyn. Mrs. Allen looked as stunning as when she left San Francisco to be married to Captain Allen in London, where he was stationed with the British army. Mrs. Allen was notable among war workers abroad, at first driving an ambulance in France and later as

hostess at Eagle's Hut, England. The Allens will reside in Montreal unless Captain Allen joins an engineering expedition to Russia. If he goes, his wife will accompany him, as there is nothing so appealing to that brilliant and dashing lady as novelty. Miss D'Evlyn, Mrs. Carleton's younger sister, has recently been appointed instructor in Middle and Old English at Holyoke, of which college she is a distinguished graduate.

A Miracle Play for Christmas

Students of the history of the drama as well as all sincere Christians will be interested in the Mystery Play of the Nativity which the Dramatic Guild of the Star of the Sea Church will present on Sunday afternoon, December 21st, in the Savoy Theater. It will be a revival of the medieval mystery play, which for centuries inspired faith and devotion, fostered culture and art in the masses. It is a pity that so little is popularly known of that great religious and cultural institution. Every European people had its mystery, miracle and morality plays from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries. They were staged on enormous platforms, mounted on wheels, in the open air. In fact our modern word "Pageant" is derived from the platform which in Latin was called "pagina". Royalty and peasantry alike patronized them. The Labor Guilds defrayed all the expenses, furnished the actors, scenery and pageants. They took special pride in the work and each guild tried to outdo the other. To illustrate how popular the mystery had become, it is recorded that fifty-seven plays were given for one celebration of Corpus Christi in the city of York. All these dramas were founded on scripture and we cannot but feel that the audiences must have a good knowledge of the Holy Book. The play to be presented by Star of the Sea was written by the late Robert Hugh Benson and follows the old mystery. Every effort will be made to make it conform to the medieval idea. Mr. Redmond Flood, who was a pioneer in the revival of the mystery and morality plays, with the Ben Greet Company, is rehearsing the cast

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES
Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

and will take a principal part in the production. A feature of the performance will be the singing of the most famous carols by a children's chorus of two hundred voices.

Mrs. George de Latour will be an active winter hostess.

Miss Marion de'Guerre gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Chester Shepard (Vera Hilbert) on Tuesday.

The engagement is announced of Miss Margaret Barker of Belvedere to Paul Jennings Kingston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rossiter are expected to spend the holidays in San Francisco.

Mrs. John Huff has returned from Pittsburg to New York, where she will spend the winter at Hotel Savoy.

The Wm. H. Crocker family will be at New Place for the holidays, Mr. Crocker also being expected to arrive from the east.

Baron and Baroness Van Eek (Agnes Tillman) have taken a house on Russian Hill and will live here during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay M. Greene left on Monday for New York. They were invited to the metropolis as the guests of the Lambs Club, whose shepherd Mr. Greene was for twelve terms. In March, he is scheduled to be the guest at the club at a dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday, immediately after which the Greenses will return to their delightful Hyde street residence.

The latest recruit to society is Miss Josephine Grant, daughter of the Joseph D. Grants, whom several hundred guests had the pleasure of honoring at her coming-out ball at the St. Francis last week.

William Penn Humphreys spoke on Tuesday before the D. A. R. Chapter at the St. Francis. Mr. Humphreys, who is president of the Sons of American Revolution, made a stirring patriotic address.

Mr. Henry Rainsworth, who left on Thursday for his Boston home, gave an elaborate dinner dance at the Techau Tavern Tuesday evening to a party of twenty San Francisco friends. His three lovely daughters were present. The young ladies had planned to spend the winter in California but will instead go to Paris with their friend the beautiful Mrs. Helen Stephens of Detroit. Mrs. Stephens later will build a home in the Pebble Beach colony.

The Americans Celebrate Thanksgiving in Paris

A Thanksgiving day dinner was given by the American club at Paris Wednesday night at the Orsay Palace. Among those present were: M. Barthou, Mr. Polk, Mr. Henry White, General Bliss and Mr. Hugh Wallace, and other prominent personalities, French and American. Mr. Wallace, in his speech, after sketching the history of Thanksgiving Day, paid a tribute to France and said, amid great applause: "If we

are determined to work, every hope which the world entertains will be realized. The future of the world rests with men of courage and with men who are willing to take pains and to conquer in peace as they have done in war. If we both, Americans and French, display this will to work, your will and mine will, without question, be saved."

Artists' Ball

There will be an "Egyptian Jinx" which takes place December 20th, at the California School of Fine Arts. This may be the last Jinx at the present location of the art school, as the building and grounds may be sold in anticipation of moving to the new Civic Center Art Museum and Opera House, planned to occupy the block opposite the City Hall. Because of this, an especial effort is being made to make this affair the most elaborate and gorgeous of its kind ever staged in San Francisco, and all the artists of this city are contributing their best efforts to this end. Five rooms at the Art School building are being decorated and will reproduce in wall paintings and architecture an authentic picture of ancient Egypt, including an Egyptian temple and ante-chambers. In this setting will take place a gorgeous pageant, faithfully reproducing the colorful life of a period thousands of years ago. Isis and Orisis will disport themselves with Pharaoh and Cleopatra, the procession ending in an impressive ritual before the Blue god, the all-powerful diety who will preside over the temple. Symbolic dances of the period will be performed by the troupe of dancing girls attached to the royal court. Dancing will be in order throughout the entire evening. Costumes are absolutely required and no exceptions will be made to this rule. This is necessary to the success of an affair of this magnitude. This requirement, however, will be made easy by the fact that designs and data for the costumes are at your service at the School of Fine Arts without cost. These have been contributed by artists interested, and the costumes, while authentic, are not costly, for simplicity is desirable. The finest music obtainable has been secured, thus contributing to the undoubted success of the affair. Tickets are strictly limited and you are herewith invited to make application for reservation, or secure your tickets, as it will be absolutely necessary to do so at an early date. These are obtainable at the School of Fine Arts, all the leading hotels, art stores, at the Palace of Fine Arts, in the Fair Grounds, and at Sherman, Clay & Company. Music by "Art" Hickman's St. Francis Orchestra. Dancing 9 P. M. to 5 A. M. Buffet supper.

More French Reconstruction

Carpentier, the French boxer, who defeated Jos. Beckett, English champion, in one round, was called to the colors on the 4th of August, 1914, and served throughout the war with a combat squadron in the French flying corps as sergeant aviator. He was seriously wounded while on active service, but his powerful physique enabled him to throw off the effects of this wound. He was decorated with the croix du guerre with palm for bravery, and later with the medaille militaire for conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty. Before he became a professional boxer Carpentier was a miner in his home city, Lens. Later, when he became famous and acquired wealth, he invested this in the mines in which he worked. These were completely destroyed by the Germans during the war, and he saw his savings disappear in the smoke of burning debris caused by German shells. The money which

this bout brought him he intends to invest in the reconstruction of his home city.

Social Notes, Hotel Cecil

Mrs. J. B. Kerfoot returned recently to her ranch near Turlock, after a sojourn of two weeks at the Cecil. Fred Young has been visiting his sister Mrs. Parker. Colonel William Hart is receiving a cordial welcome from his army friends. He returned last week from the East and during his station in San Francisco will live at the Cecil. Handsome in every detail was the dinner over which Lt. John Keith presided Thursday. One of the private dining rooms was the setting for the affair and the table was abloom with pink roses. Mrs. Walter Wright entertained informally at luncheon Tuesday. Mrs. J. C. Ayers who is an old friend of Mrs. Wright arrived Tuesday from Honolulu.

Hamlets I Have Seen

(Continued from Page 3)

stilted delivery and gait, it would surely have been pronounced great.

Barrett remained in San Francisco to manage the new California Theater, with John McCullough, and there his genial partner had his first chance to present his idea of the melancholy prince, which he was altogether too rugged and athletic to make ideal, and too monotonous in delivery to make poetical. Then, in Walter Montgomery, Austria sent us a Hamlet who, had he lived long enough to be properly presented before American audiences, would have passed into dramatic history as having been one of the few ideal Hamlets, and the only one we ever had who could be acknowledged as being the only dangerous competitor for the laurels of Booth. He had a peculiarly melodious voice under wonderful control, with an utter absence of ranting or artificiality, while physically he was the melancholy prince to the life. The antithesis of these splendid qualities was exhibited almost painfully by the next Hamlet of San Francisco origin, who was Thomas W. Keene, then leading man of the California Theater. He quite defied all the instructions of Hamlet's advice to the players, was melodramatic in the extreme, given to ranting, and while he was too good an actor to be accused of presenting a bad Hamlet, he by no means gave us a good one.

Barry Sullivan, the great Irish tragedian, was the next Hamlet of note to visit San Francisco, and when he opened at the Baldwin Theater, nearly all who saw him pronounced his melancholy Dane altogether the best one of the time. While this was not true for many obvious reasons, nevertheless he was a most convincing one, and would have been great perhaps, but for the same fault that characterized that of Tom Keene, namely, his disregard of his own advice to the players. William E. Sheridan followed Sullivan in the same part two or three seasons later and gave a singularly interesting rendition of it, but he was physically unfitted for the role and had an unhandsome face that was better suited to such characters as Louis XI, which I have always considered vastly superior to Irving's, the opinions of many scholarly American critics to the contrary notwithstanding. I remember four foreign Hamlets of the past, all very excellent indeed, but none approaching greatness except that of Mounet Sully of the Comedie Francaise, whose conception and rendition more closely approached that of Edwin Booth than any other in my memory. Charles Fechter created a small furore in New

York in the early seventies, but while his Hamlet was deliciously poetical and romantic, he, like the original Burridge, seemed "fat and scant of breath" and the Americans could not accustom themselves to colors in his "customary suit of solemn black," nor to his flowing blonde wig and beard. Fechter, however, was a great actor in romantic roles, as was also Rossi, the Italian, who was greater in Othello than in Hamlet, because he did not "look the part".

Daniel E. Bandmann, a German tragedian, with a long flowing mane of curly hair, an Hebraic face, a giant frame and a melodious voice, appeared in the part in the early seventies and for years thereafter. On account of his singular personal appearance his Hamlet was regarded as a good deal of a joke, but while I always considered it the worst I ever saw for a man of considerable reputation, it had enough good points about it, notably in its elocution, to escape the point where it must be called bad.

Since the advent of Henry Irving there have

been many better Hamlets than his, which, although gloriously scholarly and produced with consummate art, did not appeal either to the eye or the ear, and there have been many who considered it almost comical, while they pronounced him without a peer in all of his other characters, except Romeo. But then, no red-blooded, altogether manly actor was ever a good younger Montague. After Irving, America produced its own Hamlet in the person of Edward H. Sothorn, whom I shall always believe immeasurably the best of his time, and he would have so remained but for the advent of Forbes Robinson, whose melancholy prince, in my opinion has never been equalled in this country, except by the immortal Booth. There are several good Hamlets now on the American stage, and I can call to mind none of them who can justly be called bad. Mantell is a fine Hamlet, which is damaged by age and an unfortunate lameness; Otis Skinner is a delightful Hamlet, and no one has ever read its exacting lines much better than

does John Kellard. I have not seen either Walter Hamden or Fritz Leiber in the part, but opinions are almost unanimous as to the merits of both of them. The latest candidate for similar honors is William S. Rainey (now of the Henry Miller forces), whose recent performance in the Players' Club here, seemed to establish beyond dispute that in appearance, youthfulness, temperament and elocution he is Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, and after he has had more experience, and the study that will impress him with the true meaning of the lines he speaks, he should be classed as being but little behind the best exemplars of the role.

To conclude, it is hereby respectfully submitted that ocular demonstration is better than the wisdom of the essayist; that practice is of far greater value than teaching as far as the stage is concerned, and that the role of Hamlet is so wonderful, so varied, so appealing, and so "full of fat" that no fairly good actor can possibly fail to be at least reasonably good in it.

The Stage

Louisa Tetrizzini Sings

Seven thousand of Luisa Tetrizzini's admirers turned out last Sunday to welcome her to her American home, to hear again her wondrous voice. Notwithstanding that it was a bitterly cold day with a piercing wind blowing, there appeared a long line of waiting ticket purchasers before the Auditorium box office. Thousands of others had made their reservations weeks ahead, so it was an expectant assemblage which greeted the diva, when, all shining in a cloth of gold dress and a diamond tiara, she tripped gaily forth from her dressing room. Immediately, it was to wave with the fascinating Luisa hands, and to waft kisses from the golden mouth of the singer to the applauding audience. Then she needs must express in delicious pantomime her weariness after scaling those stupid steps to the stage. And again, she absolutely must place both hands sustainingly over her little heart or it would surely burst with gladness at seeing us once more. All very pretty, and just what we like and expect her to do—we have charming memories of her dear, delightful little ways and we loved to see them all over again. It was the sound of her beloved voice we waited and longed for. Was it really true what the critics in Paris, London, New York, Pittsburgh had said of it, that it was as lovely as ever with an added mellowness in its lower tones? We would decide for ourselves—we who were the first Americans to acclaim her. The very first phrase of the mad scene from "Hamlet" reassured us. It was a lovely legato phrase she sang and it gleamed like a string of matched pearls. On, on she went, the lovely voice going straight to our hearts, making our pulses leap with joy. The florid passages were executed with the brilliance and resonance possible only to her and to a limited few of God's other creatures in the whole history of vocal accomplishment. What is it about coloratura singing which has an awe-inspiring effect upon the listener? It is something akin to that which makes sensitive souls weep upon beholding a beautiful landscape or some wonder of nature, or upon hearing the soaring note of the lark on a sunny morning. It is an indefinable conviction that for such marvels a power greater than ourselves is responsible—it makes us look up and reach out toward the Divine. Her rendition of the "Carnival of Venice," with its rippling trills, interwoven cadenzas and brilliant staccati, satisfied extravagantly the desire

to revel in the florid style of execution for which she is so justly famous. The Grieg "Solvejg's Song" she gave with touching tenderness and picturesque phrasing. Mazrones' "Sogni e Canti" was a triumph of tonal nuance and "Voi che sapete," a true test of vocal artistry, was an encore and the triumph of her program. She was generous with encores, finishing with "The Last Rose of Summer," of which to me, for the first time, she seemed to feel the significance, because on Sunday her phrasing of the English text had acquired the perfection missing in her English enunciations of earlier seasons. Altogether, her concert was a grand success and will live in memory as a great occasion. Two excellent artists bore her company and pleased the big audience when the precious throat was resting. Warren Proctor, a lyric tenor, made his best impression in a Mozart aria; and Mayo Wadler, an accomplished violinist played with exquisite delicacy and tonal sweetness. It is welcome news that we are to hear "our Luisa" in another brilliant recital on December 16th. Is it too much to hope that she will sing the Jewel Song from Faust for us, then—that simple classic which all except the greatest artistes should be denied the right to sing?

Helen M. Bonnet.

The Fifth Symphony Concerts

What of the symphony attendance on Sunday when the Tetrizzini magnet drew thousands? The Curran was crowded with lovers of orchestral music and the splendid program was applauded enthusiastically. Horace Britt distinguished himself in the 'cello part of Lalo's Concerto.

The magnificent Hayden "Military Symphony" was the great dramatic offering of the day and the different groups of instruments were given wide scope for individual exploitation. The strings in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra have always been noteworthy, but each succeeding season under the Hertz baton emphasizes his power to control and embellish with the wood and wind sections. This was demonstrated in the "Military Symphony". Two big audiences at musical affairs at the same hour argue well for musical appreciation in the city. Let us begin early with our children and send them to the "Children's Concert," on December 30th. How can we expect children to love music and aspire to excel as performers if we

do not take them during the most impressionable period of their lives to hear the best music?

E. I. S.

At the Alcazar

"Nothing But Lies," the delightful Collier comedy new to the Pacific Coast, is having a merry and popular week and will be followed next Sunday by "The House of Glass," a Cohan and Harris success by Max Marcin that packed the Republic Theatre, New York, for many months. It is an ingenious and gripping exposition of the police adventures of a girl stenographer in New York, unjustly imprisoned for a crime of which she is innocent. Released after three years she breaks her parole and goes to Kansas City, under an assumed name and marries a railway traffic manager—a man of great probity and ability. When he is promoted to a big executive position in New York, she returns there with him, living a blameless life but haunted and badgered by the fear of recognition. Her expose comes when the detective who arrested her calls at her husband's home on railway business. The episodes that follow are thrilling and tensely emotional, lit up by sunbeams of wholesome comedy. It is a really great detective drama, not of the sordid underworld but of fashionable society. It is good drama because composed with rare technical adroitness and conveying living truths that reach the hearts of the people.

The Alcazar's holiday bills are admirably chosen. Christmas week brings "The Little Teacher," by the late Harry James Smith, author of "A Tailor Made Man," a comedy of life, love, youth and patriotic inspiration, with its novel school room scene and an exposition of the womanly activities of Red Cross work. During New Year's week "A Full House," a merry farcicality by Fred Jackson, author of "The Naughty Wife," will be in glad accord with the holiday spirit. As usual the Alcazar gives two performances New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, for which there is already a very large advance sale.

At the Orpheum

The Orpheum promises another great new show for next week. John Hyams and Leila McIntyre who, like good wine, need no bush, will appear in the model playlet, "Maybloom," which gives Mr. Hyams abundant opportunity

for the display of his dry unctuous humor and enables Miss McIntyre to introduce her famous "Quaker" number and to exhibit her delightful ability as a comedienne. The Rigoletto Brothers, Charles and Henry, will present their versatile entertainment entitled "Around the World," in which they will have the support of the Swanson Sisters and a capable company. Chas. Cartmell and Laura Harris will appear in a new song skit called "Golfing With Cupid". They are as popular in the English halls as they are in this country and are recognized in both hemispheres as comedians of the first order.

George Watts and Belle Hawley will offer "Laughs Coated With Melodies"; Watts provides the fun and Miss Hawley the melody, the result being most enjoyable. James F. Fox and William H. Ward, who have been partners since January, 1867, and have for over fifty-two years delighted the amusement public, justly entitled themselves "The Record Minstrel and Vaudeville Team of the World." The only thing old about these two men is their ages; otherwise they are still young. Al and Fanny Stedman in their "Pianocapers" and Elizabeth Briece, Will Morrissey and company of twenty in "The Overseas Revue," will be the only holdovers in one of the most meritorious and novel bills ever given in vaudeville.

Curran Attractions

"Seven Days' Leave," the big spectacular military melodrama which will be presented at the Curran Theatre for the week beginning next Sunday night, following "Civilian Clothes," enjoyed a two years' run at the Lyceum Theatre, London, England, and a six months' run at the Park Theatre, New York, to tremendous business.

The story of the play concerns principally a rollicking young major back in London on leave of absence, with buoyancy and heart enough to fall in love with a certain young woman who ardently welcomes his wooing, when again enters sinisterly the clutch of the conflict whose roars can still be heard. And from romance, the play instantly stiffens to the tense thrill of danger for both the hero and his fiancée, and for those who are near and dear to them both. There is a thrilling and spectacular denouement with the exploding of a German submarine in full view of the audience.

Elaborate and unusual effects, frankly presented in melodramatic fashion, are features of the play.

The famous A. H. Woods' farce, "Up in Mabel's Room," which has been making box-office records in its journey across the continent, will be the holiday attraction at the Curran for the two weeks beginning Sunday night, December 21st.

Tetrazzini's Next Concert

Luisa Tetrazzini's triumphant return to San Francisco remains the talk of the town, and it is the consensus of opinion that the great coloratura has not only increased in artistic stature, but that her voice has gained in color and in thrilling dramatic effect.

That Tetrazzini is a far finer artist than she ever was is to her great credit. For her concert at the Exposition Auditorium next Tuesday night, December 16th, at 8:30 o'clock, she will again have the assistance of those fine young artists, Mayo Wadler, violinist; Warren Proctor, tenor, and Pietro Cimara, composer-accompanist, and will give a superb program.

Mme. Tetrazzini's numbers will include the "Caro Nome" "Rigoletto," the great aria with which Mme. Tetrazzini first burst forth to conquer her town and ours at the Tivoli Opera

House before the fire. Also the great aria of "Ah! fors e lui" "Traviata." Tetrazzini's group of songs will include:

(a) La Pastorella, Veracini; (b) L'Eco, Eckert; (c) Voi che sapete (from "Nozze di Figaro"), Mozart.

Those who were in attendance last Sunday afternoon will pleasantly remember that Mme. Tetrazzini, in addition to the program numbers, sang many extra and encore numbers. She will, undoubtedly, do likewise on this occasion.

Mayo Wadler's contribution to the program will consist of numbers new to San Franciscans, including: Ballade, Coleridge Taylor. (a) Rustic Dance, Victor Kuzdo; (b) Old Melody, Christian Sinding; (c) Hye Kati, Jenö Hubay.

And Warren Proctor will sing: Ah! Moon of My Delight, Liza Lehmann. (a) Smilin' thru, Penn; (b) In Italy, Boyd; (c) Sometime in Summer, Bennett.

Pietro Cimara, that most excellent accompanist, will be at the piano.

Albert Spalding with Symphony

Albert Spalding, unquestionably the greatest of American violinists, will make his only local appearances this season as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, at the sixth pair of regular concerts, to be played in the Curran Theatre, on Friday and Sunday afternoons, December 19th and 21st, under the direction of Alfred Hertz.

Spalding will play Bruch's Scotch Fantasia with the orchestra, a beautiful composition which will show Spalding's superb artistry at its finest.

The return of Albert Spalding to the concert platform, after having served his country "over there" for two years, has been acclaimed by eastern audiences. This brilliant young American artist has honestly won his artistic spurs, and his career is a fine example of legitimate success.

Spalding returns with the added distinction of having been decorated by the Italian Government for distinguished services, with the Cross of the Crown of Italy, the highest distinction that can be conferred upon a foreign citizen.

Born in Chicago, in August, 1888, Spalding's love for music displayed itself when he was seven years of age. His first lessons were under the guidance of Professor Chiti, a Florentine master, at a time when the Spalding family was living in Florence. During the temporary visits to this country with his mother he studied in New York with Juan Buitrago. He graduated with the highest honors from the Bologna Conservatory at the age of fourteen. Since then his career has been a triumphant one, on both sides of the Atlantic, as virtuoso and as violinist with the world's leading symphony orchestra.

At the forthcoming sixth pair of concerts, the orchestra alone will be heard in Kalinnikow's melodious First Symphony and in the overpowering overture to Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."

Fifth "Pop" Concert

A capacity audience is certain to be on hand at the Curran Theatre this Sunday afternoon, December 14, when the fifth "pop" concert will be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Alfred Hertz conducting. Hertz has arranged an ideal programme that is sure to appeal to all musical tastes. The numbers follow: Overture to "The Magic Flute," Mozart; Shepherds' Music, from Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Allegretto, from Eighth Symphony, Beethoven; Second Rhapsody, Liszt; Dream Pastime, from "Hansel and Gretel," Humper-

dinek; Piedmontese Dances, Sinigaglia; Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner.

Frances East in Concert

A very delightful concert will be given by Frances East, mezzo-soprano, in the Italian room of the St. Francis Hotel, next Thursday evening, December 18th, at half past eight. Miss East's voice, lyric in character, was warmly praised by Mme. Emma Calvé, who heard the young singer when she was last in San Francisco. She has a large circle of friends in her home, Berkeley, and in the east-bay cities and her concert debut is eagerly awaited. Her songs include a wide range of standard composers and among her selections will be Bemberg's "Chant Hindou," the "Cradle Song" of Brahms, "A Dream" by Grieg, "Sing, Smile, Slumber," by Gounod, Chaminade's "The Silver Ring," "Si Mes Vœux Avoient des Ailes" by Hahn, the "Chanson Norvegienne" by Fourdrain, some old French Bergerettes and a number of Saint Saëns.

Miss East will be assisted by Rudy Seiger, the eminent San Francisco violinist, and Uda Wal-drop, whose work at the piano is always hailed with acclaim. Tickets for the concert may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Company's and at the St. Francis news stand.

Gounod's Domestic Life

Charles Gounod wrote as amorous music as ever troubled a human heart. Like Liszt he was a religious mystic, and Vernon Blackburn has said that the women who used to attend Gounod's concerts of sacred music "used to look upon them as a sort of religious orgy."

"The details of Gounod's picturesque affairs have been denied us," says Rupert Hughes in "The Love Affairs of Great Musicians". "And the translator of his 'Memoirs' regrets that he had not only kept silence on these points, but seems to have destroyed all the documents. His 'Memoirs' are disappointing in every way. Even his references to his marriage are about as thrilling as a page from a blue book. His account of his love and his wedding are on this ground really worth quoting, as a curiosity of literature, it being observed how little he has to say of romance, how much of his relatives-in-law.

"Ulysse was produced the 18th of June, 1852. I had just married a few days before, a daughter of Zimmerman, the celebrated professor of the piano at the Conservatory, and to whom is due the fine school from which have come Prudent, Marmontel, Gorla, Lefebure-Wely, Ravina, Bizet, and many others. I became by this alliance the brother-in-law of the young painter, Edouard Dubufe, who was already most ably carrying his father's name, the heritage and reputation which his son, Guillaume Dubufe, promises brilliantly to maintain."

Even to his friend, Lefuel, he wrote:

"I am going to be married next month to Mlle. Anna Zimmerman. We are all perfectly satisfied with this union, which seems to offer the most reliable assurances of lasting happiness. The family is excellent, and I have the good luck to be loved by all its members."

He mentions briefly in later pages that his father-in-law died a year after his marriage, and that two years later he lost his sister-in-law, to whom he gives several lines of cordial praise, which he singularly denies his wife, though he states that a year after the marriage she bore him a girl child, who died at birth, and that four years later she bore him a son. On the afternoon of this day he was to conduct a very important concert; when he returned, he found himself a father. He is here generous enough to say: "On the morning of the day when my

son was born, my brave wife had the force to conceal from me her sufferings."

Business Methods of Composers

There seems to be a general impression that the musicians of the past were very poor men. This has not been invariably the case; not a few, indeed, were quite well-to-do. While he had his ups and downs and was bankrupt repeatedly, Handel must be classed with the great composers who prospered. As a youth he had, or made, plenty of money to travel in Italy and learn how to compose operas, and in London, which was his home during the last forty-nine years of his life, he earned sums of money which made him a very rich man compared with his great colleague, Bach, whose widow died in a poorhouse. To begin with, Queen Anne granted him, in 1713 (when he was twenty-eight years old) a pension of 200 pounds a year, which had, of course, several times the purchasing power of \$1,000 today; and to this was added later by the Elector of Hanover, the new King of England, an additional 200 pounds.

He coined money, too, by writing opera after opera for the Royal Academy of Music, fourteen of them altogether. When this company failed, losing 50,000 pounds, Handel had enough in his pocket to be able to risk a company of his own and write more operas; but after four years of varying fortunes, this also failed, and he found himself poorer to the tune of 10,000 pounds. Imagine Bach, or any other composer in Germany, losing \$50,000! Handel had been able to earn and lose it, by becoming a British subject and appealing to the taste of the English public.

His oratorios, which are as English as English can be, became even more popular than his operas had been. Prosperity returned and enabled him to follow his generous impulses.

Handel one day went to a restaurant in London and ordered dinner for three. After a quarter of an hour he called the waiter and asked what was the matter with his dinner. "Beg pardon," said the waiter, "you ordered dinner for three; I am waiting for your guests."

"There are no guests!" roared the voracious Handel. "Bring on that dinner!"

Concerning Ludwig von Beethoven, who could also have afforded to eat a dinner for three, a different story is told. After sitting in deep thought at a table in a Viennese restaurant, he called the waiter and asked for his bill. "Your bill?" said the astonished waiter, "why you haven't ordered anything!"

Sometimes his bill amounted to a considerable sum, for he had a habit of ordering and sampling various dishes and then eating those he liked best. In the restaurants the waiters gradually got used to his eccentricities and didn't mind even when he threw a plate of stew at one of them.

A Huneker Resumé

James Huneker, the greatest American dramatic and musical critic said in the July "Cen-

tury": "I am one of the few critics of music who has not volunteered to tell Manager Gatti-Casazza how to run his singing shop. Probably that is the reason I am not a 'real critic.' . . . The pianists of the season I would have liked better had they been fewer in number. They were an army terrible in technic. For the most part, they were like peas in a pod, a resemblance heightened by a sickening similarity in programs. Bauer was different,—as was Gabrilowitch; they always are. Among the fledglings Winifred Byrd has a future if she does not let that cerebral mechanism crowd out the emotional element in her nature. . . . Mr. Stowkowski of the Philadelphia orchestra is a prima donna conductor, a young man of personal charm and undeniable musical gifts. He pleases the ladies, and that way lies success here, though not necessarily artistic salvation. . . . I have not dwelt on the horrors of our local choral singing. Why gild cabbages? . . . For me, Mary Garden was the artistic magnet of the Chicago season. She was Mélisanda, Monna Vanna, Jean or Cleopatra—in each one of these widely dissimilar characters she displayed extraordinary gifts of mimicry and singing, and her voice changed color to match the roles in a manner that would make a chameleon envious. . . . She is quicksilver that escapes the measuring eyes of the critical surgeons. Needless to expatiate upon her superlative merits, which are still challenged by those who do not realize that a new art has been born in which Miss Garden is the supreme experiment. If she is alluring, there is also an astringent quality in her art and personality that keeps both tonic. She is never entirely the voluptuous charmer of the footlights, but a rare artiste with brains as well as beauty. . . . The Flonzaley Quartet, unique among string players. Such music as they make will outlive in my brain cells all the lath and plaster, electricity and costumes, screaming and other expensive noises of grand opera.

Rosa Ponselle; what a handsome girl! What a pure, sweet, natural voice! Not contented with sharing honors with Caruso, she studied the difficult leading role in "Oberon" and because of her it had six Metropolitan presentations. She is self-contained, a hard worker, ambitious, and she has the whole world before her. A couple of unhappy marriages and happy divorces might work wonders in her artistic development. There are modern instances elsewhere that seem to indicate such possibilities."

Adele Doring of the Sunnyside Club

Adele Doring is the central figure among seven girls just entering their teens, and living in sunny California. Of course they have a club, which they call the "Sunnyside Club," and they brighten their own good times by doing kind things for others in a sensible, friendly way that brings joy to all. It has a refreshing originality that sets it apart from all other stories of its kind; the joyous spirit of youth is everywhere present; the characters are truly drawn; the situations are varied and full of interest. "It may only be written for children," writes one who has read it, "but it brightens the day for me." Jolly brothers of some of the girls make it interesting for boys as well as for girls from ten to fifteen, for whom it is intended.—By Grace May North. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., publishers.

An American matron at the close of her European trip was asked: "Did you see Rome?"

"No, we missed that."

"Why, mamma, of course we did Rome," exclaimed the daughter. "Don't you remember, it was there I got those purple stockings?"

Boss—"Haven't you swept the office out yet, Willie?" Willie—"No, sir." Boss—"Then what have you been doing?" Willie—"Sweeping out the dirt."

Cirpheum Safest and Most Magnificent in America
O'FARRELL 221 STOCKTON & POWELL
Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON
MATINEE EVERY DAY

HYAMS & McINTYRE, in Frank Stammer's Model Playlet, "Maybloom"; CHARLES & HENRY RIGOLETTO, assisted by the Swanson Sisters and Company in "Around the World," a Muse of Versatility; CARTMELL & HARRIS, in a New Singing and Dancing Skit, "Golfing With Cupid"; GEO. WATTS & BELLE HAWLEY, in "Laughs Coated With Melodies"; FOX & WARD, "The Record Minstrel and Vaudeville Team of the World"; AL & FANNY STEDMAN, in "Pianocapers"; ELIZABETH BRICE in the "OVERSEAS REVUE," with WILL MORRISSEY.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR
FIFTH "POP" CONCERT
CURRAN THEATER
Sunday Aft., Dec. 14, at 2:45 o'clock

PROGRAM—Overture, "The Magic Flute," Mozart; Shepherd's Music, Christmas Oratorio, Bach; Allegretto, from Eighth Symphony, Beethoven; Rhapsody No. 2, Liszt; Dream Pantomime, from "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; Piedmontese Dances, Sinigaglia; Overture, "Rienzi," Wagner.

PRICES 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 (NO WAR TAX)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater on concert days only

NEXT—Sixth Pair Symphonies, Dec. 19 and 21; ALBERT SPALDING, Soloist

CURRAN
Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460
Last Time Saturday Eve.—William Courtenay in "Civillian Clothes"
WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 14
The Famous Spectacular Melodramatic Success
"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"
An Overseas Romance of Love and Valor
Nights, 50c to \$1.50
BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. AND SAT. MATS.
NEXT—Sun., Dec. 21—"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

ALCAZAR
"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.
This Week—"NOTHING BUT LIES"
Wm. Collier's Latest Laughing Hit
WEEK COMMENCING NEXT SUN. MAT., DEC. 14
THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY
Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson
Max Marcin's Tremendous Drama
"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"
Thrills and Quivers With Emotion
DEC. 21—Merry Christmas Week
"THE LITTLE TEACHER"
A Comedy of Youth, Love and Laughter
NEW YEAR WEEK—The Merry Faricality
"A FULL HOUSE"
New Year's Eve—7:30 and 9:45. Seats Now
Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

Italian Room, ST. FRANCIS HOTEL
THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, AT 8:30

CONCERT
Given by
FRANCES EAST
Mezzo-Soprano
Assisted by
RUDY SEIGER, and UDA WALDROP,
Violin Piano
Tickets, \$1.50, War Tax Paid, on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and St. Francis News Stand

TETRAZZINI

Sings

NEXT TUESDAY NIGHT
DEC. 16, 8:30 Sharp
EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM
Tickets at usual places
Hardman Piano

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was a better feeling toward securities last week than at any time since the great decline began and prices were generally higher throughout the list, with some of the specialties recovering nearly all of their lost ground.

No doubt, the professional element, who sold stocks short so freely the past week, overstayed the market to such an extent that, when they tried to get their stocks back, they found the market bare of stocks and had to compete against themselves for stocks that were furnished by the more successful purchasers of the previous week.

Liquidation of speculative accounts had been on such a large scale that stocks had reached a point where persistent buying on a scale down by important interests was a factor for the rise that began early in the week and continued right up to the final closing.

The President's message was not considered a factor either way, in fact, it was considered colorless, but bankers attached more importance to it than the stock market seemed willing to accord it. The reference to the foreign credit situation was connected with a recommendation against tariff legislation, but it recited practically the same grounds bankers have cited in support of the necessity of foreign credits. There was nothing in the nature of a definite plan suggested in the message, but the acceptance of the principles advocated by the bankers was unmistakable. The arrival of discussion of plans for financing foreign trade that will develop from the passage of the Edge bill by the house is expected to bring the question to the front again for early solution. The bill will facilitate the arrangement of credits to a marked extent, and it is expected to have considerable effect upon the trade situation, but it will not solve the problem confronting the country. Bankers are of the opinion that no adequate solution, short of a mammoth loan, is to be found.

Attorney General Palmer's decision not to appeal from the finding of the court at Los Angeles in favor of the Southern Pacific in the oil lands case was a big bull card and went a long way in changing sentiment not only in the oil land cases but other cases that are now before the supreme court. The trade took a very optimistic view of this decision and Southern Pacific stock was in good with every prospect of much higher prices later on when conditions became more normal. Oil stocks were also in better demand influenced by this decision, as there are a number of oil cases now up that are expected to share the same treatment that the Southern Pacific received in their oil land case. Then, too, the leasing bill will come up soon and will be favorable to the oil companies, inasmuch as it has practically passed the conference com-

mittee it will only be a matter of form in going through both houses.

Money rates were much easier the past week, which was due to the heavy liquidation in stocks of the previous week, and, while it is to be hoped that we have seen the worst of high money rates, yet, if we run into another wave of wild speculation, money rates will, no doubt, climb again. In general, however, the argument for easy money was based on the expectation of falling prices for commodities, reaction in trade and the beginning of readjustment from inflated credit. Except for the brief period of commercial hesitation at the beginning of 1919, prices of commodities have not declined but advanced. When the community as a whole was heavily in debt and high prices and great activity of trade were placing unexpectedly large requisitions on the diminished bank resources, the speculator entered practically every market.

With foreign exchange making new low records almost daily, it will be almost impossible to do anything in the way of export business and, as we have a surplus of commodities, sooner or later liquidation must take place which would benefit the most of us and yet have a stimulating effect on trade generally.

We believe in the constructive side of the market and would advise the purchase of stocks on all setbacks.

Cotton—There was a little selling from time to time during the week that brought about small reactions, but the undertone was strong and the market recovered quickly from all declines with final prices at the close of the week around the top. At times there was considerable bearish pressure in the market based mainly on the strike of the operatives in Fall River and several crop reports—one of these crop reports came from a very reliable source and estimates the total crop for the season a little over ten and a half million bales exclusive of linters. These estimates are higher than was generally expected and indicated that the unfavorable weather in the tail-end of the season did not do the damage expected.

Trading was generally narrow and mostly professional, as the outside demand is almost nil at the present time. The near months were very strong all during the week and this steadiness helped the distant futures. The export figures were favorable, and the total, so far this season, is well above the 2,000,000 mark, but it is also figured that the demand for the immediate future has been taken care of and exports are now likely to drop off.

Foreign exchange continues to worry the market, as prices are still weak, and, with the heavy premium forced on foreign buyers by the extremely unfavorable exchange rates, it is not likely that the foreign buyers will do more than

cover their absolute needs until there is some change in the situation or until some definite plan of financing has been determined upon.

So far the strike trouble has been confined to Fall River, but the operatives in New Bedford are allied with the strikers and are making the same demands, and it is considered a foregone conclusion that the workers in the latter place will walk out in sympathy to enforce their demands if their co-workers are not successful.

We still favor the long side of cotton, although we think that buying operations should be conducted with caution and purchases should be made only on weak spots resulting from unfavorable outside news.

As long as the foreign exchange remains around present quotations and call money rates continue abnormally high, we can expect breaks from time to time, as conditions at present do not warrant any big advance from present levels, although underlying conditions as we see them are decidedly bullish.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,

Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,

Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
R. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourney I. N. Walter E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

337 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased. No. 28266, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. Hansen, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased. No. 28249, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Aknes Nemecek, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased. No. 28267, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward J. Helmar, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased. No. 28251, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Anthony F. Barry, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased. No. 28265, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Emil C. Briese, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

"What's become of your umbrella?" "I lent it to Tomkins." "Why doesn't he return it?" "The owner caught him with it and demanded it."

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of PERFECTA CRANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Perfecta Crane, deceased, and for the issuance to Salvador A. Pacheco of letters Testamentary on the estate of said deceased has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 26th, 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
(Endorsed.) Filed, November 26, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. K. HAWKINS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Cheda Building, 591 Fourth St.,
San Rafael, Marin County, Cal. 12-6-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA HELD, Deceased—No. 27420, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his office, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Held, deceased.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Anna Held, Deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney at Law
505 Phelan Building.
San Francisco 12-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198, Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN B. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above; brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
GILE & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased. No. 28250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Early, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased. No. 28248, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Matsusuke Yoshioka, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU. No. 28242, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Constantin I. Mehedinteanu, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased. No. 28247, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Annie Hofer, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON et al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY et al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. Murray, sole Referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917, by an interlocutory decree of partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said Referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 6th day of January, A. D. 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above-entitled action, in and to all of the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Howard street, distant thereon Eighty (80) feet Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard street with the Northerly line of Third street, thence running Northerly along said line of Howard street Twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwesternly Fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly Twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeasterly Fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, at No. 20 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court. Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

C. G. MURRAY,
Sole Referee in the above entitled action, No. 20.
Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1010-1011 Union Savings Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California 12-6-4

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

California State Library
Sacramento, Cal.

Vol. XXXV. No. 1436

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 20, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

The Unborn
Stage, Finance, Society
Mayor Rolph as an Editor
Union Crimes Unrepudiated
Performance of German Music
Facing the High Cost of Giving
Franco-British Economic Accord
Welcome to Andrew M. Lawrence
The Octopus and the Modern Farmer
The Senate's Undivided Responsibility
A Chat With Henry Shumer, Alcazar Director
A Christmas Meditation by Judge Thomas F. Graham

Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults

Crocker Building

Junction Post and Market Streets

Under Management of
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

SAN FRANCISCO

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, December 20, 1919

No. 1436

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Facing the High Cost of Giving

Christmas gifts may cost twice as much this year as in the past, but the indications are that twice as many will be purchased. The roots of the Christmas tree sprout from auriferous soil.

That is the redeeming feature of the High Cost of Living. The more bread costs, the fewer bread lines exist.

So Christmas, 1919, is a Merry Season for all, and there is Peace on Earth—save in the twenty-three nations, districts and racial preeincts where there is war or D'Annunzio. Of course, thanks to the United States Senate, the United States is still at war with Germany, but the only casualties are caused by German measles along the Rhine, or heart wounds inflicted by Gretchen about the billets. Nothing serious. Peace is on Earth and, for the day perhaps, there will be good will to all men of the same politics or the same industrial division of society.

Our religious progenitors the Jews have an excellent feast day, the Day of Atonement, on which they forgive their enemies, and between two sunsets live in amity with all.

The Christian religion, publicly borrowing rites and feasts from all creeds and tribes and mythologies, did not openly incorporate the Day of Atonement into its ritual. But the spirit of that Feast has been grafted subtly on the Christmas tree and there blooms and flourishes.

To children Christmas is a day of receiving. To adults it is a day of giving. Whether it is more blessed to give than to receive is a question open until we learn what blessedness is. But it is much more flattering to one's self to give than to receive. Undoubtedly we take more pleasure in making Christmas presents than in having them given to us. It is often a wrench to give but it is as often a greater wrench

to fabricate a smile of thanks over some gushing gift.

By intuition we do not stop our giving when we wrap up a package in red paper. The things we give which delight us most are not purchased at the department stores, but are drawn from the treasury of the heart.

To praise and encourage generosity and good cheer may seem the most obvious banality. But be we selfish or be we generous, be our material gifts rich or be they petty, he who examines his mind (not necessarily his heart) on this day of Christmas will find that what he has given has pleased his vanity more than has what he has received.

And when he canvasses his gifts of purse and of heart he will find the word of kindness he has spoken has warmed him more than the gift he has delivered (though it is highly expedient to support the word with the gift).

Christmas, "The Feast of St. Friend," the Christian Day of Atonement, can best be celebrated when there is peace in the heart—and that, it happens, is about the only region in this year of grace, where peace may be found.

The Senate's "Undivided Responsibility"

President Wilson has accepted the challenge of the United States Senate and has defied it to let the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations pact stay submerged in the flood of malicious party politics.

"The President intends, so far as he is concerned, that the Republican leaders of the Senate shall continue to bear the undivided responsibility for the fate of the treaty and the present condition of the world in consequence of that fate."

That was the final assertion of a statement issued on Sunday at the White House.

The date of issue was significant. It came following the dispatches from London and Paris of a possible declaration by the entente that it would accept reservations to the League of Nations pact. Of course the European dispatch was diplomatically vague; but it conveyed a hope of compromise on the treaty.

But Wilson definitely refuses to become a supplicant before the Senate for modifications. Not only has he neglected to take advantage, as a weak man might, of the chance for compromise suggested by the Lloyd George-Clemenceau conference, but to show that he does not intend to let that conference be an excuse for weakening on his part, he has issued the emphatic statement that the senators can expect no backdown.

In substance he says: "I have done my part—take it or leave it—but don't expect me to loan you a few trump cards out of my hand for you to take my tricks."

What the public has quarreled with chiefly in the Senate's attitude toward the Peace Treaty has been the obvious political trickery of the Republican majority.

It is conceded that men differ in their opinions. We have just completed five years of the most monstrous difference of opinion the world has ever seen. But it is not natural that the body of men comprising the United States Senate would break down as they have done in the treaty fight. Men may differ in opinions about the treaty naturally. But the disagreement in the United States Senate is too close to party lines to be called natural. Because a man is a Republican he is against the treaty.

Republican opposition to the Peace Treaty is artificial, that is, partisan. Most Republicans oppose it because they fear that its passage would add to the strength and fame of the Democratic party.

It is agreed that at the same time some Democratic Senators doubtless support the treaty and the league compact with the same dull obedience to party edict.

But the maliciousness has been chiefly with the Republican majority.

President Wilson exposed it definitely on Sunday when his office declared that the Republican leaders can continue to bear the responsibility for defeating the treaty.

If politics are to be played, President Wilson will not stoop to the level of the game.

He looks on the League of Nations as an ideal.

To most of the Senators it is a football—nothing more—in a game that will end in November, 1920.

As the game is now proceeding, a large contingent of California Republicans have by their telegram to Congressman Hays declared themselves rooting for President Wilson to win in the treaty game. The Republican leaders must have been amazed when they read the names of the men who signed the petition, for they were representative of the best interests of the state.

Union Crimes Unrepudiated

William V. Gregg, foreman iron molder, left his home in the Potrero a week ago to start for work at the Union plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company. His five motherless children crowded to the front door to see their dad start off. This departure for work was a revived event in their family.

Gregg had been out on strike for weeks and the family had suffered. Now that he was going back to his job the little ones knew it meant much to them. There would be money now for more food, for shoes, for tickets to the movies.

As the children watched their father depart they saw three men approach him.

That did not excite them.

Then they saw the three men attack their father, fell him to the ground with blows on the head, beat him as he lay.

The three men ran away, leaving their victim unconscious on the ground before his children's eyes.

That is an incident in labor union warfare in San Francisco. Before this is printed Gregg may be dead—another murder added to the crimes of union men.

How can that be tolerated in San Francisco? How can civilization permit murder and assault on its streets?

By what caprice of self-delusion can the men who head union labor in San Francisco, in America, justify such crime? How can the spokesmen of unionism, with their altruistic sentiments and logic tolerate association with criminals?

Of course, the national and local leaders, the men who serve in conferences named by presidents and governors, do not go out with blackjacks and slungshots, knives and revolvers, and murder and maim men who go to work to support needy children. They decry force and violence. They warn their fellows against violations of the law. No one would suggest that these leaders had the most remote connection with the cowardly crime, but for all their protestations of peace and denunciations of violence, America has yet to see a leader of unionism assist in bringing to justice a criminal who acted in the name of "Labor". America has yet to see unionism repndiate a criminal of the type that murdered Nelson Dunning or beat to the edge of death William V. Gregg.

"The Octopus" and the Modern Farmer

A young person reading Frank Norris' "The Octopus" today would be sincerely puzzled by the book. He would have heard in a general way that Norris was a realist, the novelist's treatment of the theme, the subtle "An Epic of the Wheat," the serious and at times grand style of the narrative, would impress him with the book's sincerity, yet from his knowledge of farming conditions today he could only look on the work as a pretentious and eloquent satire. Why, the farmers in Norris' novel are presented as struggling, toiling wights, in the fell clutch of circumstance, conspired against by law and politicians; the pawns of railroad greed and legal rascality.

Certainly, the young reader would insist, Norris meant the book for a jest. Farmers were never in the wretched, hapless plight he has pictured them.

Yet we must assure the young reader that Frank Norris really wrote of conditions that existed. His book was a work in acute realism, with allowances made, of course, for dramatic effect and tragic intensity.

But how different is the farmer of today!

Are the farmers of this same San Joaquin valley of Norris' locale the crushed and helpless victims of predatory greed? Are the sons of the Mussel Slough victims still in the tentacles of the Octopus?

Quite the contrary. The farmers of the San Joaquin valley today are the lords of the realm. The raisin growers discover that they control the national market. So they set the price of their product where they want it—and are in trouble nationally for so doing. The dairymen of the San Joaquin valley and other districts want more for their milk and raise the price to distributors four cents a gallon, and there is no legal means to stop them.

Perhaps the raisin growers and the milkmen are entitled to their higher prices—that seems to be a matter for certified public accountants to decide. But the point is—they have the power to set the prices—they are the lords of creation, and a novel written twenty years ago with almost religiously rigorous realism, reads today as a satire. It would be wicked and gross to call the farmer a worm, but whatever he is, he certainly has turned.

And while no one can say how much the realism of Frank Norris has contributed to this new state of affairs, to the overthrow of railroad domination and the uplift of the submerged agriculturalist, it must be conceded that "The Octopus" played its part in changing the farmers' position.

The Unborn

The proverbial witty Frenchman said that in America people never mentioned a baby before it was born, and never talk of anything else afterward. That was some years and ten months ago. We have advanced since then and now even our advanced folk advertise "futures" in babies in the adoption market. And immediately there is a public protest.

This current case of the parents, fairly well to do, it is said, who wish to dispose of their coming baby to someone who will pay expenses, has raised a natural indignation. Also a delicate legal discussion.

There is no public protest when parents agree to the adoption of a child. Good people are surprised, people with paternal and material instincts can not fully understand such a transaction, even when the adoption is apparently to the advantage of the child. But the act is permitted by courts, and while infrequent, is still common enough not to startle a city. But traffic, as it may be called, in an unborn child is another matter. There is such a mystery connected with birth.

Normal parents feel awe in contemplation of the coming adventure of a human soul. The helplessness of an infant in its cradle is as nothing to the helplessness of the spark of life under the mother's heart, secret and sacred. Momentarily part of her being, but potentially an individual with all the possibilities of achievement forming yet hidden in the sanctuary of maternity.

What has startled the public in this proposition of two parents to transfer their child into strange hands is this violation of the maternal sanctity? Had the parents offered the child after birth that feeling would not have been felt.

Doctor Hassler, the health officer, is quoted as saying there is no ethical wrong in the contemplated act of the parents. Perhaps the doctor was misunderstood by the reporter. For the wrong is ethical, not legal. It might be expedient for the child and its parents for it to be placed in a new home, but it surely offends against higher conceptions of family life, against the essential ethics of society for the transfer to be considered, even.

All things considered it might be best for the child to be adopted now, but fortune is so erratic in America it is impossible to predict with assurance the status, moral or financial or social, of any person or family from year to year.

When we leave things to the chance of nature we are absolved from responsibility, come what may. When we make artificial assignments of fortune and family there is incurred a graver responsibility than wise people wish to assume.

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

A Christmas Meditation

By Thomas F. Graham, Judge Superior Court
(Known as the Great Reconciler)

It might be assumed that a judge, required by the duties of his office to sit throughout the year listening for the most part to the woes of humankind, witnessing the pettinesses of the nature of many, discovering the unbelievable meanness nurtured by some as near and dear possessions, would fall into an attitude of cynicism as to the existence of real goodness inherent in the species.

The outcropping of reprehensible traits in entirely unexpected quarters, among the rich as well as the poor, the educated no less than the ignorant, all tends to lead one into a pessimistic consideration of life, until, from quarters equally unanticipated, there bursts forth a radiant glow of splendid qualities promising much for the spiritual regeneration of the race. Particularly do we encounter this last referred to experience when the "aurora borealis" of the holiday season begins to pulsate and throb in the hitherto apparently frozen heart of humanity, and a great illumination of love and its substantial expression warms one into a more kindly feeling toward his fellows.

Personally, I have found myself in the process of transformation, for a time, at least, by reason of the presence—or, rather, by recognition of this spirit—of Divine Love, because it is ever present, though by many unrecognized, and during the period of kindly remembrance and generous bestowal of gifts, my court has been positively closed to the introduction and trial of divorce cases where there are children. I have been obsessed by the feeling that to lend the machinery of the court to such activity during a period in which Christian peoples are striving in some wise to manifest a true Christian spirit would be to expose the sanctity of pure Justice to the poison of hatreds and suspicions, of misconceptions of life and living, which for the most part are responsible for court proceedings of this nature. For years this has been my unflinching

custom, and not infrequently there have come to me from some who had taken the first steps toward permanent separation, recitals of new awakenings to the responsibilities of the marital relation, stirred by the spirit of goodness which saturates the entire atmosphere of home and mart during the term commemorating the birth of the Savior.

It has occurred to me that possibly the great major part of San Francisco and the State of California has no real appreciation of how generous a Santa Claus is living in our midst throughout the year. He does not only come at the Yuletide, when the hearths are glowing, with inviting fires, and expectant childhood listens in secluded retreats for the footsteps of the mysterious visitor with his delightful gifts, but month in and out, without ever failure to act, he is carrying on here in San Francisco the largest giving known amongst an equal population in the length and breadth of America, and this of course means, as well, in the whole world. That Santa Claus is the municipality known as the City and County of San Francisco, and the big stocking which he has hung up on the tree for the twelve months beginning with July 1, 1919, contained no less than six hundred and twenty-seven thousand, six hundred and ninety dollars (\$627,690), that being the appropriation to assist the needy and deprived children who, through no fault of their own, are compelled to look upon the municipality as a godfather. An average of three thousand of these children constitutes the monthly list, but as there are continual changes in the personnel it follows that between four and five thousand children during the year owe something of their comfort and happiness to the great city which is their home.

It is in the auditing department of the City and County, presided over by Thomas F. Boyle, that attention is given to the supervision of this large sum, because with so great a need to be

met it is imperative that a careful and intelligent supervision of the fund shall be had in order that its full intent shall be conserved. Prior to the appearance of the activity in the auditor's office, the extensive corps of earnest workers in the agencies and institutions, the Widows' Pension Bureau and the Juvenile Court, have all been giving a painstaking attention to need wherever it has been found to exist and to formulate the best plans for its immediate relief. To these agencies and institutions it is well for the public to turn not infrequently during the Christmas shopping and bestow something more substantial than a mere thought of approval. The great amount bestowed by the municipality is really only a drop in the bucket of maintenance required, for "the poor we have always with us," and if we who have been more greatly blessed with this world's goods do not remember and earnestly and generously strive to alleviate the condition of those less fortunate in this respect, then are we poor indeed, instead of they. Not alone at the Christmas time should we turn our earnest thought toward God. The race has fallen into the habit of ignoring the Source from which every blessing springs that some such celebration as that of Christmas appears to be necessary to bring people to a realization that there really is a God. I have always with me a copy of those inspiring lines penned by the late James Russell Lowell, and which are in so large a measure expressive of the truth:

"God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;

If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;

There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,

Which who so seeks shall find; but he who bends,

Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore."

A Melodrama---The Union

By T. Baron Russell

Is it not almost unprintable? To give to it anything of actuality one would have—no, not to invent, but to suppress. As a bit of life it was too impossibly dramatic, too fictional, too much—what can one say?—too much like a story in a Christmas number, and a story constructed in the worst style, at that.

Yet, it happened! and the Organist is my witness. She had taken me to see the Workhouse Chapel: incidentally, to hear her play (for which purpose one would go much further than to this chapel), little purposing, as you may believe, to give me sheer Surrey melodrama thrown in. The beadle admitted us by a little door, cut in the black painted wooden gates. He admitted us with a smile. A Union Beadle can smile on occasion, and I was to find out soon that the coming of the Organist was the signal for many smiles in this "Union". One or two inmates were waiting in the paved courtyard. They all smiled, too, at sight of the Organist, and hovered forward to greet her. One man had a crutch and walked with difficulty, but he shuffled quickly over the flagstones, and followed

us with the others into the chapel, where a good number were already waiting—just so many vacant-looking, tired old faces, that brightened up and became animated, covetous of an individual recognition, when the Organist passed through to her seat.

The most devout of the intending worshippers was a woman of, perhaps, no more than fifty, who alone took no heed, kneeling already with a rapt, ecstatic gaze that made her face almost "eerie". She was, I learned, hopelessly imbecile, and had to be led into and out of church, the only incident of her life. An appalling amount of tribulation seemed to be collected here and personified in these old women. One felt a more instinctive sympathy somehow for them than for the men, poor fellows. Even a couple of younger women, who carried a baby apiece, did not convey the same aching sense of desolation as these shrivelled, wrinkling old crones, in their hideous round bonnets and grey shawls.

The chapel was a gaunt structure, devoid of adornment; but some one had put a few yellow

daisies in a tumbler on the close stove—cold now, and shining with blacklead. On the mean font, placed in emblematic neighborhood to the doorway, stood a small crockery jug. "A christening afterwards," the Organist whispered to me, in explanation.

She took her seat. The organ, unscreened, stood in a corner, facing the congregation. An old, grey man, in spectacles, sat at the side, leaning on the bellows handle, ready to perform his duty when the Organist should give the sign.

She pulled out a few stops and uncovered the single manual. The paupers moved in their seats, leaning forward, anticipant. It was easy to gather that the air was a familiar one. At the first notes, nods and smiles of delighted recognition were exchanged. The unmusical mind only takes to tunes that it knows. Not a pauper moved until the last note had sounded and died away. Then they leaned back, settling in their places with a wriggle of gratification, to wait, fidgeting, for Evensong to begin.

The stroke of half-past six brought the sur-

pliced chaplain, brisk and businesslike. The Organist played him in with slow, droning chords, dying away in muffled pedal notes as he kneeled awhile in his place. It was his only deliberate act, almost, through the service. The congregation shuffled hurriedly to its feet when he rose to gabble the exhortation. One of the babies—the subjects of the anticipated sacrament—woke up and had to be hushed after the fashion of babies at an age when, even for the infant pauper, food is easy to come by.

Evensong was briskly performed. Then the clergyman made his way to the font, emptied into it what may have been half a pint of water from a little crockery jug, and began to read the Order for the Public Baptism of Infants. "Have these children been already baptized, or no?"

The mothers stood up, nervous and inaudible, the only sponsors. In the more essential parts they had to be prompted individually by the chaplain in a stage-whisper: "Say, 'I renounce them all'"—"Say 'All this I steadfastly believe'." One of them was a sullen woman, well over thirty, with a brutish face and disappearing chin; the other, a light-haired, rosy-cheeked girl, who hung her head and cried quietly all through the ceremony. Neither wore a wedding-ring. In the brisk time set by the clergyman, the ordeal was soon over, and the congregation—the women, old and young, intensely interested in the babies—rose to sing the baptismal hymn:

"In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone."

There was an incongruity, an insincerity, in the ceremonial thus hurriedly bustled through, as though even the Sacrament must be brief for a workhouse brat. I do not say that it was done brutally or with indifference; but there was something perfunctory and unreal about it. I think we were all glad when it was over, and the awakened babies were being hustled off to sleep again in the whole service. These tired old women, chanting the canticles—it was wonderful, at their average age, how well the Organist had got them to sing—seemed to find nothing of promise, no hint of comfort even in the Psalms or the sublime Magnificat. But at least they were not indifferent to the music. That was personal; that "belonged to them. There was no "playing-out" in the closing voluntary: the whole congregation sat it through, mothers and all, and beamed gratefully on the kind face of the Organist, their friend, when at last she closed the instrument and passed through the waiting people to the door.

Unusual and Desirable Gifts for Xmas.

Field Glasses	Lorgnettes
Opera Glasses	Barometers
Prism Binoculars	Eyeglass Chains
Compasses	Automobile Glasses
Silver Spectacle and	Reading Glasses
Eyeglass Cases	Magnifying Glasses
Merchandise Orders	

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES
181 Post St.
2508 Mission St. San Francisco.
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

II

As we crossed the courtyard, the Organist delaying to speak to one here and one there—she appeared to know every one by name and history—we became aware of a disturbance in the gateway. A young fellow, dressed like a sailor, had his foot inside the little door in the gate and was endeavoring to push past the beadle.

"I tell you it ain't visiting time," said that functionary, sourly. "You can see 'er at the proper time. I told you that before, and it's no proper time. I told you that before, and it's no good your making a disturbance, because you can't go in."

"What is it?" I was asking the Organist—she seemed to understand so instinctively everything here, in this somewhat unknown territory, that I did not doubt her perfect familiarity with this kind of dispute—when there was a cry behind me, and the fair-haired mother, her child still in her arms, rushed past us like a whirlwind, pushed aside the outraged beadle, and fell, in a heap, baby and all, into the arms of the sailor.

What followed, happened in an instant. There was no pause, no further altercation with the doorkeeper, who would probably have demurred to the whole highly irregular proceeding. The sailor gathered up the woman in his arms, lifted her impetuously over the step into the street and banged the little door behind them. A little assemblage of paupers had crowded into the covered passage to witness this drama; and then, in a flash, it was over, the door closed, and the beadle—he was a small lean man, in a jacket, nothing like the conventional Bumble—was left gasping behind.

* * * *

We overtook the couple—the trio, to be more exact—at the corner of the street. The sailor was carrying the baby now, and the woman was fastening her bodice. The red sunset rays glinted on her hair and made it brightly golden; a shower was drying up, and the air was clear and fresh-smelling. The lime-blossom on a tree that overhung a garden fence—for we are rural, here in the Southern Suburb—was giving off the beginning of its evening fragrance. The street was deserted, and quite silent. A scrap of talk floated to us down the hill from the man and woman in front.

"Only landed this morning," the man was saying. "Couldn't get no news of you off the old people; they wouldn't tell me nothing, and I bin lookin' everywhere for you, all day. Then I met yer sister, and she—told me; and I come round in a rush to fetch yer out. They didn't want to let me in—ah! I'd 'ave showed what for, in about another minute—and then I see yer comin'!" The baby began to cry feebly. The man hushed it awkwardly, stopping in his walk to do so. He would not give it up to the girl though; and she hung on his arm looking up into his face, transfigured, unrecognizable; then they passed out of our sight.

The Organist laid her hand upon my arm, her eyes glistening. "We may as well go home, I think, mayn't we?" she said.

III

It was nearly a month later, when I found a letter from the Organist on my breakfast table.

"If you could take me to the parish church on Saturday morning—yes, I mean Saturday, not Sunday—" she wrote, "I could show you the finish of an affair that I think you are interested in."

I wondered vaguely what the "affair" was, and having been a little late in presenting myself, did not succeed, in a hurried walk to the church, in eliciting an explanation of the summons. "Make haste, and you will see," said the Organist; and she would tell me no more.

We found the church almost empty, save for a little group, facing an ascetic-looking young priest in the chancel.

"Well, what is it, then?" I whispered. The Organist answered me by a motion of the head altar-wards, and I recognized my friend the sailor, looking very uncomfortable in a stiff suit of tweeds. Then the words which the priest was reciting gave me a last clue to the situation.

"Into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore if any man can show any just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let his now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace!" We were witnessing that crevice of the church which as a cynic remarked, "begins with 'Dearly Beloved,' and ends with 'amazement!'"

A pew half way down the aisle, gave us decent shelter, within earshot, and we paid attention to this reticent, informal, solemnization of matrimony. There were no bridesmaids, as you may suppose—no groomsmen—only a perfunctory pew-opener as witness, and an awkward youth in a large jacket, who officiated, blushing profusely, as "father," giving "this woman to this man." He may have been half a year her senior. The girl's parents, apparently, had not yet forgiven her. At length, duly united, the couple followed the clergyman bashfully into the vestry, with their witnesses. The baby, evidently, had been placed in some safe keeping, as an unsuitable attendant at this ceremonial. We viewed the departure of the group, the ring proudly displayed on the girl's ungloved hand; and my companion (whom I began to suspect of having abetted in this denouement) had a word to say to the clergyman. Then, as we passed out of the gates, I asked her, "Well! How in the world did you follow them up?"

"Oh, nothing easier," she replied. "I had a notion of what would happen, and of course I knew the girl's name through the Union people, so that there was no difficulty in finding out from Mr. Noster (that is the curate who has just married them) when the banns were put up.

"I thought," she added, with her delightful smile, "that you would be glad to see the end of it!"

And I was glad; but really it is hardly printable; it is too improbable, too melodramatic.

Mardi Gras

THURSDAY NIGHT

CAFE

COLOMBO

PHONE DOUGLAS 4967
623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE

Concerto Europeo Dinner Italiano

\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero 6 to 1 o'clock \$1.25

MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT

Paul Kell's Jazz Ensemble Ballad des Allies

GUEST DANCING

Community Sing Operatic Concert

Carmineata • Florence Waters • Edouard Petri

Dansuse Operatic Soprano Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO

Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun

— DIRECTION —

A. S. Firpo TOM DEL BUFALO D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE

WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT

HITS IN BOHEMIA

A Close-Up of Annie Laurie

By a Former Newspaper Man

In the early '90's I was a cub reporter on the San Francisco "Examiner". Other youths and myself breaking into the newspaper game looked with more or less awe upon a certain young woman who was engaged by Mr. Hearst as a special writer. This awe on my part eventually disappeared, and the young woman who was a special writer, and whose name was Annie Laurie, soon became my ideal as a real woman. I know that the other cub reporters shared my views, and now after two decades have passed, this high pedestal upon which I placed Annie Laurie has never lowered.

I am willing to stand corrected, but I believe she was the first woman special writer. Mr. Hearst recognized her ability at the commencement of her career. She has been continuously and exclusively employed by him ever since.

If you ever worked on the Hearst papers you would always speak of the big boss as "Mr. Hearst". To say William R. Hearst is as foreign in his editorial rooms as for a San Franciscan to use the word "Frisco".

Annie Laurie possesses distinctive qualities.

First in order, is the fact that she is a most interesting woman to meet. Secondly, she was never known to speak ill of anyone, and she believes in the doctrine of Charles Dickens, "There is good in everything."

Born in the Middle West she is essentially a Californian. In her life she has encountered much affliction and sorrow, but she has accepted these crosses cheerfully and without a word of complaint. If her heart is bowed down with private grief she carefully conceals it not only from the world but also from her most intimate friends.

But perhaps I am wandering. Annie Laurie is a star conversationalist. At a week-end party in the country she keeps the whole company entertained, from the time her machine rolls up to the country mansion until the last goodbye is said and she disappears in her car in a cloud of dust.

She is a great mimic, too. And many of her experiences as she relates them would be a drawing card in any first-class vaudeville house at four figures a week.

Giving Pleasure to Others

Annie Laurie is really not very happy unless she is bestowing pleasure on others. When she takes out her car, she wants every seat occupied. Not exactly by those who can at some future date benefit her, but by others who cannot afford a machine and to whom a dash through the Marin county hills will be a rare treat.

If Annie Laurie gives a dinner at a fashionable café, there are always one or two gathered around the round table who lead a lonesome life. Others forget to invite them, but not Annie Laurie. She makes the solitary living man and woman sit next to her. Before the salad plates have been removed these specially invited guests have thawed out and are infected with the fun and pleasure of the evening.

As a Raconteuse

Now, I will give one or two stories that Annie Laurie loves to tell. At a recent dinner one of the guests was complaining that inquisitive people in public have a habit of dropping into silence and attentively listening to the conversation around them.

"That is very true," said Annie Laurie, "and it reminds of an experience that happened to me. I was once invited by a great globe-trotter to the theater. Between the acts this clubman and myself had many things in common to discuss. Our conversation was listened to attentively by a couple who were seated directly in front of us in the orchestra seats. The man whose guest I was noticed the fact. After giving me a nudge he continued the conversation in exactly the same tone as follows:

"You know in the South Sea islands it is looked upon as a crime by the natives to listen to another person's conversation. When one savage detects another listening to his confidential conversation the inquisitive native is punished. The penalty is that the curious man's ears are cut off by the village medicine man. Now, I believe that I am possessed of an uncontrollable impulse. I have lived in foreign climes so long that I have acquired those wild and barbaric customs. There is a man sitting in front of us, he is listening to what we are say-

ing. I am trying to keep my fingers off my penknife. If he listens much longer I will be no longer responsible for the results."

"Believe me," said Annie Laurie, in concluding the story, "we experienced no annoyance from the couple all the rest of the evening. The man in front of us even did not dare to turn round and look at us."

Here is another story of Annie Laurie's: "In New York, Charles Dana Gibson and a prominent New York clubman were sauntering to the theater. They were dressed in immaculate evening clothes. The clubman was explaining to Gibson what an athlete he was. 'Pooh!' said Gibson, 'If you are so wonderfully active—let me see you climb that telegraph pole. I dare you to'. The dare was taken, the clubman took off his overcoat and foot by foot climbed to the top of the pole. But then the trouble began. A crowd gathered and perhaps this was what made the clubman nervous. Anyhow he could not climb down again. A policeman sauntered up to find out what the trouble was. He in turn called out the fire department and two young huskies from this department eventually extricated the clubman from his perilous position."

Her Helping Hand

Let me give an illustration of the real Annie Laurie. When a former newspaper man whom I know was admitted to practice law, who was one of the first clients to call at his little office? Why, Annie Laurie, of course. She wanted her testamentary will drawn up and she selected this young man recently admitted to practice as her attorney. There is no doubt in my mind but that any of the foremost lawyers would have considered it a compliment to have been selected, but Annie Laurie is a woman who desires to extend the helping hand to everyone.

If I may be allowed to refer to Martin Chuzzlewit, I will use the quotation: "There ain't a many like her. If there was we shouldn't want no churches." Well, that's Annie Laurie for you. She is just bubbling over with kindness. She is a real mother to her children and though she is modesty itself, her magnetism and kindly thoughts cannot help to make the world better.

The Spectator

Editor Andrew M. Lawrence

Welcome to our city and yours, Andrew Lawrence! The appearance this week of "The Journal of Commerce" with the announcement that Lawrence had purchased it and would in future publish it, has been expected for some months in local commercial and newspaper circles. But now that Lawrence has made his actual reappearance among us as an editor, we may confidently look for excitement—quite a lot of it—and it will be a refreshing change. Our dailies have for a long time been a bit dull, contenting themselves with printing the news about affairs national and local, and maintaining, for the most part, a discreet silence in the way of editorial comment. This attitude has been particularly noticeable regarding the union labor situation. But Lawrence bids fair to change all that, for in his first issue, he threw down the gauntlet to

union labor, declaring that "the unconscionable demands of several labor organizations constitute one of the greatest evils in American life, which will eventually destroy all progress, all business, unless rooted out," and further that "the closed shop can never be an American institution."

Lawrence and Napoleon

A resemblance to Napoleon in the Lawrence physical appearance has often been commented upon; but certainly the likeness to the illustrious leader is striking in that Lawrence, too, finishes what he undertakes. Therefore, the "Journal of Commerce" will in all probability proceed to make it clear to union labor that they have been contributing to the H. C. L. by their unreasonable wage demands for an eight-hour day, that they have been deliberately robbing the middle-class employer by a climbing scale of wages,

notwithstanding that few concerns are able to meet with their demands without suffering financial loss. He will also doubtless make it clear to the employer that, in the United States, 85 per cent of labor is not unionized and that the abuses are not all upon the side of capital. Lawrence has been most emphatic in expressing his views against all hyphenated kinds of citizenship in this country and he will probably pursue a bold antagonism to all sorts of isms except Americanism.

Partizanship

He will have no political axes to grind, no votes to angle for, but will proceed on a straight course to help keep this part of the world safe for democracy. He believes San Francisco climatically to be "God's country". Why should it not be socially and economically?

His San Francisco Friends

Mr. Lawrence has a tremendous following in this city. He has personal qualities including courage, enthusiasm and loyalty, which bound to him with bands of steel many hearts. His career as editor of the "S. F. Examiner" was replete with excitement, including a "scoop" in the Benhayon murder case; his arrest for contempt of the Senate and his subsequent vindication; and of his quenching the political light of Sam Rainey and of being Senator Phelan's sponsor in his nomination for mayor of San Francisco. Even "Andy's" opponents admire him for his courage, once he's in a fight (which he dearly loves). He has indomitable faith that right is might in the newspaper world and he forms his policy accordingly. Though his newly acquired paper is a commercial enterprise, those who know his ideals do not look to any truckling to "big business" for the sake of advertising. He loves the newspaper game so well that he is in it for the sake of "running a newspaper". As editor of the Chicago "American," he revolutionized Illinois politics, placed Mayor Carter Harrison in an invulnerable position and won a decision regarding the liberty of the press which is of enduring importance in national law. Lawrence and Hearst, some years ago, arrived at the parting of the ways. Lawrence, who began life as a reporter, is today a millionaire; as well, it is rumored that he has unlimited eastern capital behind him in his new journalistic venture and that he will fill the "Journal of Commerce" with attractive special features which will, together with its bristling editorials, make not only the reading public but other dailies, sit up and take notice.

The Lawrence Family

His family has a very large circle of friends in San Francisco society who will undoubtedly be

delighted that this is to be their permanent home. Mrs. Lawrence was the daughter of Mr. Kennedy of the pioneer art firm Morris and Kennedy. She was a graduate of Miss West's School (The Van Ness Seminary), the fashionable academy for young ladies in her day. Mrs. Lawrence is a distinguished looking lady, with brilliant social gifts. Miss Edna Lawrence is a devotee of art, being a painter of considerable promise. For several winters past the Lawrence family have spent their winters in this city, whose equable climate agrees with Mr. Lawrence's health better than the extremes of the east. He is an enthusiast over the unlimited possibilities of San Francisco; he is another prophet that our future lies on the Pacific Ocean and it is not a surprise to his legion of friends here that he has arrived among us at the psychological moment of construction.

Future of "Journal of Commerce"

Extracts from Editor Lawrence's statement of the principles for which his paper will stand are:

The Journal of Commerce is to be a newspaper for the business world, for the man who fears God and loves his country, his state, his city and his home. It proposes to fight for the needs of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast as those needs are understood by men and women of character and thought.

The Journal of Commerce will be absolutely independent in politics.

In municipal government it can see no place for politics. A municipality is a great business corporation, and should be conducted as such.

The news published by the Journal of Commerce will be free of bias or coloring, and as reliable as careful gathering and honest editing can make it. News involves no question of catering to the interests of any class or coterie.

News is life intelligently and truthfully reported. News is the truth of daily happenings. This paper can afford to tell the truth because it has no ax to grind and is not enlisted in competition with circulation-mad organs.

The Journal of Commerce will defend with all the strength it can muster, the right of the American citizen, guaranteed by free institutions, to follow the bent of his higher nature in the quest of livelihood and happiness. It takes the stand that no set of men, organized or unorganized, should be permitted to interfere with the inalienable right of an American to seek freely the work which most appeals to him.

The Journal of Commerce is convinced that the unconscionable demands of several labor organizations constitute one of the greatest evils in American life, and that this evil will destroy all progress, all business, unless it is rooted out. It sees in these demands the effects of radicalism run mad, the natural result of disregarding the moderate men who ought to control their councils, but who have been pushed aside by the reckless fomenters of discontent.

The San Francisco of today is a Wonder City whose foundation stones were set by unconquerable spirits on ashes moistened with tears. It is the Colossus of the West. With peace and co-operation it will achieve a splendid greatness. In all sincerity the Journal of Commerce asks the opportunity to help.

Mayor Rolph as an Editor

The little bird that tells things in newspaper circles has not only been talking about the Lawrence purchase for some time, but he has also been spreading reports that Mayor Rolph has acquired a proprietary interest in the "Call". Now that the birdie's first statement has proved true, perhaps there is some foundation for his second. One can't imagine ordinarily what our

RUCKER-FULLER DESK CO.

OFFICE, BANK and COURTHOUSE FURNITURE
SECTIONAL BOOKCASES - FILING CABINETS
SCHOOL FURNITURE and THEATRE CHAIRS

677 MISSION STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

busy mayor would want with a newspaper. But upon reflection, the journalistic field is about the only one our chief executive has not entered during his period of office. His versatility increases by leaps and bounds, and when his term of office expires, it should not be a matter of surprise to see him directing the policy and activities of a daily journal. Having become accustomed to the excitement of public office, the shipping business would be a dull substitute; and besides his large interests in that industry keep right along piling up dividends without his concentrated participation in their direction. Even if Mayor Rolph enters the race for the United States Senate, a newspaper of his own would not be a medium to be despised. Though James H. Rolph has, up to now, been only a merchant and a mayor, what he has learned of the newspaper game, from his position "on the inside looking out" must be equivalent to years of practical training as reporter and editor. Besides his administrative duties in the city's manifold activities, think of the unusual opportunities he has had dashing on to Washington and New York upon our city's business bent! Think of the regiments he has bade farewell to and welcomed home again! He has been host to our President, to President de Valera also, to a king, a queen, a prince, to distinguished representatives of industries. His experience listening for incalculable hours to his extraordinary board of amazing supervisors must have provided him with an astonishing conception of the scope and possibilities of legislative bodies, which would be a bulwark to him in the editorial sanctum. So that, if the birdie has been twittering merely for the pleasure of hearing his own voice, he has made a suggestion which is far from absurd.

Americanization Essential

A new field of usefulness has been entered by the University of California through its extension division, in the organization of an institute to train citizens to teach citizenship, Americanization. In Los Angeles last month the extension department of the university opened a training course in Americanization, as the elaborate word is, with prominent eastern and California experts on immigration and education, and the course is coming to San Francisco next month.

There is a double purpose in the work: first, to instruct teachers and social workers how to train aliens in American ways and toward American literacy. That is not an especially new idea, but it is more prominent in schools now than formally; second, the course is intended to instruct employers of labor how to handle immigrants to the best advantage to the immigrant, to their industry and to the United States.

The army draft reports showed an astounding degree of illiteracy among aliens in America. Much of the social unrest is due to that illiteracy.

That literacy is a cure or preventative for Bolshevism has been demonstrated in Europe, almost to the refinement of a formula. Bolshevism spread in ignorant Russia, it was short lived in Hungary and Austria, where the people had some education. It was still-born in literate Germany.

The untrained mind accepts it; the primary grade mind considers it; the grammar school mind spurns it.

Of course, we have the anomaly of the parlor Bolsheviks of Greenwich village, but, of course, they are not literate.

They can only read and write free verse.

The extension division of the university is

teaching the necessity of educating the foreigner, removing him from his illiteracy; it is training men and women to educate him—even the mechanics of spoken English, which differ muscularly from the mechanics of spoken French or spoken Jugo-Slavik, are to be taught. And the broad aspect of Americanization, the means by which aliens can be shown the spirit and truth of the American system are to be inculcated by the course to be given in San Francisco.

Colonel E. D. Baker's Historic Portrait

In the chambers of Justice John E. Richards of the District Court of Appeal hangs a lifesize portrait of the head and shoulders in Byronic pose of a distinguished looking man. Struck by the nobility of the countenance, a visitor to the judge's chambers the other day inquired as to the identity of the original. The justice replied with much enthusiasm: "It is a portrait of Colonel Edward Dickinson Baker, one of the greatest orators and lawyers America has ever known, and the man whose influence was more potent than that of any other individual save one, Starr King, in saving California to the Union." This picture is the basis of a portrait in bas-relief which undoubtedly will be, at some future date, placed in the Civic Center upon a site already chosen for it. The sculptor who will execute it is none other than Macmonnies, if plans interrupted by the late war are found to be feasible. The Baker-Broderick Memorial Association, founded about five years ago and composed of the California admirers of those two great men, will be responsible for the expense by the voluntary subscription of its members, prominent among whom are Marshal Hale, chairman; E. R. Kennedy, now of New York; Raphael Weill and Justice Richards.

History of the Picture

The story of the picture which adorns the judge's sanctum is interwoven with the circumstances creating the jurist's keen interest in the patriot. It is an enlargement of a deguerro-

type taken by one Heering, a photographer of San Jose, during Baker's campaign for U. S. senator from California in 1859. Colonel Baker was a staunch friend of Justice Richards' father, a strong Unionist and a man of much influence among the Spanish residents of the Santa Clara valley. When Colonel Baker arrived to speak in San Jose, Mr. Richards, at his request, summoned his neighbors for miles around to his ranch house (now the site of Edenvale) to hear the great orator. Baker, as he talked to the assemblage on the subject of "Human Liberty," held in his arms the three-year-old son of his host. That little child grew to manhood with an indelible impression of the great man and of the eloquent words he uttered; as the boy grew up, he treasured any record, any memento, of the wonderful man who spoke in his father's house to people who cheered and wept at his words. That child is now Justice Richards of the District Court of Appeal and I fancy that the portrait of Colonel Baker is in his eyes the chef d'oeuvre of his dignified and artistic offices.

Baker's Career

After "sitting" for the picture Colonel Baker proceeded through the state campaigning. He was defeated. Then, too, came the great excitement of the death of his dear friend, Senator Broderick, in a duel, and a later senatorial campaign in Oregon which elected Baker to be its representative in Washington. There were so many exciting events in his life about that time, that the picture in the San Jose gallery was forgotten by him. His brilliant and sensational senatorial career made a profound impression in California and when he was killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff in 1861, the photographer enshrined the portrait in his gallery and vowed he would never part from it. When he died, the photographer who succeeded him also clung to it affectionately; but about twelve years ago the widow of the third owner put it up for sale for ten dollars; an acquaintance, knowing of Judge Richards' desire to possess it, notified him at once and a few hours later the picture

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

was his, though he had pleaded in vain with its former owners to be allowed to purchase it for one hundred dollars, the sum for which its original had contracted.

Comrades Rescue Body

When Colonel Baker fell dead upon the battlefield at Ball's Bluff, his comrades of the California regiment sprang forward, drove off the enemy who sought to seize his body or his sword, and bore the mortal remains of the hero to the river, where it was taken across to the Maryland side and later transported to San Francisco and laid to its final rest in Lone Mountain, which he had a few years earlier dedicated.

Although the exigencies following the late war have made it difficult to raise funds now for any purpose not closely allied to reconstruction, it is difficult to believe that the spirit is dead which animated the hearts of the admirers of the great Colonel Baker. The very men who composed the personnel of the association, stimulated by undying love for their country with which Baker's eloquence inspired them, these same men were the first from our state to offer their services and their possessions to the United States, their years only preventing them from hearing arms for the preservation of human liberty.

California really owes a personal obligation to erect a monument to the great patriot; for Oregon officially and unofficially has made demand for the Colonel's body, he having been their senator when it was the newest state in the Union. The citizens of Oregon, in making their plea, pledged themselves to erect a monument commemorating his patriotism. There is in the Capitol at Washington a marble statue of Colonel Baker. It is hard to believe that California,

the child whom he saved in its babyhood, will not similarly honor him.

A Forensic Appeal

The effect of the great orator in those dark days of doubt can be visualized by reading an account of a great meeting addressed by Baker in 1860 in San Francisco, at the American Theater, when twelve thousand people tried to force entrance into the auditorium which held but four thousand. In his book, "The Contest for California," E. R. Kennedy gives the full text of this one of Baker's greatest appeals of which the following is a forceful extract:

"As for me, I dare not, I will not, be false to freedom. Here, many years long gone, I took my stand; and where in my youth my feet were planted, there my manhood and my age shall march. I am not ashamed of Freedom. I know her power. I glory in her strength. I rejoice in her majesty. I walk beneath her banner. I have seen her again and again struck down on a hundred chosen fields of battle. I have seen her foes gather around her. I have seen them bind her to the stake. I have seen them give her ashes to the winds, regathering them that they might scatter them yet more widely. But when they turned to exult, I have seen her again meet them face to face, clad in complete steel, and brandishing in her strong right hand a flaming sword red with insufferable light." Col. Baker, as he came to the mention of the word "sword," he—a veteran of two wars—appeared to draw his own weapon—so that the last words were spoken with uplifted arm. The audience went wild; even the reporters were swept away in the frenzy. One of them, a young fellow just come of age—afterwards famous as Bret Harte—leapt upon the stage and frantically waved an American flag.

The Performance of German Music

The question of forbidding the playing of German music in this country is discussed with a decision in the negative almost wherever persons who are not musical are considering it. Musicians, not only performers, but those of deep musical insight and sympathy, express the opinion that to silence German music in the Allies' countries is absurd. The history of former wars has been that the artistic creations of the conquered nation have been absorbed by the conquerors. Raphael Weill, than whom there is no more uncompromising opponent of everything German, when asked recently what he thought of suppressing German musical and literary productions, cited the attitude of Germany after the Franco-Prussian war. Did Germany put a ban upon French music? On the contrary, German theaters were flooded with French operas, French plays and the study of the French language became universal in Germany. The Germans assumed the position that they could absorb the language, the music, of any country, with the sole result of enhancing the mental culture of their own. An illuminating reply to this open question is contained in a lecture upon Russia delivered by Prince Serge Wolkonsky in the universities of Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Chicago and in public lectures. Other lectures reveal the prince to be of decidedly anti-German tendencies, though these lectures were delivered at a time long before there was any thought of a world antagonism to Germany.

Prince Wolkonsky's Opinion

Great can be the power of art if we only consent to open our hearts to its beneficent influence; and let us not allow political antipathies, national susceptibilities, religious controversies,

Do You Realize

that an account with a strong, long established bank gives you prestige in the business world?

Capital	-	-	\$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits	-	-	5,595,862.19
Deposits	-	-	67,010,152.75
Resources	-	-	92,663,396.74

Established 1852

Wells Fargo Nevada National Bank
of San Francisco

Telephone Douglas 40
Connecting all Departments

Umbsen, Kerner & Eisert

REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEERS
RENT COLLECTORS
INSURANCE

Full Charge Taken
of Property

20 Montgomery Street
San Francisco

prejudices against an epoch or a country or an individual, to steal in between our soul and a work of art; all these are venomous feelings, but their sting is turned against ourselves. It has no power of wounding the work of art; for art is invulnerable and flourishes on in its serene tranquillity above the reptiles of human narrow-mindedness. No, let us approach a work of art with that same oblivion of human divisions with which we fly to the salvation of a man who runs a mortal peril; as with a burning-glass, let us gather and concentrate the irradiating beams of beauty so as to light in our hearts the sacred glow of responsiveness and sympathy. Let us cultivate and preserve in our souls the divine gift of admiration, let it not be intimidated, let it not be trampled upon; for every new chord which vibrates in ourselves becomes a new point of contact with others, whereas a man who loves nothing loves no one.

Two divergent tendencies in our days dispute with each other the supremacy over the direction of human thought—nationalism and cosmopolitanism.

In these latter days the two opinions have been strained to the last limits of reason and logic, but do you not think that the tempest of controversies ought to appease itself before questions of science and art? When people try to determine whether science and art are national or cosmopolitan, it seems to me as hollow and useless an attempt as if they were to try to decide whether the river belongs to the mountain or to the ocean. No work of art is good unless it has been individual and national, but what is the test of its being good? It is the fact that it has become universal and cosmopolitan. That faculty of widening, of expanding—that is what gives value to intellectual things; products of human genius rise above the

soil of their birth, and by following them we rise ourselves; their national spirit becomes a force which leads us on the way towards universality; therefore it is not a treason against humanity if we love our fatherland, just as there is no treason against our fatherland if we love humanity. As the oak is virtually contained in the acorn, so the universal importance of a noble feeling is contained in its national significance.

Franco-British Economic Accord

"Le Petit Parisien" of December 8th gave the following particulars of Mr. Loucheur's visit to London: "Mr. Loucheur, who is minister of industrial reconstruction, went to London to confer with Mr. Lloyd George and several other British ministers about the present economic condition of the several European nations. Particular attention was of course given to the respective positions of France and Great Britain, one of the main points discussed being the assurance to France of her coal supply. British opinion manifests considerable anxiety about the delay of America in ratifying the Peace Treaty. The situation in America has caused England to realize more fully the value of France, and it has caused a decision on common plan between France and England for the economic restoration of Europe. This common plan is not meant in any way to cast aside the assistance of America, but it can start the work and get it going at once. Great Britain realizes that as soon as France's budget is placed on a sound basis, she will be, because of the great effort made by the government and the people to reconstruct the devastated provinces and rehabilitate industry all over the country, in a position to assure, when united in common effort with Great Britain, the economic stability of Europe."

Abbeé Wetterlé Speaks of Alsace-Lorraine

At a dinner given in his honor in Paris recently the famous Abbe Wetterle made a speech of which the following is the gist: "If none of you, gentlemen, has ever seen a perfectly happy man, you see one now. For forty-eight years, my countrymen and I endured all, in the knowledge that we would live this moment. You know, gentlemen, that nothing else matters now that we are again free. You, who cannot realize the intense brutality of our German masters, cannot realize the intense joy we feel at this moment. We had firm faith in the destiny of France; our faith has been justified. Our people in Alsace and Lorraine feel glad that we are to contribute to the prosperity and well-being of our mother France. We are resolved to work for her and we feel quite confident that whatever happens, the world will come to understand that not only has France found in Alsace and Lorraine provinces of great material richness, but also provinces of great moral richness, for we are imbued with a full consciousness of duty, and above all things, with a patriotic feeling, openly affirmed, under the most arduous conditions for over forty years."

Gasoline in France

The utilization of gasoline as an industrial fuel is being studied with great care at present in France. Recently in Morocco, Mr. Didier, engineer, discovered important oil wells at Dgecel Talefat. Three tons a day are being taken from one small well; twelve more borings are at present being made. The committees on gasoline are seriously considering the leasing of the Pecchellbronn petroleum springs in that portion of Alsace restored to France by the Peace Treaty. The committees are also considering exempting liquid petroleum from any duty.

M.J.B. Coffee

**Buy the Five Pound
Size and Save Money.
You can't buy Better
Coffee.**

EVERY CAN GUARANTEED
Also Packed in
3 and 1-lb. Cans



WHY?

Union Trust Company of San Francisco

Junction of Market and O'Farrell Streets and Grant Avenue

*Invites your account and offers through its Commercial,
Savings, Trust and Safe Deposit Departments a
Complete and Efficient Banking Service.*

ISAIAH W. HELLMAN.....	Chairman of the Board
I. W. HELLMAN, JR.....	President
CHARLES J. DEERING.....	Vice-President
P. A. SINSHEIMER.....	Vice-President
H. G. LARSH.....	Cashier and Secretary
CHARLES du PARC.....	Asst. Cashier and Asst. Secretary
W. C. FIFE.....	Assistant Cashier
I. J. GAY.....	Assistant Cashier
MARION NEWMAN.....	Assistant Cashier
L. E. GREENE.....	Trust Officer
F. J. BRICKWEDEL.....	Asst. Trust Officer

**The Oldest and Largest Trust
Company in California**

Inseparably Identified With Western Development

NEARLY a half century ago the foundation of the Anglo & London Paris National Bank was laid by practical business men trained in and identified with the best commercial life of Europe, but who envisioned the potentialities of Western America and the part banking service must play in their realization.

THOSE founders were succeeded by Americans no less keenly conscious of their responsibilities and who were themselves of the West.

FOR nearly fifty years Anglo Service has been an integral part of the very warp of the San Francisco and Pacific Coast commercial fabric; a tireless factor not alone in the upbuilding of the West but also in the creation and development of national and international opportunity for the Western producer, manufacturer and investor.

ANGLO Service is known and employed in every commercial capital of the civilized globe. There is an established and time-proved Anglo Service to meet every phase of commercial and investment banking, domestic and international.

Resources Over One Hundred Twenty Five Million Dollars

OFFICERS

HERBERT FLEISHHACKER, President

MORTIMER FLEISHHACKER.....	Vice-President	JOHN GAYLE ANDERTON.....	Asst. Cashier and Secretary
J. FRIEDLANDER.....	Vice-President	GEO. A. VAN SMITH.....	Asst. Cashier
C. F. HUNT.....	Vice-President	V. KLINKER.....	Asst. Cashier
E. W. WILSON.....	Vice-President	J. S. CURRAN.....	Asst. Cashier
HARRY COE.....	Vice-President	EUGENE PLUNKETT.....	Asst. Cashier
W. E. WILCOX.....	Vice-President and Cashier	E. R. ALEXANDER.....	Asst. Cashier
J. W. LILIENTHAL, JR.....	Vice-President	L. J. AUBERT.....	Asst. Cashier
FRED F. OUER.....	Asst. Cashier	GEORGE STIMMEL.....	Asst. Cashier

DIRECTORS

RAPHAEL WEILL, Pres. White House	A. W. FOSTER, Capitalist	J. C. MCKINSTRY, Attorney	ROBERT DOLLAR, Pres. Dollar Steamship Co.
M. MEYERFELD, JR., Pres. Orpheum Theater and Realty Co.	R. D. ROBBINS, JR., Banker	SIG. STERN, Pres. Levi Strauss & Co.	WM. F. HUMPHREY, Attorney
CHAS. C. MOORE, Pres. Chas. C. Moore & Co.	HERBERT FLEISHHACKER, President	J. J. MACK, Capitalist	EDWIN A. CHRISTENSON, Shipping and Commission
M. FLEISHHACKER, Pres. Gt. Western Power Co.	ADOLFO STAHL, Capitalist	C. F. HUNT, Vice-President	J. R. HANIFY, Lumber
WALTER E. BUCK, Associated Oil Co.			

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank

of San Francisco

Social Prattle.

By TANTALUS

Dress at the Legion Ball

The American Legion of San Francisco is proud of its friends and grateful for their help in promoting the ball to be given at the Civic Auditorium on December 27th, but some of the committee heads and active legion workers are now trying to correct the impression that this is to be a formal function.

The idea of the legion heads was to give a big ball, to break the records for attendance and for "pcp". They considered themselves very fortunate when a group of splendid women, many of them notable war workers, volunteered their services to sell tickets and help in making the affair a success.

Then some of the service men, with the memories of the mud of northern France and the agonies endured still clinging to them, conceived the notion that the legion was departing from the paths of democracy. One of them broke into print through the medium of the Chronicle's Safety Valve and said some things that did not cheer the men who have generously given all their time to the work of the legion.

It is too sorry a business to dwell upon and the charges are too ridiculous to answer, but these legion leaders want the public to know that they are not striving for "class," that a dress suit at the ball will be tolerated but not encouraged, that the one hope is that everyone will come and have a good time and that the legion is DEMOCRATIC, as it couldn't in the nature of things be anything else.

The ball has every prospect of success. It is given for the most worthy of causes—the regeneration of the broken service men. Funds are needed for finding jobs, for taking care of men who have not recovered from the mental confusion of the hard life at the front, for interceding with a careless government for unfortunates entitled to the legally authorized benefits. It has the unqualified support of every service man who understands.

Some of the really big men and women of San Francisco are trying to help the boys put it over. They will be honored to meet the members of the legion, whether they dress in rented suits, in baggy working clothes or in the old olive drabs that they brought out of the service with them, on a common footing on the floor of the Auditorium. It has been suggested that the question of dress might easily be solved by the legion men wearing their uniforms. Under the rules of the war department they have a perfect right on such occasions.

At any rate it is a moral foregone conclusion that it will take more nerve for a service man to go to the ball in civilian full dress than in the clothes that he wears when he meets his friends in the street on a week day.

As usual, the Infant Shelter ball at the Palace will be the particular lure for the dancing feet of society; the younger element this year is expected to be more in evidence than usual, as its numbers have been strongly reinforced by the home-coming of "the boys" and the entrance into society this season of so many lovely young girls.

The marriage of lovely Doris Kilgariff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgariff, took place at the Fairmont last week. The groom was William Howard Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs.

William D. Taylor of Seattle. It is welcome news that the young couple are to reside in San Francisco.

Mrs. Philip Van Renssaler Schuyler (Elizabeth Shreve) will arrive from New York to spend the early part of the year with Mrs. George Shreve in San Mateo.

Mrs. Clara L. Darling was hostess last week at the Francisco Club in honor of Mrs. John Percival Jones. The ladies invited to meet being Mmes. Homer King, William H. Crocker, James Bishop, Sidney V. Smith, J. J. Brice and Thomas Dozier. Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters gave a studio tea in honor of Mrs. Jones last Monday.

Mrs. Sydney Cloman, chairman of the box committee for the Legion ball reports that the Burlingame contingent is as interested in the success of the affair as the boys themselves and that the boxes will all have occupants.

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale is, as usual, "up to her eyes" in plans for the great affair. Her enthusiasm in every project for the betterment of "the boys" is infectious and it is hard for anyone coming within her radius not to become actively interested.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Proll to Karl Theodore Goeppert will take place in February, at the attractive home of the bride's parents Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Proll on Geary and Forty-fifth avenue.

Miss Jennie Blair was hostess on Tuesday at the S. F. Golf Club in honor of Mrs. Louis Titus of Washington, D. C. Mrs. Titus is a niece of the late Mrs. James G. Fair. Miss Maude O'Connor, Mmes. Ross Ambler Curran, William S. Porter, Robert Hayes Smith, Ethel Hager, George Cameron, Herbert Moffitt, Herbert Allen, A. R. Swinnerton, Alex Rutherford, Georges de Latour and Henry Foster Dutton were the other guests.

Mrs. Henry Bostwick was the guest of honor at a tea given by Mrs. W. P. Hammon on Tuesday. Mrs. Bostwick will soon sail for Japan and Korea.

Mrs. Ella Breyfogle also gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Bostwick. On Mrs. Bostwick's last oriental trip, her guest was her niece, the beautiful Miss Maroney.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned to the St. Francis. They accompanied the Thomas Fortune Ryans to New York recently.

Miss Amanda McNear entertained on Tuesday at the Town and Country Club. Doris Schmidell, Ellita Adams, Lucy Hanchett, Helen St. Goar, Betty Merrill, Elizabeth Vail and Elizabeth Schmidell were the young guests.

Col. A. W. Bjornstad, U. S. A., is at the Palace for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. McPeak of Los Angeles, who have just returned from New York, will spend a few weeks in San Francisco after the holidays.

Countess d'Ursel was the guest of honor Tuesday at a Fairmont luncheon presided over by Mrs. Herbert Hoover.

Those Christmas Seals

Speaking of the campaign for the sale of seals for raising funds in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, Dr. Coffey, one of the board of directors, said the other day that the public should aid this week for a two-fold reason. First, to help those of the unfortunate victims of the dread disease who are too poor to pay for proper care, and second, as a means of public protection. The society sends nurses to visit the afflicted and to teach them how to prevent the spread of the germs of their disease. The doctor thinks that every municipality ought to donate a fund for this purpose.

John Drum succeeded the late Jesse R. Lilienthal as president of this association and every name upon the board stands for highest integrity and administrative ability, so that the contributors may feel assured that every dollar given is wisely expended.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney W. Ehrman are in Portland.

(Continued on Page 14)

The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

You should call and examine the "panel-pressed" paper for wedding invitations and announcements. By the use of the panel-press that portion of the note-paper upon which the impression is made is given a smoother, harder surface, which sets off the engraving splendidly.

*A Suitable Gift for all seasons is a
Robertson Engraved Visiting Card Plate*

A. M. ROBERTSON, Stockton Street, Union Square
San Francisco, Cal.

Henry Shumer, Alcazar Director

By Helen M. Bonnet

Whenever I visit a theater "back stage," I invariably think of paradise. I don't know why, unless it is because it seems to be going to a world we know not of from one we know too well. Recently I went behind the scenes of the Alcazar. Leaving the lobby wherein were displayed numerous photographs of attractive, truthful-looking actors in "Nothing But Lies," I walked up O'Farrell street, in the rain, into a funny cul de sac, down a Jacob's ladder made of corrugated concrete; I opened a forbidding looking iron door and found myself—in heaven. The St. Peter was a kind looking man with gray hair. He had no book of good deeds and trespasses, but a pack of cards with which he was playing solitaire on a bit of a shelf in a cubby hole papered with cuts of famous Alcazarans. He conducted me to the sanctum of Mr. Henry Shumer, the stage director, whom I had gone to see, and whom, if you go often to the Alcazar, you have seen in so many disguises you are not at all prepared to behold him as he really looks. He is a tall, erect, robust looking man, with thick brown hair brushed back from his Beethoven brow. He has hands like the composer's, too—soft looking, with dimples, the kind of hands which good natured people have. I'm sure he could never frighten a company with his large, kind, brown eyes; and after he had talked a few minutes, I was sure he wouldn't want to. Mr. Shumer is the sort of director who believes in allowing an actor to portray a part according to his own conception. "I have my own conception," he said, "and if I try to impress it upon the actor, I destroy his individual touch, so I avoid that course as far as I can." Mr. Shumer doesn't think his work hard—he says that they have worked out a system at his theater. Performances every night and Thursday, Saturday and Sunday matinees; Monday and Tuesday and Thursday rehearsal from 10 to 1 o'clock; Wednesday free all day; Friday the usual rehearsal and very likely another from 1 to 4; frequently a morning rehearsal on Saturday, and Sunday morning free. He left the periods of study, costume building and other details to my imagination, and I can't really see why it isn't hard. He had just been going over some plans with Kolb and Dill about their new play, the creation of clever little Dill. On the big table in Mr. Shumer's room photographs and sketches were spread and I suppose that he had been studying them preparatory to a rehearsal—one play on the boards and another in preparation is the perpetual program at the Alcazar. Mr. Shumer said very nice things about Kolb and Dill, and told me how much he enjoyed his road season with them in "The High Cost of Loving." Was it really true that they have made so much money? Indeed yes, and they are the greatest theatrical attraction in the west, their houses always being sold out in a town long before their arrival. They don't act continuously because Kolb is mad about his country place—loves to fuss around among his flowers, trees, vegetables and chickens (the kind that live on farms); Dill goes in for apartment houses and occupies his off months managing them. Then Mr. Shumer said that the reason things run smoothly and successfully at the Alcazar is that from the front of the house to the back, the forces work in harmony, that their hearts are in their work. He spoke of the brilliant E. D. Price, whose long experience and

familiarity with stage conditions enable him to obtain the latest productions as soon as they are released for stock; of Fred Belasco, whose dramatic instinct (a Belasco family inheritance) is of invaluable aid; of Edward Walliams, the clever scenic artist and of Steve I. Simmons, the clever mechanic. These two latter came in for an enthusiastic "boost" and I agree that they deserve it. Both have been with the Alcazar for over twenty years and I don't think anyone has ever seen a badly built, shabby, or incongruous scene or set at the theater, which is remarkable, as the same one is never used twice, but is re-made or painted over, if not newly constructed. Mr. Shumer thinks highly of the present company and names over a list of shining stars who made their first successes at the Alcazar. Frances Starr, Louis Bennison, Frank Bacon, Bert Lyttel and a score of others. Henry Shumer himself should be among them, and will, no doubt, when he folds up his tent and leaves the Alcazar. He has been there most of the time for twenty years. Before that he played at the Central with Hershel Mayall, who, by the way, had called on Shumer at the Alcazar recently, having just returned from Alaska, where he was making a picture. Mr. Shumer said that Mayall looked "great" and as dignified and handsome as when he was the idol of the Central. He left next day to join his wife (Edna Elsmere) and children in their eastern home. "Another one who blew in to see me lately," continued Mr. Shumer, "was Bert Lyttel. He sat on that trunk and talked about old times here and the movies." The movies! Is it true that the stars receive such fabulous sums? Yes, really, and besides they lure all the young promising actors. Mr. Shumer says that the time has gone by when screen producers are satisfied with haberdashers' clerks and cooks for pictures and that now they are absorbing real actors, the latter having become familiar with the film technique. Actors prefer the spoken drama but films are so absurdly easy. To illustrate, Mr. Shumer made an imaginary megaphone and shouted: "Come through that door!" I was in so I didn't. "Sit in that chair!" I was seated there already; "Look to the left!" I did. "Smile!" I did that too. "Extend both arms upward and look serious!" Yes, I obeyed. "Hands down and smile!" There! it was over—I had made a picture—too bad there wasn't a camera. I couldn't have sat quiet while Mr. Shumer directed—he is too magnetic, and I know he would make a good screen director. But I hope he never will follow the lure because San Francisco needs the educational influence of the spoken drama and the Alcazar is a temple consecrated to it and faithful to it. Many a company from the east gives performances here not up to its standard and everything done there is well done. Owing to the scope and variety of the plays produced, players of experience are necessary, but sometimes young people begin their careers there. Mr. Shumer doesn't believe in dramatic schools. I was sorry to hear that because I think that the drama like the other arts, has a difficult technique, the principles of which can be acquired in a school where a great deal of opportunity can be given for rehearsal. Mr. Shumer said that the right way to begin is in a real theater in small parts. Does he have many amateur aspirants for Alcazar careers? Where had I seen before that hunted look which came into Mr. Shumer's fawn-like eyes? The

bare white walls of the dressing room stretched away to Bear Valley, where once, as a child, I saw a herd of deer run down into a meadow. They turned their pleading eyes upon the barrel of a rifle—they were at bay and some of them never ran back into the mountain. That was the expression in Mr. Shumer's eyes. He explained that he is besieged by an average of one hundred amateur applicants weekly. That part of a stage director's life must be hard. Nevertheless, I told him that I would love to see some of them persistent enough to get a chance. He said some people can't be kept off the boards. He told me the story of Walter Catlett, now the rage in musical comedy at the Shaftesbury Theater, London. Walter used to be an attaché of the Central Theater, but his dancing legs got him a part on the stage. He kept climbing up and on—wherever they put him, the perpetual motion of his feet made an instant hit.

Mr. Shumer, at the age of 11, began his career in his home town of Detroit, in a circus, doing a trapeze and tumbling act with his two brothers. When one of them was seriously injured he gave up that work and began looking about for stage work. One day in a theater, the stage manager said: "Boy, you ought to be able to play this boy's part." The boy did, and he's been on the stage ever since. Though Mr. Shumer looks to be in the late thirties, he says he likes best to play lovable old men. The reason for it he finds in his admiration for his father, a man whom everybody loved—gentle and helpful to all the world. "When my mother complained of our behavior he would say, 'What? The children are bad? Never mind! They'll get good again!'" I fancy there is a creation waiting in the future for Henry Shumer in some big metropolitan production, of a role like that sweet character, and then we in San Francisco shall proudly say: "Another Alcazaran whom we knew for years."

Victor Hugo wrote that the moment Christianity was born, that moment the dramatic instinct came into being in the human soul. With all deference to the great poet, I beg to say that I'm sure the pagans and the Jews had it long before the Christian era. I think every human being has it except savages and clods and that if we are not given an opportunity to give vent to it in ourselves or to behold others acting, we degenerate into the one or the other.

As I was leaving, I asked Mr. Shumer what he does on Wednesday—his holidays. "I have a fine time," he said, "I walk on the beach from the Cliff House to Sloat Boulevard, all alone. I can't understand why more people here do not realize what an inspiring thing it is to walk on those sands out there, with the ocean breeze blowing all over one." He insisted on taking me out on the stage. The curtain was up, the Alcazar chairs seemed waiting for their occupants, the spirit of audiences who had sat there and would come again seemed to pervade the place. Then Mr. Simmons came on and lamented that there were some creases in a certain drop. It was easy to see that his heart was in his work—no wonder the Alcazar succeeds, with such enthusiasts. On Wednesdays, Mr. Simmons leaves his castles and interiors and hies him to his country lodge, where he fishes all day long. I venture to say he would rather be building a make-believe fishing scene on the Alcazar stage, and I know that when Henry Shumer is walking on the sands he is dreaming of next week's play.

The Stage

Another Tetrizzini Triumph

Mme. Tetrizzini sang to another seven thousand people at the Auditorium on Tuesday—or perhaps to the same seven thousand who heard her a fortnight ago—for to hear her once is to desire to hear her again as soon as possible. Her florid numbers were received with acclaim, and once more she touched all hearts with her limpid pearly legato phrases of her simpler songs.

Tetrizzini at the Movies

When William H. Leahy was guiding the cantatrice Tetrizzini over the country during her last American tour, she arrived one morning in Spokane, Washington. Immediately the manager of a leading local picture house sent her an invitation to occupy a box that afternoon to see a wonderful picture taken in Italy. Madame was delighted to accept, for she adores "pictures" and simply could not resist one taken in Italy. When Leahy, with the diva and his wife, drove up to the theater he found the street packed with people attracted thither by the sign upon a huge transparency, "Tetrizzini, the greatest soprano in the world, will occupy a box in this theater at the afternoon performance." Leahy was annoyed, but Luisa had her heart set upon the movie show, so it would not do to disappoint her. After escorting her with Mrs. Leahy to the decorated box awaiting her, he went out to the postoffice to send an important registered letter. Returning, he was told by Mrs. Leahy that the manager had paid his respects to Mme. Tetrizzini and had requested the privilege to announce to the audience which had assembled that she would sing to them. Mme. Tetrizzini, at that time, could not speak English, but Mrs. Leahy informed the gentleman that Mr. Leahy was madame's manager and would decide. Presently Mr. Leahy reappeared to keep the ladies company during the screen show and the anxious movie manager lost no time in reappearing and repeating his request. Mr. Leahy, though indignant, looked serene and calmly said: "Certainly, madame will sing for you." The movie man was glad and said so. Then Leahy continued: "You will bring me a contract, of course, stating that you will pay madame \$1,500 for singing here?" A box and \$1,500 and a free view of the Italian picture all in one afternoon? But no! And madame did not sing.

Free Concerts of Tetrizzini

But our Luisa sang for the multitude in San Francisco on more occasions than in opera houses and on Christmas Eve in front of the "Examiner" and "Chronicle". During her second opera season at the Tivoli, she resided at the Marie Antoinette, a private hotel on Van Ness avenue. Her apartments were on the first floor fronting the street and on nights when she did not sing at the theater she sang at home, presumably because that was her way of passing "an off night". She had a player piano and she sang to its accompaniment by the hour, and numbers that were never included in her operatic repertoire. Passers-by paused to listen to the lovely voice, which charmed them so they could proceed no further. A crowd gathered, then word went round that the angel voice was Tetrizzini's. As if by magic the wide avenue drew a multitude, charmed by the magic of the voice floating through the open window. One night they heard her sing the Toreador Song,

from "Carmen," Rodolfo's arias from "Bohème," Musetta's song, Siebel's "Flower Song" and some Butterfly music.

Fearing that the songstress would cease singing, the crowds never made any demonstration—those whom affairs pressed onward, went quietly by, while all who could remained until the silence within gave intimation that the impromptu concert was over.

At the Alcazar

"The Little Teacher," to have first Alcazar presentation next Sunday afternoon is in glad accord with the true spirit of Christmas week. It is a comedy of youth, romance, wholesome humor and patriotic inspiration. It teaches some of the almost forgotten niceties of life and love, appealing to the best of human instincts, awakening only the tenderest emotions and is abundant in human episodes polished off with virile dramatic punch. A delight to young and old, this New England idyl has been aptly summed up as "a play for the whole family to see". The beautiful theme of maternal love is woven through this merry and diverting comedy drama by Harry James Smith, author of "A Tailor Made Man". Belle Bennett personates the little teacher, and Walter P. Richardson her lumberjack adorer from the Canadian woods. All the Alcazar favorites are in a large cast reinforced for the schoolroom scene by a bevy of California's cleverest juvenile players, including Helen Resnick, Connie Fredericks, Thelma Pedersen, Beatrice Levy and Webster Cook. What indeed would a Christmas play be without children? Specially engaged for the episode depicting the womanly activities of Red Cross work are the admirable character actresses Emelie Melville, Barbara Lee, Edith Searle and Estelle Warfield. For Happy New Year week the spirit of entertainment takes a broader farcical turn with uproariously funny farce "A Full House," by Fred Jackson, whose "The Naughty Wife" recently convulsed crowds at this theater. Two performances New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, will be given according to an Alcazar custom that has long been identified with San Francisco's distinctive carnival spirit.

At the Orpheum

There will be eight entirely new acts in next week's Orpheum bill. The Ford Sisters, Mabel and Dora, will head the program in a new and original act called "The Frolic of 1920," which consists of a group of four dances. Stuart Barnes has successfully baffled all imitators and is indisputably supreme in his line of work. Grace De Mar the winsome, piquant, singing comedienne, brings with her new songs written for her by Herbert Moore; she enlivens her performance with interesting characterizations picked from everyday life. Billy Frawley and Edna Louise, comedians, will appear in a one-act playlet by Jack Lait entitled "Seven A. M.". They respectively impersonate a night clerk and a cigarstand girl in a hotel and to them is entrusted sparkling and witty dialogue. Jane Barber and Jerome Jackson are responsible for a quarter of an hour's hearty laughter. Howard's Spectacle introduces a number of trained Shetland ponies and terriers who accomplish remarkable feats. Meredith and Snoozer contribute one of the most novel acts in vaudeville. Snoozer is a fine bull dog possessed of accomplishments almost human. He apparently understands every word Meredith, his master, addresses him, for he

answers the question put to him and obeys with alacrity the commands given him.

The Musical Hunters, consisting of Mr. and Miss Hunter, are skilled musicians, who perform on the violin and bells, give a duct in brass and conclude with what they appropriately call "A Musical Hunting Trip Through the Forest". Hyams and McIntyre in their successful comedietta, "Maybloom," will be the only holdover.

Albert Spalding and Symphony

Albert Spalding, America's greatest violinist, will make his final appearance here this season as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, December 21st, in

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

Sixth Sunday Symphony Concert
CURRAN THEATER
Sunday Aft., Dec. 21, at 2:45 Sharp

Soloist—ALBERT SPALDING
Kallinikow.....Symphony No. 1, G Minor
Bruch.....Scotch Fantasia
(For Violin and Orchestra)
Wagner.....Overture, "The Flying Dutchman"
PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1 (NO WAR TAX)
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s; at theater from
10 A. M. on concert days only
NEXT—Tues. Aft., Dec. 30—Special Young People's
Concert

CURRAN

Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

Last Time Sat. Eve.—"7 Days' Leave"

Two Weeks, BEGINNING SUNDAY NIGHT, DEC. 21

A. H. Woods Presents

The Smashing New York Farce Success

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

Night Prices—50c to \$2.00

Mats. Sat., Xmas and New Years, 50c to \$1.50

WED. MATS., BEST SEATS \$1.00

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would
We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

THIS WEEK—"THE HOUSE OF GLASS"

Max Marcin's Tremendous Emotional Drama

XMAS WEEK—COM. SUN. MAT., DEC. 21

The Comedy of Youth, Love and Patriotism

"THE LITTLE TEACHER"

By the Author of "A Tailor Made Man"

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

SUN., DEC. 28—Happy New Year Week

The Uproariously Funny Farcical Comedy

"A FULL HOUSE"

By the Author of "A Tailor Made Man"

TWICE NEW YEAR'S EVE—7:30 and 9:45—Get Seats

Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats. Sun., Thurs., Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

Orpheum Safest and Most
Magnificent in
America
Phone Douglas 70
O'FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

A SPARKLING NEW BILL

FORD SISTERS present "The Frolic of 1920," with Their Own Orchestra; STUART BARNES, Singing Comedian; GRACE DE MAR, presenting "The Eternal Feminine"; BILLY FRAWLEY and EDNA LOUISE in "Seven A. M."; JANE BARBER and JEROME JACKSON, Just Mirth and Melody; HOWARD'S SPECTACLE; MEREDITH and SNOOZER, the Intellectual Bulldog; MUSICAL HUNTERS, presenting "The Huntsman's Dream"; HYAMS and MCINTYRE in a Model Playlet, "Maybloom".

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

the Curran Theater, Alfred Hertz conducting. This will be the regular "repeat" concert of the sixth pair of symphonies and Spalding will play Bruch's Scotch Fantasia with the orchestra, which displayed his art so wonderfully on Friday.

The remaining numbers, for orchestra alone, will be that very melodious and charming work, Kallinikow's First Symphony in G Minor, and Wagner's gigantic overture to "The Flying Dutchman".

Albert Spalding has won his right to be termed America's greatest violinist. His career is a fine example of legitimate success, and his return to the concert platform, after having served two years "over there," has been acclaimed by music-lovers wherever he has appeared.

H. T. Parker, the distinguished critic of the Boston "Transcript," recently said of Spalding: "Now indisputably the foremost of American violinists in range and technique, quality of tone, large understanding and quick feeling of the music and just and moving power in the revelation of it. His tone is rich and flowing, warm and transmitting, sensitive always to the unexaggerated and undistorted voice of the violin and to the contours and contents of the music it is uttering."

Children's Symphony Concert

Because of the many holiday activities, there will be no concerts during Christmas week. The seventh pair of symphonies is calendared for Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 2nd and 4th.

A special concert, the program of which has been contrived by Alfred Hertz to appeal to young people, will be played by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday afternoon, December 30th, in the Curran Theater. Prices will be popular, and tickets are already selling at a lively rate at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Following is the delightful program to be given:

Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Allegretto from "Military" Symphony, Haydn; Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Harp Solo, "At the Fountain," Zazel (Kajetan Attl); Minuet, Boccherini; Intermezzo from "Carmen," Bizet; "Kikimora," Liadow.

Up in Mabel's Room

"A frivolous farce of feminine foibles," best describes "Up in Mabel's Room," the famous New York farce, which A. H. Woods will present at the Curran Theater for two weeks beginning Sunday, December 21st. Special holiday matinees Christmas and New Year's Day are announced, direct from a year's run in New York and Boston. "Up in Mabel's Room" was one of the conspicuous metropolitan successes of last season, and is said to be one of the funniest and most original farces in recent years. It is, briefly, the story of how a young man's indiscretion came back to plague him in the very

first days of his honeymoon. The evidence in the case was nothing less than a pink chemise, inscribed with the donor's name and in the possession of the fascinating but mischievous widow to whom it was given. All the action transpires in a country home on Long Island, where the unfortunate hero and his bride are spending their honeymoon. The climax occurs in Mabel's bedroom and is said to be as daring and novel as it is exciting and amusing. The play has been beautifully mounted and elaborately gowned. A notable company will be seen, including Julie Ring, Carwe Carvel, Dorothy Fox Slaytor, Dorothy Blackburn, Jeanette Bageard, Sager Midgley, Nicholas Judels, James Norval, Fred-eric Clayton and Joseph A. Bingham.

Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 11.)

Mrs. Harold Law and Mrs. Samuel Hopkins are in New York.

The Bohemian Club Christmas dinner on December 22nd will as usual be the old English annual celebration.

A brilliant wedding of last week was that of Miss Elynore Mann and James Heynemann in Alameda at the handsome home of Mrs. E. K. Taylor.

Social Notes From Hotel Cecil

Mrs. Donaldson Clark and Mrs. E. J. Trowbridge arrived this week from New York and are visiting their mother, Mrs. Lynd Harrison. Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Cook of Portland gave a dinner Thursday. Concluding a delightful visit at the Cecil, General and Mrs. Alshire and Miss Alshire left Tuesday for Honolulu. Miss B. Hovey and Miss S. J. James of Cambridge are enjoying their visit. Colonel and Mrs. John Kelly, who have been sojourning for the past six weeks at the Cecil, will occupy an attractive home at the Presidio after the first of the year. Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stanton were dinner hosts Monday evening. Mrs. H. H. Hubbard of Chicago will remain over the winter. Mrs. M. C. Washburn will not return to her home in Randolph, Vt., until March.

A Tribute to Mrs. W. G. Irwin

The San Francisco Musical Association honors the late Mrs. Irwin by a memorial upon its program this week. It records "with profound regret the death of Mrs. William G. Irwin, a member of the Board of Governors and one of the original founders of the Association," and makes grateful acknowledgment of her generosity in making the first contribution to the Permanent Endowment Fund for the maintenance of the orchestra. Mrs. Irwin was a cultured woman and a student. The pleasures which she herself found in intellectual pursuits she was glad to give others the means to enjoy. Mrs. Irwin's charities also were numerous. She and her only surviving child, Mrs. Templeton Crocker, were devoted companions and the latter will without doubt continue the charitable works of her mother. Mrs. Irwin was the good angel of Honolulu, which she loved, and many are the stories told of how she went out of her way to make life pleasant for some homesick store worker, or found employment in a more congenial climate for some young man whose frail wife could not endure the heat of the island city. Mrs. Irwin was Mrs. Holliday, a young widow, when she married William G. Irwin. Her son by her first marriage died when Helene (Mrs. Crocker) was a child. Mrs. Irwin

and her sister, the late Mrs. Robinson (Aileen Ivers) were, as young girls, the most beautiful members of San Francisco society. Their brother, Richard, died some years ago and their aged mother survives them all.

Colombo Ice Rink

This city is to have an ice dancing rink of the most modern and elaborate type. Plans and estimates for the modern ice rink were accepted this week by S. A. Firpo, who has decided to add it as a unit to his wonderfully popular Cafe Colombo. Work will begin January 6th. In many respects, particularly as to size, it will be a duplicate of the Palais du Glace ni Paris and the Rina Napoli Skatro of Naples, where are to be found the most graceful and artistic dancers upon the steel blade in all Europe. The rink will be known as the Colombo Palais du Glace and will be utilized exclusively for dancing and fancy skating.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

A. W. BEST **ALICE BEST**
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 3
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
28 MONTGOMERY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE
DEALERS

937 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
Phone Douglas 4113 Send for Catalogue

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

BOOKS—New and Old

Over 200,000 volumes in stock. Send us your list of "wants." Catalogue on request. Books bought.

THE HOLMES BOOK CO.

152 Kearny St. 707 Market St. 22 Third St.
Douglas 3283 San Francisco, Cal. Douglas 2294

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment amongst the rank and file of the trade was just about as bearish the past week as it was bullish a month ago and liquidation was quite general with the professional element taking the short side of the market. Perhaps the most important factor in the market was the absence of any prospect that could be considered distinctly bullish.

The advance in call money did not take the trade by surprise, as it was fully expected, considering the bank statement of last Saturday. There was, however, a decided revival of uneasiness with respect to the money situation. It was felt that there was no immediate prospect of a rise in the market without coming in contact with opposition from the Federal Reserve Bank. This feeling naturally affected the enthusiasm of the bulls, depriving them of all incentive to resist. Concrete evidence that the money situation was serious was not lacking.

Renewal of time loans, even at higher figures, were in some cases either refused or cut in two. This indicated that the banks either did not expect a long period of easy money or were actively opposed to the market. In either case the development suggested caution, and resulted in liquidation. These signs have been prominently displayed in the commercial money markets for some time, but the stock market ignored them.

It does not look at the moment as if the market will go far either way from present level. The strong bulls have repeatedly held on at lower levels much below the present level, and, as most traders do not believe that the new bull interest built up during the recent advance is extensive, there is little apprehension of a reaction. The market has a certain following that will persist in coming in every time stocks show strength, which always forces a reaction when things turn dull.

The feeling that the market is unlikely to experience an important setback is not founded on an absence of bearish prospects. It is founded on the strength displayed by the longs in the recent break. Bearish factors are plentiful.

The persistent decline in the foreign exchange rate, which has been making new lows almost daily, merely reflects what is happening to foreign trade of the country. Bankers do not expect any improvement in the situation until the country awakens to the importance of lending money. If this condition continues for any length of time, it will mean that the foreign buyer will be practically out of the market and the result would mean an increase of products available for consumption in this country. There would probably be an overproduction, which would bring about declines in selling prices and in time would mean a glut of goods that are now relatively scarce. Unless wage costs to

manufacture declined with finished goods, which seems unlikely, the point would be reached where manufactured products could only be sold at a loss. It would be nothing more than natural for the manufacturer to curtail his output or shut down completely. In either event it would mean a reduction in dividends and hard times. The trade has been doing considerable thinking along these lines and are now far from optimistic. However, a feeling of pessimism is always uppermost in the minds of the speculator after a long decline and all favorable features are lost sight of.

If we could get the Peace Treaty out of the way and money conditions become more favorable, as they usually do after the first of the year, perhaps the speculative element could see general conditions from a more favorable point of view.

Cotton—The cotton market had too many bearish factors to contend with the past week and, as a result, prices show considerable decline as compared with the previous week. The principal bearish factor was the government figures, which estimated the total crop slightly above eleven million bales. Private statisticians had all estimated the crop around ten and a half million bales and, when the government figures were announced, those that were looking for a lower estimate became discouraged and sold their cotton.

Another factor that helped the decline was the demoralized condition of the exchange market, as well as the higher call money rates and the weakness in the stock market.

The violent break in the foreign exchange market played heavily against the market, as this accentuated the extremely weak position of the foreign countries as far as their purchasing power in the cotton market was concerned. Apparently the foreign exchange market is receiving no support.

Trade demand was rather light, while the volume of demand from Liverpool also eased off and the market received little support until prices had broken nearly 100 points.

With foreign exchange holding around levels that prohibited foreign buyers from covering their requirements on any sort of an equal basis, with action on the treaty held up everywhere, which means that no immediate relief is in sight, bears have plenty of ammunition to use against the market and the strong fundamental conditions in cotton are forgotten for the time being.

Were all outside conditions eliminated from the market and only the actual cotton conditions allowed to sway the action of the market, there seems little doubt what course prices would follow, for Europe is sorely in need of supplies, although it is true she cannot fill this

need when it is necessary to pay premiums averaging from twenty per cent to several hundred per cent above the market because of the abnormal exchange conditions. However, it is to be hoped that we have seen the worst in the exchange market and, no doubt, something will be done to adjust it—in which case cotton will look very cheap bought at present prices.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNEY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourney I. N. Walter R. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 20794; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ELLEN CLARK, an incompetent.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition on file herein of WILLIAM A. KELLY, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Ellen Clark, an incompetent, that it is necessary and beneficial to the interest of said incompetent, said Ellen Clark, that the interest of said incompetent in that certain real property in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth Street distant thereon 100 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth Street with the easterly line of Eureka Street; thence easterly along said line of Eighteenth Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 75 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 75 feet to the point of commencement,

should be sold, and that it is likewise expedient to sell said interest of said incompetent in said real property;

It is ORDERED: That the next of kin of said Ellen Clark, said incompetent, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an Order of said Court should not be granted for the sale, at private sale, of said incompetent's interest in the aforesaid described real property. The interest of said incompetent in said real property is the ownership of the whole thereof.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of December, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco

12-20-4

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased. No. 28266, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. Hansen, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased. No. 28249, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Aknes Nemecek, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased. No. 28267, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Edward J. Helmar, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased. No. 28251, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Anthony F. Barry, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased. No. 28265, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Emil C. Briese, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

Mr. Chump—Yes, I need only to talk to a lady fifteen minutes and I know just what she thinks of me. Miss Blunt—But you must find it very unpleasant!

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of PERFECTA CRANE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the Will of Perfecta Crane, deceased, and for the issuance to Salvador A. Pacheco of letters Testamentary on the estate of said deceased has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 23rd day of December, A. D. 1919, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated November 26th, 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
(Endorsed.) Filed, November 26, 1919. H. I. Mulcrevy, Clerk. By E. B. Gilson, Deputy Clerk.

JOS. K. HAWKINS,
Attorney for Petitioner,
Chela Building, 591 Fourth St.,
San Rafael, Marin County, Cal. 12-6-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA HELD, Deceased—No. 27420, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his office, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Held, deceased.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of
Anna Held, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney at Law
505 Phelan Building,
San Francisco 12-6-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 101198, Dept. No. 10.

IDA NUGENT CRAFTON, Plaintiff, vs. DAN H. CRAFTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of the said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAN H. CRAFTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 10th day of October, A. D. 1919.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

GILF & MANOR,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased. No. 28250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Early, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATSU SUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased. No. 28248, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MATSU SUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATSU SUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Matsusuke Yoshioka, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU. No. 28242, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Constantin I. Mehedinteanu, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased. No. 28247, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE HOFFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,
Administrator of the estate of
Annie Hoffer, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HANSON et al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY et al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. Murray, sole Referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917, by an interlocutory decree of partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said Referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 6th day of January, A. D. 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above entitled action, in and to all of the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Howard street, distant thereon Eighty (80) feet Northeastly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard street with the Northeastly line of Third street, thence running Northeastly along said line of Howard street Twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwestly Fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwestly Twenty (20) feet; and thence at right angles Southeastly Fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33).

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, at No. 20 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.
C. G. MURRAY,
Sole Referee in the above entitled action, No. 20
Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.

F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1010 1011 Union Savings Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California. 12-6-4

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

Regal Typewriter Papers

Specially made for the purpose. Various weights, sizes and colors. Give clean carbon copies. Stand erasing. Packed 500 in a box; come plain or ruled.

**The Preference of
Stenographers and Typists**

Sold by practically all Stationers

Telephone—Douglas 351

John Kitchen Jr. Co.

::: Printing :::
Bookbinding
Paper Ruling
Lithographing

Loose Leaf Ledgers Leather Novelties

**67 FIRST STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**



When I
asked the
grown-ups to judge
for themselves what
Xmas present they wanted
—they all chose

20¢

MURAD
THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY
ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXV. No. 1437

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 27, 1919

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE

Shameless Milwaukee

The Stage and Finance

The Phelan Amendment

Luisa Tetrazzini At Home

Unionism and Public Service

Admiral Jellicoe, the Next Hero

Emma Goldman and Her Companions

Clemenceau to "Retire" to Presidency

Raphael Weill's Gift to San Francisco

"The Cheek Charmer" and Informal Dress

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Daughter of the Regiment

New York Raves About Frank McGlynn, San Franciscan

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXV

San Francisco-Oakland, December 27, 1919

No. 1437

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet,Editor

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco. The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The David Harum Standard of Statesmanship

The United States will not let Senator Knox make its New Year's resolution for it. Not if the resolution the Pennsylvania senator introduced in the senate on last Saturday is a sample of his resolve.

Perhaps no more discreditable and meaner document was ever introduced in the United States senate than the Knox resolution to declare a state of peace exists.

Senator Hitchcock, the leader in the fight for the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations, called Knox' proposal "preposterous". That is the mildest epithet that can be applied.

What the Knox resolution says is this: The United States will agree that the war is over and peace exists if it can repudiate all the parts of the treaty at Versailles that might impose an obligation on the United States and insist on all the tenets of the treaty which can be of advantage to the United States.

If that is what Knox and his followers call Americanism, their idea of Americanism was learned from some Yankee horse trader. David Harum is the Knox idea of an American.

Knox would place the United States in the position of an unscrupulous woman who marries a man for his wealth, commits an act that necessitates divorce and then demands alimony.

Peace with Germany should come, but the United States can not afford a contemptible peace that gives us advantages without obligations. The senate is entitled to have a voice in the settlement of peace, but it is not licensed to bring shame to America.

* * *

Unionism and Public Service

Two departments of the city government are loyal to their city. The Fire Commissioners and the Board of Education have ruled that members of their departments can not have dual alliance and must choose between

affiliation with the American Federation of Labor and service in the city government.

It was thought that the unsparing and rigorous justice which was meted out to the Boston policemen who turned their city open to gamblers and thieves, thugs and murderers, to rape and arson, would be a lesson to public employes throughout the United States.

Other police officers have seen the light and police unions are practically non-existent. But firemen and school teachers have failed to find an analogy.

Firemen are not selected for their work on tests in logic, so there may be some excuse for them when they fail to see that their position in regard to unionism is identical ("if not more so") with the relation of policemen to unionism.

But school teachers are believed to be persons with trained minds. Yet a few of the teachers of San Francisco have planned to organize a union and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

Promptly and emphatically the Board of Education has stopped the plot against the school, just as the Board of Fire Commissioners stopped the plot against the security of the city from fire.

Arguments against public servants affiliating with an independent and minority organization like the American Federation of Labor are so overwhelming in their force that it is gratuitous to give them.

But the fallacy which moves these public servants to seek salvation in the A. F. of L. is less generally understood. That fallacy is predicated on the belief that the American Federation of Labor is a representative American body. It is not. It is a powerful and pretentious minority, highly efficient, often shrewdly direct and essentially formidable in politics. It is a necessary organization for workingmen in many of their public relations. But it does not represent even a majority of workingmen. It is not representative of even a small fraction of the American people, though many of its ideals for better working conditions and fair treatment for workers are adopted and approved by the majority of the people.

But when the teachers or firemen or policemen affiliate with such an organization they are deserting the majority of the people, they are deserting the state, for an organization which in time of stress may prove inimical to public interest.

* * *

Sinn Fein Stupidity and Crime

The stage was set for another Phoenix Park outrage in Ireland. However it happened,

the bombs and the bullets intended for Viscount French, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, missed their mark. The Irish viscount escaped from the dastardly attempt at assassination in his native land. Sinn Fein struck a blow—missed, and by missing may have saved itself, temporarily at least, from disaster.

How much Ireland lost by the Phoenix Park crimes of two score years ago can not be calculated, but perhaps it was nothing short of home rule. The combination of that assassination and the Parnell scandal vitiated Gladstone's opportunity. Of course, the British dismay over Parnell's sin with the charming Kitty was largely hypocritical. The lady herself in her daring biography of her famous lover, condemns Gladstone, too, for hypocrisy in deserting the Irish champion after the facts of his intrigue were made known, though she contends that the virtuous Anglican knew of the liason previous to its exposure. Parnell's sin, like that of most men, as Mrs. O'Shea must have known, consisted in being found out.

But that sequence of events—the murder of the British officials by Irishmen in Dublin and the exposure of the home rule leader's illicit romance—was a calamity to the cause of home rule. And had the Sinn Fein outlaws of today killed the lord lieutenant, fresh disaster would have come.

Perhaps now the attempted assassination will serve as the excuse imperial Britain has awaited to crush the revolution.

The Irish republic is the most daring political adventure of modern times. History will agree that the frightfulness upon which Germany relied to gain the world was the chief instrument of Germany's destruction.

Having learned nothing from the fate of its presumptive and now fallen ally, the Sinn Fein have adopted a plan of frightfulness in Ireland—and will find the reaction is as quick and as certain.

Professor de Valera, with his studious and amiable face, may have taught mathematics successfully in an Irish college, but he is ignorant of the mathematics of history. Violence can not win against numbers; the only strength of the weak lies in subtlety, not in force.

The bombs and bullets fortunately failed to kill a brave soldier and a loyal administrator, but they probably tore asunder the cause of Irish freedom. They would have shattered

to bits the Irish republic if the Irish republic was not merely a dream of the future.

As it is, the bombs and powder have turned the dream into a nightmare.

★ ★ ★

The Phelan Amendment

Senator Phelan's proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States to bar definitely the children of Mongolian parents—Japanese in point—from American citizenship, would be a convenient enactment, but its success in Washington is doubtful.

Japanese propaganda is canny. The southerners would be coaxed to insist that the amendment retract the one which gives the black brethren the vote he can only intermittently exercise. Susceptible eastern communities will protest against discrimination against such an "artistic" people as the Japanese.

Japan will seek to secure pacifist opposition by polite and honorable threats of war if such a measure should be engrafted on the Constitution.

The senator has a good idea, a very definite and suggestive proposition, but many picture brides will bear little yellowish babies in fertile California valleys before the Phelan amendment bars this frequent progeny from a right to buy its ancestral acres and crowd out a white baby from its heritage.

★ ★ ★

What Milwaukee Does

Shameless Milwaukee!

This fictitious American community has re-elected Victor Berger to the congress of the United States from which he was rightly expelled by an indignant and loyal house of representatives.

Victor Berger, convicted of disloyalty to the United States in obstructing the war; Victor Berger, a notorious example of the pacifist who wished all nations to avoid war save Germany, so that Germany might spread its kulture without the disagreeable hindrance of enemy rifles; Victor Berger, socialist opponent of Americanism, has been re-elected to

congress by a majority of more than 4,000 votes in an election in which 45,000 so-called Americans participated!

Wasn't it Ferris Hartman at the Tivoli, 25 years ago, who had a song about reading the sign on the store in Milwaukee "There's English spoken here"?

If that sign still exists it might be prudent for the shopkeeper to remove it, lest the redoubtable majority behind Berger arise and break the window as un-Milwaukan.

Fortunately the disloyalty that rules in Milwaukee does not control Washington. With all its shortcomings, the senate and house of representatives are jealous American traditions and however much they may permit their bodies to be besmirched by venial sins, the crime of disloyalty is punished by expulsion and Victor Berger will find the door barred to him again when he reaches Capitol Hill.

★ ★ ★

The Un-wisdom Teeth at Washington

There is a "scandal" at Mare Island Navy Yard. But in reality the scandal is in the Capitol at Washington. Mare Island is merely where the pain is felt. It is analogous to the predicament of a person with rheumatism in the ankle, discovering, through X-rays and other scientific advantages, that the ankle is structurally correct but a wisdom tooth is wrong. The wisdom teeth of the United States are in the Capitol at Washington—where congress sits—and they are affected and the pain breaks out three thousand miles away, at the other extremity of the body of the United States, at Mare Island in this case.

The Navy Yard scandal is, briefly, that civilian clerks—men and women—employed in the government plant were rated as mechanics and therefore received twice the pay they would have been entitled to were they properly rated.

Some persons may go to jail for all this dishonesty, if the charges are proved, because it will be shown that the United States

was defrauded out of a certain number of dollars a day. But unfortunately the analogy of the diseased wisdom tooth will not be followed to its logical conclusion in unmitigated act. The wisdom teeth at the Capitol at Washington, the senators and representatives, will not be extracted.

The trouble at Mare Island and in many a private industry is the inequality of pay between unorganized and organized labor. Organized labor enforces demands for wages which in comparison with other salary scales, are exorbitant.

A steel riveter may or may not be worth \$10 a day to industry. That may be an unsolvable economic question. But that he is worth three times as much to industry as a stenographer or bookkeeper is false beyond dispute.

Civilian clerks at Mare Island Navy Yard received half the pay that mechanics did—a palpable injustice. But the departments at Washington bowed to the demands of organized labor and neglected the interests of unorganized workers. To introduce equity into an anomalous situation, it is charged, the unpaid clerks were rated as mechanics and received the same wage they would have secured had they been organized and able to threaten the administration with a strike somewhere or to jeopardize a voting majority. The false rating was illegal, dishonest, a crime, but withal an act of rough justice, explicable, if not excusable.

Some will see in the condition that underlies the Mare Island scandal an argument in favor of organization for all workers. The thoughtful, however, will see in it the obvious fact that Washington was so subservient to the demands of labor, however extraordinary these demands may be, that it could not do simple justice to other persons.

Washington needs a new set of wisdom teeth, a set that will bite off the exorbitant demands of labor and leave enough nourishment for simple folk who do not call the mighty Samuel Gompers lord.

Oasis

By Rohamund Marriott Watson

Far spreads the desert before and the waste
behind us,
Grey and a-dust—but here the forest is green,
Here nor the irons of Eld nor of winter bind us,
Neither the grief of the known nor the unforeseen.

Faintly the south wind stirs, with the woods
awakening,
Softly the kind sun shines, like a golden flower.
Wake, O my heart, and remember . . . the buds
are breaking.
Rest, O my heart, and forget . . . 'tis the
magic hour!

Joy comes once more; once more through the
wet leaves swinging
Vistas of silver and blue in the birch-woods
gleam;
In the dusk of the cold spring dawn with a
blackbird singing—
Singing the Song of Songs by the Gates of
Dream.

Music

By Sir John Lubbock

"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form."—Plato.

Music is in one sense far more ancient than man, and the voice was from the very commencement of human existence a source of melody: but so far as musical instruments are concerned, it is probable that percussion came first, then wind instruments, and lastly, those with strings: first the drum, then the flute, and thirdly, the lyre. The early history of music is, however, unfortunately wrapped in much obscurity. The use of letters long preceded the invention of notes, and tradition in such a matter can tell us but little.

The contest between Marsyas and Apollo is supposed by some to typify the struggle between the flute and the lyre; Marsyas representing the archaic flute, Apollo the champion of the lyre. The latter of course was victorious: it sets the voice free, and the sound

"Of music that is born of human breath
Comes straighter to the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make."

Various myths have grown up to explain the origin of music. One Greek tradition was to the effect that grasshoppers were human beings themselves in a world before the Muses; that when the Muses came, being ravished with delight, they sang and sang and forgot to eat, until "they died of hunger for the love of song. And they carry to heaven the report of those who honor them on earth."

The old writers and commentators tell us that Pythagoras, "as he was one day meditating on the want of some rule to guide the ear, analogous to what had been used to help the other senses, chanced to pass by a blacksmith's shop, and observing that the hammers, which were four in number, sounded very harmoniously, he had them weighed, and found them to be in the proportion of six, eight, nine, and twelve. Upon this he suspended four strings of equal length and thickness, etc., fastened weights in the above-mentioned proportions to each of them respectively, and found that they gave the same sounds that the hammers had done; viz: the fourth, fifth, and octave to the gravest tone." However this may be, it would appear that the lyre had at first four strings only; Terpander is said to have given it three more, and an eighth was subsequently added.

We have, unfortunately, no specimens of Greek or Roman, or even early Christian music. The Chinese indicated the notes by words or their initials. The lowest was termed "Koung," or the emperor, as being the foundation on which all were supported; the second was Tschang, the prime minister; the third, the Subject; the fourth, Public Business; the fifth, the Mirror of Heaven. The Greeks also had a name for each note. The so-called Gregorian notes were not invented until six hundred years after Gregory's death. The Monastery of St. Gall possesses a copy of Gregory's Antiphony, (made about the year 780 by a chorister who was sent from Rome to Charlemagne to reform the northern music, and in this the notes are indicated by "pneumss," from which our notes were gradually developed, and first arranged along one line, to which others were gradually added. But I must not enlarge on this interesting subject.

In the matter of music Englishmen have certainly deserved well of the world. Even as long ago as 1185 Giraldus Cambrensis, Bishop of St. David's, says, "The Britons do not sing their tunes in unison like the inhabitants of other countries, but in different parts. So that when a company of singers meet to sing, as is usual in this country, as many different parts are heard as there are singers."

The most ancient known piece of music for several voices is an English four men's song, "Summer is a-coming in," which is considered to be at least as early as 1240, and is now in the British Museum.

The Venetian ambassador in the time of Henry VIII said of our English church music: "The mass was sung by his majesty's choristers, whose voices are more heavenly than human; they did not chant like men, but like angels."

Speaking of Purcell's anthem, "Be merciful to me, O God," Burney says it is "thoroughly admirable. Indeed, to my conception there is no better music existing of the kind than the opening of this anthem, in which the verse 'I will praise God' and the last movement in C natural are, in melody, harmony, and modulation, truly divine music."

Dr. Burney says that Purcell was "as much the pride of an Englishman in music as Shakespeare in production of the stage, Milton in epic poetry, Locke in metaphysics, or Sir Isaac Newton in philosophy and mathematics"; and yet Purcell's music is unfortunately but little known to us now, as Macfarren says, "to our great loss."

The authors of some of the loveliest music, and even in some cases that of comparatively recent times, are unknown to us. This is the case for instance with the exquisite song, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," the words of which were taken by Jonson from Philostratus, and which has been considered as the most beautiful of all "people's songs."

The music of "God Save the Queen" has been adopted in more than half a dozen other countries, and yet the authorship is a matter of doubt, being attributed by some to Dr. John Bull, by others to Carey. It was apparently first sung in a tavern in Cornhill.

Both the music and words of "O Death, rock me to sleep" as said to be by Anne Boleyn: "Stay, Corydon" and "Sweet Honey-sucking Bees" by Wildye, "the first of madrigal writers." "Rule Britannia" was composed by Arne, and originally formed part of his Masque of Alfred, first performed in 1740 at Cliefden, near Maidenhead. To Arne we are also indebted for the music of "Where the Bee sucks, there lurk I." "The Vicar of Bray" is set to a tune originally known as "A Country Garden." "Come unto these yellow sands" we owe to Purcell; "Sigh no more, Ladies" to Stevens; "Home, Sweet Home" to Bishop.

There is a curious melancholy in national music, which is generally in the minor key; indeed this holds good with the music of savage races, generally. They appear, moreover, to have no love songs.

Herodotus tells us that during the whole time he was in Egypt he only heard one song, and that was a sad one. My own experience there was the same. Some tendency to melancholy seems indeed inherent in music, and Jessica is not alone in the feeling

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

The epitaphs on musicians have been in some cases very well expressed. Such, for instance, is the following:

"Philips, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power and hapless love,
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
Sleep, undisturbed, within this peaceful shrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine!"

Still more so that on Purcell, whose premature death was so irreparable a loss to English music—

"Here lies Henry Purcell, who left this life, and is gone to that blessed place, where only his harmony can be exceeded."

The histories of music contain many curious anecdotes as to the circumstances under which different works have been composed.

Rossini tells us that he wrote the overture to the "Gazza Ladra" on the very day of the first performance, in the upper loft of the La Scala, where he had been confined by the manager under the guard of four scene-shifters, who threw the text out of the window to copyists bit by bit as it was composed. Tartini is said to have composed "Il trillo del Diavolo," considered to be his best work, in a dream. Rossini, speaking of the chorus in G minor in his "Dal tuo stellato soglio," tells us: "While I was writing the chorus in G minor I suddenly dipped my pen into a medicine bottle instead of the ink. I made a blot, and when I dried this with the sand it took the form of a natural, which instantly gave me the idea of the effect the change from G minor to G major would make, and to this blot is all the effect, if any, due." But these of course are exceptional cases.

There are other forms of music, which, though not strictly entitled to the name, are yet capable of giving intense pleasure. To the sportsman what music can excel that of the hounds themselves? The cawing of rooks has been often quoted as a sound which has no actual beauty of its own, and yet which is delightful from its associations.

There is, however, a true music of nature—the song of birds, the whisper of leaves, the ripple of waters upon a sandy shore, the wail of wind or sea.

There was also an ancient impression that the heavenly bodies gave out music as well as light: the music of the spheres is proverbial.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it."

Music indeed often seems as if it scarcely belonged to this material universe, but was

"A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling are one."

There is music in speech as well as in song. Not merely in the voice of those we love, and the charm of association, but in actual melody; as Milton says,

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear"

(Continued on Page 13)

The Spectator

Frank McGlynn's Triumph

Another Californian has become famous over night in New York,—Frank McGlynn of San Francisco, who became an actor over twenty years ago, meeting then with moderate success. Now, on December 15th, cheers from New York first nighters (almost unheard of these days of the blasé) and upon the following morning the most captious newspaper critics "let themselves go" in praise of his conception of the role, his technique, his diction. He played Abraham Lincoln in Drinkwater's play of that name under the management of William Harris, Jr., the newest meteoric manager. All the critics concede to McGlynn the lion's share of the undoubted success of the play. One paper said that he stands head and shoulders above all the fifty fine actors in the cast—that magazines and books will soon be full of the mystery of where Mr. McGlynn came from and that his interpretation will be a matter of such general discussion that it could not be attempted in an early review. In Washington where it had a two night's appearance, Uncle Joe Cannon said of it: "The Abraham Lincoln whom I saw at the theater was as vivid and true a portrait of the man I knew at the zenith of his career as could be painted fifty-five years after his passing." The next day Uncle Joe talked for more than two hours of the truthful McGlynn portrayal. Attorney-General Palmer said: "A wonderful play, splendidly acted. The most impressive thing I have seen in a theater. The impersonation of Lincoln is amazing, the portrayal loyal."

Allan Dale deals in superlatives in describing McGlynn's performance. For instance: "Frank McGlynn played Lincoln in a masterful manner. He was so delightfully quiet, so removed from all struggle for stage effect, and so certain of himself. His diction was almost perfect and his authority quite wonderful." The "Sun" lauded him for betraying a sense of the poetry and nobility of Lincoln's character. The "Washington Times" in describing McGlynn said: "Frank McGlynn met extraordinary artistic responsibilities with facility of expression fortified by intellectuality and personal magnetism." The N. Y. "Times": "What of the actor to whom is entrusted the title role? What of this almost unknown Frank McGlynn who has been bold enough to come before an American audience in the guise of one so familiar and dear to the American people? McGlynn's embodiment is unexpectedly fine and convincing—far beyond our fondest hopes; something of the benignity, the glory, of Lincoln, are in this authentic and impressive performance. The spell of all his scenes is a potent spell and he makes possible that which the play tries to achieve. He brings you wondering into the presence of Lincoln." One critic after the other is more and more laudatory of his truly inspired delineation.

San Francisco Home

McGlynn, immediately after the New York performance telephoned to his sister, Mrs. George Knox, in San Francisco, as did some other friends in New York who saw the performance. The next day a shower of telegrams arrived from other admirers, all describing McGlynn's triumphs. This will be welcome news to a large coterie of San Francisco friends, for his grandfather, Francis Buckley, was a prominent pioneer and his father (Frank McGlynn, Sr.) is a well known and wealthy

resident. The latter's brother was the late Dr. McGlynn, famous New York divine.

His Career

Frank McGlynn made his first stage appearance in "Under the Red Robe," with Frohman in New York; William Farnum and Mary Hampton being in the cast. Then came an engagement with Henry Miller. McGlynn played twice in San Francisco—during the run of Grant Carpenter's "The Poster," at the Tivoli, and later with Henry Miller in "The Only Way," at the Columbia. Mr. McGlynn was one of the first actors to go into the movie game, where he was an actor, scenario writer and director for Pathé. Just before the war he made a world tour directing the pictures of "The Red Sox" and then returned to America. He has had summer stock companies of his own in Rochester, N. Y. He married Miss Rose Sheridan, an actress, and has six beautiful children, the eldest of whom is eighteen.

The London Production

The play has been running in London for over a year in "Hammersmith," a suburb. Arnold Bennett wrote of it there: "Monarchs, princes and archbishops have seen it, and statesmen without number. Nobody can dine out in London today and admit without a blush that he has not seen 'Abraham Lincoln.'" Yet the British public so little understand the character of Lincoln whom they worship that they accept the leading actor, an Irishman, who played it with a brogue.

"The Playgoer" in the N. Y. "Sun," says: "When Mr. McGlynn stops being Lincoln, let him be content to retire from the stage, for he cannot hope to be more successful in any other part. His Lincoln is a masterpiece. Such an act as his is rare in a theater." "Californians," the world calls us? Haven't we the right when one of our natives electrifies the stage world, as McGlynn has done?

Yet only two years ago this actor who has made the great metropolis recognize him as an artist of high rank returned to California and took up a farmer's life in Sonoma county, with the idea of abandoning the stage, but the lure was too strong. He rehearsed an important part in "Double Harness" and was to play it, but the manager was unable to obtain a New York theater. The "Lincoln" play, with time at the Cort Theater, came along at the psychological moment; as a consequence, Frank McGlynn's address will be, as one who saw his creation telegraphed to his home town friends, "New York, for years and years".

Pershing for President

General Pershing, who is en route to his old home in San Francisco, launched his presidential boom in Chicago, noiselessly but in a business-like way. He would say nothing about his candidacy, but a "Pershing for President" office was opened there on Saturday.

I asked a young veteran of the 33d Infantry if the soldiers would take to Pershing as a candidate.

"From what I heard in France," he replied, "no soldier will vote for any officer for President." But that is only one opinion. All the American wars have had soldier presidents as sequels.

Admiral Jellicoe the Next Hero

San Francisco has not had many of the high dignitaries of the war so far—King Albert, Lieutenant General Hunter Liggett and Admiral Rodman, being the chief notables that have visited us—but in January we are to have two other very notables—Admiral Viscount John Rushworth Jellicoe and General John Pershing, the top of the heaps in their respective British and American arms of the service. Jellicoe comes first, a New Year Day present to the city. He will arrive as a naval hero should, on the deck of his flagship, the New Zealand. As director of naval operations of the British navy, Viscount Jellicoe is making a tour of the world and the British possessions thereof, and pays America the courtesy of an official visit, with San Francisco as his port of entry.

Admiral Jellicoe is both the biggest and the smallest man in the British navy, just as General Phil Sheridan was at one time the biggest and the smallest man in the United States army.

Physically he is as tall as a midshipmite. Historically he was commander of the British fleet that won the battle of Jutland on May 31, 1916. This was the battle that drove the German high fleet from the surface of the sea.

Jellicoe was then admiral in command of the British north seas fleet. Admiral Beatty had command of the battle cruiser division and first engaged the enemy. Jellicoe came up and completed the work.

Jellicoe's Part at Jutland

There has been much comment on Jellicoe's part in the Jutland battle. It is recorded that during the fight Admiral Beatty sent a message to Jellicoe urging him to come on and annihilate the Germans. Had Jellicoe done that, and had the Germans been annihilated, it is said that the British fleet could have entered the Baltic, seized

**Crocker Safe
Deposit Vaults**
CROCKER BUILDING

Under
Management
JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

the German naval bases from behind and thus have ended all German sea activity, preventing the cowardly submarine warfare.

But Jellicoe in his book said that he considered the risk to his ships too great to turn on the Germans in the murky weather that hung off Jutland on the night of the battle.

So while he succeeded in driving the Germans from the sea and putting the fear of God in their hearts, he did not annihilate them, and three fateful and fearful years of submarine atrocities followed.

German propagandists still ask "Who won the battle of Jutland?"

Americans and British do not have to ask—the British won. The Germans claim they inflicted greater damage than the British did. They might have in a mere matter of tonnage and men—but what of that? Jellicoe's fleet stayed in the North Sea and the German ships stayed off the North and every other sea. So Jellicoe comes as a real war hero.

Profiteering With a Vengeance

This story, my informant says, concerns John Atwood, the United States attorney who has rubbed Governor Stephens the wrong way on the H. C. L. business, and who is to go it alone, without the aid of the governor, in trying to accomplish the impossible task of reducing the high cost to something less.

Anyway, Atwood is said to have told this yarn, speaking at the postoffice building the other day on profiteers.

"One trouble with the profiteer," he said, "is that he never lets a little thing like mathematics interfere with his profiteering. When I was in Chicago I attended a meeting of retail grocers who were telling me how they were becoming bankrupt.

"What do you mean, bankrupt?" I asked one of the men as he was stepping into his super-twelve limousine.

"Why," he said, "it costs me 237 per cent more to do business now than it used to and I can only sell stuff for 178 per cent more. I pay my help 78 per cent more wages; my delivery system costs me 96 per cent more than it did and my overhead is 63 per cent more—and that's 237 per cent."

"And he couldn't be made to see," continued Atwood, "that his actual increase in cost was only 74 per cent, while he was selling his goods at an increase of 178 per cent, making an 104, or rather a 204 per cent, profit on his commodities. It's a great life for the profiteer."

New Year's Swear Off

There is one aspect of this prohibition enactment that I greet with enthusiasm—the effect it will have on the fatuous New Year resolution—the annual "swear off".

Now there will be nothing to swear off from—that is, in theory there won't be.

That men of seeming intelligence and character would assign to New Year's Day any virtue of constancy—that they should think that a vow registered on that day could be more binding than an oath taken on any other day, was always a subject for mirth.

The amount of mental energy wasted on New Year's Day in "swearing off" was only equaled by the amount of alcohol consumed a week later in breaking the vow.

Good riddance to the New Year "swear-off"!

Clouding the Closed Shop Issue

The "Journal of Commerce" is attracting attention in the business world in its course of procedure advocating the open shop as a factor in the right of the laborer to earn his living by

his own standards of liberty. On Monday, an illuminating letter was published in the "Journal's" columns from J. R. Miller, president of the California Manufacturers' Association. He avows a respect for the fundamental principles of unionism and for beneficent results for which they are responsible in correcting evils, but opposes the theory that one man who belongs to a union has the right to force another man to join if he does not wish to do so.

Mr. Miller declares that the A. F. of L. leaders have, in the main, held that if unions make contracts they must keep them; and in spite of great pressure from the men, they have often used all their influence to keep the local unions in line and make them live up to their agreements. "The difficulty," says Mr. Miller, "is that the power of the leaders is limited, their tenure of office insecure, and that the men won't stay 'hitched'. A union is not responsible as a corporation is, and if it breaks an agreement, it is extremely difficult to recover judgment. If the unions were responsible at law, if they had not always fought all legislation calculated to make them responsible, their claims would carry more conviction." He defines the ideal open shop as one where the men in it who belong to a union do so, not as a condition of employment, but because they believe membership a benefit. The real question at issue, Mr. Miller states, is not whether employers object to employing union men but whether these employers insist upon their personal right to run a closed or an open shop.

"Cheek Charming" and Informal Clothes

A well known man about town, who has just returned from New York, in whose smart set he is very prominent, writes us:

"I was very glad to see the article "Evening Clothes" last week in Town Talk. Many of the older men were greatly shocked at the opening ball of the season, something I will guarantee they never saw before or ever expected to see and which is not heard of in any other large city. Evening clothes seem to be tabu altogether by the new men; also pumps, and last but not least, gloves. In a conversation with a prominent dancing teacher several weeks ago, he said: 'Dancing has undergone quite a few changes, that you no longer guide from the right shoulder, the position of the hand under the shoulder blade and the lady looking over the right shoulder and standing perpendicularly to one another, but that now you place the hand on the lady's side—as ladies objected to the very often cold and moist hands of the "jeunesse dorée". No gloves on the men's hands was quite surprising, considering the new fashion in women's dress. Now the popular position is well in front, called 'cheek charming,' where they turn the head from side to side—this is for effect but not a natural dancing position and not very agreeable if the lady happens to dance with a man puffing like a steam engine or just having had a small libation. The shimie was also very popular with some people, which reminds me—there was a very well known lady from the east who has spent several seasons down the peninsula and who is a beautiful dancer. She asked a popular society man who was also a noted dancer, how he liked the shimie. He said that he had never seen it. She then said: 'They say I dance it to perfection. I will dance it for you.' After she had finished, she said, 'You don't seem to like it. Do you think it would go better on the stage?' He said, 'No, I think it would be better in the boudoir'.

When dancing at the first ball of the season, I asked a lady for a fox trot; when we started

we could not get on, so we stopped. She said, 'You ought to take dancing lessons, you try to take steps; we don't take steps now, we just shove along.' I asked her if she waltzed; she said, 'The jazz for me!' She could not see how anyone could have danced anything so tame."

Emma Goldman and Her Companions

It is with rather malicious amusement that I note that Emma Goldman was deported with her friend and companion Alexander Berkman. When it was definitely decided that Berkman would have to return to his beloved Russia, Emma dropped her legal fight for deportation, a fight involving a nice point of law, and said that she would sail too.

And it is recorded that Berkman wanted Emma to stay and fight it out. It is also reported that our former San Franciscan and friend of Tom Mooney, Miss Fitzgerald, saluted Berkman quite rapturously on the pier when he was last sent to Ellis Island to await sailing orders. Emma frowned. But she, not Miss Fitzgerald, sailed.

But all said and done, Miss Goldman is a clever woman and a skillful sophist. I heard her speak here last about ten years ago, in a hall crowded with the shrewdest detectives in the city, trying to catch some word of hers that would incriminate her on a charge of sedition, but while the woman said the most disrespectful things about police and military authority and about the United States, her phrases were so wrapped in the prophylactic of sarcasm that not a sentence could be plucked out and called treasonable.

It was a remarkably subtle talk she gave—fallacious and vicious, of course, but canny. By the way, on that trip she had another "company in anarchy," a Doctor Richman, a handsome fellow. Berkman, I believe, was still in jail for shooting Frick.

In those days the laws about sedition were vague. Now there are a number of quiet formidable laws to interrupt the Goldmans and

KING COAL

HIGH IN HEAT UNITS;
LOW IN ASH.

FOR SALE BY
ALL DEALERS
IN CALIFORNIA

King Coal Co.

MAIN OFFICE:
EXCHANGE BLOCK
SAN FRANCISCO

Wholesale Only

the Berkman and to put them were they belong—in soviet Russia.

And we can join in the old song:

"They have taken a trip in a government ship,
Ten thousand miles away."

The Bust of Victor Hugo

The following correspondence appears in L'Echo de L'Ouest. We reproduce it as it interests all our population as well as the French colony. M. Guillaume, who made a legion of friends here during the Exposition will be remembered as the architect of the French pavilion. His most recent San Francisco creation is the Louis XVI tea room in the White House. M. Guillaume returns to California soon to execute some designs for John D. Spreckles. "L'Echo" started a subscription before the war for the purpose of purchasing a bust of Hugo for San Francisco; but when war was declared, the funds already collected were sent to France to found a home for the aged to which Raphael Weill and his family had subscribed \$25,000. To carry out the original plan, Mr. Weill has purchased Rodin's last work, a bust of Hugo, which will arrive soon as a gift from Mr. Weill to San Francisco.

The letters from Paris:

Dear Mr. Weill:

I am forwarding to you the enclosed letter of Mr. Benedite's, to show you that immediately upon my arrival I attended to the matter you had enjoined upon me. After the fine crossing of nine days the S. S. "Savoie" arrived eight days since and on Monday I called upon Mr. Pol Leon, who was delighted to hear from you and told me to see Mr. Benedite, who receives at the Musee Rodin every Wednesday. I was not fortunate enough to see him but expect an early meeting to examine the designs of the bust and I shall cable you the price of the work. Traveling is still difficult and we have snow. When this letter reaches you, your tea room, which I should so much like to see, will be completed and I shall be delighted to receive photographs.

Yours, etc.,

GUILLAUME.

Musee Rodin, 77 rue de Varenne, Paris.

M. Guillaume:

Dear Sir and Friend—I regretted very much having missed you when you called. It would have made me so happy to see you and thank you for the card you sent. I hope it is only a deferred pleasure and that very shortly I shall be able to effect a meeting with you. My secretary told me what you said about Mr. Weill concerning the bust of V. H. I had not heard from him. The Victor Hugo I showed him is in our storeroom awaiting his instructions as to the best way of sending. As to the pedestal, there are several designs of Rodin's that I shall look up and hold for your approval. Remember me most cordially to Mr. R. W. and hoping to meet you soon; I am,

BENEDITE.

Clemenceau to Be President

Clemenceau, says the dispatches, is to resign as premier of France and "retire" to the presidency of the French republic.

To the American way of thinking, there is no retirement in a presidency, but rather a life of great activity. That is because the peculiar status of the French executive's office is not fully understood. We are apt to consider the position of president in the French republic like that of the president of the American Republic, and writers have even confused the office of premier with that of secretary of state in Amer-

ica, and have gone so far as to call an American secretary of state "premier".

There is no analogy in the two offices. In France and in England the premier occupies the position of the American President, or rather the American President combines the duties of premier with those of king or French president.

The president of France occupies very much the same position in France that the king does in England. He is (pardon, monsieur, should this sound disrespectful), a sort of governmental toastmaster, presiding in the name of France, at banquets and cornerstone layings, while the premier controls the policy of the government; the premier is the government, in the sense that the premier of England is the government, and the President of the United States is the government, or administration, as we call it.

Unlike our President, elected for a fixed term, the premiers of France and England only hold their jobs during "good behavior". While their administration pleases the majority of their people, as represented in their parliaments, the premiers hold office. When there is a change in public attitude the premier goes.

So Clemenceau, in becoming president of France, would retire from the hurly burly of politics to an honorable and dignified and calm position.

Ratification Amendment

The Sacramento "Bee" recently published a symposium by legal lights concerning the proposal that there should be a U. S. constitutional amendment providing that ratification in the future will be by direct vote of the people, giving them, by the same process, the right to initiate amendments to the constitution. Judge Matt I. Sullivan is quoted at length in favor of the proposition; the strongest paragraph of his article being: "Organized fanaticism or organized wealth may in the future coerce or corrupt a sufficient number of the legislatures of this country to ratify an amendment which, if submitted to the nation at large, would be overwhelmingly defeated."

Of particular interest this discussion is in its present bearing upon prohibition.

When a dozen states, through their legislatures, rushed into prohibition between January and June of 1918, those states had voted wet, their representatives in the legislature were wet men on wet tickets, put there by wet populations; yet, merely as a war measure, these wet senators voted dry when they were wet politically. This is a lesson to our people and hereafter they should not trust such matters affecting their personal customs to representatives elected for a short period of time.

New York, Virginia and Rhode Island

The reservations of these states when those commonwealths ratified the federal constitution teach us a further valuable lesson. For instance: Virginia declares and makes known that the powers granted under the constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression.

New York's reservation is that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness.

Rhode Island states that the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness.

Of course, our supreme court held that a reservation without the consent of the other states of the federation was of no importance and not binding.

A Mystery of the Fire

Here is a strange mystery. A man well known in San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles as late as 1906, disappears leaving a fortune appraised at \$120,876. His only known kith and kin, a brother and his family, are nowhere to be found, either. In the meantime E. A. Platt is at the Terminal Hotel in this city, from Troy, N. Y., with \$52,344 cold cash in hand and in quest of the missing heirs. He is

Direct Foreign Banking Service

Importers and Exporters employing the facilities of our Foreign Department incur none of the risks incident to inexperience or untried theory in the handling of their overseas transactions.

For many years we have provided *Direct Service* reaching all the important money and commercial centers of the civilized world.

The excellence of that service is evidenced by its preference and employment by representative concerns at the east and other banking centers throughout the United States.

RESOURCES OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS

The Anglo & London Paris National Bank
OF SAN FRANCISCO

a tax expert and must secure definite information before the estate can revert either to the commonwealth of New York or California. John Wessel Mahony came here with his brother, Francis John Mahony, from Troy, N. Y., in 1880. The former went by the name of John William Mahony. In teaming and excavation he aggregated a snug fortune, which greatly increased in size with the growth of the city. The two brothers quarreled and remained strangers to each other for years. In 1906 at Los Angeles, John William (Wessel) Mahony announced his intention of buying a hotel in the Mission district, and left for this city. Since that day nothing has been seen or heard of him. It is supposed he went down with the Valencia hotel in April, 1906. The great fire destroyed all records of the hotel register. But where are the brother and his children? The money and the titles to the lands await them. If Platt fails to find them the fortune reverts to the state. Platt is making a diligent search of the Masonic records of the state for Mahony, who was a prominent Mason. He lived in the old Exchange Hotel in Sansome street about 1888. He was quite a boxer, too, and at the Olympic Club in 1889 boxed with Jem Smith, the British pugilist on his visit here en route to Australia. Mahony is reported to have changed his name to Wilson in the early nineties to engage in the restaurant business. Any one having anything to suggest about Mahony and his mysterious disappearance is invited to communicate with Platt. The case promises to be one of the really great romances outcropping from the great fire of 1906.

Railroad for Alsace-Lorraine

By 1920, three double track lines will be con-

structed connecting Alsace-Lorraine with eastern France. These lines are meant to serve the important industrial sections of Alsace and Lorraine. With the same object in view, a new section of canal will be constructed to permit 300-ton ships to navigate along the entire length of the Rhone and the Rhine. The canal connecting the Marne with the Rhine and the Sarre basin will be electrified throughout so as to substitute electric towage for horse towage. Three canals are also to be constructed in the valleys of the Moselle and the Fruchtz to complete the connection of Metz and Thionville by water.

DEAR AT A DIME

The following episode occurred at a well-known seaside resort last summer.

"My boy, you have saved my life," a young swell exclaimed, as he tried to wring the water out of his clothes. "Let me reward you." He thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out a quarter. "There, my boy, take that, do not spend it foolishly."

"No, sir, I can't take it," the boy replied, as he pushed the generous hand aside. "I didn't earn it."

"Why, you saved my life, boy."

"Yes, I know, but it ain't worth a quarter."

The student had to face the ordeal of an examination in astronomy.

On emerging from the torture chamber, one of his companions asked him how he got on.

"First rate," he said. "They only asked me two questions, and I answered them both promptly and correctly."

"What were the questions?"

"The first was—

"What is a parallax?" and I told them I didn't know."

And the second was—

"Can you calculate an eclipse?" to which I said 'No.' I'd like to see anybody answer two questions more correctly than that!"

There was a little doubt about it; he was not a success as a melodramatic actor. The part of the dashing hero in "The Mystery of the Pickled Cabbage" did not suit him at all.

He stammered over his lines, and sometimes even forgot what he had to say; nor did he lay his hand on his heart a sufficient number of times, nor roll his eyes about like a fish. Whereat he found much disfavor in the eyes of the gallery.

Just before the crisis of the play he clasped the heroine to his manly bosom, and cried, in broken accents:

"Sweet one, keep a brave heart! The worst is yet to come!"

Promptly came a voice from the gallery: "Yer ain't goin' to sing, are yer?"

The Most Delightful Time of Year
To Visit

Hotel Del Monte

Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Del Monte, Cal.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

Bond Department
343 Powell St.
San Francisco

400 CALIFORNIA STREET
HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

First National Bank
Building
Oakland

MEMBERS:

New York Stock Exchange

New York Cotton Exchange

New Orleans Cotton Exchange

Liverpool Cotton Exchange

New York Coffee Exchange

Chicago Board of Trade

PRIVATE WIRE---COAST TO COAST

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, Daughter of the Regiment

By Helen M. Bonnet

Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale was asked last week what she thought about the reaction in women's social service activities. Mrs. Hale's own personal enthusiasm has not diminished, though the unit of which she was head, the Ferry Canteen, has been officially demobilized. There she and her splendid corps of 100 women welcomed and bade God-speed to 160,000 American soldiers during a period of eleven months. The women made the sandwiches and the coffee and served the food to the boys, and were on hand at 6 in the morning till 11 at night if occasion demanded. Mrs. Hale's appreciation of the co-operation of the ladies who helped her at the canteen was glowing and she says she really misses the work. "I don't see how women can relinquish their interest in the boys," she said, "and as for myself, I never shall. Although the war is over, there is a world of good work for women to accomplish for these same boys. It is wrong to let the morale drop. To begin with, there are the wounded boys, and others half sick and discouraged. They need the aid of fine women, who will employ well directed efforts toward helping them to find their normal places in life, to start them upon the road of progress. Hysterical women who rush into the work and perform spasmodic services in a way to give the impression to sensitive soldiers that they are being patronized or exploited are useless. The principal attribute needed for the woman who aspires to render service in this work is common sense."

Mrs. Hale paid a glowing tribute to Miss Marian Huntington and Miss Florence Stoney, who devote their afternoons to visiting the wounded boys at Letterman; also to several other ladies who continue to invite them to their homes and drive them about in the fresh air. Mrs. Hale said that during the war she saw many cases where the boys resented having cars sent for their use—they thought the hostess should accompany them, that there was some psychological reason why these young men were unduly sensitive about attentions bestowed upon them perfunctorily.

During the war, Mrs. Hale invited seven or eight boys to her own home every Saturday night and the attic there was arranged to accommodate that number. In the morning the

Chinese cook took up breakfast to the number of boys whose hats he found on the hall rack. Other women in the city kept open house for them, too, and it is repeating historical facts to go into details about home dinners and dances in their honor. But in all her experience Mrs. Hale never heard of a case where hospitality was abused. She knew of many humorous incidents that happened during the entertainment process, however. For instance, a maiden lady past her first youth invited a young soldier from the Oakland Defenders' Club to her handsome Oakland home. After dinner, they sat by the big wood fire in the living room, the youth looking decidedly bored. She played the phonograph for him, yet he was not interested. She showed him pictures and curios; he remained apathetic. At last, kneeling down upon the fur hearthrug she said kindly, "My dear boy, you don't seem happy. Tell me what I can do to amuse you?" Nothing daunted, the outspoken lad clasped his hands over his knees and blurted: "Taint no use, lady, I got a girl already."

In a town mansion after a sumptuous repast, three young soldiers sank into their cushioned chairs and when they thought their host was out of ear-shot, said, "Come on, let's beat it out of this joint to a movie." A local millionaire decorated his palatial ballroom in their honor for an occasion when he had invited soldiers to a dance. The fair partners (society girls) were assembled, yet the boys did not put in an appearance because, as was afterwards learned, the invitation was extended "only to those who had been overseas." The boys who refused the invitation had been overseas, but once again that strange psychological reason intervened.

Mrs. Hale is intensely interested in the Legion ball and in what should be woman's part in the new organization. She thinks that women should not force themselves into an auxiliary, but should in some way be ready to assume responsibility in furthering the cause when called upon.

If all women were like Mrs. Hale, there would be no dissenting voices in the Legion's posts about seeking their co-operation. She is adored by the men of the service. They don't forget how she and her staff were on hand when they were starting off in the gray dawn. She and those wonderful women were always there to say "good-bye, good luck" and to give them something good to eat and cigarettes and sweaters and socks. These same women welcomed them home and listened sympathetically all about "her"—Mrs. Hale vows that every boy had a sweetheart and wanted to tell someone about her. From the interested way she talked about that phase of army life, I know Mrs. Hale was a good listener.

Mrs. Hale is head of the Emergency Canteen and I believe she said she has 150 assistants. When a transport arrives, the ladies go out to welcome the boys home. Can you fancy the gladness with which the soldiers who have been freezing and miserable in Siberia behold the smiling faces of Mrs. Hale and her blue uniformed Red Cross regiment? Do you think the doughnuts, the hot dogs, the mince pies, the coffee, taste good? Do you think they are glad to receive from fair American hands the smokes and candy and gum and sweaters? I shall never forget seeing the boys depart on a transport for Siberia before the Red Cross included the Si-

berian section in their grand work. The hour of departure was, of course, kept secret and no arrangements had been made to brighten their lonely going away. The men walked aboard in lines under their officers' eyes as if they were being exiled as a punishment. Two young ladies stood at a distance watching for "Jim". When he came into view one of them ran forward with a box and gave it to him, together with a kiss, and then she flew back to her companion as "Jim" went aboard. Poor Jim! When he returned, I hope he was greeted by Mrs. Hale and her friends.

When a married woman does anything noble, I always like to know what her own name is besides Mrs. Something. Now Mrs. Hale claims that, had it not been for her husband's interest and co-operation in her activities, she could never have continued, for since we began to prepare for war, practically all her time was devoted to the work. Yet her husband encouraged her and never complained at being deprived of her society. Even when she applied to the police for a license to conduct a shooting gallery for the soldiers, funds for which she raised by private subscription, her husband only laughed good-naturedly when police Captain Gleason, not knowing her purpose, asked her gravely if she had ever been in jail. Instead of becoming annoyed, Mr. Hale laughed again when, as he drove by, he saw a large sign: "Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale will open a shooting gallery here; if any neighbors object, notify police headquarters." I deeply regret to say that not nine husbands out of ten were so agreeable in war time. Mrs. Hale is the kind of woman who would do honor to the name of any man following her own rightful "Mrs.," but her real name was Linda Hoag and she was a San Francisco girl, where she has spent most of her life. She has two sons in the navy, one a lieutenant commander now in Paris. When people praise her for her helpfulness to the soldiers, she answers: "I couldn't have done anything without the help of other women. They did as much as I. We were all working together. Whenever I was good to a boy, maybe it was because I hoped that some other woman would be good to my boys, so far away."

"Caltex"---practical double vision glasses

"Caltex" One-piece Bifocals mark the greatest stride ever made in the manufacture of double vision lenses, now making it possible for those requiring separate glasses for reading and distance to have them combined in one pair. "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals are light in weight, not easily scratched and the dividing line between reading and distance is practically invisible.

California Optical Co.
Fennimore, Fennimore & Davis
MAKERS OF GOOD GLASSES



181 Post St.
2508 Mission St., San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland.

Patrick & Company

RUBBER STAMPS

Stencils, Seals, Signs, Etc.

560 Market Street San Francisco

A. W. BEST ALICE BEST
BEST'S ART SCHOOL
1625 CALIFORNIA STREET
Phone Franklin 4175
Life Classes Day and Night
No Vacations
Illustrating, Sketching, Painting

HOTEL CECIL

The Most Comfortable—The Most Home Like
POST AND TAYLOR STREETS
High Class Family Hotel
MRS. W. F. MORRIS, Proprietor

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

S. W. W. R. Gifts to Soldiers

The Stage Women's War Relief (S. F. unit) held a meeting last Friday to make final distribution of the funds on hand, nearly \$3,700. The sum of \$200 was voted to buy Legion Ball tickets for Presidio soldiers, \$400 was set aside for Christmas presents for Letterman wounded boys, \$1,000 was voted as a contribution to the Service Home maintained in New York by the national unit, and the remainder will be given to ex-service men in San Francisco in amounts to be decided upon by a committee consisting of Mrs. E. W. Crellin, Mrs. Fred Belasco and Mrs. Eugene Roth. A happy feature of the meeting was the passing of a resolution eulogizing the faithful and inspiring administration of the president, Camille D'Arville Crellin, whose constant supervision and concentrated endeavor were instrumental in conserving the funds of the unit and in planning and executing the large war output of garments for service men. The secretary was instructed to send a copy of the resolution engrossed to Mrs. Crellin, as a souvenir of her splendid work and of the love and esteem of the women who worked under her efficient direction.

The American Stage Women's War Relief has reason to be proud of its California representative, Mrs. E. W. Crellin, for as a native of Holland, she has set to foreign-born citizens a noble example by her loyalty to the United States, the country of her adoption, and which

is proud to claim her as one of its artists, though her earliest successes were won in Holland, Paris and London. "I love America and I have no toleration for the foreign-born who owe their means of livelihood to it yet give it allegiance grudgingly," is a statement which Mrs. Crellin has often made, revealing an attitude toward this country which all patriotic citizens honor her for.

Cafe Colombo Festivity

The Friscan spirit of fiesta will not down. Despite dry restrictions and Plymouth Rock fanaticism, the exuberance of the throngs of Yuletide merry-makers which nightly swarm through the Quartier Latin shows no diminution. The Cafe Colombo promises to become a pivotal base around which a regular Greenwich Village will swirl and grow. No such a resort as Cafe Colombo in point of unique and progressive entertainment has been seen in San Francisco. The genius of the place is a young Italian restaurateur named S. A. Firpo, a Genoese, who is quite ahead of the downtown restaurants, hotels and cafes in staging bright new things for his patrons. Though Cafe Colombo has been open but two months it is now only possible to secure accommodation for the nightly dinner and fete by reservation. On next Tuesday night the famous "Danse Europeo Unique" is well worth going to see. The Old Fiddlers "calls," the dance numbers and the dinner guests do the dancing. The old familiar dance calls such as

"Swing your partner," "Balance all," "Promenade to you nowhere," ring down the dancing parquet in a riot of furious fun and mad merriment. The "Danse Europeo Antique" was introduced by returned soldiers and officers into the cafes of Paris, London and New York, where the dance is now all the rage. At the Cafe Colombo the table vivants of Paris received their first introduction to San Francisco last week.

Social Notes From Hotel Cecil

Santa Claus was busy distributing gifts at the Hotel Cecil on Christmas Eve. Over two hundred guests gathered around the brilliantly illuminated tree and Santa's pack was lightened considerably before he left this popular hostelry. There were dinners galore on Christmas Day and the tables were decorated with English holly and red berries. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley and Miss Blanche Highley entertained fourteen of their friends. Mrs. Parker and her brother, Frederick Young, presided over a prettily appointed table. Colonel Wright came up the day before Christmas and joined his wife. They entertained a coterie of friends. Mr. and Mrs. William Miller were hosts at another table. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Johnson are receiving a cordial welcome. Colonel and Mrs. Friedorf and Mrs. B. F. Keith won the prizes at the bridge party Monday evening. Six tables were in play, and later a buffet supper was enjoyed.

Luisa Tetrazzini at Home

By Helen M. Bonnet

To me, about the most wonderful person in the world, is a very great prima donna; for she is the product of a rare, divine gift, of a tremendous personal achievement and of boundless experience. Kings and queens, paupers and little children are swayed by her voice, whose magic wins from the world more gold and homage than woman can obtain in any other way by personal effort. Some humorist has described a real prima donna as "a pampered creature who keeps everyone on the jump," though every life story of all great women singers reveals them as beings with very soft hearts and a disposition to lavish helpfulness. Yet it is almost unreasonable to expect humans so extravagantly endowed to resemble their less favored sisters. This city claims, to be a home of one of these song angels, Luisa Tetrazzini, whom I was very glad to have the opportunity of meeting last Monday morning in her San Francisco domicile at the Fairmont. Her manager, Mr. Daiber, a distinguished looking and accomplished young American, took me to madame's apartments, where we found Signor Cimara, her splendid accompanist, amiably listening to a young lady play the piano, with Signor Brignole, a mercurial gentleman, whose official position in the entourage seems to be that of major domo, assisting him as audience; Signor Tato, a handsome young Italian, is the singer's personal representative, and then there is her secretary, a young lady whom I did not meet. Mr. Daiber told me that Mme. Tetrazzini would make a sparkling subject for an interview and that she

herself would doubtless ebulliently choose the topics of discussion. Signor Tato, entering presently, explained that madame was feeling exceedingly depressed, owing to her concern for the sorrow of her sister, Madame Campanini, whom death, by robbing her of her husband who possessed her love and devotion, has left desolate indeed. Later, the diva came in and made the same explanation. She wore a simple black dress, doubtless to harmonize with her mood of mourning and when I asked her to speak English she said it would be impossible as she felt too unhappy. I knew it would be useless to insist, for the very expressive and meditative wine brown eyes have a decided expression of determination. Her eyes are her prettiest feature, and her tapering arms and hands the most expressive. We know how, in concert, they convey her sentiments to her audiences. Well, they talk for her in ordinary conversation, too.

I asked her what she believes to be the cause of the great rarity of the lyric soprano voice trained to dexterity in coloratura execution. She thought that it is because singers are impatient to make a quick success and flout the idea of four or five years of hard study after their voices have attained artistic distinction. I inquired about the beginning of her own studies and was told that she always could sing but that she did not study hard when she was a very young girl. Indeed, she absorbed musical knowledge from listening to her sister, Mme. Eva Campanini, who studied very faithfully

when Luisa was a little girl. From the expression of those brown eyes, the listening process was well directed and sister Eva had, doubtless given graphic suggestions of what to observe. The elder sister sang Tosca and other "dramatic soprano" roles, while the more delicate voice of Luisa developed into one of the four or five world renowned coloratura sopranos, the others being those of Patti, Sembrich, Melba and possibly Galli-Curci. The latter, Mme. Tetrazzini has not yet heard, but spoke glowingly of the high compliments she has heard of her countrywoman's voice. In Seville, Mme. Tetrazzini had heard a truly lovely voice—that of Senora Otein who, were she to devote a few years exclusively to study, would become great. Mme. Tetrazzini had not met the Spanish singer and had not volunteered any advice, believing that it would be resented, or thought to be actuated "by jealousy". Mr. Daiber, a little later, assured me that Mme. Tetrazzini's devotion to the art of song makes her eager to find other beautiful voices and that she has an ardent desire to discover a voice to perpetuate the glorious qualities and accomplishments of her own. In 1908, when Adelina Patti heard her in London, she sent her card and compliments to Tetrazzini whom she at once named her successor in the song world. The two famous singers remained friends and met often, the last time at a superb Allies' concert at Albert Hall one week before Adelina's death. This led us to the great Paris concert where Tetrazzini sang to a tremendous house, with all the notables of the

great war and heads of every allied nation assembled. She seemed as pleased as a child when I told her that accounts of that post-war capitulation of Paris to her vocal siege had reached us from many sources and that San Francisco rejoiced with her.

In her answer to my question as to why composers do not write new florid music for the few divas capable of singing it, Mme. Tetrassini said that composers of that style of music are rarer than the singers who execute it. She waved her eloquent arms over an imaginary flower bed and said in Italian which ears familiar only with the vernacular of the Italian of grand opera could understand, that some years nothing which is planted will grow, while perhaps the next every seed will burst into effulgent bloom. "Nature is wonderful and performs her miracles mysteriously in cycles," she said. Madame insisted that the decades from 1870 to 1890 had been productive of genius and artistic and scientific achievement, but that since then no wonderful being or work has been heralded. But the time will come again and astonish us by the rich harvest of artistic origin and development, she feels assured.

What does the cantatrice enjoy in life besides singing? With enthusiasm she included her homes, her gardens, her friends. Signor Brignole punctuated this statement with the surprising information that madame reads her own correspondence and supervises in detail all letters in reply, being very careful not to allow her dictation to lose color in the translation. Mr. Daiber said that she is simple in her tastes and loves to be surrounded by her friends—that after a concert she rejoices having a big family party gather round the table. She is very fond

of Mr. and Mrs. Leahy and she has several other intimate associates here. One evening lately she dined at Tait's, another at Cafe Colombo and enjoyed both places. She adores motoring and thought her aerial ascension with Laclear last week the best sport ever.

Across the singer's breast she wears three decorations, the Italian Red Cross, encircled in brilliants; the gold star of Italy and the French decoration of officier de l'instruction publique. The gold star only four people have, Marguerite, the queen mother; Queen Elena—the Duchess d'Aosta and herself. When Mr. Daiber said, "four queens," she modestly deprecated: "No, no!" Besides the large sums of money she donated to war charities, Mme. Tetrassini established and maintained at Varese a hospital for tubercular soldiers. The golden voice renders back to heaven the things which heaven has given. This great singer has the simplicity of all distinguished artists, which Mr. Daiber, who has managed many of the most illustrious, says is characteristic of all except the "nearly famous" ones. He said that madame is invariably considerate of others and makes no unreasonable demands anywhere. For instance, when she returned to the Fairmont after her Los Angeles visit she found that her suite had been given to some permanent guests who had reserved it previously. When her major domo wished to insist upon its being placed again at her disposal she put a veto upon the demand, saying: "Why should it be relinquished to me, merely a temporary guest?" On the train, when it was learned that the drawing-room which she expected had been sold to a man who wouldn't give it up, she said good-naturedly: "What does it matter? I shall be comfortable in a compart-

ment and we shall arrive just as soon as if I were in possession of the drawing-room."

Another member of madame's suite is a dear, saucy little Pomeranian dog. He seemed a very spoilt little animal, intensely proud of belonging to such a distinguished mistress. Mr. Brignoli said: "He does not know the Italian or French, only English." Mr. Tato surprised me by adding in good English, "No; he understands American." Just before I left Mme. Tetrassini spoke a few sentences in very pretty English. If she had only been in an English-speaking mood, the record of our meeting would have been, notwithstanding the kind services of Mr. Daiber in translating her Italian, far more interesting. Mr. Daiber, formerly a singer, has had secretarial and managerial positions with a list of great artists too long to remember. He speaks Italian, French, Spanish, German and Dutch, all acquired since he has been associated with opera stars. He says that he has a gift for languages, for which endowment he is devoutly envied by unfortunate beings who endeavor to paint interviews in original colors. He told me that our Luisa, who used to be exploited in newspapers as an excellent cook, can't cook at all and eats very simply, doesn't drink wines either and never allows smoking in her presence; that she travels with 14 trunks but concerns herself very little with dress, that she won't exercise and that she does not fuss about her voice. Altogether, this one of the world's greatest singers is seemingly a very charming, agreeable person to live with and entirely human, which is more than the world expects her to be and which most of us, could we change personalities with her, would not be, I venture to say.

The Stage

Christmas Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum bill this week is illuminated with two of the best dancers on the stage. Ninetenths of the ultra modern dancing acts are composed of scenery, costumes and calisthenics and blazons itself "classical dancing": the Ford sisters of the Orpheum program have beautiful scenery and startling costumes, too, but those adjuncts are mere details of their performance. The "classy" (for once an adequate adjective) pair really dance; their feet are educated in every known step. These young women have acquired with their shapely feet, embellishments which are to the art of dancing what the trill, the staccato, the cadenza are to that of singing. Their superb bodies follow the tempo of their feet in rhythmic cadence. Grace de Mar, a young lady with speaking eyes, does a monologue which is a gem in the mosaic of single turns. Billy Frawley and Edna Louise portray a pair of young lovers, whose romance is developed under the disillusioning circumstances of hard working conditions. Jane Barber and Jerome Jackson get lots of fun from the contrast in their physiques, Jane being short and engagingly plump and clumsy, while Jerome is elongated, bony and funnily awkward.

Stuart Barnes excites laughter with a Quakerish turn and is more truthful than poetie in a series of remarks upon dress, marriage, H. C. L. and suffrage. Ilyam and McIntyre's sketch, "Maybloom," has a perennial charm. The Hunters please with a musical act. Then there are two animal acts. In the crowded theater I seemed to be the only person to whom the antics of the well-trained animals did not appeal. I believe in animals frolicking about in jungles

and mountains and upon prairies, if wild; if tame, they should enjoy life on ranches and in comfortable households. The stage should be exclusively reserved for human beings, including animal trainers in human acts. But the audience was as delighted as if they were kiddies, who were conspicuously absent—no doubt at the movies revelling in "vamp" and house-breaking scenes. General Dillon, the Orpheum's alert press representative says that he loves animal acts, that the animals themselves enjoy their stage work and that the trainers take the best of care of their charges, which are petted to their heart's content. Mr. Dillon also said that during the past year the Orpheum has had large houses and greater receipts than ever before during its history, notwithstanding the rise in admission prices since last April. Their patrons who have been attending for twenty years come as often as ever; and, in addition, he observes a great increase in the transient public—both indications of the growth and prosperity of this big town.

—H. M. B.

"The Little Teacher"

A more appropriate play for a Christmas attraction it would be difficult to secure than "The Little Teacher," which holds the Alcazar boards. Belle Bennett as the teacher has a part which exactly suits her delightful personality. Miss Bennett is the fortunate possessor of womanly charm, the elusive graces which nature intended beautiful young women to possess and which the right kind of education preserves, but which can be acquired by no degree of special training. Miss Bennett's scenes with six clever and won-

derfully schooled children was like an oasis in a desert in this era of problem plays and the unexaggerated quietude with which she went about as the courageous good angel of a rough Canadian lumber community was refreshing. Walter Richardson played an unusual lover, an unlearned New York tough transplanted to a lumber camp where on the one hand order and decency are unknown quantities and on the other straight-laced reactionary ideals are powerless as a leavening influence. Richardson plays this grown-up child of nature sprung up to honorable manhood in spite of his muggy environment and he is an irresistible nature's nobleman even before war transforms him into an officer of the Canadian army. This role following the part he played last week in "The House of Glass" reveals a remarkable versatility. It is hard to believe that the same actor was, in the latter play, the serious-minded, exacting business man whose sagacious head almost warped the promptings of his affectionate husband's heart. Clifford Alexander covered himself with glory as a French-Canadian lumberman bubbling over with the joy of living in spite of the firewater which was consuming his youthful vigor before the U. S. Army rescued him. His conglomerated accent was an impressive acquisition, but whether it is true to type I don't know, as I've never heard anything it resembles. Emelie Melville and Henry Shumer were adorable as rural old folks; Irving Dillon had an opportunity of which he made the most, revealing his contrasting cleverness in a role as remote as possible from last week's, where he was a clever, great-hearted corporation lawyer and clubman. Henry Shumer's stage direction is an achievement for felici-

tation, and Edna Shaw, Estelle Warfield, Edith Searle, Barbara Lee, Emily Pinter and Jean Oliver gave exquisite performances of the varied types prevalent in remote rural communities.

—H. M. B.

Albert Spalding at the Symphony

Albert Spalding, American violinist, created a veritable sensation at the Symphony concerts in which he played with the orchestra in Bruch's "Scotch Fantasia," a beautiful work of exquisite composition and exhilaration. Mr. Spalding revealed himself as an artist of highest rank, one who has acquired impeccable technique and whose tone is lovely and magnetic. The artist at the Sunday performance received seven recalls, the audience enjoying his handsome manly appearance almost as much as his superb playing.

The orchestra achieved inspiring effects in the G-minor symphony of Klennikow and in the magnificent overture to the Flying Dutchman.

—E. I. S.

"Up in Mabel's Room"

The Curran has a gay farce daintily and discreetly put on for a holiday delectation. Julie Ring plays the heroine very delightfully, the support is excellent, and the performance progresses gaily.

At the Alcazar

The Alcazar offers a joyous carnival of good cheer in accord with the holiday period. The wholesome merriment of "The Little Teacher" this week, has the added Christmas flavor of gladness, youthful romance and patriotism. "A Full House," beginning next Sunday matinee, is attuned to the more uproarious New Year spirit. This absurdity is by Fred Jackson, author of "The Naughty Wife". It is a rare type of farcicality combining clean fun and incessant speed. All the Alcazar favorites are swept along in this cyclone of fun, which at the double-header performances on New Year's Eve, at 7:30 and 9:45, runs high speed on both sides of the footlights.

On January 4th the Alcazar makes first Pacific Coast production of the new after-the-war comedy, "Jim's Girl," which is packing eastern stock theaters to capacity. It is about the humors and romances of the doughboys who seek readjustment to civilian life when returned from overseas to the "old home town". It is the product of Earl Carroll, author of "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage," and Thomas J. Gray, the witty vaudeville writer, both of whom were in the service.

The Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum will present a great new holiday bill which will be found particularly appropriate to this festive season. Gus Edwards himself, who has written more popular songs than any other man in America, will appear next week at the Orpheum. For a time Mr. Edwards starred himself in a series of revues. Then he retired from the stage and produced musical comedies featuring other players. Now he is again appearing in person at the head of one of his companies. This he describes as "A Welcome Home Song Revue". As his assistants he has Vincent O'Donnell, known as Kid McCormack; Hazel Furness, a Gus Edwards' find, and Alice Furness, another Edwards' prodigy. This newest Edwards' production is characteristic of the kind he has always produced, new songs, elaborate scenic settings and costume creations and a whole bunch of first-released Edwards songs. Ernest Evans and girls, consisting of Ora Deane,

danceuse; Estelle McNeal, soloist; Gertrude Zoble, violinist and Mildred Rife, pianist, will present a delightful divertissement, which includes six numbers and a most tasteful and elaborate stage setting. The Arnaut Brothers in bird makeup will offer a bird romance in bird language, that is exceptionally clever because it is thoroughly comprehensible. They are also clever musical tumbling clowns. "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin are popular from coast to coast. They term their act "Sweaters" and it is an excellent medium for sparklink nonsense and timely jingling musical numbers. Marshall Montgomery, conceded even by his ilk to be the 'greatest of ventriloquists, will introduce many novel features in his line of work. He will be supported by Edna Courtney. Jack Osterman, the newest and probably the youngest of vaudeville monologists, will give bright stories and songs. The Jordan Girls, Nellie and Josephine, are capable and attractive comedy wire artists. Howard's clever trained poodles and dogs and the Ford Sisters, in their tremendously successful dancing spectacle, "Frolics of 1920," will be the only holdovers.

At the Curran

"Up in Mabel's Room," the much-discussed A. H. Woods' farce, has made the greatest kind of a hit at the Curran Theater, where the uproarious entertainment enters upon the second and final week of its engagement on Sunday night, December 28. Naughty, brilliant, spicy, funny, swift and daring are a few of the adjectives that have been bestowed on "Up in Mabel's Room," but none of them quite hits the mark. The play is quite unlike other farces, and yet it possesses some of the best characteristics of all the real favorites. But the main point is that "Up in Mabel's Room" is distinctive and that it is hilariously entertaining. The action of the play revolves around a dainty, fluffy, pink chemise, which was presented to Mabel by an admirer, Garry, in a moment of "Sentimental aberration." Later, Garry becomes engaged to another damsel, the "sweetest girl in the world," and the pink chemise, aforesaid, enters into the plot. Just what ensues it would not be fair to tell, but fun is on tap every minute. Producer Woods has sent a notable company, which includes Julie Ring, Carewe Carvel, Dorothy Fox Slaytor, Jeanette Bageard, Sager Midgley, James Norval, Nicholas Judels, Joseph A. Bingham and Frederic Clayton. On January fifth comes the celebrated play, "Seventeen," based on Booth Tarkington's celebrated juvenile stories.

Young People's Christmas Concert by Hertz

Tremendous interest is being evidenced by grown-ups, as well as juveniles, in the forthcoming Young People's Christmas Concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, scheduled for Tuesday afternoon, December 30th, in the Curran Theater, under the direction of Alfred Hertz. The concert will begin at 3:00 o'clock precisely, and the complete orchestra will participate. Conductor Hertz has contrived a program of the lighter masterpieces with his customary skill, and the event is certain to find favor with young and more matured music-lovers. Following is the program to be rendered: Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicolai; Allegretto, from "Military" Symphony, Haydn; Funeral March of a Marionette, Gounod; Harp solo, "At the Fountain," Zabel, (Kajetan Attl); Minuet, Boccherini; Berceuse, Jarnefelt, (Violin Obligato, Louis Persinger); Prelude, Jarnefelt; Intermezzo, "Carmen," Bizet; "Kikimora," Liadow.

Tickets for the Young People's Christmas

Concert will be popular, being priced from 25 cents to \$1. They are to be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The seventh regular pair of symphonies is announced for Friday and Sunday afternoons, January 2 and 4, in the Curran Theater, when a program of symphonic favorites will be played. The symphony is to be Dvorak's "From the New World," which, shares with Tchaikowsky's "Pathétique," the position of being the most popular of symphonies with the American public. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun," and Tchaikowsky's overture-fantasia, "Roméo and Juliet," which latter made such a fine impression last year, as done by Hertz, will be the remaining items. The sixth "Pop" concert is to be played on Sunday afternoon, January 11, at the Curran, with Louis Persinger as soloist; Persinger's contribution being Mendelssohn's Concerto in E-minor, an admirable medium for the expression of the concert-master's ability.

CURRAN

Leading Theater, Ellis and Market. Phone Sutter 2460

2nd and LAST WEEK STARTS SUN. EVE., DEC. 28

A. H. Woods Presents

The Smashing New York Farce Success

"UP IN MABEL'S ROOM"

Night Prices—50c to \$2.00

MATS. NEW YEAR'S DAY AND SAT., 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WED. MAT.

NEXT—Jan. 5—"SEVENTEEN"

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

SPECIAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S XMAS CONCERT

CURRAN THEATER

Tuesday Aft., Dec. 30, at 3:00 o'clock

A Program of Appeal to Young Folks and Grown-Ups

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. (NO WAR TAX)

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent in America
Phone Douglas 70

O'FARRELL, BEE STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

MATINEE EVERY DAY

A GREAT NEW HOLIDAY BILL

GUS EDWARDS (Himself) America's Popular Composer-Producer-Actor-Manager, presenting "A Welcome Home Song Revue," supported by Vincent O'Donnell, "The Kid McCormack, Hazel and Alice Furness and Newly Found Protégés; ERNEST EVANS and GIRLS in "A Smart Divertissement; ARNAUT BROTHERS, the Loving Birds; G. M. LAGIER and MARTIN in "Sweaters"; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY, Extraordinary Ventriloquist, supported by Edna Courtney; JACK OSTERMAN, in 15 Minutes of Something; THE JORDAN GIRLS, Comely Wireists; HOWARD'S SPECTACLE; FORD SISTERS in their Great Terpsichorean Sensation, "Frolics of 1920," with their own Orchestra.

Evening Prices, 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays) 15c, 25c, 50c, 75c

ALCAZAR

"Good Old Alcazar! What Would We Do Without It?"—Argonaut.

This Week—"THE LITTLE TEACHER"

Aglow with Youth, Joy and Romance

NEW YEAR WEEK, COM. SUN. MAT., DEC. 28

Twice New Year's Eve—7:30 and 9:45

The Happy, Hilarious Farcical Comedy

"A FULL HOUSE"

By the Author of "The Naughty Wife"

THE NEW ALCAZAR COMPANY

Belle Bennett—Walter P. Richardson

SUN. JAN. 4—First Time on the Coast

New After-the-War Comedy Drama

"JIM'S GIRL"

Playing to Absolute Capacity in the East

By the Author of "So Long Letty"

Usual Evening Prices—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

Mats., Sun., New Year's Day, Sat., 25c, 50c, 75c

MUSIC

(Continued from Page 4)

It is remarkable that more pains are not taken with the voice in conversation as well as in singing, for

"What plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil."

It may be true as a general rule that

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils";

but there are some notable exceptions. Dr. Johnson had no love for music. On one occasion, hearing that a certain piece of music was very difficult, he expressed his regret that it was not impossible.

Poets, as might have been expected, have sung most sweetly in praise of song. They have, moreover, done so from the most opposite points of view.

Milton invokes it as a luxury—

"And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs;
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

Sometimes as a temptation: so Spenser says of Phaedria,

"And she, more sweet than any bird on bough
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
Their native musick by her skilful art."

Or as an element of pure happiness—

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
And as the mind is pitched, the ear is pleased
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!"

As touching the human heart—

"The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell,
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour
A thousand melodies unheard before."

As an education—

"I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but can not die,
Folded within their own eternity."

As an aid to religion—

"As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above,
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky."

Or again—

"Hark how it falls! and now it steals along,
Like distant bells upon the lake at eve,
When all is still; and now it grows more strong
As when the choral train their dirges weave
Mellow and many voiced; where every close
O'er the old minister roof, in echoing waves reflows.
Oh! I am rapt aloft. My spirit soars
Beyond the skies, and leaves the stars behind;
Lo! angels lead me to the happy shores,
And floating paeans fill the buoyant wind.
Farewell! base earth, farewell! my soul is freed."

The power of music to sway the feelings of man has never been more cleverly portrayed than by Dryden in "The Feast of Alexander," though the circumstances of the case precluded any reference to the influence of music in its noblest aspects.

Poets have always attributed to music—and who would wish to deny it, as power even over the inanimate forces of nature? Shakespeare accounts for shooting stars by the attraction of music:

"The rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Prose writers have also been inspired by music to their highest eloquence. "Music," says Plato, "is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just, and beautiful, of which it is the invisible, but nevertheless dazzling, passionate, and eternal form." "Music," said Luther, "is a fair and glorious gift from God. I would not for the world renounce my humble share in music." "Music," said Halevy, "is an art that God has given us, in which the voices of all nations may unite their prayers in one harmonious rhythm." Or Carlyle, "Music is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into it."

Let me also quote Helmholtz, one of the profoundest exponents of modern science. "Just as in the rolling ocean, this movement, rhythmically repeated, and yet ever-varying, rivets our attention and hurries us along. But whereas in the sea blind physical forces alone are at work, and hence the final impression on the spectator's mind is nothing but solitude—in a musical work of art the movement follows the outflow of the artists' own emotions. Now gently gliding, now gracefully leaping, now violently stirred, penetrated, or laboriously contending with the natural expression of passion, the stream of sound, in primitive vivacity, bears over into the hearer's soul unimagined moods which the artist has overheard from his own, and finally raises him up to that repose of everlasting beauty of which God has allowed but few of his elect favorites to be the heralds."

"There are but seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen," says Newman, "yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game of fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? . . . Is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of the heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? it is not so; it can not be. No; they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voice of angels, or the magnificat of saints, or the living laws of Divine governance, or the Divine attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we can not compass, which we can not utter, though mortal man, and he

perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

Poetry and Music unite in song. From the earliest ages song has been the sweet companion of labor. The rude chant of the boatman floats upon the water, the shepherd sings upon the hill, the milkmaid in the dairy, the ploughman at the plough. Every trade, every occupation, every act and scene of life, has long had its own especial music. The bride went to her marriage, the laborer to his work, the old man to his last long rest, each with appropriate and immemorial music.

Music has been truly described as the mother of sympathy, the handmaid of religion, and will never exercise its full effect, as the Emperor Charles VI said to Farinelli, unless it aims not merely to charm the ear, but to touch the heart.

There are many who consider that our life at present is peculiarly prosaic and mercenary. I greatly doubt whether that be the case, but if so our need for music is all the more imperative.

Much as music has already done for man, we may hope even more from it in the future.

It is, moreover, a joy for all. To appreciate science or art requires some training, and no doubt the cultivated ear will more and more appreciate the beauties of music; but though there are exceptional individuals, and even races, almost devoid of any love of music, still they are happily but rare.

Good music, moreover, does not necessarily involve any considerable outlay; it is even now no mere luxury of the rich, and we may hope that as time goes on, it will become more and more the comfort and solace of the poor.

Wanted—Homes for Homeless Children

The greatest service you can render God and humanity is to give a good home and Christian training to one of California's homeless boys and girls. Write today for information about children from seven to twelve years. Legal adoption optional. Non-sectarian. Address

Children's Home Society of California

2414 Griffith Ave., Los Angeles

OR

64 Bacon Building, Oakland

Mardi Gras

THURSDAY NIGHT

CAFE

COLOMBO

PHONE DOUGLAS 4967

623 BROADWAY

FESTA EXTRAORDINAIRE

Concerto Europa

Dinner Italiano

6 to 1 o'clock

\$1.25 7 Courses by Chef August Ferrero \$1.25

MEDLEY OF MERRIMENT

Paul Kell's Jazz araine

Ballard des Allies

GUEST DANCING

Community Sing Operatic Concert

Carmine . . . Florence Waters . . . Edouard Petri

Danceuse . . . Operatic Soprano . . . Tenor

NEAPOLITAN TRIO

Five Hours of Gorgeous Gaiety & Furious Fun

— DIRECTION —

A. S. FIRPO . . . TOM DEL BUFALO . . . D. FINOCCHIO

NEW \$80,000 CAFE

WHERE THE SPOTLIGHT

HITS IN BOHEMIA

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Were generally higher early in the week due to a general belief in lower money rates and to the belief that we had been the worst of the money stringency. One other thing has been proven beyond question and that is that above everything else as an influence in the present stock market is the fact that there has been no distribution of stocks from first hands. There has been considerable selling from time to time which looked as though it may have come from insiders, but there also appeared good buying on the breaks that followed, and the trade was inclined to construe the selling for income tax purposes and the buying in the belief that stocks are around bottom. The market on the whole was not a large affair and was mostly confined to the room element. This class of trade try to follow the trend of the market regardless of the news, but it would seem, judging from the action of the market, that the undertone of the market is of the best. When high-classed industrials that theoretically ought to be the worst sufferers in any decline recover in a few hours all that it had taken them weeks to lose, we must recognize the fact that stocks are being sold into strong hands and, when traders want the stocks back, they must bid them up to get them.

The passing of the Edge bill by congress had a favorable effect on the exchange market, although the bill itself is far from being as favorable as the original one was, having been amended several times. The advance in exchange rates, while due principally to short covering, nevertheless had a favorable impression on the trade, although the rates declined again later in the week. There was considerable selling of rails, notwithstanding the belief that congress would pass favorable legislation that would be of a permanent help to the roads. This selling of rails and some of the other high class stocks was said to be for foreign government account. There reports were significant in connection with the improvement in francs, but no confirmation of sales for the purpose of stabilization could be obtained. There was talk of efforts by the governments concerned to improve the situation but were not credited in responsible quarters. The benefits in the way of a tariff barrier, which the allied countries are deriving from the situation, are obvious. Anything that could be done by the allied governments or ourselves would amount to only a drop in the bucket and do no more than stave off the day of reckoning. Money rates advanced again toward the close of the week with call money being quoted at 15 per cent and this with a reaction in sterling exchange brought about another selling wave, which wiped out all the advance made early in the week. The steel stocks, however, are showing more resistance to the general hammering by the bears than any

class of stocks. The United States is the iron-master of the world. It leads in the production of pig iron, which is the basis for the making of steel. The production is greater than any other commodity in the country in value of all the rest of our metal combined. The plants of all the steel companies are running up to capacity with orders so far ahead that it insures them prosperity well into the coming year. Steel has always been the barometer of the market and, with steel in a prosperous condition, the balance of the market will soon adjust itself, especially with a period of easy money rates that are promised after the first of the year.

Cotton—There was very little doing in the cotton market speculatively. The business was mostly by the professional element and prices did not go very far either way. There is very little news now to affect the market, as the crop is made and fluctuations now seem to be based in a small way on the action of the stock market. The statistical news seems to favor the holder of futures, as receipts are small and seem to be all wanted at current prices, with export takings showing, if anything, a slight increase. The Edge bill will be signed by the President and will have a sentimental effect, although it is a far different bill now than the one proposed some time ago and will not answer the same purpose as the original one. Bulls were making capital of the complaint made by the American Cotton Association that the recent government estimate of 11,030,000 bales for a final outturn was not in accordance with actual conditions. Inasmuch as the government reports are usually conservative, the trade has been expecting a crop of over 12,000,000 bales, including linters, because of the official estimate, but the Cotton Association is planning to carry the fight to congress again. It will be remembered that it was this association that forced the issuance of the extra special report, by protesting the report of the government bureau made a couple of months ago, the report that was to have been the last word. At that time the planters forced their congressional representatives to move for a new estimate and, now that this has been granted, it is called misleading and further action will be taken. The last crop report, issued by the Cotton Association, placed the final yield at less than 10,000,000 bales without linters, and it is still believed in the south that this is nearer the true figures and that higher estimates are calculated to depress the market. This is making for the possibility of a continuation of the crop figures as a market influence, whereas it had been figured with the issuance of the last government estimate the crop had passed out as a definite market factor and hereafter would be taken more or less at that figure. We believe all the cotton raised

the past season will be wanted and that the trend of the market will be higher after the first of the year.

The San Francisco Savings and Loan Society

(THE SAN FRANCISCO BANK)
Savings Commercial

526 California St., San Francisco, Calif.

Member of the Federal Reserve Bank of S. F.
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of S. F.

MISSION BRANCH, Mission and 21st Streets

PARK-PRESIDIO DISTRICT BRANCH,
Clement and 7th Ave.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH,
Haight and Belvedere Streets

June 30th, 1919

Assets	\$60,509,192.14
Deposits	57,122,180.22
Capital Actually Paid Up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,387,011.92
Employees' Pension Fund	306,852.44

OFFICERS

JOHN A. BUCK, President
GEO. TOURNY, Vice-Pres. and Manager
A. H. R. SCHMIDT, Vice-Pres. and Cashier
E. T. KRUSE, Vice-President
A. H. MULLER, Secretary
WM. D. NEWHOUSE, Assistant Secretary
WILLIAM HERRMANN, Assistant Cashier
GEO. SCHAMMEL, Assistant Cashier
G. A. BELCHER, Assistant Cashier
R. A. LAUENSTEIN, Assistant Cashier
C. W. HEYER, Manager Mission Branch
W. C. HEYER, Mgr. Park-Presidio District Branch
O. F. PAULSEN, Manager Haight Street Branch
GOODFELLOW, EELLS, MOORE & ORRICK,
General Attorneys

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John A. Buck A. H. R. Schmidt A. Haas
Geo. Tourny I. N. Waller E. N. Van Bergen
E. T. Kruse Hugh Goodfellow Robert Dollar
E. A. Christenson L. S. Sherman

Office Phone: Sutter 3318
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5
Residence Phone: Fillmore 1971

Julius Calmann

NOTARY PUBLIC
and

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

28 MONTGOMERY STREET

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

DAKES' PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU

121 SECOND STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Sutter 2404

814 S. SPRING STREET, LOS ANGELES

Service from \$1.00 Per Month Up



W.S.S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET - - - ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

OAKLAND - - - - - LOS ANGELES - - - - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased. No. 28266, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of L. L. W. HANSEN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of L. L. W. Hansen, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased. No. 28249, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AKNES NEMECEK, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Aknes Nemecek, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased. No. 28267, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD J. HELMAR, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Edward J. Helmar, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased. No. 28251, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTHONY F. BARRY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Anthony F. Barry, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased. No. 28265, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EMIL C. BRIESE, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Emil C. Briese, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased. No. 28248, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MATSUSUKE YOSHIOKA, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Matsusuke Yoshioka, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 20794; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ELLEN CLARK, an incompetent.

It appearing to the Court from the verified petition on file herein of WILLIAM A. KELLY, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the estate of Ellen Clark, an incompetent, that it is necessary and beneficial to the interest of said incompetent, said Ellen Clark, that the interest of said incompetent in that certain real property in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Eighteenth Street distant thereon 100 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the southerly line of Eighteenth Street with the easterly line of Eureka Street; thence easterly along said line of Eighteenth Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 75 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 75 feet to the point of commencement,

should be sold, and that it is likewise expedient to sell said interest of said incompetent in said real property;

It is ORDERED: That the next of kin of said Ellen Clark, said incompetent, and all persons interested in the estate of said incompetent, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Wednesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1920, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an Order of said Court should not be granted for the sale, at private sale, of said incompetent's interest in the aforesaid described real property. The interest of said incompetent in said real property is the ownership of the whole thereof.

Done in Open Court this 15th day of December, 1919.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,
Attorney at Law,
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco 12-20-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNA HELD, Deceased—No. 27420, Dept. No. 9.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at his office, 505 Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of Anna Held, deceased.

CHARLES F. HANLON,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Anna Held, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

CHARLES F. HANLON,
Attorney at Law
505 Phelan Building,
San Francisco 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased. No. 28250, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRIETTA EARLY, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Henrietta Early, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU. No. 28242, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CONSTANTIN I. MEHEDINTEANU, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Constantin I. Mehedinteanu, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased. No. 28247, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANNIE HOFER, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Annie Hofer, also called Annie Hoffer, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6th, 1919.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Phelan Building, San Francisco, California. 12-6-5

NOTICE OF REFEREE'S SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

SUSAN M. HASSON et al., Plaintiffs, vs. DANIEL J. MURPHY et al., Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the undersigned, C. G. MURRAY, sole Referee appointed by the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1917, by an interlocutory decree of partition made and entered in the above entitled action, that said Referee will sell at private sale, for gold coin of the United States, to the highest bidder, upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, and subject to the confirmation of said Superior Court, on or after the 6th day of January, A. D. 1920, all the right, title, interest and estate of the plaintiffs and defendants in the above-entitled action, in and to all of the following described real property, the same being located in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Northwestern line of Howard street, distant thereon Eighty (80) feet North-easterly from the corner formed by the intersection of said line of Howard street with the Northeasterly line of Third street, thence running Northeasterly along said line of Howard street Twenty (20) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly Fifty-five (55) feet; thence at right angles Southwesterly Twenty (20) feet, and thence at right angles Southeasterly Fifty-five (55) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of One Hundred Vara Lot number Thirty-three (33),

TERMS OF SALE: Ten Per Cent. (10%) of the purchase price to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale, in cash. Bids or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the sale. Deed at expense of purchaser. All bids must be in writing and may be either left at the office of the undersigned, at No. 20 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 6, 1919.

C. G. MURRAY,
Sole Referee in the above entitled action, No. 20 Montgomery street, San Francisco, California.
F. A. BERLIN,
Attorney for Plaintiffs,
1010-1011 Union Savings Bank Bldg.,
Oakland, California 12-6-4

Get the Best and Save the Most



MONARCH WRITING MACHINE
EXCHANGE

DEALERS

307 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Phone Douglas 4113

Send for Catalogue

*In peace time as in war time
we have absolute confidence
in the wisdom of our Pres-
ident. It is our belief that
as the leader of Democracy
he is the great American Man
of Destiny.*

FRIENDS OF UNCLE SAM

TOWN TALK PRESS

Printers and Publishers

¶ Our policy is to give our clients something more than mere printing. We aim to co-operate with them in the planning of their work, to give our careful attention to execution and finally delivering a job truly representing quality.

¶ We shall take pleasure in offering suggestions and samples of work when you need anything in our line. We print anything from a Visiting Card to a Book de Luxe.

LINOTYPE AND HALF-TONE COLOR WORK
BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS

88 First Street, Cor. Mission

Phone Douglas 2612







